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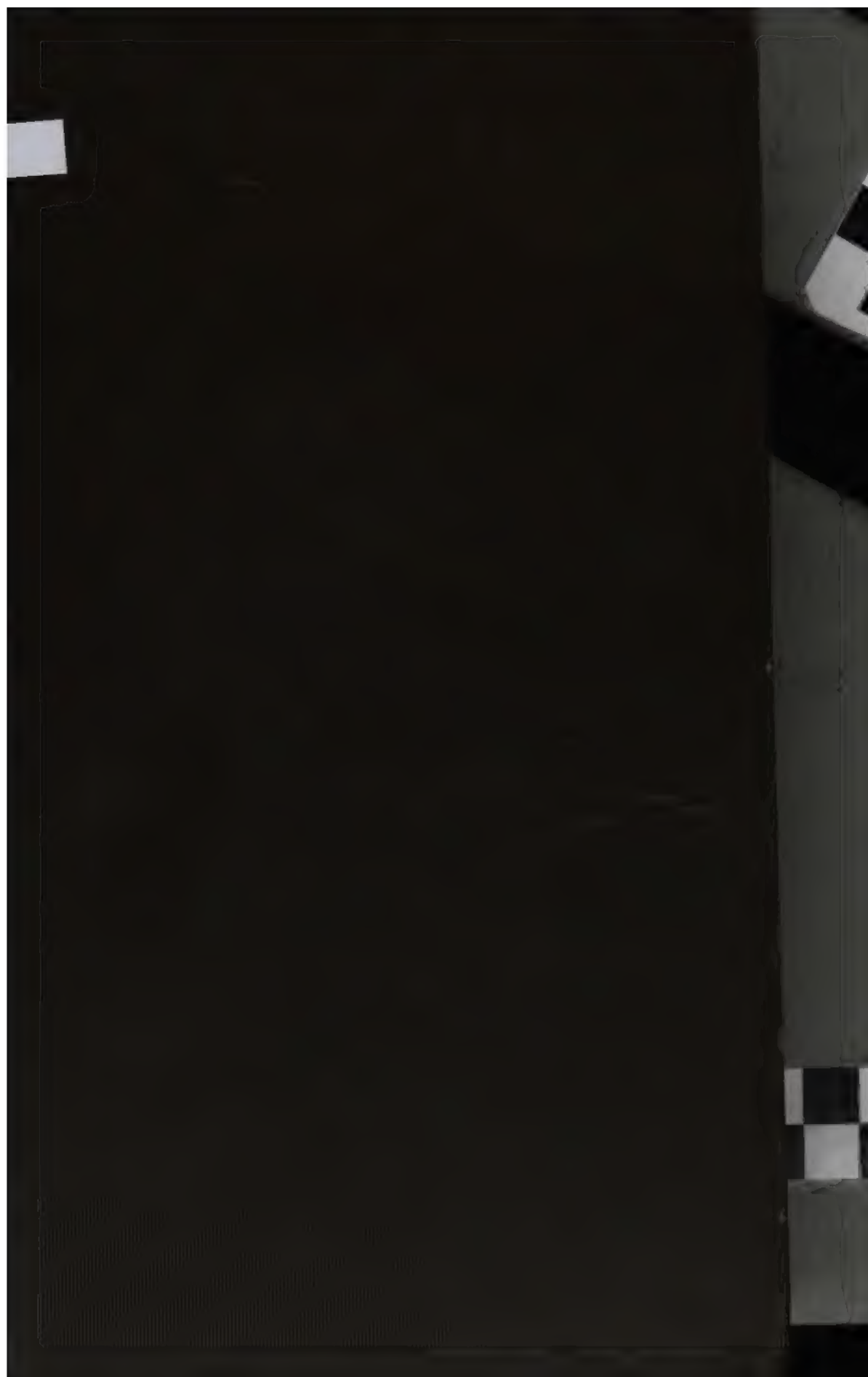
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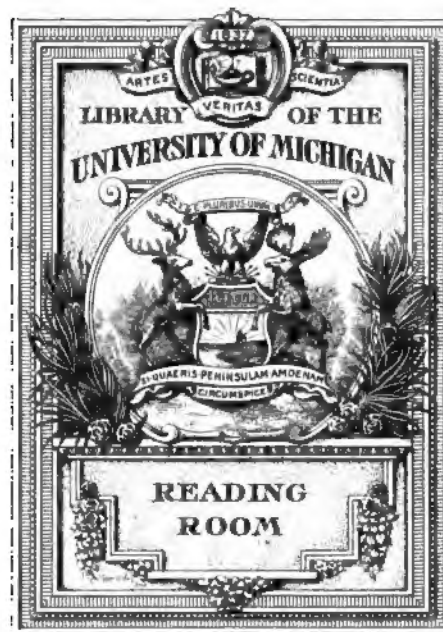
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THE BOOKMAN

AN ILLUSTRATED LITERARY JOURNAL

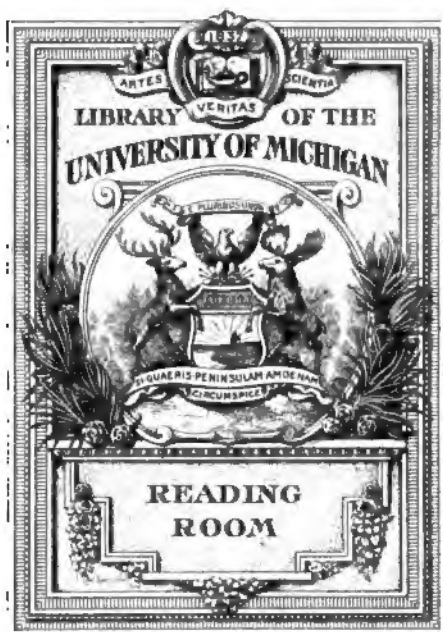
VOLUME VII.

MARCH, 1898—AUGUST, 1898

"I am a Bookman."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

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12

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Mr. Leslie Stephen has lately published an appreciation of Tennyson, in which he ascribes far higher praise to the technical perfection of the Laureate's verse than to his thought. Commenting on this, a contributor to the *London Author* tells an interesting anecdote, which serves to show that the poet held the same opinion himself. It appears that once, while dining at John Sterling's, Tennyson suddenly observed apropos of nothing in particular :

"I don't think that since Shakespeare there has been such a master of the English language as I am."

And then, when every one at the table looked up in astonishment, he added calmly :

"To be sure, I've got nothing to say !"



Several enthusiastic correspondents have written us to ask whether we don't think that Mr. Paul Potter's play, *The Conquerors*, now having a very successful run at the Empire Theatre in this city, is a remarkably good play—in fact, a welcome change after the dreary and commonplace productions that have of late been put upon the stage. Dramatic criticism is not one of our professed functions, but we don't mind saying that we consider *The Conquerors*, on the whole, and in spite of some effective situations, a very poor piece of work. Its construction is faulty, its central situation is improbable, its connection is not always clear, and, finally, its details are often lacking in verisimilitude. It jars upon our sense of reasonableness to hear a group of German officers quartered in a French château casually parodying Bret Harte, and quoting Stevenson's *Treasure Island*. Nor do we think that a fiery Frenchman, who is just about to shoot a German to avenge a sister's honour, and who has actually placed his pistol to the other's head, would desist and falter and give up his purpose merely because the bell of a contiguous chapel happened to ring. He surely would have pulled the trigger first and listened to the bell-ringing afterward. We might mention also that the famous revel in which a number of ladies from a *café chantant* favour the aforesaid officers with their presence would be more like life if the guests seated themselves at all four sides of

the table, as they would actually do anywhere else than on the stage. And the actors who take the part of Germans should get someone to show them how German soldiers actually give the military salute, and should practise the pronunciation of the few German words which Mr. Potter has carefully worked into his text. The acting, on the whole, is very good, though Mr. William Faversham is mistaken in thinking that a display of the lower teeth is a recognised indication of violent love. Miss Viola Allen and Miss Blanche Walsh do excellently well, especially the latter, whose acting is natural, sincere, and strong ; but Miss May Robson, in her endeavour to sustain her reputation for eccentric make-ups, has gone over the line, and instead of being laughable, as she intended, has only succeeded in making her appearance repulsive.



An interesting manuscript, now almost completed, is soon to be published by the Harpers under the title *A Book of Remembrance*. It is written by Mrs. E. D. Gillespie, who has been for many years one of the most prominent women of Philadelphia, both from a social and from a public standpoint. Mrs. Gillespie is a great-granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin, and her book opens with a number of fresh anecdotes in regard to him, and a vivid picture of him as he appeared to his own family. Mrs. Gillespie is now over seventy-five years of age, and the account of the numerous public affairs in which she has taken part and the celebrated people that she has met form, perhaps, the most interesting portion of her book. She was postmistress at the great Sanitary Fair, and the head of the woman's department of the Centennial Exhibition in 1876. Seven years of her life were spent in Europe, where she possessed unusual opportunities for meeting people and seeing points of interest usually inaccessible to the tourist. The book is to be brought up to date, finishing with an account of what she calls her life work, the establishment of the Museum of Industrial Art, which has been practically an outgrowth of the Centennial.



The new edition of Charles Lever's novels, edited by his daughter, which

we announced some months ago as in preparation by Messrs. Downey and Company, of London, is now fairly on the way, and eight of the thirty-seven volumes have already been published. Messrs. Roberts Brothers have made arrangements to issue, by subscription, sixty numbered sets of the limited edition, bearing the English imprint on the title-page. It is illustrated from the original plates etched by Phiz and George Cruikshank for the first editions, so that these volumes will be enriched by the whole of the etchings and drawings, over six hundred in number, which gave so much pleasure to a former generation. The interesting prefaces, written by Lever shortly before his death, will be included in this edition. The price of each volume will be \$3.50, and the books will be sold in sets only.



We note that many of the reviews of Paul Leicester Ford's *The Story of an Untold Love* criticise its title rather sharply, because, to quote from one, "the love was told." It is impossible, of course, that so learned a class as critics should not be familiar with the English language; nevertheless, a consultation of the dictionary would show them that the word "untold" does have two meanings; that the title of the book in question could hardly be improved upon; and that if there is inexactness anywhere, it must be in the critic or in the dictionary, and not in the author.



Mr. Joseph Conrad's new story, published within the last few weeks in England, is doing very well there, in spite of its ungainly title. We understand that Mr. Conrad is delighted with the title given to the American edition, namely, *The Children of the Sea*, which fits the book to a nicety, whereas *The Nigger of the "Narcissus"* means nothing to the average mind. We notice that that acute critic, Mr. L. F. Austin, calls Mr. Conrad's new story "one of the most fascinating studies of seafaring life that I know," and Stephen Crane declares that "it is unquestionably the best story of the sea written by a man now alive." The author, he says, "comes nearer to an ownership of the mysterious life on the ocean than anybody who has written in this century." Mr. Conrad was

stoutly recommended for the *Academy* prize, which was obtained by Mr. Stephen Phillips.



The report that Mr. W. W. Jacobs has resigned his position in the English post-office is not correct. The step has been urged upon him by literary friends, but Mr. Jacobs does not find that the sober routine of a government office interferes greatly with his work, as he is not likely to produce more than one book a year. *Many Cargoes* is now in its tenth edition in England, and *The Skipper's Wooing* has already gone into a second. In this country also the books have met with gratifying success, and both volumes are to be issued in the Tauchnitz Library. Mr. Jacobs will contribute stories to *Harper's* and *McClure's Magazine* during the year, besides a series for the *Strand*.



Messrs. Copeland and Day will publish immediately a volume of poems of unusual interest. Mr. Lionel Johnson has put together another book of poetry, in which the twofold note of inspiration again appears, the austere majesty of the golden poetry of the Greeks with the passionate freedom and wild sweetness of the Celtic Muse. As in his former work, the love for Ireland and the strong Catholic sentiment are predominant; the book, indeed, opens with a long poem on "Ireland," which, by the way, is inscribed to Mrs. Clement Shorter, whose *Fairy Changeling*, and *Other Poems* was reviewed in our last number.



Ibsen's seventieth birthday will be celebrated on March 20th. We understand that on that date a complete edition of his works in German in nine volumes will be published in Berlin.



An announcement concerning the author of *The Delectable Duchy*, made by the Messrs. Scribner, will bring satisfaction to the admirers of Mr. Quiller-Couch in this country. "Q" was one of the new writers of fiction who, with Barrie, Stevenson, and others, suffered at the hands of enterprising publishers before the international copyright law came into force. Mr. Quiller-Couch's

tales and novels, now scattered under various imprints, are being brought together by the Messrs. Scribner, who have done such excellent work in this way during the last two or three years, and arrangements have been made with the author to publish the new edition, after thorough revision, in six volumes. The set will probably be issued during the spring.



Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company will publish in March *Charles Dickens: a Critical Study*, by George Gissing. "More than a quarter of a century has now elapsed," writes Mr. Gissing, "since the death of Charles Dickens. The time which shaped him and sent him forth is so far behind us as to have become a matter of historical study for the present generation; the time which knew him as one of its foremost figures, and owed so much to the influences of his wondrous personality, is already made remote by a social revolution of which he watched the mere beginning. It seems possible to regard Dickens from the standpoint of posterity; to consider his career, to review his literary work, and to estimate his total activity in relation to an age which, intelligibly speaking, is no longer our own." Mr. Gissing's study will be of decided interest at the present time, when there seems to be something like a revival of Dickens, as well as for the reasons he gives above for reconsidering one of the greatest reputations of the century. An interesting controversy is again raised in Mr. Gissing's intention, as stated in his opening chapter, "to vindicate him [Dickens] against the familiar complaint that, however trustworthy his background, the figures designed upon it in general are mere forms of fantasy. On re-reading his work, it is not thus that Dickens's characters on the whole impress me. With reserves which will appear in the course of my essay, I believe him to have been what he always claimed to be, a very accurate painter of the human beings no less than of the social conditions he saw about him. . . . Readers of Dickens who exclaim at the 'unreality' of his characters (I do not here speak of his conduct of a story) will generally be found unacquainted with the English lower classes of today." It will be seen that Mr. Gissing

has a certain fitness for estimating Dickens's work in this field, and among these classes—"a class (or classes)," as he says himself, "characterised by dullness, prejudice, dogged individuality, and manners, to say the least, unengaging." For among them Mr. Gissing has spent much of his life, and they form not only the background of his own work, but the figures projected upon it.



The *Academy* has recently been considering some of the younger reputations, and in connection with the review of *The Whirlpool*, which appears on another page, some things that the writer in the *Academy* has to say of the author will interest our readers. From first to last, from *Eve's Ransom* to *The Whirlpool*, Mr. Gissing has written a round dozen of admirable novels, solid, honest, patient novels, such as but few men in the face of comparative neglect have the grit to turn out. And they are novels full of ideas. No one works more under the domination of the idea than Mr. Gissing. The writer in the *Academy* cites the remorseless analysis and indictment of Mr. Gissing's own profession in his novel *New Grub Street*, in which Harold Biffen, the realist, lives on bread and dripping in a garret, rejoices in the Greek choric metres, and thus expounds his theory of the art of fiction, which we may take to be in part Mr. Gissing's also:

"What I really aim at is an absolute realism in the sphere of the ignobly decent. The field, as I understand it, is a new one. I don't know any writer who has treated ordinary vulgar life with fidelity and seriousness. Zola writes deliberate tragedies; his vilest figures become heroic from the place they fill in a strongly imagined drama. I want to deal with the essentially unheroic, with the day-to-day life of that vast majority of people who are at the mercy of paltry circumstance. Dickens understood the possibility of such work, but his tendency to melodrama on the one hand, and his humour on the other, prevented him from thinking of it. An instance, now. As I came along by Regent's Park, half an hour ago, a man and a girl were walking close in front of me, love-making. I passed them slowly and heard a good deal of their talk—it was part of the situation that they should pay no heed to a stranger's proximity. Now, such a love scene as that has absolutely never been written down; it was entirely decent, yet vulgar to the *nth* power. Dickens would have made it ludicrous—a gross injustice. Other men who deal with low-class life would perhaps have preferred idealising it—an absurdity. For my own part, I am going

to reproduce it *verbatim*, without one single impertinent suggestion of any point of view save that of honest reporting. The result will be something unutterably tedious. Precisely. That is the stamp of the ignobly decent life. If it were anything *but* tedious, it would be untrue."

We have said that Harold Biffen's theory is Mr. Gissing's in part, because he is not a pure realist. The "ignobly decent" is his subject; he observes it laboriously, minutely, from every conceivable point of view. But he does not merely observe it—he condemns. And that makes all the difference; it turns Mr. Gissing from a realist into a pessimist. His books are crowded with failures—failures that might so easily have been successes. He shows you idealism thwarted by the pettiest of barriers, by imperfect education, by imagined social requirements, by natural instinct prompting to foolish marriage, and, most frequent of all, by just a hundred a year too little; ambitions warped, the joy of life crushed. The middle class with its infinitesimal grades is Mr. Gissing's field of study; his gentlefolk do not convince. On the other hand, he can venture into the slums, and in *The Nether World* has anticipated Mr. Arthur Morrison, whose *Tales of a Mean Street* fulfilled Mr. Gissing's intention.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company have now in preparation a book of essays on *French Essayists and Romancers*, which ought to be sure of a welcome from American readers, as the subjects of these essays are writers of whom Americans generally are in ignorance. Among eminent contemporary French writers considered are Pierre Loti, Guy de Maupassant, Zola as an Evolutionist, Edmond de Goncourt, Jean Martin Charcot, Paul Bourget, Eugène de Vogüé, Ferdinand Brunetière, Jules Lemaitre, Anatole France, and Mme. Blanc Bentzon as a Romancer. Mlle. De Bury, the author, writes from personal knowledge of these writers and full acquaintance with their various contributions to French literature. Her treatment combines an authentic account of the authors with a judicious estimate of their writings. The book will be published in the spring.

The same firm will publish in March a new volume by Mrs. Prince, entitled

At the Sign of the Silver Crescent. The scenes are laid in Paris and Touraine, and the story deals with modern French life. It is said to be written with greater literary skill than her previous novels. Mr. Hopkinson Smith's *Caleb West* and Mrs. Wiggin's *Penelope's Progress in Scotland*, both of which have been appearing in the *Atlantic*, will also issue from the same house during the month.

Not long ago we noted that the French editor of Quicherat's Latin Dictionary had cited Harper's Latin Lexicon as being an English book, and we commented on the English reprint of this work as having been brought out in such a form as to conceal its American origin. A letter from Mr. Henry Frowde informs us that we were in error in this matter, inasmuch as the English edition specifically credits the book to American scholarship, both on the title-page and in the preface. In making this correction, therefore, we must transfer our censure to the Frenchman, whose unscholarly carelessness led him to make the blunder to which we called attention.

We note with interest that Mr. Israel U. Sage, who used to enliven our Letter-Box with his criticisms and philological tennities, has lately taken to writing letters to the *New York Times*. In one of these he describes us as "brilliant but erratic." We like to be called brilliant, and don't mind being called erratic; for when Mr. Sage says that we are erratic, it only means that our opinions are unlike some of those entertained by Mr. Sage. Which is true.

We learn from the London *Sketch* that Mr. W. B. Yeats is bent on making the celebration of '98 a great event in Ireland. Mr. Yeats is the most able exponent of the Celtic movement to-day, and possesses, indeed, all the qualities of the Celt—his enthusiasms, his superstitions, his alternations of optimism and pessimism, and, above all, his imagination. His genius has found expression in some of the most exquisite lyrical poetry of our time; his prose stories and articles Mr. George Moore has been rash enough to praise to the disadvantage of Stevenson. It will be

remembered that he wrote a most delightful little play, *The Land of Heart's Desire*, which was performed with some



W. B. YEATS

measure of success in London. He is now engaged on the production of a regular modern Irish drama, and negotiations are going forward for the presentation of a number of plays by living authors on the Dublin stage. Mr. Yeats, Miss Fiona Macleod, and Mr. George Moore are among the Irish writers whose work, it is hoped, is thus to receive recognition through what may be called an Irish Independent Theatre.

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Messrs. Little, Brown and Company have in press a romance of Palestine, entitled *Hassan: A Fellah*, by Henry Gillman. The author lived in Palestine for over five years, and during his residence there had unusual and peculiar advantages for observing the people and the country. The characters in the story are taken from studies made upon the spot, and the description of Jerusalem and the surrounding country is of the land as it is to-day, and the time is the present. The book is said to be one of uncommon interest and power and intensely dramatic. It is, we believe, dedicated to Mr. Gladstone with his permission—a very unusual exception on his part. The same firm will publish a new story by the author of *In a North Country Village*, entitled *The Duenna of a Genius*. It is a musical story, the heroine being a young Hungarian violinist who, with her sister, goes to London fired with ambition, whereupon follows the romantic meeting of the violinist with a great pianist, after which all ends happily. *The King's Henchman*, a chronicle of the six-

teenth century, brought to life and edited by John Fourcade, will also be published by the same house. Henry of Navarre, that hero of a hundred fights and as many gallant adventures, again appears on the scene. The story is one of love and adventure.

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A page of the *Critic* was lately devoted to a scientific, well-sustained, and wholly amicable bout between Professor Sidney G. Ashmore, of Union College, and one of the *Critic's* reviewers, who does not give his name. The question at issue was whether the form "Vergil" is preferable to "Virgil," Professor Ashmore arguing that it is, the Reviewer taking the other side, and both, of course, admitting that *Vergilius* is the absolutely accurate Latin form. Each combatant appears to great advantage; excellent points are made by each; and the whole controversy is very interesting; but we rather think that the Professor has the better of it. The Reviewer's case seems to rest on the alleged fact that while "Vergil" may be theoretically better than "Virgil" it would, if universally adopted, logically necessitate a number of other changes in the conventional spelling of classical names, a thing that would be awkward and practically impossible. That is, he thinks that it is better to be wholly wrong than occasionally right. But we don't quite see this ourselves. When a change in the spelling of even a single word becomes possible, and will give it a more accurate form, then why not make it? It is just so much clear gain. Thus, if any one prefers, as many do, to write "rime" instead of "rhyme," we applaud him; for "rime" is etymologically and historically correct. But there is no crumb of comfort for "fonetik refawrmers" in this admission; since their proposed changes are based upon nothing more than a desire to save time, ignoring the impressive fact that a Fonetik Refawrmer's time can be of no possible use to any one, not even to himself.

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There has been a burst of blunders lately in the press—just why we do not know. Here is the dramatic critic of the *Times* speaking of the French general, Bourbaki, as "General Bourbaké." Here, too, is the kindly *Chap-Book* allud-

ing to the "consensus" of opinion. And the *Evening Post* (lasso !) describes a certain political measure as being "a Frankenstein to its creators." This last error is so very common that the *Post* ought to have avoided it. How did any one ever get the idea that Frankenstein was the monster rather than the creator of the monster?



A good deal of fun is being made of a new London journal called *The Quill Driver*, in which every book review is written by the author of the book himself. But, after all, this is not a bad idea. If an author were seriously and honestly to review his own book, he could make the criticism not only interesting, but extremely instructive; for every author, like every artist in any other line of work, knows better than any one else can ever know his own limitations, his own imperfections, and the exact points in which he has failed to reach his own ideal. If, on the other hand, the author-reviewer were to write dishonestly and insincerely, he would be likely to produce a review which would be, at least, amusing. And finally the *Quill Driver's* scheme has one very conspicuous and striking merit. No one can say of any of its reviews that the reviewer has never read the book!



The publication by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, on January 20th, of Professor Hinsdale's volume on *Horace Mann and the Common School Revival in the United States*, brings the Great Educators Series, as originally planned, within measurable distance of completion. The two remaining volumes, *Rousseau* and *Pestalozzi*, are expected to appear during the present year. The *Rousseau* has been assigned to Mr. Thomas Davidson, who contributed the volume on *Aristotle and Ancient Educational Ideals* to the same series. The author of the *Pestalozzi*, though he enjoys an enviable reputation among students of the literature of education, is almost unknown to the general reading public. He is M. A. Pinloche, Professor of German Philology and Literature in the University of Lille, France.



M. Pinloche has had an interesting history. He was born in Paris in 1856, his father being a stone-mason and his

mother a burnisher. He left school at the age of twelve to work for his living, first as an apprentice to a small merchant, and then as an employé of a large commission house. He carried on his studies meanwhile, and when twenty-two years of age was able to begin his formal secondary education at the Lycée Louis-le-Grand. In 1880 he took the degree of *bachelier-ès-lettres*, with distinction, and entered upon his academic career. In 1883 he became *agrégé*, thus having in five years completed the difficult course of study to which twice that length of time is usually devoted. He taught successively at the College of Beauvais, the Lycée Charlemagne in Paris, and the Lycée at Rennes. In 1889 he was made *maître de conférences* for English literature and philology at the University of Lille, and in 1892 was promoted to the professorship that he still holds.



M. Pinloche has published a number of books, including several German text-books. His chief work is *La Réforme de l'Éducation en Allemagne au 18^{ème} Siècle* (Paris, 1889), which Max Müller has pronounced "the classical work on the subject." M. Pinloche is often affectionately referred to as the "workman professor," and is proud of the title.



With the appearance of *Judges, Psalms*, and *Isaiah* in three separate parts, the Polychrome Bible has at last entered upon its important publication. The immediate response which has awarded the efforts of the editors and publishers in launching this great undertaking promises an immense and instantaneous success. The next two volumes will be *Leviticus* and *Ezekiel*, and are announced to appear in April.



Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, who are the publishers of the Polychrome Bible, have also in the press a book of unique interest, especially addressed to clergymen. Under the title of *The Clerical Life* a series of letters have been written on the special difficulties, trials, and experiences of the clergy, based on the underlying principle of the late Mr. Hamerton's *Intellectual Life*. These letters have been contributed by eminent clergymen, among whom are Dr. John Watson, Dr.

Marcus Dods, Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll, and Dr. George Adam Smith. *The Clerical Life*, which, by the way, will afford instruction and enlightenment to the lay reader as well, will be published immediately. The same firm announce for immediate publication Mr. Steevens's *With the Conquering Turk*, which was postponed last autumn. Mr. Steevens will be remembered as the author of that brilliant book published last spring, *The Land of the Dollar. From Tonkin to India*, by Prince Henri of Orleans, will also figure among the spring books of this firm. It will be a remarkably beautiful book, with many illustrations and about one hundred fine engravings.



"Between the Lines at Stone River," a clever war story which appeared in the January *Harper's*, and which brought down upon the author quite a mail-bag of letters, showing that war stories hit the bull's eye with the public, is noteworthy for its authorship. Captain F. A. Mitchel, who wrote it, is probably the only veteran (of prominence at least) who is spinning battle yarns. Captain King, most of whose stories are of life in the regular army, was graduated from West Point in 1865, where, oddly enough, he was a close friend of Captain Mitchel's brother, so that he can hardly count as a veteran, unless some boyish service he saw as the orderly of his father makes him one. The fact is, that when we want realistic battle work nowadays, we go for it to some adolescent genius, like Stephen Crane, whose powers of imaginative realism seem to deceive even the elect—the veterans themselves. Captain Mitchel is a son of Major-General O. M. Mitchel, the astronomer general—known in the army as "Old Stars"—of acknowledged eminence as a scientists on both sides of the ocean when he laid aside the telescope for the sword. He was in command of the Department of the South when his death (October, 1862) frustrated great expectations for a distinguished army career. Captain Mitchel, after being graduated at Brown University, served for two years as an aide-de-camp on his father's staff, receiving his commission direct from President Lincoln. He saw quite a little of active service, although he had no part in any great battle. He followed business pursuits after the war. Hav-

ing published a life of his father, he drifted into writing when along in middle life, through the Major O. J. Smith of the American Press Association, known in all newspaper offices through its handling of syndicate matter. Captain Mitchel's syndicated stories, "Chattanooga" and "Chickamauga," proved so popular, that he tried his hand at more ambitious work, his novel, *Sweet Revenge*, having been brought out by the Harpers within the year. It has been well received, and gives promise of better work to come. It will, indeed, be interesting if a veteran, drawing on the experiences of his own young manhood, prove a strong writer of genuine, realistic war stories—a unique combination of pen and sword.



Speaking of things interesting, not only for themselves, but for their authorship, how many readers of Mr. John S. Durham's discussion of the unfriendly attitude of labour unions toward the coloured brother, contributed to the February *Atlantic*, guessed that the author was himself one of the proscribed race? Mr. Durham is a mulatto of lightest shade, once minister to Hayti, now a resident of Philadelphia, and engaged in a West India shipping business. The article would never of itself betray the race of its author, for though it is strong, it has none of the heat of personal resentment one would naturally look for. At the end of it Mr. Durham speaks of the increasingly popular expedient of "passing for white" among coloured persons "whose complexion and hair permit." Thesefortunates, by silence at least, conceal their race, marry whites, and achieve a permanent, recognised place as whites for themselves and their families. With a generosity characteristic of their race (in white human nature so often misery loves company) coloured persons knowing the antecedents of these deserters seldom betray them. Mr. Durham thinks that in time this "passing for white" may be so generally and successfully practised as to attract scientific investigation. What, then, will become of those sensational novels founded on the possibility of children of mixed marriage reverting to the racial type of the coloured parent, even though that parent have but a slight strain of African

blood? One would say offhand that this possibility would stand in the way of any great increase in the practice of "passing for white," supposing persons of the proper "complexion and hair" be increasingly found. But probably Mr. Durham knows more about it than the sensational novel writers.

The Publishers' Weekly in its summary of books published during 1897 makes the following showing in the number of books published by each of the firms mentioned. It is fair to state that the Macmillan Company, the number of whose publications would probably outrun all others, does not appear among the lists.

D. Appleton and Company, 123.
Charles Scribner's Sons, 121.
J. B. Lippincott Company, 113.
Houghton, Mifflin and Company, 104.
Longmans, Green and Company, 104.
Dodd, Mead and Company, 101.
Harper and Brothers, 89.
G. P. Putnam's Sons, 85.
Little, Brown and Company, 46.
The Century Company, 31.

Mrs. Robert Hanning, the last of the Carlyles, died the other day in Canada, where she had made her home for over fifty years. She was in excellent health until the day of her death, which occurred after her eighty-third birthday. She was the Janet Carlyle of Froude's *Reminiscences* and Carlyle's favourite sister. We understand that the letters which Carlyle wrote his sister, and which cover the entire period of his literary activity, will be published, and will, no doubt, add something to what we already know about the Carlyles. It is said that they present him in a tender and amiable light, as it is known that his affection for his mother and for his "small Jenny" was the great saving influence in his life.

Some good stories are told about Carlyle in a reminiscence contributed to the February *Atlantic*. An American pilgrim on his way to Craigenputtock upon making inquiry about the Carlyles was informed by one who lived in those parts. "Oh, ay, I ken the Carlyles. Tam is a writer of books, but we don't think much of him in these parts. Jeems is the best of the family; he sends the

fattest pigs to Dumfries market." Another story tells how a visitor, on being introduced to James Carlyle, the youngest brother of the author, ventured to remark, "You will be proud of your great brother!" But he had mistaken his man. James rejoined in the broadest Doric, "Mee prood o' him! I think he should be prood o' mee."

In one of Browning's letters one finds this sentence, "I dined with dear Carlyle and his wife (catch me calling people dear in a hurry except in letter beginnings) yesterday. I don't know any people like them."

Rottingdean, near Brighton, where Mr. Rudyard Kipling had his home last summer, once very nearly became the summer residence of Thomas Carlyle. In 1855 Mrs. Carlyle desired to find a place for herself and her husband to which they might retreat when wearied. She wrote to him, "Positively I fancy I have found the coming cottage. . . . The name of it is Rottingdean. . . . The place itself is an old, sleepy-looking little village close on the sea, with simple, poor inhabitants, not a trace of a lady or gentleman bather to be seen—in fact, except at the end there were no lodgings visible. I asked the maid at the inn 'was it always as quiet as this?' 'Always,' she said in half a whisper, with a half sigh, 'a'most too quiet.'" The plan came to nothing, and Carlyle comments: "Dear soul, what trouble she took! what hope she had about it! *Sunt lacrymæ rerum.*"

We have been reading with much interest the successive numbers of *Literature*, the new literary weekly published in London at the office of the *Times*, and in this country with the imprint of the Messrs. Harper and Brothers. The editor is Mr. H. D. Traill, and the American literary letter is contributed by Professor Barrett Wendell, of Harvard University. The first two or three issues were decidedly heavy, as might have been expected of anything emanating from the office of the "Thunderer;" but a very marked improvement has been noticeable with each number, until now the periodical is extremely inform-



HENRY CABOT LODGE.

ing and readable. For this we are inclined to ascribe a good deal of credit to the American connection, since the long experience and admirable judgment of the Messrs. Harper were just the things requisite for transmuting British ponderosity into ease, lightness, and vivacity.

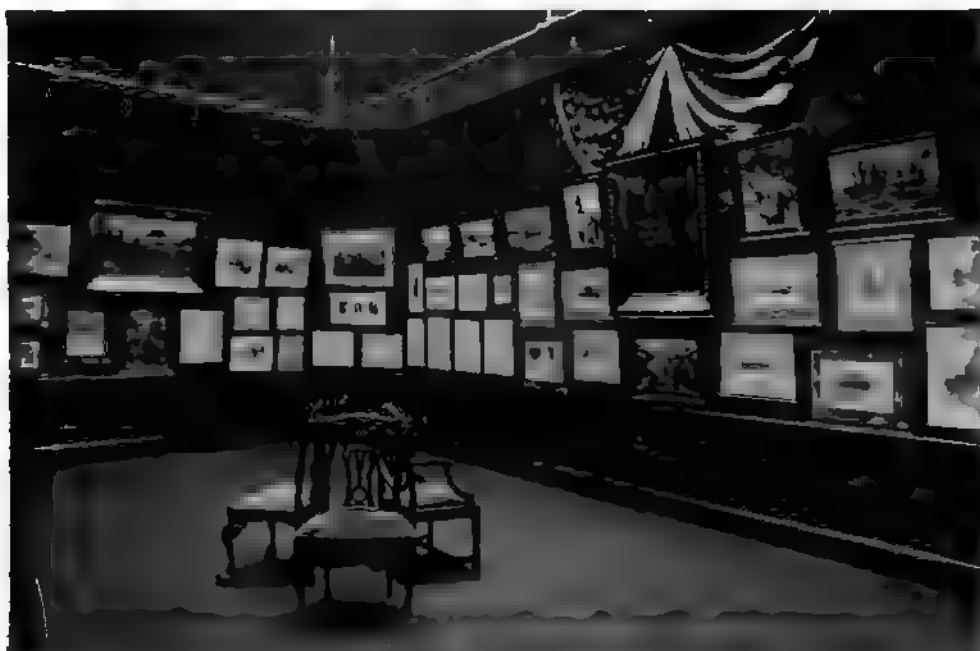
⊙

Last month there was exhibited at the Avery Galleries in New York a collection of original paintings and drawings, including pictures by Howard Pyle, Harry Fenn, B. W. Clinedinst, H. C. Christy, F. C. Yohn, E. C. Peixoto, Carlton T. Chapman, and other artists. This exhibition was held under the auspices of the New York City Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The Revolutionary Pictures, as the exhibition is called, have already been exhibited with marked success in New Haven, Hartford, Providence, and Boston. Later exhibitions have been planned for Baltimore, Washington, and a number of prominent cities in the South and West. The collection forms an impressive gallery of Revolutionary art, worth many thousands of dollars. Strangely enough, this is the first time all the modern forces and resources of the illustrative art have been brought to bear upon this

historical subject, and the promoters of the scheme are to be congratulated upon their unique achievement. Early last summer a corps of artists, some of them celebrated in the world of art, was commissioned by *Scribner's Magazine* to set out for various parts of the country, and to search among old records and memorabilia in order to make studies of the historical background and the prominent figures that passed across it for reproduction in the magazine. These pictures will be reproduced during the year, illustrating Senator Lodge's *Story of the Revolution* and Captain Mahan's *American Navy in the Revolution*, appearing in *Scribner's Magazine*. Fired with an ambition to do their work well, the artists have achieved results which have surpassed even the expectations of the publishers. Senator Lodge is especially delighted at the historical accuracy and vivid realism of the illustrations. One of his main ideas in writing about the Revolution was, he said, to present the struggle for independence as a vivid fight, reproducing the atmosphere and feeling of the time, and making its men and events realities instead of conventionally accepted text-book phrases. A very high compliment, therefore, is conveyed in his remark when he saw the first group of paintings made for the illustrations, "They have caught the very atmosphere of the thing."

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The London *Academy* has made its first award in the English Academy of Letters which it has set up—namely, one hundred guineas to Mr. Stephen Phillips, the author of *Christ in Hades*, which with its accompanying lyrics is now republished in a new volume of poems. In 1890 Mr. Phillips was one of four friends who published at Oxford a slender, brown paper-covered pamphlet of poetry called *Primavera*, but it was not until *Christ in Hades* appeared, some years later, in Mr. Elkin Matthews's Shilling Garland, that he made a distinct advance and took a step beyond the minor verse of his companions. Mr. Phillips is a descendant of Wordsworth. His *Poems* will be brought out immediately by Mr. John Lane. Meantime, let us give the reader a foretaste of Mr. Phillips's work in the following lines from what we think is the finest of Mr. Phillips's new poems, "Marpessa." The story of Mar-



A CORNER OF THE REVOLUTIONARY PICTURES EXHIBITED AT THE AVERY GALLERIES, NEW YORK.

peppa is the subject of one of the recently recovered Odes of Bacchylides. Idas, the mortal lover of Marpeppa, is the speaker. In the passionate human romance of this passage Mr. Phillips touches his highest point of lyric rapture :

" I love thee then
Not only for thy body packed with sweet
Of all this world, that cup of brimming June,
That jar of violet wine set in the air,
That palest rose sweet in the night of life ;
Nor for that stirring bosom all besieged
By drowsing lovers, or thy perilous hair ;
Nor for that face that might indeed provoke
Invasion of old cities ; no, nor all
Thy freshness stealing on me like strange sleep.
Not for this only do I love thee, but
Because Infinity upon thee broods ;
And thou art full of whispers and of shadows.
Thou meanest what the sea has striven to say
So long, and yearned up the cliffs to tell ;
Thou art what all the winds have uttered not,
What the still night suggesteth to the heart.
Thy voice is like to music heard ere birth,
Some spirit lute touched on a spirit sea ;
Thy face remembered is from other worlds,
It has been died for, though I know not when,
It has been sung of, though I know not where.
It has the strangeness of the luring West,
And of sad sea-horizons ; beside thee
I am aware of other times and lands,
Of birth far-back, of lives in many stars.
Of beauty lone and like a candle clear
In this dark country of the world ! Thou art
My woe, my early light, my music dying."

A portrait of Mr. Phillips follows on the next page.

The Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, known as Lewis Carroll, the famous author of *Alice in Wonderland*, died on January 14th, at the home of his sisters, The Chestnuts, Guildford, in England, at the age of sixty-five. Mr. Dodgson was born at Croft, near Darlington, in 1833. His father was Archdeacon of Richmond. Mr. Dodgson had a fairly distinguished career at Oxford, especially in mathematics, and became a student of Christ-Church. He published various books on Mathematics and Logic, none of them very important, but his real fame began with the publication of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* in 1865. This book was written for the daughters of Dean Liddell, and especially for Miss Alice Liddell, who died young. It is a book of distinct genius, and stands by itself. It was followed by several others of unequal merit. Mr. Dodgson at one time was accustomed to give much of his time to entertaining children in his beautiful rooms, taking them to the play, and in other ways amusing them. But his life became sadder as the solitary years closed about him, and in later life he saw very little of children, and greatly developed the eccentricities which had always to some extent characterised him. He practised the absurd affectation of refusing to be recognised



LEWIS CARROLL.

as the author of his famous book. He acted with studied discourtesy toward journalists, was peculiarly eccentric, and we fancy very troublesome in his way of publishing. From many of his old friends he became entirely alienated, yet for the good work which he did for children his name will long be remembered and honoured.

The following incident related of Lewis Carroll was characteristic of him, and bears out what we have just said about his eccentric behaviour. Last October a temerarious journalist called on Mr. Dodgson, and was received by him with a stately courtesy in his large study lined with books. He had evidently been reading in front of a blazing fire. His figure was slender and erect, his demeanour grave and reserved, and although somewhat worn, he seemed full of life. After a few words had been exchanged the visitor explained the object of his call, remarking that people would be greatly interested in reading a chat about his books, "especially *Alice in Wonderland*." Immediately at the utterance of that phrase Mr. Dodgson's manner completely changed, and he seemed to tremble with suppressed feeling. Rising from his seat and stuttering painfully, he said, "I cannot consent to anything of the nature of an in-

terview. I do not acknowledge any book that has not my name upon it."

Lewis Carroll was a visitor at Tudor House during Dante Gabriel Rossetti's tenancy, and in the new life of Christina Rossetti, by Mr. Mackenzie Bell, we find the following extract from Miss Rossetti:

"With such inhabitants, Tudor House and its grounds became a sort of wonderland, and once the author of *Wonderland* photographed us in the garden. It was our aim to appear in the full family group of five, but while various others succeeded, that particular negative was spoilt by a shower, and I possess a solitary print taken from it in which we appear as if splashed by ink."

One of the photographs which "succeeded," as mentioned in this extract, is reproduced in Mr. Bell's book, and through the kindness of the publishers, Messrs. Roberts Brothers, we are permitted to present a fac-simile of it to our readers.

Of the Rossetti family the names of Christina and Dante, brother and sister, will be longest remembered. Interest



from
Stephen Phillips

STEPHEN PHILLIPS

in them has been again revived by the publication of Mr. Mackenzie Bell's *Christina Rossetti* by the Messrs Roberts, and of *The Letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti to William Allingham* by the F. A. Stokes Company. These letters are edited by Dr. George Birbeck Hill, and not by Dr. Garnett, as stated by a contemporary. Messrs. Roberts Brothers have also reprinted an edition of Hall Caine's *Reminiscences of Dante Rossetti*—the first book on Rossetti to appear (in 1882) after his death. Mr. Hall Caine, it will be remembered, was one of Rossetti's intimate friends, and knew him during the closing years of his life. The Rossettis have been far from fortunate in their biographers. Too much has been written about Dante Rossetti, too many details have been given of his errors and his sorrows, until one is almost ashamed to have read the story with such avidity. There

was a great outcry about William Bell Scott's *Notes*, but the chief offender was Rossetti's own brother, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, whose painful biography was published just two years ago. It is much to be regretted that Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, Rossetti's truest friend and best critic, did not speedily and once for all do the work which so many have attempted with less skilful and refined hands. We criticised, when it appeared, Mr. W. M. Rossetti's collection of the poems his sister left behind her, and showed beyond the possibility of doubt that he had no real knowledge of her work, and that he repeatedly blundered in an unpardonable manner. With considerable prejudice, therefore, we took up Mr Mackenzie Bell's large book on Christina Rossetti, just published. The volume seemed on the face of it too big



CHRISTINA ROSSETTI AND HER MOTHER.

From a photograph by the late Lewis Carroll.

for the subject. These unfavourable impressions, however, have been largely removed in a perusal of the book. It is not a great book, but it has been carefully prepared with a true perception of Miss Rossetti's rank, and it is written in a pleasing and unpretentious style.

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Writing to Mr. William Wallace, the editor of the new edition of Chambers's *Life and Works of Robert Burns*, and of the forthcoming unpublished Burns correspondence with Mrs. Dunlop, Mr. J. M. Barrie says :

" I have read your estimate of Burns's character and genius with uncommon pleasure. As for the genius, that he is the great poetic glory of Scotland, none, I suppose, would now seek to deny, but as for his character, you seem to me to offer the truest conception of it I have ever read. He was a great soul who had to fight a grim fight with himself all through, and

coming volume contains very nearly all the letters that passed in the course of their ten years' friendship between Burns and Mrs. Dunlop, including those already published. The additional matter consists of thirty-eight more letters and parts of letters from the poet to Mrs. Dunlop, together with ninety-seven letters from Mrs. Dunlop to Burns. The whole of these, old and new, have been reproduced with the utmost possible correctness. The interweaving of this new material with the old makes the correspondence almost unique in its completeness. Students of Burns will find new light thrown on many episodes of the poet's life, and the new matter is otherwise remarkably rich in biographical details, in illustration not only of the relations between the two friends, but also of the poet's character, walk, and conversation, and in material for study of the text of numerous poems.

Mrs. Dunlop's letters, now published for the first time, are almost as essential as his own to a right understanding of the period of his life—the last decade—which they cover. She was a very different woman from Mrs. Maclehose, and her letters must be read as carefully as Clarinda's. Her portraits suggest capacity and strength of will rather than a tendency to Wertherism. But she was in her way as much of a sentimentalist. "I deceive myself most egregiously," she says once with a sigh, and yet almost with a touch of old-fashioned coquetry, "if you would not be melancholy for at least two hours after my demise, whose correspondence has been to me a varied scene of hope and delight, and an intercourse of that mixture between amusement and esteem to which, I believe, I was wholly superannuated." We are indebted to Miss Agnes E. A. Wallace, of Row, Scotland, for permission to reproduce the portrait,



MRS. DUNLOP AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN.

taken at the age of seventeen, of her great-grandmother, Mrs. Dunlop, which is Miss Wallace's property.



The admirable translations of *Sylvandire* and *The Horoscope*, by Alexander Dumas, recently issued by Messrs. Little, Brown and Company, were prepared by Miss Alma Blakeman Jones, of Sierra Madre, Cal., who also translated two other volumes of the Library edition, published by the same house, *Tales of the Caucasus* and *Black, the Story of a Dog*.



Through the courtesy of a friend we are able to give our readers a portrait of the late Professor Henry Drummond, reproduced from a photograph, which is considered by his sister to be the best likeness of him ever taken. The volume of posthumous addresses entitled *The Ideal Life*, recently published by



HENRY DRUMMOND.

From a photograph by Warneuke, Glasgow.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, has met with a very warm reception, and the sales in England and America have reached, nearly, twenty thousand copies since Christmas.

In the latest volume, the last but one of the Edinburgh Stevenson, there is a letter from Stevenson to Mr. J. M. Barrie, in which he tells him that *The Little Minister* is "frightfully unconscientious," and that the story ought to have ended badly. "We all know it *did*, and we are infinitely grateful for the grace and feeling with which you have lied about it."

An unpublished Stevenson is shortly to see the light. Those who have seen

it say it is a charming piece of writing, with just that touch of humanity about it which gave the exile of Samoa so strong a hold upon lovers of English literature. Seeing the relations of Stevenson with Mr. Henley, there is a fitness in the publication of this relic in the new three-penny weekly journal, the *Outlook*, in which Mr. Henley is taking a keen interest. The *Outlook*, which began its race on Saturday, February 5th, is, it seems, to strike new ground in several other directions—in politics, science, and the arts, as well as in literature. Mr. Percy Hurd is the editor, and among his contributors, besides Mr. Henley, are Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. George Stevens, Sir Herbert Maxwell, Mr. Max Beerbohm, Mr. Wilfrid Ward, Mr. Henry Newbolt, Mr. Owen Seaman, Mr. Charles Whibley, and Mr. Arnold Golsworthy.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Le Gallienne arrived in this city about a month ago, and will shortly take up their abode with some friends in New England on a six months sojourn in this country. Major Pond is arranging a lecture course for the latest singer of the *Rubáiyát*, and in the meantime John Lane is publishing his new novel, *The Romance of Zion Chapel*.

Ian Maclaren, who is at present the guest of Mr. Andrew Carnegie at the Villa Allerton, Cannes, has written a new religious book, which will be published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company about Easter. It is entitled *The Companions of the Sorrowful Way*, and is of the same devotional character as *The Upper Room*, which is in its fiftieth thousand. Dr. Watson hopes to publish a volume of fiction in the autumn.



*Yours Very Sincerely
J. H. Stoddart*

The dramatisation of Ian Maclaren's stories by James MacArthur and Tom Hall, which was announced to appear this month in a New York theatre, will not be produced until after Lent, when it will make its first appearance on Easter Monday, April 11th, in McVicker's Theatre, Chicago. The event is auspicious, as nowhere in America did Ian Maclaren receive so cordial a welcome as in Chicago, when he visited that city twice in the autumn of 1896. In spite of the fact that it was on the eve of

the Presidential election that he lectured there on his second visit, an enthusiastic audience tested the capacity of the Central Music Hall, in which he appeared. The portrait which we give of Mr. J. H. Stoddart, who is to play Lachlan Campbell in *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, is taken from his latest photograph. This sterling old actor, although in his seventieth year, is more eager to achieve a triumph in the chief rôle of the play than he has ever been with any part in his long record of successes.



Sincerely yours.
Maude Adams.

The well-merited fame of Miss Maude Adams as Babbie, "the Egyptian," in *The Little Minister*, has travelled so far beyond the city limits, that our readers will welcome the above characteristic drawing of her in the part by Mr. S. Arlent Edwards. The original is beautifully done in colours, and formed the souvenir that was presented at the hundredth performance of the play in the

Garrick Theatre. *The Little Minister* will continue during the season in New York until June, and after a short opening run in this city in the autumn, it will begin a tour through the States, playing first in the larger cities. Following this we print an article on Mr. Barrie, which contains new and interesting information regarding his career as a dramatic author.

MR. J. M. BARRIE AS A DRAMATIST.

The first time Mr. Barrie's name appeared in a play-bill was as joint author with Mr. H. B. Marriott-Watson of a drama which was performed six or seven years ago at the Criterion Theatre (London) for one day only. It has not been heard of from that day to this, and Mr. Marriott-Watson, turning his back upon the theatre, has since then appeared before the public only in print. There are only slight traces of Mr. J. M. Barrie, the successful dramatist of to-day, either in the style or the subject of *Richard Savage*. This was a highly romantic drama, in which the authors, with the audacity of inexperience, which defies the greatest difficulties, undertook to present historical personages on the stage—Savage and Steele, and Jacob Tonson, and the notorious Countess of Macclesfield. But there was no pretence to historical accuracy, and Mr. W. E. Henley, who wrote a prologue for the occasion, anticipated objections on that account by the ingenuous admission that Richard Savage

"stands or falls,
Not as dead Nature, but as living Art."

The authors settled the domestic affairs of Richard Savage in the spirit of romance. A rascally military officer, Colonel Jocelyn, plots to carry off the poet in order to prevent him from meeting his mother, whose feelings toward her abandoned son (using the term in more senses than one) are the reverse of those by which she is commonly supposed to have been actuated. Dick discovers his enemy by a trick, which is certainly contrived by the authors with dramatic effect. With a thrust of his sword he had wounded his masked captor in the shoulder, and the only clue he has to the discovery of his enemy is a Spanish imprecation uttered by Jocelyn. This strange oath Savage hears again at the Kit-Cat Club—from which the women of the play are not at all rigorously excluded—and nothing will satisfy the overbearing Savage but that all the members should pass in procession before him. This is the dramatic moment of the play. When he touches Jocelyn's sore shoulder the Colonel betrays himself by his bad habit of swear-

ing in Spanish, and a duel, which takes place between the acts, is the issue of the scene. The last act passes on the day that Richard Savage is to be married to the daughter of Sir Richard Steele, who has apparently more consideration and affection for the poet than he has for his own child. The bridegroom enters Steele's drawing-room with his arm bandaged, and when he faints they do not send for a doctor—they never do on the stage—but assume that the unhappy man is dead. Thus Savage overhears the truth that his bride has consented to marry him to please her father rather than herself. This is a sacrifice the poet will not accept, and instead of saying so, he removes the bandage from his arm. "What said the surgeon?" he says, by way of explanation to the audience. "'If the bandage be removed he will bleed to death in a few minutes.' 'Tis all I can do for them. Come, death.'" (*Takes off bandages.*) Death comes at his call, and so ends the play. Neither as a piece of literary work nor as dramatic composition does *Richard Savage* rank above the ordinary novelist's play; but one does not look in vain for touches of the authors' talent. If one may venture to dissociate one from the other, I should say that one catches sight of Mr. Marriott-Watson in the speech in which Richard Savage describes his journey through the beautiful country, with his wounds crying "vengeance" as he dragged his way home through Surrey; and I think one gets a glimpse of that alert faculty of invention which is one of the charms of Mr. Barrie's later work for the stage, in the scene in which Steele frees two lovers from an irksome engagement to marry, from which both are eager to be released, and leaves each disposed to think the other has been called upon to make a sacrifice.

Within a few weeks of the production of this drama in the heavy style, Mr. Barrie started as a dramatist on his own account with a witty burlesque, called *Ibsen's Ghost*, in which the famous Scandinavian dramatist was jocularly satirised. The skit, which was but an amplification of an article contributed by

Mr. Barrie to a weekly review, derived none of its fun from the personal caricature presented by Mr. J. L. Toole, who was "made up" in the likeness of Dr. Ibsen. Mr. Barrie's satire contained, at least, one compliment to the author he ridiculed, for it implied the audience's intimate acquaintance with the dramas of Dr. Ibsen. In *Becky Sharp*, which came later, Mr. Barrie reproduced, word for word, the language of Thackeray without reviving the spirit of *Vanity Fair*, and in this little piece the author of *Walker, London*, *The Professor's Love Story* and *The Little Minister*—three plays upon which Mr. Barrie has solidly established his reputation as a dramatist—gave no more sign of a great talent for the theatre than one may find in Mr. Pinero's first pieces.

With the production of *Walker, London*, in 1892, Mr. Barrie's career as a dramatist may be said to have begun in earnest. It was as if he had suddenly obtained a complete mastery of the technique of the stage, for here was a play in which the action was so severely circumscribed that the only scene was a house-boat on the Thames. Yet the author moved his characters on and off—the most difficult detail of the construction of a play—in an easy, natural manner. It is, as a rule, a mistake for a dramatist to keep a secret from his audience, who can always enjoy the mystification of the people on the stage, but are only irritated when they are not themselves in the mystery. Now the significance of the title, *Walker, London*, was, till the very end of the play, a puzzle to the audience; yet it was a better title for the piece than *The House-Boat*, as I believe it was to have been called, till it was discovered that a piece of that name already existed. Just as Jasper Phipps, who has been passing himself off as a distinguished African traveller, leaves the house-boat, the artful rascal gives his telegraphic address—"Walker, London." That is the first, and the last, reference to the title; but it explains everything. Jasper Phipps is a barber, newly married, who goes off alone on his honeymoon from motives of economy. By pretending to have rendered a service to one of the ladies of a water party, he assures himself a welcome on a house-boat. He soon becomes the hero of the party by reason of a fancied resemblance to an explorer whose name

and exploits he promptly claims for his own. The barber is worshipped on the house-boat; he is pressed to speak of his daring deeds, and his persistent efforts to avoid the subject are attributed, of course, to modesty. Passages from the traveller's own books are recalled, but the impostor shrinks from the praises of his friends, and waves them off with the remark, "Oh, it's nothing!" He is indirectly the cause of the estrangement of the young people, and before the susceptible barber is aware of it, he finds himself making a declaration of love, first to one young lady, then to another. His wife traces her husband to the house-boat, from which all the party, including the counterfeit explorer, are absent when she arrives. Sarah decides to wait for him. So she offers herself a seat on the roof of the house-boat. I really forget exactly how she was kept from the sight of the others; I have a hazy idea that Jasper Phipps held the roof against all comers. But it is as difficult after a time to remember the precise details of a play as it is to recall the sequence of a dream. I only know that she was spirited away from the house-boat by being dropped into a punt by means of a pulley, and that the unabashed Jasper Phipps lost no time in following her.

Readers of Mr. Barrie's published works will have recognised his wonderful sympathetic understanding of the nature of the small boy, and I imagine that it was he who invented the page-boy Caddie, of the comic opera, *Jane Annie; or, The Good Conduct Prize*, which is his next work for the stage, in the order of time if not in the order of merit. There is, I feel, a certain impropriety in making such conjectures when two writers are united in authorship, but I intend no disrespect to Dr. Conan Doyle, who was joint author with Mr. Barrie of *Jane Annie*, in saying that Mr. Barrie's own peculiar humour was as distinct in this one character as it was again, in my opinion, in the quaint marginal notes (supposed to have been written by the boy) in the printed book of the opera. Caddie, the page-boy at the seminary "for the little things that grow into women," was a delight; but apart from Caddie—Caddie lordling it over the whole school; Caddie defying a detachment of lancers; Caddie kissing the boots of the young lady he

adores—my recollections after five years of the "Savoy opera" by these two accomplished authors are few and faint. It is only for the purpose of making complete this record of Mr. Barrie's work as a dramatist that I have recalled it.

In *The Professor's Love Story*, which came just a year later, the agreeable qualities of *Walker, London*, were again conspicuous—the quiet humour, the lively fancy, the honest sentiment, the pure fun, and the literary distinction. It was a pretty play; and it was much more than that, for although it excited no violent emotions, there was a depth of feeling in the story of the Professor's love for Lucy White which touched the soft place in the heart of the audience. Miss Lucy, the amanuensis of the Professor, had become more indispensable to her employer's happiness than he had realised. The Professor is supposed to be ill, and nobody can say what ails him. He is prevailed upon to leave his books for a while; to try fresh air; and he agrees to take a holiday in Scotland—but Lucy, he insists, must accompany him. In Scotland Professor Goodwillie throws off all his cares; he romps with Lucy in the hay-field, and is utterly insensible to the blandishments of the lady who designs to become his wife. Only the doctor—and Miss Lucy—can understand the Professor's case. A second doctor, who thinks that "*Cherchez la femme!*" is the name of a disease, introduces the disturbing element of farce into the comedy; and even in farce such a joke could hardly be allowed to pass without protest. It was a positive shock to find Mr. Barrie condescending to such feeble humour. This inclination to farce, which takes Mr. Barrie at odd moments—it may be detected even in his latest play, *The Little Minister*—is the one fault I remember in a piece which was full of beautiful things. The Professor, who is made merry and sad by turns by his devotion to Lucy, and is rejuvenated by love, is a delightful, sympathetic character, conceived and elaborated with a nice appreciation, but with no exaggeration, of theatrical effect. Lucy, too, is no ordinary heroine of romance; and if some of the minor characters—especially Dr. "*Cherchez la femme*"—were but stage figures, the field-labourers Henders and Pete, one dull-witted and the other

"ower canny," were two of the most life-like characters ever introduced incidentally into a play. These two cautious Scots, rivals in love, might have stepped out of one of Mr. Barrie's books straight on to the stage.

The characters of Mr. Barrie's latest play, *The Little Minister*, now being performed at the Garrick Theatre in New York, are avowedly taken from his novel of the same name, and the great feat, for once, has been accomplished of making a really good play out of a really good novel. In preparing the novel for the stage, Mr. Barrie was in the position of Wolfe at Quebec. He had "the choice of difficulties." In making a play out of the novel, either dramatic proportion had to be ignored or the details of the story had to be very much changed. The first course was the way to inevitable failure; the second has proved the high road to success. Mr. Barrie has very properly considered the differences between writing for the reader and writing for representation on the stage; he has realised, with a sure sense of dramatic effect, the value of suggestion, of concentration, and of preparation—the difference, in effect, between the novel and the play.

In the drama, the courtship of Babbie by the Rev. Gavin Dishart begins and ends within the space of a week; and the marriage of the Little Minister is brought about by a brilliant *coup de théâtre*. The character of the provoking, impulsive, mischievous, mocking, bewitching Babbie remains the same in all its attributes. For the purpose of the play, however, the heroine is no longer "The Egyptian," but the daughter of an earl masquerading as a gipsy. She is now Lady Babbie Yuill—a surname, it may be mentioned in passing, which was given to a lady of title in Mr. Barrie's very first work for the theatre.

As a play, *The Little Minister* stands on its own merits as a notable contribution to the dramatic literature of our time. It is dramatic, and it is literature. The art which has raised Mr. Barrie to eminence among the novelists of our time is shown in such an exquisite, natural scene, pervaded by a sense of homeliness, as the meeting in Nanny Webster's cottage, where the designing Babbie is discovered by the unsophisticated Mr. Dishart at the hand-

loom. The dramatist comes out, not only in the conduct of this scene of comedy, but in the cunning with which he takes up his story and fits it naturally into a scene which hardly seemed essential to the progress of the action. The play is full of surprises—surprises at every turn and twist of the action, and surprises in the witty dialogue, which contributes by dramatic significance to the development of character and action. Of the sixteen characters, more or less important, there is not one that is not clearly defined. The four elders of the kirk, who assert their authority not less firmly than the Little Minister asserts his, are differentiated, one from the other, with fine artistic delicacy; and there is a touch of genius in the way in which the character of the domestic Jean is indicated in a mere sentence. Not only the character of Jean, but the life and manners of the community in which she lives, are brought out in a flash, when Jean is invited to gossip about the Minister's affairs on her road to church, and she pursues her way stiffly, merely tossing the remark to Sneeky, "I can neither hear nor see. I am wearing my best alpaca." And is there not a complete story in Jean's few words, when she hears that Gavin Dishart has married Lord Rintoul's daughter, and she is to be "a ladyship's servant"? "Are you there?" she calls to a man in the crowd, and when the swain advances, she tells

him with all the pride of place, "Then there's my answer now. It's hopeless." Till that moment we knew nothing of the man. But there, in a line, we have the story of the importunate lover and the heartless fair.

It is in such touches that Mr. Barrie excels, but he is no miniaturist in the drama, and the subtlety and finish of his work on the larger scale are not less remarkable. Simplicity, humour, and purity are the invariable characteristics of his writing, of his plays and of his books. But his simplicity lies not in the suppression of essentials, but in the absence of the superfluous, and his humour, which has a quality of its own—something like the smack of a quince—is never cruel, but always humane. There is what Leigh Hunt called "the laughter of the mind" in his mirth. His contributions to the stage are marked by taste and tact—the one implies the other, perhaps—and that he does not look upon life from "a window in Thrums" is evinced by the extent and variety of his work, as it has passed here under review.

To the elevation of the drama, of which so much has been heard in our day, no writer has contributed more than Mr. J. M. Barrie. None has placed his fellow-creatures under greater obligations for sane, pleasant, memorable entertainment.

Edward Morton.

CONCERNING THE ENGLISH "ACADEMY."

At least once in every three years in London some journal or clique is sure to turn up with a plan, more or less disguised, for an English Academy founded on the manner of the French Academy. Some of these attempts have been almost shamelessly financial, and others have been shamelessly made for advertisement, so much so, that even if England wanted an Academy of Art and Letters, she would be prevented by the criminal impudence of the projectors. Moreover, Anglo-Saxon people usually object to the labelling of one artist as being officially guaranteed superior to

another. It would surely mean at first a dreadful game of throat-cutting and sand-bagging, from which would not merge enough children of light to form a coroner's jury, let alone an Academy of Art and Letters. It seems to be a general idea that the arena should remain as a cleared place in which no distinctions are recognised, where every man falls to and grabs what wool he may. Even a description of the present situation does not sound attractive.

But still the English powers are toying with the matter. Many men of importance have sent for publication lists

of forty intellects which to their minds would form the proper Academy. In each of these lists we have the sublime spectacle of the writer leaving his own name out. This display of wholesale generosity might have brought the London public to tears had it not appeared later that there might be an exchange of contracts. "You put me in your list, and I'll put you in mine."

Recently, a well-known critical journal, the London *Academy*, unanimously elected itself to the position of mentor, and offered a prize of one hundred guineas to the book of signal merit published in the year of 1897, and a prize of fifty guineas for the next best book. Failures in projects of this kind dot contemporaneous history, and they have always been accompanied by howls of execration from men who did not win a prize, and from men who thought they knew who should have won a prize. It was quite a daring thing on the part of the *Academy* people. They had to steer their craft through the inch-wide channel between ridicule and equally terrible indictments for unfairness and falsity. To thoughtful people herein lay the interest.

And now one comes to the result. Usually these affairs are absurd, but one must hasten to admit that the decision of *Academy* is at least perfectly sane. They have succeeded in delivering an opinion to which none can strongly object. It is too respectable. The *Academy* emerges in the most graceful fashion from the mists of its precarious venture. Not a single formidable voice will be raised in protest, and in this fact is victory.

The first prize of one hundred guineas was given to Mr. Stephen Phillips for his volume of *Poems*. The prize of fifty guineas was awarded to Mr. W. E. Henley for his *Essay on the Life, Genius and Achievement of Burns*, which is contained in the fourth volume of the Centenary edition of Burns. The *Academy* remarks: "It is not likely that the choice will please every one, but the most patient consideration of the whole matter convinces us that we have done well."

And that is precisely what they have done. Here is a task which few have been able to perform decently, mainly, perhaps, because few decent people have ever attempted it, but the *Academy* has carried it through, and the result is, in

the artistic sense, respectable, inexorably respectable.

The novelists did not appear in great force in the discussions which were waged in the columns of the journal previous to the decisions. Many people suggested that the prizes should be given to Mr. Henry James for his *What Maisie Knew*, and to Mr. Joseph Conrad for his *The Nigger of the "Narcissus"*—a rendering which would have made a genial beginning for an English Academy of letters, since Mr. James is an American and Mr. Conrad was born in Poland. However, these two were the only novelists who figured prominently. They were not puny adversaries. Mr. James's book is alive with all the art which is at the command of that great workman, and as for the new man, Conrad, his novel is a marvel of fine descriptive writing. It is unquestionably the best story of the sea written by a man now alive, and as a matter of fact, one would have to make an extensive search among the tombs before he who has done better could be found. As for the ruck of writers who make the sea their literary domain, Conrad seems in effect simply to warn them off the premises, and tell them to remain silent. He comes nearer to an ownership of the mysterious life on the ocean than anybody who has written in this century.

Mr. Conrad was stoutly pressed for the prize, but the editors of the *Academy* judged the book to be "too slight and episodic," although they considered it "a remarkable imaginative feat marked by striking literary power." If one wanted to pause and quibble, one would instantly protest against their use of the word episodic, which as a critical epithet is absolutely and flagrantly worthless.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's *Captains Courageous* was disqualified on grounds which are not, apparently, within the limits of the *Academy's* declared purpose. The paper says: "Mr. Kipling has himself fixed his standard too high for *Captains Courageous* to be satisfying." If a man is to be measured according to his books of previous years, then the *Academy* has no right to the use of the name "1897." This is not, then, a question of the best book in 1897. This is, rather, a question as to whether some man in 1897 has written a book which is better than all other books in 1897, and also better

than a book which he himself had written in 1849 or whenever you like. Apply this theory still further, and you find that the decision of the *Academy* amounts to a declaration that Mr. Henley's essay on Burns is the best thing ever from the pen of that gifted man—a declaration that will at least not gain a general assent.

The *Academy* also says: "Mr. William Watson's *Hope of the World* causes us to glance back to what he has done, rather than to look forward to what he may do."

Well, there you are. When a man or a paper elects to don a wig and sit on a bench to hear a case of art in all solemn finality, the world is not prepared to be dazzled by the wisdom of the decision. One can only hope for an artis-

tically respectable result. The result in this case was artistically respectable. The *Academy* would have justified the entire complacency of its readers if it had not been thoughtless enough to give two columns of its reasons. The decisions themselves would have stood criticism with honour, even distinction, but the printed reasons often bewilder one with the agility with which the *Academy* apparently disregards the laws which the *Academy* has made. Perhaps they are too episodic. At any rate, they contain statements that are at variance with the original plan—at least in some eyes—and the affair was not, therefore, the success of esteem that it might have been.

Stephen Crane.

YOU WILL FORGET.

You will forget. The flowering tide of spring
 Stands still at flood ; the blossoms overflow
 For gladness, and beside that tender glow
 Of life, you kiss me, yet I dumbly know
 You will forget.

The summer comes. Ah, Sweetheart, love is sweet ;
 The very breath of God lies on the land ;
 You draw me close to you, but though my hand
 In faith seeks yours, I dimly understand
 You will forget.

The earth grows chill. The banner of the frost
 Flames gold and crimson in the wood. We start
 As from a dream, and wondering, stand apart,
 Ah, what is this ! Hush, hush, my beating heart,
 You will forget.

Can I forget ? The harvest of my soul
 Lies winnowed at your door. The meadow-rue
 Which binds it as of old is not more true
 Than I, and yet I walk alone, while you—
 You will forget.

Myrtle Reed.

LIVING CONTINENTAL CRITICS.

VII.—FERDINANDO MARTINI.

It has often been said that Italy has not yet had her Sainte-Beuve, and in spite of the "Latin Renaissance," which M. de Vogüé has so widely heralded, the statement still holds true. Every student of contemporary Italian literature must be impressed with the fact that it numbers among its writers no leading critic, none whose name carries with it such weight as that, for instance, of Ferdinand Brunetière in France, or even of Andrew Lang in England, and whose verdict can make or mar the fortune of a book. That this is not due to the lack of critical acumen in the Italian temperament is evidenced by the encouraging tentatives of a score or more of writers, who only need more favourable environments to come to the front. The real explanation must be sought in the same causes that are responsible for keeping Italian letters as a whole at a low ebb: the lack of social and political unity; the absence of uniformity in the literary language, and the want of a literary centre, such as London or Paris, toward which men of letters would naturally gravitate, and in which success would ensure a national reputation. There is another reason, and one which is often of more practical weight—namely, that with the exception of the drama, literature as a profession is distinctly unprofitable in Italy. It is the exception and not the rule, when a book gets beyond its second thousand, while a seventh or eighth edition is high-water mark, even for a writer like D'Annunzio; and such sales as attend Zola's works in France are practically unknown on the other side of the Alps. Where popular novels are so poorly remunerated, still less is to be expected from volumes of critical essays, and few writers can afford the luxury of devoting themselves exclusively to this higher form of letters; indeed, the universal tendency among Italian writers is to work along several different lines successively, and many an author begins by publishing a collection of verses, then drifts into journalism, and after publishing a few novels and editing, perhaps, a volume or so of memoirs, is

pretty sure to round out the list with a drama. Indeed, the profits of a successful play are so alluring, that we see writers like Verga and D'Annunzio abandoning, or at least interrupting a brilliant career as novelists for the greater reward that awaits the playwright.

Among those writers who have earned this title to the name of critic, it is hard to pick out a single one who is in any broad sense representative. Much of the best and most careful work has been done by professors of literature in the various educational institutions of Italy—men like Angelo Solerti, of Bologna, Giovanni Mestica, at Palermo, or Camillo Antona-Traversi at Rome, whose respective writings on Tasso, Leopardi, and Ugo Foscolo have brought them well-deserved fame. Their work, however, is largely specialised, and has a distinctly academic flavour. Among those who write in a more popular vein, Molmenti, Masi, and Nencioni are all prominent, while the poets Carducci, Panzacchi, and even Ugo Fleres are all able and discriminating essayists. But while many of these writers possess the critical instinct to an equal and perhaps higher degree, there is none of such general interest, none whose name will hereafter stand for so much in the history of Italian letters as that of Ferdinando Martini, whose recent appointment as Civil Governor of Italy's African possessions has brought him prominently into public notice.

Martini began life with the single advantage of being a Tuscan, to all intents and purposes, indeed, a Florentine, having been born in the adjacent town of Monsummano, famed for the birth of the poet Giusti and for its grottoes, and where he still has a favourite villa. Beginning his career as teacher in an obscure technological institute, Martini owes his subsequent advancement primarily to his pen, and his surprising versatility has led him successively into almost every department of literature, even to editing at one time a children's periodical, the *Giornale dei Bambini*. Later he helped to found another jour-

nal, the *Fanfulla*, writing, under the pseudonyms of "Fox" and "Fantasio," a series of articles, the best of which were afterward collected into a volume under the title *Fra un Sigaro e l'Altro* ("Between One Cigar and Another"). He is an industrious contributor to the leading periodicals, and the most important of his writings have appeared in the *Nuova Antologia*, which is the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of Italy. Ferdinando Martini was born a statesman still more than a man of letters, or, as a fellow-countryman said of him, "He is a diplomat who has strayed aside into literature," and it was inevitable that he should sooner or later find his way into politics. He has served several times as Minister of Public Works, and once as Deputy to the National Parliament, where he soon made himself felt by his quick grasp of complicated situations and his clever treatment of delicate questions, and he was always listened to with attention. It was during his term as deputy that he was appointed a member of the royal commission sent out to investigate the status of affairs in the African colony of Eritrea, and his *Africa Italiana*, which was the outcome of this voyage, and is one of his most successful publications, is largely responsible for his recent appointment as Civil Governor.

Although not profound in his critical judgments, Martini has the much rarer quality of unerring good taste, while in point of style he possesses much of the delicate charm of Anatole France, without the latter's erudition. It matters little what he writes about; he has the happy faculty of infusing the same genial interest in all his pages, whether they treat of darkest Africa or of his favourite among Goldoni's comedies—that inimitable *Locandiera*, which Duse has so admirably interpreted. His language possesses at all times a limpidity, a refinement, and a finished case which constitute his real service to Italian letters. He belongs to that narrow coterie of writers, including such names as De Amicis, Fogazzaro, and D'Annunzio, who, working independently, are striving to invigorate the literary language and raise it from its present amorphous state. It is, however, precisely this term "literary language" to which Martini objects, believing that the resources of the spoken language are quite sufficient

for literary purposes. "Pray, what language do we speak?" he is quoted as saying, in a recent interview. "As far as I know, you are now speaking to me in Italian, and I am answering you in Italian. And even outside of calm conversation, even in moments of passion, cultivated people do not end by speaking in dialect;" a remark which holds true for Florentines like Martini himself, but not at all for the large proportion of writers from other parts of Italy, from Venice, Milan, or Naples, for instance, who, however wealthy or cultured they may be, regularly use the local dialect in their own homes, and whenever they try to give a vigorous tone to a passage, instinctively relapse into the ruder, but more expressive phraseology of that dialect. Similarly Italians explain the lack of eloquence in their national parliament on the ground that a majority of the deputies are to all intents and purposes speaking a foreign language. As a result, however, of his theories, Martini's style forms a happy medium between the studied, almost bald simplicity of Verga and his school, on the one hand, and the eloquent artificiality of D'Annunzio, on the other, and at the present day it would be hard to find a safer model for finished Italian prose. Yet his methods are not uniformly successful; his most recent dramatic work, a one-act comedy called *La Vipera*, which supposably embodies his latest ideas, was recently brought out in Turin, where it received much applause from the public, and from the critics what the Italians, like the French, designate as a *succès d'estime*, although the verdict of more than one was that his characters spoke Italian as it undoubtedly ought to be spoken, but not as it ever had been, or was likely to be, in actual life.

In criticism as in politics, Martini is strongly conservative, and in the former, at least, shows a vein of distinct pessimism, which he confesses is to some extent instinctive, although, reason as he will with himself, he cannot throw it off. He expresses his ideas in part as follows:

"I do not know, I do not see the causes of the present decadence; I observe the effects, that is all. We are on the slope of a sharp declivity, and everything is rolling downward. I do not perceive the first causes of the move-

ment, but only the movement itself. And I am not speaking of Italy alone. Look at France, which so long took the lead. Since the generation of 1830, since Balzac, Hugo, Renan, Dumas, Flaubert, who has come? Zola? Bourget? But what would they and the other genial writers of to-day have been without the powerful support of their predecessors? I am far from meaning, however, that art will die. No; art is at present held in abeyance, but it is a necessary social function, and cannot die.'

His pessimism is, however, darkest in regard to Italian literature, of which he questions the very existence. If we credit him, Italy has as yet had but one dramatist, Goldoni, and only one novel, Manzoni's *The Betrothed*. In regard to literary schools, Martini has scant patience. "So long as a work of art is born," he says, "posterity, which is to keep it on the throne, will trouble itself but little whether it be naturalistic, realistic, psychological, or something else. All these different methods, which have aroused so many useless discussions, have a common defect: they take one's thoughts away from the story itself. Above all, I hate the introduction of the problem into art, I hate Ibsen, and—to put the thing in a nutshell—I am not a Socialist. Still," he adds, "art ought to think, and lead the reader to think. It ought to point the way, even if it does not demonstrate."

Of the present outlook of literature in Italy, Martini thinks that that of the drama is the most hopeless; for the romance, he admits that there are "comforting tentatives, from Gabriele d'Annunzio to Matilde Serao," but reserves "his judgment or . . . his condemnation." In poetry, however, he admits that his race has a "good lyric tradition," and that "on this single side the blackness of his pessimism lightens."

It is, perhaps, worth citing, as a peculiarly characteristic instance of Martini's conservatism, that, contrary to the accepted usage, he persists in spelling Africa with two f's throughout his *Africa Italiana*, because "all Italian prose writers so wrote it, from Machiavelli to Leopardi, and he more willingly stands with them than with those who dance attendance upon the new orthography."

Ferdinando Martini is to-day fifty-six years of age, having been born in 1841. He is described by a contemporary as



FERDINANDO MARTINI.

still young and elegant, with a pale complexion, which harmonises well with his light brown mustache and hair just tinged with gray. The accompanying portrait is said to be an excellent likeness, although it seems scarcely to do justice to his "habitual subtle smile," of which so much has been said.

Frederic Taber Cooper.



Yours truly
John G. Whittier

AMERICAN BOOKMEN.

XI.—WHITTIER AND LOWELL.

The scholar in politics is familiar enough in other lands, but here he has never quite lost a certain strangeness of aspect. The poet in politics is almost an anomaly everywhere, and if any jus-

tification were needed for bringing together the names of Whittier and Lowell, it would be found in the fact that they won their first conspicuous laurels in devoting their Muse to the service of

a political cause. This fact alone distinguishes them from their fellows in American letters.

When all the writers of the older generation were young men, the country was richer than it is now in "moral issues." The problems of national life provided every man with food for searching thought. Its themes were not essentially poetical, except in so far as human freedom and the freed spirit of poetry are at one. A freed spirit of opinion was indispensable to him who would espouse the cause to which Whittier and Lowell gave their young vigour, the cause of anti-slavery. All the forces of conservatism, North and South, were arrayed against it, and to array one's self unequivocally on its side required a courage quite unneeded for partisanship in the political issues known to our day.

The question of slavery ceased so long ago to be a question at all, that it is now well-nigh impossible for the younger generation to acquire the point of view in which the opponents of the institution were once regarded very much as anarchists and social outlaws. It has been well said by Professor Wendell: "Perhaps the closest analogy which we can imagine to-day to the Abolitionists of 1833 would be a body of earnest, God-fearing men who should be convinced that God bade them cry out against the institution of marriage." Indeed, it may be doubted whether such a body of men would not be held in greater tolerance to-day, at least so far as their writings and their persons are concerned. As late as 1842 it was thus that Longfellow's slender pamphlet of *Poems on Slavery* was received by *Graham's Magazine*, then one of the leading literary periodicals of the country; the editor printed a guarded notice of it, and justified himself by writing to Longfellow that "the word *slavery* was never allowed to appear in a Philadelphia periodical, and the publisher objected to have even the name of the book appear in his pages." In person, moreover, anti-slavery men were less safe than on paper. In 1835 Whittier, in com-



WHITTIER AT 29.

pany with George Thompson, an English Abolitionist, had been mobbed in Concord, N. H. For Thompson's ears three thousand dollars were offered in one place; in New Orleans a purse of twenty thousand dollars was publicly made up as a reward for his person. When he was to lecture in Boston a vessel was waiting to carry him to the South, if the following placard, posted all over the town, should result in his seizure.

"THOMPSON, THE ABOLITIONIST.

"That infamous foreign scoundrel, Thompson, will hold forth this afternoon at 46 Washington Street. The present is a fair opportunity for the friends of the Union to snake Thompson out. It will be a contest between the Abolitionists and the friends of the Union. A purse of *one hundred dollars* has been raised by a number of patriotic citizens to reward the individual who shall first lay violent hands on Thompson, so that he may be brought to the tar-kettle before dark. Friends of the Union, be vigilant!"

It would be easily possible to multiply



WHITTIER AT 78.

illustrations of the sentiment which the opponents of slavery had to face, and even to show that the influences from which the strongest help might have been expected—the church, the press, and respectable private opinion—were the last to exert themselves in favour of the party that was finally to prevail. But it is needed here merely to indicate the strenuousness of the cause which brought Lowell and Whittier to stand for an important period of their lives upon common ground. Their approach to this ground and their departure from it were by utterly different routes, and the ultimate place they have attained is remote, in a greater and less degree, from that of partisans in any cause. Yet what they brought to the national problem, found in it, and carried away from it, might well form the basis for a comparative study of their lives. The present paper would exceed all bounds if it should attempt such a study. So abundant, indeed, are the accounts of

the lives of these two men, that it is hardly fair to the reader to assume that the details need to be repeated with any minuteness. Probably he will prefer to be reminded of certain salient points, and to this end may be willing to regard Whittier and Lowell at several separated periods of their careers.

The life of John Greenleaf Whittier was not lacking in picturesque moments. From those of his boyhood may be chosen one in the nineteenth year from his birth at Haverhill, Mass., on December 17th, 1807. On a summer day of 1826 he was mending a wall by the roadside with his father, when the postman, riding past, threw him a copy of the weekly *Free Press* of Newburyport. The boy opened it and stood spellbound at the sight of some verses of his own in the "Poet's Corner." Without his knowledge they had been sent to the paper by his older sister, who did not share

her father's opinion that Greenleaf's habit of verse-making was wholly wasteful of precious time. When he was about fourteen, good fortune had put a copy of Burns into his hands, and the New England boy's response, like the New England poet's constant allegiance to the Scottish singer, marked an essential sympathy in their natures, underlying the conspicuous contrasts in their lives. If one youth on a farm could make verses, why not another, Whittier must have asked himself, and from that time forward many of the moments he could spare from his farm-work and rustic schooling were given to the trial of his own wings. So strenuous were the inheritances and surroundings of the Quaker household into which he was born that the gentler impulses of poetic musing would have found a precarious foothold, except for that blending of gentleness with strenuousness which is the birthright of Friends. In Whittier himself the qualities were



BIRTHPLACE OF WHITTIER, HAVERHILL, MASS.

so notably blended, that there was a special fitness in his bearing the name of Greenleaf, transmitted from a Huguenot ancestor, on whose coat-of-arms both a warrior's helmet and a door bear-

ing an olive branch are said to have figured. To the strenuous cause of anti-slavery, therefore, Whittier brought so excellently tempered an inheritance, that he has been justly called "perhaps



"ELMWOOD," THE HOME OF LOWELL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



LOWELL AT 24.

the least irritating of reformers." The relation between the anti-slavery cause and those early printed verses, at which he stared speechless until his father impatiently bade him keep at his work, is not remote, for the editor of the *Free Press*, who soon sought out his young contributor, and urged the cultivation of his talents, was none other than his life-long friend and fellow-worker, William Lloyd Garrison.

Twelve years after this first recognition of his promise, Whittier was to be seen under strangely different circumstances. In May of 1838 a mob in Philadelphia attacked and burned "Pennsylvania Hall," a building erected, at a cost of more than forty thousand dollars, as the headquarters for work on behalf of civil liberty. Whittier at the time was the editor of an anti-slavery journal, the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, which had its office in the Hall. Knowing well that if he were seen in the crowd in his proper person he would suffer violence without attaining his purpose, he

changed his ordinary Quaker aspect by putting on a wig and a long white overcoat, and joining the mob that was sacking his office, saved as many of his papers as he could. The editors of anti-slavery papers were not all unused to seeing their presses shattered and their type thrown into streets or rivers. Whittier himself, in his own New England, had narrowly escaped tar and feathers. Mud, stones, sticks, and eggs of the age which qualifies them as missiles he had not escaped. But before joining his fortunes with those of anti-slavery he had deliberately counted the cost. In later life he advised a boy, "if thou wouldst win success, join thyself to some unpopular, but noble cause." The giving of advice, however, is a different thing from courting the experience which prompts it, and what the embracing of an "unpopular, but noble cause" meant to Whittier was the strict limitation of high political ambitions. The va-

ried editorial experiences, in Boston, Hartford, and Haverhill, which followed the short term of study after the discovery of his talents by Garrison, gave him good reason to think that he might excel either in politics or in literature. But in 1833 he wrote from Haverhill to Mrs. Sigourney in Hartford, "I have found that my political reputation is more influential than my poetical, so I try to make myself a man of the world—and the public are deceived, but *I* am not." So slender a store of health had the "toughening process" of Whittier's youth left for his manhood, that it could not have seemed possible for him at that time to attain distinction in both directions. The mere fact, however, that at the age of thirty he went to Philadelphia, where he remained till 1840, as the editor of the *Freeman*, indicates the regard in which he was held by his fellows in the agitation against slavery. Quaker that he was, he could never advocate war, yet with his own weapons he fought fero-

ciously. To the zeal with which he plied one weapon, the great body of "Anti-Slavery Poems" in his collected works bears witness. The weapon of shrewd, high-minded politics was no less effective in his hands. So pre-eminently do we regard him now as the poet, that it is difficult to realise how telling were his labours, not only as a member of the Massachusetts General Court in 1835 and 1836, but as a quiet power, through a long succeeding period, in the political counsels of the parties which, one after another, seemed competent to advance the interests that lay nearest his heart. In the full record of his life, by Mr. S. T. Pickard, it is peculiarly interesting to learn how intimately the political fortunes of men so prominent as Caleb Cushing, Sumner, Frémont, and, indirectly, Lincoln, were affected by the opinions and actions of Whittier. As the disguised Quaker, accomplishing his own ends undetected by the angry crowd, Whittier presented in one evening a type of his life through many years. The phase of it thus recalled is not that which is best remembered, but to forget it is to forget a vital element of his completeness.

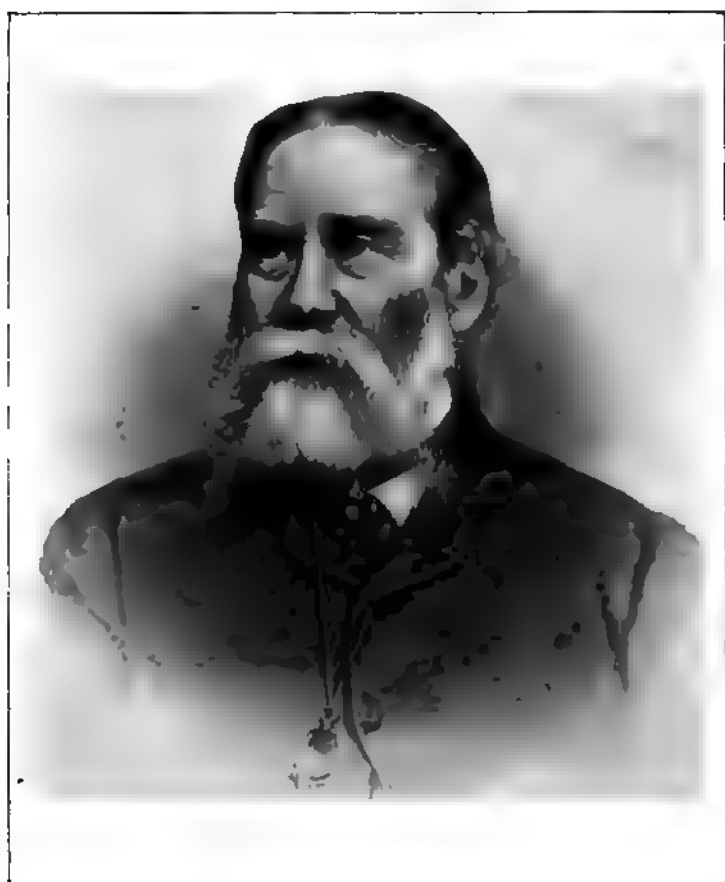
When Whittier gave up the editorship of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, in 1840, he fell into the mode of life which remained practically unchanged for more than fifty years. In 1836 he had sold the Haverhill farm, and established himself with his mother and sister in the village of Amesbury. Hither he retired from Philadelphia in a broken condition of health, which rendered the remainder of his life uniformly quiet. There were frequent periods in which he could not read or write for more than half an hour at a time. "I dread to touch a pen," he once wrote to a friend. "Whenever I do, it increases the dull, wearing pain in my head, which I am scarcely ever free from." When he was but forty he could truly say, "I have already lived a



LOWELL AT 31.

long life, if thought and action constitute it. I have crowded into a few years what should have been given to many." It was not, however, for him "to rust unburnish'd," for the very circumstances which put an end to some of his activities quickened others. The poet as we know him best now could hardly have been developed from a long continuance of his early labours.

In the long life still to be lived there was no dearth of stimulus to the meditative, spiritual elements of his nature, and to the expression of all the gentler, intimate spirit of New England, of which his poems are peculiarly the voice. His domestic life was marked by singular simplicity and affection. The death of his mother, in 1858, left him for eight years in a devoted relationship with his sister Elizabeth, like himself unmarried, and not unlike the sisters of Lamb and Renan in the place she held in her brother's heart. When she died, in 1864, Whittier wrote, "The great motive of life seems lost;" but friends and kin-



M. Lowell.

dred did not suffer him to want for affection and care. Of his capability for friendships with men his *Personal Poems* speak with clearness, and many a one might have written as Bayard Taylor wrote to Fields when "The Tent on the Beach" appeared: "How pleasantly you and I will float down to posterity, each holding on to the strong swimmer, J. G. W.!" There are abundant memorials also of his friendships with women, especially Mrs. Child, Lucy Larcom, Celia Thaxter, and Gail Hamilton, who cleverly wrought him in the war-time a pair of slippers typical of his bearing toward the conflict. The bellicose American eagle which adorned each foot held in its talons a cluster of thunderbolts, but the colour of his plumage

was a Quaker drab. A joke was not easily lost on Whittier, for a Yankee gift and sense of humour came to him as directly as his other inheritances. The marks of appreciation and honour that came to him from widely various sources in his later years more than offset the indignities to which the young anti-slavery agitator was subjected. When he died, on September 7th, 1892, at the house of a friend at Hampton Falls, N. H., leaving Dr. Holmes as the sole survivor of the group of New Englanders who had done more than any other body of men for American letters, a voice, clear to the last, truly and broadly representative both of his region and of his country, was hushed.

Even to suggest in a brief space all

the achievements of a life of eighty-five years is next to impossible. Still more foolhardy were the attempt to point out all the qualities of the work which remains as its monument. The best of it is too familiar to require comment. One could almost wish "Barbara Fritchie" and "Maud Muller"—like tunes that lose their charm from too much repetition—less familiar. But "Snow-Bound"—which many agree upon as Whittier's masterpiece—"In School Days," "Ichabod," "My Psalm," and the dozen or dozens of other poems which other tastes will elect could ill be spared from the pages of our literature; nay, the best of them could not be spared at all. When Whittier fails of his best, his artistic faults are not far to seek. Still farther from the beaten ways of books, however, are his sweetness and purity of spiritual sense, his faithfulness to simple and true standards of living, and his hatred of wrong, however strongly entrenched. In such qualities as these he and his works make their quiet claim to abiding remembrance.

James Russell Lowell indicated clearly the difference between himself and the class of men known primarily as reformers when he wrote to a friend: "Reform cannot take up the whole of me, and I am quite sure that eyes were given us to look about us with sometimes, and not always to be looking forward." Your complete reformer is frequently a man of one idea. Whittier was by no means altogether such an one, and if Lowell had even more of the mellowness which many ideas planted in the right soil may produce, the difference between the men is sufficiently explained by the circumstances of their ancestry and training. Lowell belonged eminently to Dr. Holmes's "Brahmin caste" of New England. His father, the Rev. Charles Lowell, lovingly described by Lowell as "Dr. Primrose in the comparative degree," was for more than fifty years minister of the West Church, now the West End branch of the Public Library, in Boston. He lived at Elmwood, in Cambridge, four miles away from his church, and here his more famous son, the youngest of five children, was born on February 22d, 1819. It is easy to fill in the background of the boy's life in a scholarly family of high standing in the college town. When the time came for him to gradu-

ate from Harvard, his course of reading everything except the books prescribed by the faculty brought about his rustication at Concord, and the Class Poem of 1838 was not read by its author. When he was a professor himself he asked one of his class in Dante, who was anxious to know his mark, what he thought he really deserved, and when the youth named a figure which would pass him in his examination, Lowell answered, "You may take it, and I shan't have the bother of reading your book." Under such treatment he would doubtless have been with his class on Commencement Day. Both the earlier and the later incident point to the fact that Lowell's nature had a place for other qualities than the strenuousness of the mere reformer. So various, indeed, were his endowments that at different stages of his career he was to be seen in widely different lights.

In 1848, ten years after graduating from college, he published three pieces of writing which spoke for three distinct elements in the man as he already was, and foreshadowed what he was still more conspicuously to become. It was a diversified expression of a single nature to bring forth in one year *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, *The Fable for Critics*, and *The Biglow Papers*. In the first of them a poet spoke, in the second a wit, who was also a penetrating critic of literature, in the third a wit, too, but at the same time a patriot, a scholar overflowing with recondite lore, and a shrewd interpreter of New England character. The ten years that had passed since Lowell's graduation had contributed to his development in all these directions. First of all, after he had tried manfully to devote himself to the law, it became clear to him and his friends that literature must be the vital concern of his life. In 1840 he had become engaged to Miss Maria White, who was gifted not only with poetic talents, but with a nature of sensitive response to the spirit of reform that had begun to fill the air. The effect of this nature upon Lowell's was to quicken both the poet and the citizen in him. Volumes of poems appeared in the year after his engagement, and again in 1844, the year of his marriage. In the intervening period the Abolitionists, of whom at nineteen he wrote that they "are the only ones with whom I sympathise of

the present extant parties," had learned to recognise the value of his services as a writer, and the first winter of his married life was passed in Philadelphia, in an editorial connection with the Pennsylvania *Freeman*, which had drawn Whittier also from New England. In Cambridge again, Lowell began in 1846 a service of four years as a regular contributor to the *Anti-Slavery Standard* of New York, in which some of the first *Biglow Papers* originally appeared. Meanwhile, in his private capacity he was leading the life which permitted him to speak of himself in later years as "one of the last of the great readers," and a volume of *Conversations on Some of the Old Poets*, published in 1845, was the fruit of it. Add to all this the ripening experiences of personal joy and sorrow, and the feeling toward friends which always made him care more that they should esteem him highly than think well of what he wrote—and the writer of the three remarkable books of 1848 stands forth with a certain clearness. It is little strange that such a man, not yet thirty years old, should feel within himself a sure, though unaggressive, confidence of achieving still greater things.

The Lowell at whom we look in 1858 goes by the dignified titles of Professor in Harvard College and Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, then completing its first year of existence. A letter written by Longfellow, in 1855, says that Lowell "astonished the town last winter with a course of lectures on Poetry. Whereupon the college immediately laid hold of him, and made him my successor." Lowell felt himself to be "not the stuff that professors are made of," believed that he would have been "a more poetical poet" if he had never become a professor, and called his college work "my annual dissatisfaction of lecturing." But it was an annual delight to the undergraduates, whose relations with him frequently became more human than academic. The outer world owed much to the professorship also, for it led him more than ever to the pursuit of congenial studies with a view to sharing with others his pleasure in them. It is doubtful, however, whether all the essays, which stand alike for his scholarship and his mastery of English style, would have come into being if he had not been also an editor, first of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and then, with Mr. Charles

Eliot Norton, of the *North American Review*. In the pages of these periodicals many of Lowell's prose writings first appeared, for those were days when the editor of a magazine was expected to be one of its chief contributors. When the *Atlantic* was begun, who but Lowell could be its editor? The time was ripe for banding together the writers of New England in an enterprise which should not be merely "literary," but should bring the strongest literary forces of the country to bear upon the problem which had to be solved in the end by war. Lowell was eminently of the craft of writers, eminently a skilful judge of the writings of others, and eminently competent to use his own pen in the interest of Northern sentiments. With such a company of contributors as he had at his elbow, it was not difficult for the right man to give the magazine the place it took at once, but the contributors were hardly more essential to this than the right man, and that man was Lowell. If the magazine had him to thank for its first success, Lowell was indebted to both the periodicals he served for the incentive to produce a large number of the Essays which have helped to fix his fame.

The decade between 1848 and 1858 wrought its greatest changes in Lowell's domestic surroundings—changes which he was not unwilling to record in such verses as "After the Burial," written in 1850 upon the death of a daughter. In 1847 his first child had died, and in 1852, while he was travelling in Europe, partly in hope that Mrs. Lowell's broken strength and spirit might be restored, the loss of their only son befell them at Rome. From this grief Mrs. Lowell never recovered, and before the end of 1853, about a year after their return, she died at Elmwood. When Lowell was appointed to the Harvard professorship, he made a second visit of a year to Europe, for the purpose of study. A year after his return, in 1856, his second marriage—to Miss Frances Dunlap, who had been entrusted with the education of his one surviving daughter—took place, and the relationship which lasted through nearly thirty years of his life was begun. Dates and figures give but a bloodless record of affections so strong as Lowell's. Because they were also most tender, one does not wish to say more about them.

To know of Lowell in the war-time, it is needless to look beyond his poems. In "The Washers of the Shroud" he is seen at the beginning of the conflict, looking forward. The second series of the *Biglow Papers*, which he himself thought better than the first, carries us through its course, and into the troublesome period that followed. The noble "Commemoration Ode" marks the ending of the war itself. Lowell could not bring himself to begin the ode until two days before it was to be read, when "something," as he said, "gave me a jog, and the whole thing came out of me with a rush." The memory of his nephews who had been killed, "three likely lads ez wal could be," burned within him, and the truth of Mr. Henry James's remark, that "the man and the author in him were singularly convertible," has no firmer support than in this instance of his attaining his highest poetical expression when stirred in his deepest personal feelings.

It remains to look at Lowell in still another important aspect, that of Minister of the United States, under the administration of President Hayes, at the Court of St. James. Even regarding the short term of service at Madrid in the same capacity as a step of transition, the change from Cambridge to London was abrupt. But Lowell, through actual sojournings abroad almost as much as in his "fireside travels," had long been a citizen of the world, and it was no surprise to those who knew him that the less cloistral life of London seemed hardly more foreign to him than Elmwood. "The true reward of an English style," Mr. James has characteristically said, "was to be sent to England." A young English poet, writing in prose, contrasted Emerson's philosophical mission, Hawthorne's mission of silence, and Dr. Holmes's mission of dining with Lowell's coming pre-eminently as "his Excellency the Ambassador of American Literature to the Court of Shakespeare." It is not impossible that Mr. Watson was unconsciously recalling and expanding the title which Thackeray gave to Washington Irving. Be that as it may, the fitness of Lowell for his post was instantly recognised in England, and his personal popularity won even the tribute of distrust from the loudest disciples of "Americanism" at home. How sure

he must have been that his English friends, who never could have enough of his after-dinner and "occasional" speaking, would not misunderstand him may be inferred from his saying to the Master and Fellows of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, John Harvard's *alma mater*: "I must allow that, considering how long we have been divided from you, you speak English remarkably well." So far was Lowell from ceasing to be even aggressively an American, that Mr. G. W. Smalley, who reports this last remark, quotes the words of an English lady who said: "Hawthorne insulted us all by saying all English women are fat, but I dare not say in Mr. Lowell's presence that an American woman is thin." The truth is that Lowell constantly expressed his nationality in England as clearly as he had expressed it at home in such lines as "Jonathan to John," but with the difference which the different circumstances demanded. Dr. Holmes had written to him in 1876 to thank him not only for a volume of his essays, but also for showing "our young American scholars that they need not be provincial in their way of thought or scholarship because they happen to be born or bred in an outlying district of the great world of letters." It was but another evidence of the convertibility of man and author in Lowell that his public life set forth conspicuously a similar absence of all provincialism in the best product of our civilisation. When any representative of a government brings both his own and a foreign people to a truer understanding of their relation, he does his country the service of a patriot. To this work Lowell gave his riper powers, as he had given his younger zeal to the cause in which he thought he could best serve his native land.

When President Cleveland came into power, in 1885, it was inevitable that Lowell's place in London should be taken by another. He returned, therefore, to America full of honours, but could not yet return to Elmwood, for his wife had died in London, and the old house, he thought, would be "full of ghosts." His winters, therefore, were divided between Boston and the "Deerfoot Farm" of his son-in-law at Southborough, Mass., and the early and late summers between London and Whitby, on the Yorkshire coast. When

his grandsons were to enter Harvard his daughter's family came to Elmwood to live, and Lowell came with them. There he died on August 12th, 1891.

The quality in Lowell which Mr. Leslie Stephen has defined as "his ineradicable boyishness" kept him at heart very much the same person from the beginning to the end of his life of seventy-two years. It helped him always to make light of unessential troubles. Soon after he was first married Mrs. Lowell wrote to Mrs. Hawthorne, "I begin to fear we shall not have the satisfaction of being so *very* poor, after all." At times her fears were not realised, but they were the times when Lowell, in letters to his friends, could give the most amusing accounts of his condition. Once when he was in Europe he told his bankers to let him know when his money was spent, for then he meant to go home. He had no accounts of his own to tell him, and an error in the banker's accounts brought his visit prematurely to an end. But in later years the bankers made good his disappointment by a profitable investment of the sum which really had remained to his credit, and Lowell made the incident a text for a humorous denunciation of all accounts and figures. Humorous and enthusiastic, companionable and sympathetic, he was the best of friends, and the life of congenial assemblies. From London he wrote to Mr. Norton, "I have never seen society, on the whole, so good as I used to meet at our Saturday Club." What wit and spirit he brought to its meetings the testimony of others informs us. What memories he was capable of carrying away with him, one may find recorded in his *Elegy* on Agassiz, in which it is as easy to find the lines relating to Emerson, Hawthorne, and others as if their names were given. Here, indeed, as everywhere in his writings, Lowell himself stands revealed. His authoritative Life remains to be written, but when it is done it will be almost—as so brief a paper as this must be altogether—a superfluous piece

of reading for one who has made the direct acquaintance of Lowell through his poems, his essays, and his letters.

The contrast between the lives of Whittier and Lowell prepares one for precisely the contrasts that may be drawn between the work of the one and of the other, both in quality and in scope. The differences are obvious, but beneath them all, like the family likeness of brothers whose features are widely unlike, the resemblance they bear to each other is that of true sons of older New England, and they show themselves at times to be close of kin. Their most striking outward resemblance probably lay in their attitude in early life toward the cause of anti-slavery. To see two men for whom the later years held such different things in store joined at any time in a common warfare helps us truly to realise the vitality of the uniting cause. The attitude of a whole nation to a cause which at last has become merely an episode of history may not unfitly be likened to a fleet of boats lying quietly at sundown in a crowded harbour, and heading all in one direction. In the night a sharp wind comes out of a new quarter, and the boats begin to swing at their moorings, some much more quickly than others. These, of course, foul the more slowly shifting craft, and then there is a great rushing on deck of rudely wakened seamen, who push off the interfering boats with violence and abusive language. In the morning the fleet is found lying peacefully at its anchors, pointing in the new direction, as if nothing had happened. In the change of a national attitude there is the difference, that the lives and the writings of such men as Lowell and Whittier make the turmoil of the night something more than a sleepy remembrance.

M. A. De Wolfe Howe.

The subject of the next paper in this series, to appear in the May BOOKMAN, will be "Longfellow and Holmes."



LOVE AND DOUBT.

Shun radiant Love and bar him out
If he come hand in hand with Doubt.
Doubt is the bastard of a line
Half sprung from hell and half divine ;
With silent tread, a subtle thief,
Who smiles to simulate Belief,
While through his words there seems to steal
The jealous hate that bastards feel,
Whose serpent-thought the secret knows
To mar each gift that Love bestows.

Oh, glad young Love ! with royal air
He bids the lover banish care
In that unfettered mighty mirth,
The elemental joy of earth,
From hope and measureless content
And faith triumphant born and blent—
But Doubt speaks slowly in the ear,
And what was laughter ends—a sneer.

Love arms the soul with kingly power,
His noblest gift, his richest dower ;
A splendid courage frank and free,
The heart's imperial chivalry
That fronts the world and scorns the mean,
Unshaken, confident, serene—
But Doubt just whispers of disgrace,
And lo ! a coward, false and base.

And Love refines the thoughts of sense,
Keeps sweet the soul of innocence,
And thinks no ill, but dares to see
In passion only purity,
When heart meets heart and fear is done,
And both are blended into one.
Yet Doubt but breathes upon a name,
And all is seared and scarred with shame.

Love's are the gifts that pass away ;
Doubt's are the wounds that stain and stay.
Who doubts has vainly asked and heard
A million times the answering word.
Vain is the suppliant distress,
The cry of pleading tenderness,
The longing look, the wild appeal,
The tears that only one can feel.

For Love sweeps by on lightsome wing
 While Doubt remains to search and sting ;
 Love comes the first, and first is past,
 But Doubt still lingers to the last.

Shun radiant Love and bar him out
 If he come hand in hand with Doubt.
 The eyes suffused with answering fire,
 The lips that echo each desire,
 The burning hands that cling and press,
 The arms that yield the last caress—
 These Doubt can turn to poisoned dust
 If Truth be lost, and Faith and Trust.
 For, at the end, the sinking heart
 Feels Love and Doubt alike depart ;
 And, through the crypt of passion's tomb,
 Murked in the mists of monstrous gloom,
 Sees peering forth with vacant stare
 The haggard eyes of wan Despair.

Harry Thurston Peck.

SPANISH JOHN VS. MR. WILLIAM McLENNAN.

One of the most noteworthy books of the year just closed is *Spanish John*, by Mr. William McLennan. It is after the manner of Stevenson, and at times has something of the virile force of Crockett. In some respects it surpasses the work of either of these writers. In reading their novels a feeling haunts one that he has before him the work of men endeavouring to throw themselves into the past, and to reproduce customs, manners, a time, a life which they can only build up by study and imagination.

But in *Spanish John*, which on the title-page purports to be "A Memoir, now first published in complete form, of the Early Life and Adventures of Colonel John M'Donell," there is an absolute transcript of the life, the mode of thought, the feeling of men of a hundred years ago. The whole book is done with such a naturalness in narration, such a freedom from archaic affectation in diction, that one is almost forced to think that he is reading the work of a man who lived in a former age and has merely allowed his "astral

body" to visit us to reveal his soul and the soul of his time.

No wonder that such an impression is produced ! If any book collector with a full Canadiana turns to his early numbers of *The Canadian Magazine*, he will find that the copies for April and May, 1825, contain "A Narrative of the early life of Colonel John M'Donell, of Scotos, written by himself, after he came to Canada, at the urgent request of one of his particular friends, interspersed with numerous anecdotes and historical details of the times."

It needs no careful examination to prove that Mr. McLennan has, with great fidelity, followed the narrative of Colonel M'Donell. Incident after incident, anecdote after anecdote, which adorns the pages of this Stevensonian novel will be found in this out-of-the-way magazine. Nay, more ! page after page has been taken almost verbatim from the same source.

It may be said, indeed, that Mr. McLennan has merely edited Colonel M'Donell's narrative. No indication of such an intention is shown in any

part of his book. As a matter of fact, he has not edited the narrative, but has used it as it suited his purpose; altering names, combining characters, adding incidents, where he thought the dramatic action demanded such changes. That it was Mr. McLennan's intention to lead his readers to believe his book an original creation seems evidenced by the dedication: "To my father, this result of long talks, over old days, old manners, and old memories." If this be true there can be but one conclusion, that the McLennans, *père et fils*, have marvellous memories for old articles and for the copious footnotes which accompany such articles. A much truer dedication would have been: "To the shade of Spanish John, whose interesting autobiographical sketch supplied both the matter and workmanship for the bulk of this book."

It would be a serious matter to make an accusation of this sort without advancing proof, so several excerpts will be given from Colonel M'Donell's narrative, with parallel passages from Mr. McLennan's book. Colonel M'Donell writes:

"Our officers and men fell very fast. I among the rest got a ball through my thigh, which prevented my standing; I crossed my firelock under my thigh and shook it, to try if the bone was whole, which finding to be the case, dropt on the one knee and continued firing. I received another shot, which threw me down. I made once more an attempt to help my surviving comrades, but received a third wound, which quite disabled me. Loss of blood, and no way to stop it, soon reduced my strength. I, however, gripped my sword to be ready to run through the first enemy that should insult me.

"All our ammunition being spent, not a single cartridge remained among the living or the dead. Quarters were called for by the few that were yet alive. Many of the wounded were knocked on the head, and I did not escape with impunity. One approached me. At first I made ready to run him through, but observing five more close to him, I dropped the sword and was saluted with *hunts foot*. Accompanied with the cracking of muskets about my head, I was only sensible of three blows and fainted. I suppose they thought me dead. On coming to myself again, I found my clothes were stripped off, weltering in my blood, and no one alive near me to speak to—twisting and rolling in the dust with pain, and my skin scorched by the sun. In this condition a Croat came up to me with a cocked pistol in his hand, asked for my purse in bad Italian. I told him that I had no place to hide it in, and if he found it anywhere about me to take it. 'Is that an answer for me, you son of a b—ch!' At the same time pointing his pistol straight between my eyes."

(In foot-note.) "Previous to this a Croat taking my gold-laced hat and putting it upon his own head, coolly asked me how he looked in it. He then with his sabre cut off my queue and took it along with him."

In Mr. McLennan's book, pages 115-117, we find:

"Our officers and men were falling fast.

"So far I had not a scratch, but now a ball went through my thigh, which prevented my standing. I crossed my firelock under my leg and shook it to see if the bone were whole, which, finding to be the case, I raised myself on one knee and continued firing. I received another shot, which threw me down, but I still made an attempt to support my surviving comrades until a third wound quite disabled me. Loss of blood, and no way to stop it, soon reduced my strength. I, however, gripped my sword, ready to run through the first who should insult me.

"All our ammunition now being spent, and not a single cartridge to be found even among the dead, quarter was called for by the few who remained alive. Many of the wounded were knocked on the head, and I did not escape; for, observing one approaching, I made ready to run him through, but seeing that five more were close to him, I dropped my sword, only to be saluted with 'Hundsfoot!' and a rattle of blows on my head, whereupon I fainted.

"On coming to myself, I found that I was lying with my clothes stripped off, weltering in my blood, twisting and turning with pain in the dust under a blistering sun, and no one alive near me to speak to.

"The first who came up to me was a Croat, who, spying my gold-laced hat near by, clapped it on his head, and then had the impudence to ask me how I liked it. Not pleased with my answer, which was short, he turned me over on my face, and, cutting off my queue with his sabre, marched away, saying he would remember me by it.

"Shortly after this I was visited by another with cocked pistol in hand, who demanded my purse in very bad Italian.

"Where do you think I have hidden it?' I asked angrily, for I hadn't on me what would cover a sixpence. 'If you can find it about me you can take it.'

"Is that an answer for me, you — — —,' and here he called me a name bad enough for a living man, but to the last degree insulting to one in my condition, and with this he pointed his pistol straight between my eyes."

At this thrilling and strong portion of Mr. McLennan's story the absolute correspondence of passages here illustrated is maintained for many pages. A comparison of the following passage from Colonel M'Donell's sketch with a passage from the latter portion of *Spanish John* would be profitable:

"Colin Dearg got 300 guineas."

"What became of the other hundred?"

"Two men who stood behind the Irish captain with drawn dirks ready to kill him, had he

observed Colin Dearg cutting open the port-manteau, got 25 guineas each; and I and another man prepared in like manner for the young Captain M'Donell got 25 guineas each.'

'You tell the truth you are sure?'

'As I shall answer I do.'

'Do you know to whom you are speaking?'

'To a friend, and one of my own name.'

'No, you d—d rascal,' seizing him suddenly by the breast with my left hand, at the same instant twitching out my dirk with my right, and throwing him upon his back, 'I am that very M'Donell.' I own I was within an ace of running him through the heart, but some reflection struck me—my being alone, and in a place where I was in a manner a stranger, among people which I had every reason to distrust, I left the fellow upon his back, and re-entered the house in some hurry."

From *Spanish John*, page 224 :

'And what was done with the money?'

'Colin Dearg got three hundred guineas, William Killcoy three hundred, and Lieutenant Murdoch McKenzie three hundred.'

'And what of the other hundred?'

'Two men who stood behind the Irish captain with drawn dirks, ready to kill him had he observed Colin Dearg cutting open the port-manteau, got twenty-five guineas each, and I and another man, prepared to do the like to the young Captain M'Donell, got the same,' he answered very cool, as if it were a piece of business he did every day.

'Now, are you telling the truth?' I asked sternly.

'As sure as I shall answer for it on the Last Day,' he said warmly.

'And do you know to whom you are speaking?'

'To a friend, I suppose, and one of my own name.'

'No, you damned rascal!' I roared, and caught him by the throat with my left hand, twitching out my dirk in my right, and throwing him on his back, 'I am that very M'Donell you stood ready to murder!' And I was within an ace of running him through the heart, when I suddenly reflected that I was quite alone, in a place where I was in a manner a stranger, and among a people whom I had every reason to distrust. I got up, thrust my dirk into its sheath, and walked off without a word, leaving the fellow lying where I had thrown him."

It would be safe to say that more than one half of *Spanish John* is taken, with the fidelity shown in these extracts, from Colonel M'Donell's strong autobiographical sketch.

Nor is this all. As the book is read, Father O'Rourke, the *fidus Achates* of Spanish John, will grip the heart of the reader as strongly as almost any character in modern fiction. He is largely Mr. McLennan's own, and shows what a genius that writer has for creating and sustaining a character. But even Father O'Rourke is to some extent a thing

of shreds and patches. Striking incidents in the lives of other men associated with Spanish John are taken, in many cases verbatim, and attributed to this splendid soldier-priest. For example, toward the end of the story Mr. McLennan makes Father O'Rourke borrow Captain Lynch's name, and the remainder of the thrilling adventures which, in Colonel M'Donell's sketch are attributed to "one Captain Lynch who left the Hungarian service to fight for the Stuart interests," are clustered around Father O'Rourke. No doubt the story is greatly improved by having this concentration of material and by lessening the number of characters. The art is much finer; but is it permitted an author to take autobiographical sketches, mutilate them as he sees fit, use what parts he sees fit, and make no explanation or acknowledgment?

The villain of the book, Captain Creach, has been constructed in much the same manner. Colonel M'Donell distinctly says of Mr. Creach that he passed out of his life at the very beginning of his career, and that he "never more heard of him." But Mr. McLennan has seen fit to keep him in his novel till the end as a Captain Graeme. Like Father O'Rourke, he is not one, but many; and is at once the Mr. Creach, the Mr. Nicholson, the Captain Ferguson, etc., of Colonel M'Donell's narrative.

Spanish John is being praised, too, by the critics for the intimate knowledge the author shows of the topography of his story. He does not treat the scenes in which his characters act with the accurate detail that we have, for example, in *The Forge in the Forest*, by Charles G. D. Roberts; but he mentions scenes and places with the skill of a master of locality, never hesitating for a situation and never making an error. A careful examination of his source—for he has but one—will show that Colonel M'Donell has supplied him with the background for his story as well as with his narrative and characters. No truer and more accurate historical novel has been published of late years, for it is largely an absolute bit out of the actions and scenes of the life of the writer—not Mr. William McLennan, but Colonel M'Donell, who has been resting in an unlettered grave in Canada for some eighty-eight years.

There is one very original piece of work in the book—the punishment of the villain by Spanish John. But this is a grave injustice to Colonel M'Donell. He could never have perpetrated the deed attributed to him. He could no more have cut off Creach's ears "with two clean sweeps" than he could have stabbed an innocent babe. He was a tried soldier, a cultured gentleman, and no barbarian. He has left us no record of such an action, and everything in his life would tend to show him utterly incapable of it. Had there been any pretence at a memoir Mr. McLennan would never have added this brutalising action to his hero.

In defence Mr. McLennan may say that he merely took the "pure, crude fact," and added "fancy, the one fact more;" that he has treated Spanish

John's memoir much as Shakespeare did his Plutarch or Tennyson his Mallory. But Mr. McLennan is neither a Shakespeare nor a Tennyson, and Colonel M'Donell is neither a Plutarch nor a Mallory. They were classics open to the students of literature, a common hunting-ground for poets, romancers, and historians; but Colonel M'Donell's sketch is unknown to the general public. It is to be doubted if half a dozen copies of the magazine in which it appeared are extant, and Mr. McLennan must have known that what is happening would happen; that the critics great and small would laud him for a skill and knowledge which belonged to another man—a distinguished soldier and no mean writer.

T. G. Marquis.

DAWN.

When over the edge of night
The stars pale one by one,
And out of his streams of light
Rises the great red sun,

And lifting his splendours up
Over the hush of the world,
Draineth night's ebon cup,
Leaving some stars impearled—

Still on its crystal rim,
Fading in bubbles away,
As out of their cloud-meadows dim
The dawn-winds blow in this way :

Then bathed in cool, dewy wells,
Old longings of life renew,
Till here in these morning dells
The dreamings of earth come true.

And up each sun-jewelled slope
Over the night-hallowed land,
Wonder and Beauty and Hope
Walk silently hand in hand.

William Wilfred Campbell.

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX.

There is one class of letters as to which it is very puzzling to decide precisely how we ought to deal with them. These are letters that ask very general questions, such as can be properly answered only by writing what would amount to an elaborate article. Now we cannot write the article, owing to limitations of space, nor yet can we ignore the letters. In some of these the writers themselves discuss the question at issue at considerable length, and they often say things that are very suggestive and well worth reading. It happens that at the present time we have several of these on hand, and we think that we shall print one or two of them experimentally for the benefit of our readers at large, and shall confine our own remarks upon them to a few observations of admitted inadequacy. There are also some other letters before us which we shall publish and answer, although we can't help feeling that they were sent to THE BOOKMAN by mistake, and that they were really intended for Ruth Ashmore, at the office of the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

I.

A Baltimore lady sends us the following note on the complicated subject of plagiarism. We print it in full.

"To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN.

"DEAR SIRs: Apropos of the charge of plagiarism preferred against Sir Edwin Arnold in his new book (*Japonica*), I beg to ask the question:

"How much may a writer legitimately use of the material of another to whose writings on the same subject he may have access?"

"Also in Fiction. If an idea for a story is suggested by reading the story of another person, would not the use of that idea, even if differently treated, be plagiarism? Yet any one who reads many books is continually stumbling upon not only plots, but phrases and expressions in almost the identical words of others, and this often in the case of writers of high reputation, who could not be supposed guilty of plagiarism. For instance, no one could possibly accuse Mr. Kipling of a want of originality, yet his 'Council Rock' of the *Jungle Book* finds a counterpart in 'The Rock of Judgment' of Fouqué in *Thiodolf the Icelander*, chapter xii., p. 59. On this Rock of Judgment the brave Icelanders were accustomed to assemble in the spring of the year, 'to speak of what was for the good and welfare of the whole nation.' I also remember my surprise when I first read Balzac's *Passion in the Desert*, and found it

the same story as a tale called *Lariboo* which I had been familiar with from childhood in L. Maria Child's *Flowers for Children*, except that in Miss Child's story the panther was in love with a woman, and in Balzac's the panther was in love with a soldier of the French army in Egypt; but as Balzac died in 1850, and Miss Child's book was not printed until 1854, the inference is obvious. Both stories were probably taken from some old tale of life in the desert, as the Memoir of Balzac states that he obtained his idea of the story from conversing with an animal-tamer in a menagerie. Mrs. Burnett in *A Lady of Quality* gives Anne 'eyes like a shot pheasant;' but Rhoda Broughton used the expression 'the woman with eyes like a shot partridge,' years ago, in *Good-bye, Sweetheart*. These and other instances too numerous to mention make one feel that there is surely nothing new under the sun.

"I am sure, however, that many of your readers would be interested in hearing your views on the subject of plagiarism given through the Letter-Box."

This whole question of plagiarism is really very difficult. We think that true plagiarism depends rather upon a state of mind than upon a given collocation of facts, and this is all that we shall say about it at the present time. We have, however, in reserve an interesting article on the subject, written by a very discriminating and well-informed contributor, and to this we shall refer our correspondent when it appears.

II.

One who writes to us from Portland, Oregon, wonders why Rudyard Kipling, in a note printed in the "Outward Bound" edition of his works, speaks of Paul Jones as "the notorious American pirate." Our correspondent thinks it incredible that Mr. Kipling, who has himself so thorough an appreciation of bravery, should thus unfairly characterise one of the most gallant of American seamen. It ought to be remembered, however, that a great deal can be explained by considering the British point of view, and that Mr. Kipling is a thorough Briton. Thus Sir Francis Drake, who roamed the seas and plundered and pillaged and burned and killed without any regard to the laws of civilised warfare, was a gallant mariner. Why? Because he plundered and pillaged and burned and killed for the general benefit of England. On the other hand, Paul Jones, who had a regular commission

from the government of a civilised nation, and who fought and won in good fair fighting, was a pirate. Why, again? Because he was fighting and winning *against* the English. You see the British point of view is a great thing, and it makes a vast difference in one's judgment of men.

III.

A gentleman who writes from Lakeville, Connecticut, asks two questions.

"1. In your opinion, does modern fiction as a general rule exert a religious influence?"

No.

"2. About what per cent. of modern novels can be considered as exerting such an influence?"

We are not very well up in vanishing decimals.

IV.

Here is a commendatory postal-card which requires no answer.

"It was 'awfully sweet' of THE BOOKMAN to give such a mild and serious answer to those other pert writers in regard to the Sonyea business.
MANY FRIENDS."

V.

A lady in Portland, Maine, belatedly writes a long letter to complain of our rule about not returning rejected manuscripts. She says she is pretty reasonably sure that we won't publish her letter. She is quite right.

VI.

This is from Decatur, Georgia.

"Can you give me any reasons why the prevalence of fiction in modern literature should be an evil rather than a good?"

We cannot. Is it?

VII.

Some one who signs himself "Hamptden" asks four questions:

"1. In Ruskin's book with the title *Sesame and Lilies*, please inform the writer the meaning of 'Sesame'?"

Sesame is a seed cultivated in the East chiefly for the oil which is pressed from it, and used as a substitute for butter, and also in Egypt as a cosmetic. But why not look in the dictionary?

"2. What is the pronunciation of the word?"

It is pronounced so as to rhyme with "Jessamy."

"3. What is the meaning of the expression 'Open Sesame'?"

See the story of the Forty Thieves in the *Arabian Nights*.

"4. Please inform me if Millet and Millais were both artists, and if both are dead; and also which is the one who married the divorced wife of Ruskin?"

Yes, both were artists, one French and the other English, and both are dead. The one who married the former wife of Mr. Ruskin was Sir John Millais.

VIII.

Miss Carolyn Wells wants to know why in the Book Mart the list of the Best Selling Books in the January number was headed "The Best Six Selling Books." We answer that it was by a purely typographical oversight, and that in the February number she will find the necessary correction made. Miss Wells also takes exception to a locution which she lately discovered in the *Critic*, and asks whether we can defend it. No, we can't; but perhaps the *Critic* can.

IX.

Some one in Binghamton, New York, wants to know what is meant by the terms "Pre-Raphaelite," "Symbolist," and "Decadent." For these things we really must refer our correspondent to the ordinary works of reference, such as dictionaries and encyclopædias. There must be a good public library in a place like Binghamton, New York.

X.

A number of persons have written to us taking exception to our casual remark about Mr. Frank Stockton as a humourist. A letter on the subject from Bowery Beach, Maine, gives us a good sharp rap. As we have enjoyed this ourselves, we think that we ought to share the enjoyment with our esteemed readers, who are never quite so happy as when they see some one scientifically maltreating us. So we print the letter here without pausing for any further comment.

"Editors of THE BOOKMAN.

"DEAR SIR: I notice, in your answer to a correspondent from Rahway, New Jersey, that you exclude Mr. Frank Stockton from your list

of those doing good humorous work, on the ground that you 'have always been able to read everything of his without bursting into loud guffaws.' Is that the literary test that you apply in determining the value of the work of humourists? Is it equally necessary that you should 'explode in howls of woe' before you can allow that an author is capable of good work in a pathetic line? Don't you think it would be well for the editors of a magazine so noted for its classical and pure English to exercise a little more rigour in their vigorous phraseology?

"Very respectfully,
"ONLY A WOMAN QUESTIONER."

XI.

A linguistic question is asked of us by a gentleman in Manhattan, Kansas. His query is as follows :

"Editors of THE BOOKMAN.

"GENTLEMEN: Noting your readiness to respond to inquiries on questions of English usage, I should like to inquire if the expression 'due to arrive,' frequently heard in colloquial use, as 'the train is due to arrive at ten o'clock,' is defensible in English. If so, is the corresponding expression, 'due to depart,' admissible?"

To this we answer that the verb "due" has for one of its meanings "bound to arrive;" while another of its meanings is the simple one of obligation. Hence, the expression "the train is due to arrive" is pleonastic, it being sufficient to say "the train is due;" but the expression "the train is due to depart" is perfectly correct.

XII.

A correspondent asks us whether it is proper to speak of "cutting *by* a knife," instead of "cutting *with* a knife." We reply that either expression is correct, since each involves an equivalent for the instrumental case. The preposition "by" is here equivalent to "by means of."

XIII.

A lady in Salem, New York, who bears a distinguished name, writes to the publishers of THE BOOKMAN to renew her annual subscription; but in doing so she takes occasion to express her disapproval of the Letter-Box. She thinks "the unfortunates who write to it are frequently treated with discourtesy," and says that if we receive questions that are "senseless or impertinent," it would be better not to answer them at all. Now we are sorry that it strikes her in this way, and that she would like to have the Letter-Box suppressed. We might call her attention to the fact that we do not print our correspondents' names, and to the additional fact that these same correspondents are by no means averse to attacking us with the greatest vigour, so that it is certainly only fair that we should bang away at them in our turn, the whole thing being entirely good-natured all around. Moreover, she possibly may have observed that the number of letters which we receive increases with every month. Now if the readers of THE BOOKMAN really desire the suppression of the Letter-Box, they can very easily secure that end by ceasing to write us any letters. But we hope they will keep on just the same.

It will be remembered that we offered a prize last month for the satisfactory elucidation of some remarks sent us by a gentleman residing on Ellis Avenue, Chicago. We have received some attempts at a solution of the problem, but as the thirty-day limit has not expired at the present time of writing, we shall defer a consideration of the award until our next number.

CROSS-ROADS.

"Leave me my loved illusions," cried
A singer to a soul forlorn;
And at that hour a poet died,
And one sublime was born.

Thomas Walsh.

LONDON LETTER.

We are able to look back upon 1897 and to form a rough estimate of its literary results. The larger part of it was densely clouded by the Diamond Jubilee. Why the Diamond Jubilee should have had such a destructive influence on trade nobody can tell. The Jubilee of ten years before had no such effect, but this Jubilee hurt everything, and almost destroyed the spring publications. For a month or two all book trade was completely paralysed, and even when the proceedings were over the stagnation continued. Matters improved in the autumn season and onward, but still the year was spoiled as a whole, though in the weeks before Christmas, trade was very brisk. The practice of giving books as Christmas presents prevails more and more, and this helped the booksellers. Of conspicuous successes there were very few. *The Christian* of course has outrun all its rivals, and has penetrated into regions where new books are rarely to be found. Mr. Stevenson's *St. Ives*, finished by Mr. Quiller-Couch, has done better than any of Stevenson's recent volumes. Mr. Crockett had a marked success with his boys' Christmas book, *Sir Toady Lion*, the sale of which ran to thirty thousand. The one new literary reputation of the year is that of Mr. Stephen Phillips. Mr. Phillips has had a hard and painful struggle, and every one rejoices that he should have come to his own. Still the outlook for poets is sterile and disheartening. It is not possible by poetry alone to earn more than a couple of hundred pounds a year, at least it does not seem possible for any of our younger poets. The consequence is they are driven to take up prose—to the deterioration of their quality. There seems nothing for it but the establishment of a home for geniuses.

We have had an addition to our literary journals in the shape of *Literature*, published by the *Times*, and edited by Mr. Traill. Much energy was shown in launching this venture, and it has decided merits; but, on the whole, I see no reason to alter the opinion I expressed on it from the first. It is neither so able as the *Athenæum* nor so interesting as the *Academy*, and it is sold at twice

the price of either. The *Academy* has made good progress. Its circulation has more than doubled since it came into the hands of the new editor. Mr. Lewis Hind has now full command of the reins. Many of the reviews are exceedingly able, and the other departments are often attractive. The literary gossip is contributed by Mr. E. V. Lucas, the editor of an excellent anthology of children's poems, and is agreeable, scholarly, and well bred.

Perhaps the chief literary event of the year is the failure of the attempt to enforce twopence in the shilling as the maximum rate of discount. There can be no doubt that booksellers do not get the profit they ought to realise. The figures supplied by leading houses prove this conclusively. Either they have to be satisfied with inadequate returns or to add other branches of trade to book-selling. Yet I never believed it likely that the publishers would be able to coerce the booksellers in any effectual way, so long as the great bookshops in London refuse to give in. It is a principle strongly implanted in the British mind that tradesmen have a right themselves to fix the price at which they shall sell their wares. If coercion had been attempted the sympathies of the public would undoubtedly have been with those who resisted it, both because the method is distasteful and because people think that already they pay enough for their books. It is greatly to be desired that some *modus vivendi* should be found, but unless the booksellers themselves are practically unanimous it will be difficult for publishers to do much.

One pleasant feature of the year has been the popularity of certain American novels. American authors seemed to be sinking out of sight in England, but last year Mr. James Lane Allen, Mr. Harding Davis, and one or two others achieved substantial success here. The books of Mr. Hamlin Garland, I am glad to say, received some recognition, although it might have been more. Perhaps *The Choir Invisible* was the most popular of these volumes, although many good critics were enthusiastic over Miss Wilkins's *Jerome*. There is

still much to be done in this respect. The more American authors are read in England, the better will Americans be understood, and the matter is one of international importance. I may say that some of our leading authors talk of forming an association to promote a better understanding between Britain and the United States, and I feel confident that American authors will cordially support the endeavour. Speaking of the relations between English and American authors, I venture to suggest that a thoroughly trustworthy, experienced, and able business man in New York might do an excellent business with England as a literary and business agent. If authors and publishers could make arrangements through him for the issue of their books in America, and if he could bring under the notice of publishers here American books not otherwise placed, he would have more than enough to do, and he would be well paid for his trouble. As things stand, English authors not especially well known often content themselves with writing to one American firm, and if they get a refusal they do not carry the matter any further. This is a state of things that ought decidedly to be remedied. Many English publishers also are anxious to get good American books, but do not know exactly how to proceed. Even some of the very strong American firms fail to place their books on the English market anything like so well as they might do. Of this I have before me some very striking examples.

Although most of our younger publishers are doing well, it by no means follows that because a man is a publisher he will make a fortune. We have some very serious instances of collapse at present. They have not been made public so far, but are matters of common knowledge. One of our oldest and best-known houses, which has been in an unsatisfactory state for years, approaches a crisis. Others at least are in the hands of receivers, and it is doubtful whether it will be possible to extricate them satisfactorily. Age and connection are, no doubt, very useful in the trade, but to presume upon them is a fatal error.

Miss Beatrice Harraden is much improved in health, but still unable to complete her novel. She spent some weeks on the Riviera, but the bitter

weather prevented any real improvement, and she is now spending the winter quietly at her home in Hampstead.

Mr. Max Pemberton has had a very pleasant trip in Dr. Lunn's steamer, the *Midnight Sun*, having visited Tangier, Algiers, and other places. He is enthusiastic about the beauty and the climate of Algiers. He wound up with a few days in the hotel at Cimiez, where our Queen has stayed for the last two years, but, like the rest of us, found the Riviera a delusion this winter. The weather there, however, is now much better. Ian Maclaren and his wife are at the Villa Allerton, Cannes, as the guests of your countryman, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who has been taking them about the Mediterranean in his yacht. Dr. Watson says that Mr. Gladstone is fretting under his neuralgic pains, having never known pain before. A lady smartly described him as a "sick eagle." The rumours of his illness were received here with much interest and concern by persons of all parties.

Messrs. Dent have taken over the *Idler*, a magazine which has had a curious history. It was the first illustrated sixpenny periodical published after the great success of the *Strand*, and under the editorship of Mr. Barr and Mr. Jerome speedily acquired a very good circulation. It had always, I believe, a good sale, but the advertisements were not quite satisfactory. For a time Mr. Barr had undivided control. He retired, and Mr. Jerome took the periodical in hand. After a time it was raised from sixpence to a shilling, always a dangerous experiment, and of late it has not been prosperous. Messrs. Dent paid for it £2700, and are likely to give it more of a literary flavour. Their management will be closely watched. They have shown so much taste and originality in the production of books that much is expected from them as magazine publishers. The Messrs. Dent have moved into the Messrs. Macmillan's former premises in Bedford Street, where they pay a rent of over £1000.

The only new periodical of literary importance talked of at present is the *Outlook*, which springs from the ashes of the *New Review*. Mr. Henley is not the editor, but he has taken great interest in the project, and is to be a regular contributor, along with many of his old allies of the *Scots Observer*. The peri-

odical promises to be very attractive in appearance, and doubtless a spirited effort will be made to win for it popularity. The auspices, however, are somewhat discouraging. No other paper of the kind has succeeded of late, and while the slashing style amuses, it does not seem to promote the prosperity of the periodicals that affect it.

The appearance of Messrs. Harmsworth's long-talked-of and long-planned magazine, *London*, is now fixed for May. If any firm can make such a venture succeed Messrs. Harmsworth should do so, but the fact that they have considered the matter so long shows that

they feel the difficulties to be formidable, as indeed they are, the sixpenny periodicals having apparently exhausted all the available ideas.

I hear that Messrs. Pearson think of trying a penny monthly magazine after the pattern of the *Strand*.

Sir George Newnes, who told an interviewer lately that no more money was to be made out of papers, has started or is starting two new ones himself, one of them of a religious character, the other a halfpenny comic.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

LONDON, January 31, 1898.

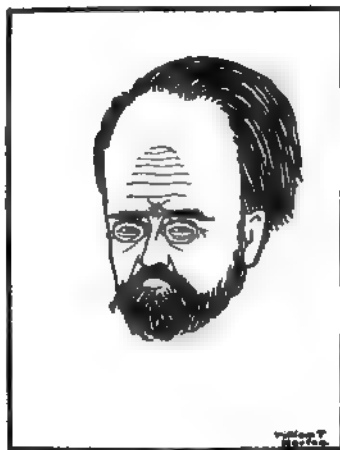
PARIS LETTER.

Although *THE BOOKMAN* is essentially a literary magazine, its readers would certainly be disappointed if your Paris letter did not open with at least a reference to the *affaire Dreyfus*. At first sight there seems for the moment to be nothing else in Paris, and any excited conversation is pretty sure to be on that subject. With the merits of the case *THE BOOKMAN* has, of course, nothing to do; from its point of view the one interesting element in the matter is the important part played by literary men. Just now the whole thing seems almost to have become a duel between the most violent pamphleteer and the most powerful novelist whom France now possesses, Henri Rochefort and Émile Zola. What motives actuated these two men in raising the discussion to a pitch of invective which has not been equalled since the French Revolution I shall not attempt to determine here. *Non est hic locus*. I want only to call your attention to a coincidence of this state of things with the publication by a French writer in the *Fortnightly Review* of an article in which France is declared to be suffering from a disease which he calls *Literaturitis*. Whether for good or evil, it is certain that since the Revolution men of letters have always played a most conspicuous part in French public affairs. I confess that I, for one, prefer them to mere politicians.

Another curious coincidence is the publication just at the present moment,

when the author of *La Débâcle* is everywhere in France either extolled as a hero or cursed as a malefactor, but nowhere mentioned with indifference, of a novel which deals with the same

topic as his celebrated book on the Franco-German war, but in a totally different spirit. It is *Le Désastre*, by Paul and Victor Margueritte. The two authors are the sons of General Margueritte, one of the heroes of the war on the French side, and their book, which will be followed by two other volumes, dealing with other phases of the events of *l'année terrible*—*Les Tronçons du Glaive* and *La Commune*, is, as far as possible, an idealisation of its terrible theme. It is, if I am not mistaken, the first joint production of the two brothers. There is a pretty story current in regard to the literary début of the younger of them, Paul. Victor had already pub-



ÉMILE ZOLA

lished a few volumes, and his signature often appeared at the foot of "chroniques" in the daily papers, while his brother was an officer in the army. One afternoon the elder brother, who had to write a chronique for the next day, complained of feeling almost too sick to work. "Never mind," his brother said; "you go to rest. I'll attend to the matter." Victor followed the advice, and when he woke up from a refreshing nap, the young officer handed him a few sheets of paper which he had just covered with writing. It was the needed chronique, and after reading it Victor exclaimed, "Why! it reads to me almost as though I had written it myself." From that day it was decided that the two brothers would go into literary partnership, and their first venture, the inspiration of which is to be found in the memory they have preserved of their glorious father, seems to be far from unsuccessful.

I do not see many striking volumes among the other recent publications. I must mention, however, an interesting volume of recollections published by the widow of Samson, the celebrated comedian who was Rachel's teacher. It contains a number of delightful letters by the great tragédienne. In the series of *Les Grands Écrivains Français*, published by Hachette, the volume on Racine has just appeared. It is by Professor Larroumet, and has a good many clever things, gracefully and wittily told, as is always the case with him. But one can't help thinking with some regret of the treat that seemed to be in store, when in the first announcement of the series it was stated that the volume on Racine would be by Anatole France.

A number of good things, or of things that ought to be good, are promised us for the near future; first of all, the second and, for the present, the last volume of Hugo's correspondence, to be followed by a few more volumes of his posthumous works: first, a volume of prose pieces, written by him while in Jersey and Guernsey, the title of which will be *Choses Vues, II. Tas de Pierres*; then, a volume of verse, *Les Années Funestes*. Marcel Prévost is to give us a new volume of short stories, and Léon Daudet announces that his book on his father will be ready in March or April.

I ought not to omit calling your atten-

tion to a doctor's thesis which has just appeared. The author is Professor Syromsky, of the University of Bordeaux, and the subject, *Les Sources de la Poésie Lyrique de Lamartine*. By a curious coincidence Gaston Deschamps is just beginning in the Sorbonne a study of the same kind in a course on Victor Hugo, and Ernest Legouvé, the "doyen" of the French Academy, who will be ninety-one years old on February 15th, publishes in the *Temps* an article in which he examines the question whether the two great poets have already become "des classiques." This reminds me of an amusing ejaculation of the late Professor Patin, to whom a young teacher had announced, years ago, it is true, an intention of writing his thesis on Lamartine. "On Lamartine, sir! Are you thinking of it? A man with whom I took breakfast but the other day!"

Talking of poets, I may say to admirers of Verlaine that the subscription for his monument will soon be closed. About 6000 francs have been collected; the sculptor has been chosen; it is Niederhausern-Rodo, and the monument will be exhibited in the next Salon.

Another monument, of a much greater poet, will soon be erected. It is the Alfred de Musset, of Antonin Mercié. The location has not yet been selected, but it is known that the authorities hesitate only between two spots, both of them very appropriate, one the Place de la Sorbonne, the other, the shaded square in front of the Théâtre Français.

And now as I am to give you some news of the stage, let me use first the trite saying, "last, but not least," for the last few weeks have been truly of the most remarkable from a dramatic point of view. No less than seven new plays of very high merit have been given in the Paris theatres—Georges de Porto-Riche's *Le Passé*, Octave Mirbeau's *Les Mauvais Bergers*, François de Curel's *Le Repas du Lion*, Abel Hermant's *Transatlantiques*, Henri Lavedan's *Catherine*, Edmond Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac*, and Gabriele d'Annunzio's *La Ville Morte*! I doubt whether in the whole history of the drama a precedent can be found for such a "record."

You have certainly heard of the great success of *Cyrano*. The first performance was a triumph, both for Coquelin, who acts the title part, and for the author. Everybody is delighted with it.

It is a reappearance of the romantic drama, combined with the "drame de cape et d'épée." It is drama, and it is literature. It is a five-act verse play, and it is amusing. You will be able to read it; the book has just appeared. It is not a masterpiece yet, but when we remember that the author is but twenty-eight years old, that last year he gave *La Samaritaine*, which was full of promise, we are ourselves full of hope for the future.

Le Passé and *Le Repas du Lion* have not been so successful as *Cyrano*, but both have admirable scenes, alike from a literary and a dramatic point of view. One deals with the "eternal feminine," the other with the social problems of labour and capital. You may read them both in the *Revue de Paris*, which has published them.

Octave Mirbeau's play also deals with the social question, like François de Curel's. It is, perhaps, not quite up to the level of the other plays, but is very interesting none the less. It suffers only by comparison.

Abel Hermant again gives us a series of *Vie Parisienne* sketches combined into a play; a very bright, witty, and amusing one, but all the same the Americans of *Transatlantiques* do not seem quite so true to life as the diplomats and princes of *La Carrière*, which he gave us a year ago.

Henri Lavedan scored a great success with *Catherine* at the Théâtre Français. The play might be called a family drama. It shows great progress over *Le Prince d'Aurec*, which, however, was by no means a bad play.

And we have still to wait for Maurice Donnay's new play, which was written for Sarah Bernhardt, at her own request, and which she refuses to play because she would have to appear as a young girl, and she no longer dares to do it. But she intends to have the play performed at her own theatre all the same, as she is very enthusiastic about it.

And please notice that in the plays I have named there is not a single dramatised novel! This tells volumes in regard to the dramatic activity of France.

La Ville Morte comes to us from Italy, but it is not a translation; Gabriele d'Annunzio wrote it in French, as Goldoni wrote his *Bourru Bienfaisant*, more than a hundred years ago. The play is symbolic in the extreme. The action takes place in Mycenæ, where the fierce passions of the dead seem to take possession of the living, and hurry them to adultery, incest, and death. A terrible tale, but powerfully told, and superbly acted. All literary Paris was present at the *première*, and admiration was expressed by every one for the masterly way in which the Italian author handles our language. But the question whether he is a dramatic author is not yet settled. Still he has gifts for the stage, some of them of the highest order.

To all lovers of the stage I wish to mention a new monthly publication, *Le Théâtre*. The articles are excellent, and the illustrations superb. The first number has a portrait of Coquelin as *Cyrano*, which is simply a masterpiece.

Alfred Manière.

QUERY.

If what the poet says is so;
 If all the world's a vast grand stage,
 And every man is on this stage—
 Who's the audience at the show?

W. H. Kohl.

JOHN SPLENDID.

THE TALE OF A POOR GENTLEMAN, AND THE LITTLE WARS OF LORN.*

BY NEIL MUNRO, THE AUTHOR OF "THE LOST PIBROCH."

CHAPTER VII.

CHILDREN OF THE MIST.

The Highlanders of Lochaber, as the old saying goes, "pay their daughters' tocher by the light of the Michaelmas moon." Then it was that they were wont to come over our seven hills and seven waters to help themselves to our cattle when the same were at their fattest and best. It would be a skurry of bare knees down pass and brae, a ring of the robbers round the herd sheltering on the bieldy side of the hill or in the hollows among the ripe grass, a brisk change of shot and blow if alarm rose, and then hie! over the moor by Macfarlane's lantern.

This Michaelmas my father put up a *buaile-mhart*, a square fold of wattle and whinstone, into which the herdsman drove the lowing beasts at the mouth of every evening, and took turn about in watching them throughout the clear season. It was perhaps hardly needed, for indeed the men of Lochaber and Glenfalloch and the other dishonest regions around us were too busy dipping their hands in the dirty work of Montrose and his Irish major-general to have any time for their usual autumn's recreation. But a *buaile-mhart* when shifted from time to time in a field is a profitable device in agriculture, and custom had made the existence of it almost a necessity to the sound slumber of our glens. There was a pleasant habit, too, of neighbours gathering at night about a fire within one of the spaces of the fold and telling tales and singing songs. Our whole West Country is full of the most wonderful stories one might seek in vain for among the world of books and scholars—of giants and dwarfs, fairies, wizards, and water-horse and sea-maiden. The most unlikely-looking peasant that ever put his foot to a *cas-chrom*, the most uncouth hunter that ever paunched a deer, would tell of such

histories in the most scrupulous language and with cunning regard for figure of speech. I know that nowadays, among people of esteemed cultivation in the low country and elsewhere, such a diversion might be thought a waste of time, such narratives a sign of superstition. Of that I am not so certain. The practice, if it did no more, gave wings to our most sombre hours, and put a point on the imagination. As for the superstition of the tales of *ceilidh* and *buaile-mhart* I have little to say. Perhaps the dullest among us scarce credited the giant and dwarf; but the Little Folks are yet on our topmost hills.

A doctor laughed at me once for an experience of my own at the Piper's Knowe, in which any man, with a couchant ear close to the grass, may hear fairy tunes piped in the under-world.

"A trick of the senses," said he.

"But I can bring you scores who have heard it!" said I.

"So they said of every miracle since time began," said he; "it but proves the widespread folly and credulity of human nature."

I protested I could bring him to the very spot or whistle him the very tunes; but he was busy, and wondered so sedate a man as myself could cherish so strange a delusion.

Our fold on Elrigmore was in the centre of a flat meadowland that lies above Dhu-Loch, where the river winds among rush and willow-tree, a constant whisperer of love and the distant hills and the salt inevitable sea. There we would be lying under moon and star, and beside us the cattle deeply breathing all night long. To the simple tale of old, to the humble song, these circumstances gave a weight and dignity they may have wanted elsewhere. Never a teller of tale, or a singer of song so artless in that hour and mood of nature but he hung us breathless on his every accent; we were lone inhabitants of a little

space in a magic glen, and the great world outside the flicker of our fire hummed untenanted and empty through the jealous night.

It happened on a night of nights—as the saying goes—that thus we were gathered in the rushy flat of Elrighmore and our hearts easy as to reiver—for was not MacCailein scourging them over the north?—when a hint came to us of a strange end to these Lorn wars, and of the last days of the Lord of Argile. A night with a sky almost pallid, freckled with sparkling stars; a great moon with a *broch* or aureole round it, rolling in the east, and the scent of fern and heather thick upon the air.

We had heard many stories, we had joined in a song or two; we had set proverb and guess and witty saying round and round, and it was the young morning when through the long grass to the fold came a band of strangers. We were their equal in numbers, whatever their mission might be, and we waited calmly where we were, to watch.

The bulk of them stood back from the pin-fold wall, and three of them came forward and put arms upon the topmost divots, so that they could look in and see the watchers gathered round the fire.

“Co tha’n sud’s an uchd air a bhu-aile?” (“Who is there leaning on the fold?”) asked one of our men, with a long bow at stretch in his hands.

He got no answer from any of the three strangers, who looked ghastly eerie in their silence on the wall.

“Mar freagar sibh mise bithidh m’in-thaidh aig an fhear as gile broilleach agaibh” (“My arrow’s for the whitest breast, if ye make no answer”), said my man, and there was no answer.

The string twanged, the arrow sped, and the stranger with the white breast fell—shot through her kerchief. For she was a woman of the clan they name Macaulay, children of the mist, a luckless dame that, when we rushed out to face her company, they left dying on the field.

They were the robber widows of the clan, a gang then unknown to us, but namely now through the west for their depredations when the absence of their men in battles threw them upon their own resource.

And she was the oldest of her company, a half-witted creature we grieved

at slaying, but reptile in her malice. For as she lay passing, with the blood oozing to her breast, she reviled us with curses that overran each other in their hurry from her foul lips.

“Dogs! dogs!—heaven’s worst ill on ye, dogs!” she cried, a waeiful spectacle, and she spat on us as we carried her beside the fire to try and staunch her wound. She had a fierce knife at her waist and would have used it had she the chance, but we removed it from her reach, and she poured a fresher, fuller stream of malediction.

Her voice at last broke and failed to a thin piping whisper, and it was then—with the sweat on her brow—she gave the hint I speak of, the hint of the war’s end and the end of MacCailein Mor.

“Wry-mouths, wry-mouths!” said she; “I see the heather above the myrtle on Lhinne-side, and MacCailein’s head on a post.”

That was all.

It is a story you will find in no books, and yet a story that has been told sometime or other by every fireside of the shire—not before the prophecy was fulfilled but after, when we were loosed from our bonded word. For there and then we took oath on steel to tell no one of the woman’s saying till the fulness of time should justify or disgrace the same.

Though I took oath on this melancholy business like the rest, there was one occasion, but a day or two after, that I almost broke my pledged word, and that to the lady who disturbed my Sunday worship and gave me so much reflection on the hunting-road. Her father, as I have said, came up often on a Saturday and supped his curds-and-cream and grew cheery over a Dutch bottle with my father, and one day, as luck had it, Betty honoured our poor doorstep. She came so far, perhaps, because our men and women were at work on the field I mention, whose second crop of grass they were airing for the winter byres—a custom brought to the glen from foreign parts, and with much to recommend it.

I had such a trepidation at her presence that I had almost fled on some poor excuse to the hill; but the Provost, who perhaps had made sundry calls in the bye-going at houses further down the glen, and was in a mellow humour, jerked a finger over his shoulder toward

the girl as she stood hesitating in the hall after a few words with my father and me, and said, "I've brought you a good harvester here, Colin, and she'll give you a day's darg for a kiss."

I stammered a stupid comment that the wage would be well earned on so warm a day, and could have choked, the next moment, at my rusticity.

Mistress Betty coloured and bit her lip.

"Look at the hussy!" said her father again, laughing with heaving shoulders. "'Where shall we go to-day on our rounds?' said I. 'Where but to Elrigmore?' said she; 'I have not seen Colin for an age!' Yet I'll warrant you thought the cunning jade shy of a gentleman soldier! Ah, those kirtles, those kirtles! I'll give you a word of wisdom, sir, you never learned in Glasgow Hie Street nor in the army."

I looked helplessly after the girl, who had fled, incontinent, to the women at work in the field.

"Well, sir," I said, "I shall be pleased to hear it. If it has any pertinence to the harvesting of a second crop it would be welcome."

My father sighed. He never entered very heartily into diversion nowadays—small wonder!—so the Provost laughed on with his counsel.

"You know very well it has nothing to do with harvesting nor harrowing," he cried; "I said kirtles, didn't I! And you needn't be so coy about the matter; surely to God you never learned modesty at your trade of sacking towns. Many a wench—"

"About this counsel," I put in; "I have no trick or tale of wenchcraft beyond the most innocent. And beside, sir, I think we were just talking of a lady who is your daughter."

Even in his glass he was the gentleman, for he saw the suggestion at once.

"Of course, of course, Colin," he said hurriedly, coughing in a confusion. "Never mind an old fool's hawering." Then said he again, "There's a boy at many an old man's heart. I saw you standing there and my daughter was yonder, and it just came over me like the verse of a song that I was like you when I courted her mother. My sorrow! it looks but yesterday, and yet here's an old done man! Folks have been born and married (some of them) and died since syne, and I've been going

through life with my eyes shut to my own antiquity. It came on me like a flash three minutes ago, that this gross oldster, sitting of a Saturday sipping the good *agua* of Elrigmore, with a pendulous waistcoat and a wrinkled hand—is not the lad whose youth and courtship you put me in mind of."

"Stretch your hand, Provost, and fill your glass," said my father. He was not merry in his later years, but he had a hospitable heart.

The two of them sat dumb a space, heedless of the bottle or me, and at last, to mar their manifest sad reflections, I brought the Provost back to the topic of his counsel.

"You had a word of advice," I said, very softly. There was a small tinge of pleasure in my guess that what he had to say might have reference to his daughter.

"Man! I forget now," he said, rousing himself. "What were we on?"

"Harvesting," said father.

"No, sir; kirtl-s," said I.

"Kirtles; so it was," said the Provost. "My wife at Betty's age, when I first sought her company, was my daughter's very model, in face and figure."

"She was a handsome woman, Provost," said my father.

"I can well believe it," said I.

"She is that to-day," cried the Provost, pursing his lips and lifting up his chin in a challenge. "And I learned one thing at the courting of her which is the gist of my word of wisdom to you, Colin. Keep it in mind till you need it. It's this: There's one thing a woman will put up with blandly in every man but the one man she has a notion of, and that's the absence of conceit about himself or her."

In the field by the river, the harvesters sat at a mid-day meal, contentedly eating their bannock and cheese. They were young folks all, at the age when toil and plain living but give a zest to the errant pleasures of life. So they filled their hour of leisure with gallivanting among the mown and gathered grass.

Let no one, remembering the charm of an autumn field in his youth, test its cheerfulness when he has got up in years. For he will find it lying under a sun less genial than then; he will fret at some influence lost; the hedges tall and beautiful will have turned to stunt-

ed boundaries upon his fancy ; he will ache at the heart at the memory of those old careless crops and reapers when he sits, a poor man or wealthy, among the stubble of grass and youth.

As I lay on the shady side of an alder bank watching our folk at their gambols, I found a serenity that again set me at my ease with the Provost's daughter. I gathered even the calmness to invite her to sit beside me, and she made no demur.

"You are short of reapers, I think, by the look of them," she said ; "I miss some of the men who were here last year."

They were gone with MacCailein, I explained, as paid volunteers.

"Oh ! those wars !" she cried sadly. "I wish they were ended. Here are the fields, good crops, food and happiness for all, why must men be fighting ?"

"Ask your Highland heart," said I. "We are children of strife."

"In my heart," she replied, "there's but love for all. I toss sleepless, at night, thinking of the people we know—the good, kind, gallant, merry lads we know—waging savage battle for something I never had the wit to discover the meaning of."

"The Almighty's order—we have been at it from the birth of time."

"So old a world might have learned," she said, "to break that order when they break so many others. Is his lordship likely to be back soon ?"

"I wish he might be," said I, with a dubious accent, thinking of the heather above the myrtle and MacCailein's head on a post. "Did you hear of the Macaulay beladame shot by Roderick ?"

"Yes," she said ; "an ugly business ! What has that to do with MacCailein's home-coming ?"

"Very little indeed," I answered, recalling our bond ; "but she cursed his lordship and his army with a zeal that was alarming, even to an old soldier of Sweden."

"God ward all evil !" cried Betty in a passion of earnestness. "You'll be glad to see your friend M'Iver back, I make no doubt."

"Oh ! he's an old hand at war, madam ; he'll come safe out of this by his luck and skill, if he left the army behind him."

"I'm glad to hear it," said she, smiling.

"What !" I cried in raillery ; "would you be grateful for so poor a balance left of a noble army ?"

And she reddened and smiled again, and a servant cried us in to the dinner-table.

In spite of the Macaulay prophecy, MacCailein and his men came home in the fulness of time. They came with the first snowstorm of winter, the clan in companies down Glenaora and his lordship roundabout by the Lowlands, where he had a mission to the Estates. The war, for the time, was over, a truce of a kind was patched up, and there was a cheerful prospect—too briefly ours—that the country would settle anon to peace.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BALE FIRES ON THE BENT.

Hard on the heels of the snow came a frost that put shackles on the very wind. It fell black and sudden on the country, turning the mud floors of the poorer dwellings into iron that rang below the heel, though the peat-fires burned by day and night, and Loch Finne, lying flat as a girdle from shore to shore, visibly crisped and curdled into ice on the surface in the space of an afternoon. A sun almost genial to look at, but with no warmth at the heart of him, rode among the white hills that looked doubly massive with their gullies and corries, for ordinary black or green, lost in the general hue ; and at mid-day bands of little white birds would move over the country from the north, flapping weakly to a warmer clime. They might stay a little, some of them, deceived by the hanging peat-smoke into the notion that somewhere here were warmth and comfort ; but the cold searched them to the core, and such as did not die on the roadside took up their dismal voyaging anew.

The very deer came down from the glens—*caharfeidh* stags, hinds, and prancing roes. At night we could hear them bellowing and snorting as they went up and down the street in herds from Ben Bhrec or the barren sides of the Black Mount and Dalness in the land of Breadalbane, seeking the shore and the travellers' illusion—the content that's always to come. In those hours, too, the owls seemed to surrender the fir-

woods and come to the junipers about the back doors, for they kenned in the darkness, even on, woeful warders of the night, telling the constant hours.

'Twas in these bitter nights, shivering under blanket and plaid, I thought ruefully of foreign parts, of the frequented towns I had seen elsewhere, the cleanly paven streets swept of snow, the sea-coal fires, and the lanterns swinging over the crowded causeways, signs of friendly interest and companionship. Here were we, poor peasants, in a waste of frost and hills, cut off from the merry folks sitting by fire and flame at ease! Even our gossiping, our *ceilidh* in each other's houses, was stopped; except in the castle itself no more the song and story, the pipe and trump.

In the morning when one ventured abroad he found the deer-slot dimpling all the snow on the street, and down at the shore, unafared of man, would be solitary hinds, widows and rovers from their clans, sniffing eagerly over to the Cowal hills. Poor beasts! poor beasts! I've seen them in their madness take to the ice for it when it was little thicker than a groat, thinking to reach the oak-woods of Ardcyline. For a time the bay at the river mouth was full of long-tailed ducks, that at a whistle almost came to your hand, and there too came flocks of wild-swan, flying in wedges, trumpeting as they flew. Fierce otters quarrelled over their eels at the mouth of the Black Burn that flows underneath the town and out below the Tolbooth to the shore, or made the gloaming melancholy with their doleful whistle. A roebuck in his winter jacket of mouse-brown fur died one night at my relative's door, and a sea-eagle gorged himself so upon the carcass that at morning he could not flap a wing, and fell a ready victim to a knock from my staff.

The passes to the town were head-high with drifted snow, our warders at the heads of Aora and Shira could not themselves make out the road, and the notion of added surety this gave us against Antrim's Irishmen was the only compensation for the ferocity of nature.

In three days the salt loch, in that still and ardent air, froze like a fish-pond, whereupon the oddest spectacle ever my country-side saw was his that cared to rise at morning to see it. Stags and hinds in tremendous herds, black cattle, too, from the hills, trotted bold-

ly over the ice to the other side of the loch, that in the clarity of the air seemed but a mile off. Behind them went skulking foxes, polecats, badgers, cowering hares, and bead-eyed weasels. They seemed to have a premonition that Famine was stalking behind them, and they fled over luckless woods and fields like rats from a sinking ship.

To Master Gordon I said one morning as we watched a company of dun heifers mid-way on the loch, "This is an ill omen or I'm sore mistaken."

He was not a man given to superstitions, but he could not gainsay me. "There's neither hip nor haw left in our woods," he said; "birds I've never known absent here in the most eager winters are gone, and wild-eyed strangers, their like never seen here before, tamely pick crumbs at my very door. Signs! Signs! It beats me sometimes to know how the brute scents the circumstance to come, but—what's the Word—'Not a sparrow shall fall.'"

We fed well on the wild meat driven to our fireside, and to it there never seemed any end, for new flocks took up the tale of the old ones, and a constant procession of fur and feather moved across our white prospect. Even the wolf—from Benderloch, no doubt—came baying at night at the empty gibbets at the town-head, that spoke of the law's suspense.

Only in Castle Inneraora was there anything to be called gaiety. Mac-Gailein fumed at first at the storm that kept his letters from him, and spoiled the laburnums and elms he was coaxing to spring about his garden; but soon he settled down to his books and papers, ever his solace in such homely hours as the policy and travel of his life permitted. And if the burgh was dull and dark, night after night there was merriment over the drawbrig of the castle. It would be on the 10th or the 15th of the month I first sampled it. I went up with a party from the town and neighbourhood, with their wives and daughters, finding an atmosphere wondrous different from that of the cooped and anxious tenements down below. Big logs roared behind the fire-dogs, long candles and plenty lit the hall, and pipe and harp went merrily. Her ladyship had much of the French manner,—a dainty dame with long thin face and bottle shoulders, attired always in Saxon

fashion, and indulgent in what I then thought a wholesome levity, that made up for the Gruamach husband. And she thought him, honestly, the handsomest and noblest in the world, though she rallied him for his over-much sobriety of deportment. To me she was very gracious, for she had liked my mother, and I think she planned to put me in the way of the Provost's daughter as often as she could.

When his lordship was in his study, our daffing was in Gaelic, for her ladyship, though a Morton, and only learning the language, loved to have it spoken about her. Her pleasure was to play the harp—a clarsach of great beauty, with Iona carving on it—to the singing of her daughter Jean, who knew all the songs of the mountains and sang them like the bird. The town girls, too, sang, Betty a little shyly, but as daintily as her neighbours, and we danced a reel or two to the playing of Paruig Dall, the blind piper. Venison and wine were on the board, and whiter bread than the town baxters afforded. It all comes back on me now—that lofty hall, the skins of seal and otter and of stag upon the floor, the flaring candles and the glint of glass and silver, the banners swinging upon the walls over devices of pike, gun, and claymore,—the same to be used so soon!

The castle, unlike its successor, sat adjacent to the river-side, its front to the hill of Dunchuach on the north, and its back a stone-cast from the mercat cross and the throng streets of the town. Between it and the river was the small garden consecrate to her ladyship's flowers, a patch of level soil, cut in dice by paths whose tiny pebbles and broken shells crunched beneath the foot at any other season than now when the snow covered all.

John Splendid, who was of our party, in a lull of the entertainment was looking out at the prospect from a window at the gable end of the hall, for the moon sailed high above Strone, and the outside world was beautiful in a cold and eerie fashion. Of a sudden he faced round and beckoned to me with a hardly noticeable toss of the head.

I went over and stood beside him. He was bending a little to get the top of Dunchuach in the field of his vision, and there was a puzzled look on his face.

"Do you see any light up yonder?" he asked, and I followed his query with a keen scrutiny of the summit, where the fort should be lying in darkness and peace.

There was a twinkle of light that would have shown fuller if the moonlight was less.

"I see a spark," I said, wondering a little at his interest in so small an affair.

"That's a pity," said he, in a rueful key. "I was hoping it might be a private vision of my own, and yet I might have known my dream last night of a white rat meant something. If that's flame there's more to follow. There should be no lowe on this side of the fort after night-fall, unless the warders on the other side have news from the hills behind Dunchuach. In this matter of fire at night, Dunchuach echoes Ben Bhuidhe or Ben Bhrec, and these two in their turn carry on the light of our friends further ben in Breadalbane and Cruachan. It's not a state secret to tell you we were half feared some of our Antrim gentry might give us a call; but the Worst Curse on the pigs who come guesting in such weather!"

He was glowering almost feverishly at the hilltop, and I turned round to see that the busy room had no share in our apprehension. The only eyes I found looking in our direction were those of Betty, who finding herself observed, came over, blushing a little, and looked out into the night.

"You were hiding the moonlight from me," she said with a smile, a remark which struck me as curious, for she could not see out at the window from where she sat.

"I never saw one who needed it less," said Splendid, and still he looked intently at the mount. "You carry your own with you."

Having no need to bend she saw the top of Dunchuach whenever she got close to the window, and by this time the light on it looked like a planet, wan in the moonlight, but unusually large and angry.

"I never saw star so bright," said the girl, in a natural enough error.

"It's a challenge to your eyes, madam," retorted Splendid again, in a railery wonderful considering his anxiety, and he whispered in my ear—"or to us to war."

As he spoke, the report of a big gun

boomed through the frosty air from Dunchuach to the plain, and the beacon flashed up, tall, flaunting, and unmistakable.

John Splendid turned into the hall and raised his voice a little, to say with no evidence of disturbance,—

"There's something amiss up the glens, your ladyship."

The harp her ladyship strummed idly on at the moment had stopped on a ludicrous and unfinished note, the hum of conversation ended abruptly. Up to the window the company crowded, and they could see the bale-fire blazing hotly against the cool light of the moon and the widely sprinkled stars. Behind them in a little came Argile, one arm only thrust hurriedly in a velvet jacket, his hair in a disorder, the pallor of study on his cheek. He very gently pressed to the front, and looked out with a lowering brow at the signal.

"Aye, aye!" he said in the English, after a pause that kept the room more intent on his face than on the bale-fire. "My old luck bides with me: I thought the weather guaranteed me a season's rest, but here's the claymore again! Alasdair, Craignish, Sir Donald, I wish you gentlemen would set the summons about with as little delay as need be. We have no time for any display of militant science, but as these beacons carry their tale fast we may easily be at the head of Glen Aora before the enemy is down Glenurchy."

Sir Donald, who was the more elderly of the officers his lordship addressed, promised a muster of five hundred men in three hours' time. "I can have a *crois-tara*," he said, "at the very head of Glen Shira in an hour."

"You may save yourself the trouble," said John Splendid, "Glen Shira's awake by this time, for the watchers have been in the hut on Ben Bhuidhe since ever we came back from Lorn, and they are in league with other watchers at the Gearron town, who will have the alarm miles up the Glen by now if I make no mistake about the breed."

By this time a servant came in to say Sithean Sluaidhe hill on Cowal was ablaze, and likewise the hill of Ardno above the Ardkinglas lands.

"The alarm will be over Argile in two hours," said his lordship. "We're grand at the beginnings of things," and as he spoke he was pouring, with a

steady hand, a glass of wine for a woman in the tremors. "I wish to God we were better at the endings," he added bitterly. "If these Athole and Antrim caterans have the secret of our passes, we may be rats in a trap before the morn's morning."

The hall emptied quickly, a commotion of folks departing rose in the courtyard, and candle and torch moved about. Horses put over the bridge at a gallop, striking sparks from the cobble-stones, swords jingled on stirrups. In the town, a piper's tune hurriedly lifted, and numerous lights danced to the windows of the burghers. John Splendid, the Marquis, and I were the only ones finally left in the hall, and the Marquis turned to me with a smile—

"You see your pledge calls for redemption sooner than you expected, Elrignore. The enemy's not far from Ben Bhuidhe now, and your sword is mine by the contract."

"Your lordship can count on me to the last ditch," I cried; and indeed I might well be ready, for was not the menace of war as muckle against my own hearth as against his?

"Our plan," he went on, "as agreed upon at a council after my return from the north, was to hold all above Inveraora in simple defence while lowland troops took the invader behind. Montrose or the MacDonalds can't get through our passes."

"I'm not cock-sure of that, Mac-Caillein," said Splendid. "We're here in the bottom of an ashet; there's more than one deserter from your tartan on the outside of it, and once they get on the rim they have, by all rules strategic, the upper hand of us in some degree. I never had much faith (if I dare make so free) in the surety of our retreat here. It's an old notion of our grandads that we could bar the passes."

"So we can, sir, so we can!" said the Marquis, nervously picking at his buttons with his long white fingers, the nails vexatiously polished and shaped.

"Against horse and artillery, I allow, surely not against Gaelic foot. This is not a wee foray of broken men, but an attack by an army of numbers. The science of war—what little I learned of it in the Low Countries with gentlemen esteemed my betters—convinces me that if a big enough horde fall on from the rim of our ashet, as I call it, they

might sweep us into the loch like rat-tons."

I doubt MacCailein Mor heard little of this uncheery criticism, for he was looking in a seeming blank abstraction out of the end window at the town lights increasing in number as the minutes passed. His own piper in the close behind the buttery had tuned up and into the gathering—

"Bha mi air banais 'am bail' Inneraora,
Banais bu mhiosa bha riamh air aùt-saoghal!"

I felt the tune stir me to the core, and M'Iver, I could see by the twitch of his face, kindled to the old call.

"Curse them!" cried MacCailein. "Curse them!" he cried in the Gaelic, and he shook a white fist foolishly at the north; "I'm wanting but peace and my books. I keep my ambition in leash, and still and on they must be snapping like curs at Argile. God's name! and I'll crush them like ants on the ant-heap."

From the door at the end of the room, as he stormed, a little bairn toddled in, wearing a night-shirt, a curly gold-haired boy with his cheeks like the apple for hue, the sleep he had risen from still heavy on his eyes. Seemingly the commotion had brought him from his bed, and up he now ran, and his little arms went round his father's knees. On my word I've seldom seen a man more vastly moved than was Archibald, Marquis of Argile. He swallowed his spittle as if it were wool, and took the child to his arms awkwardly, like one who has none of the handling of his own till they are grown up, and I could see the tear at the cheek he laid against the youth's ruddy hair.

"Wild men coming, dada?" said the child, not much out about after all.

"They shan't touch my little Illeas-bùig," whispered his lordship, kissing him on the mouth. Then he lifted his head and looked hard at John Splendid. "I think," he said, "if I went posthaste to Edinburgh, I could be of some service in advising the nature and route of the harassing on the rear of Montrose. Or do you think—do you think—"

He ended in a hesitancy, flushing a little at the brow, his lips weakening at the corner.

John Splendid, at my side, gave me with his knee the least nudge on the leg next him.

"Did your lordship think of going to Edinburgh at once?" he asked, with an odd tone in his voice, and keeping his eyes very fixedly on a window.

"If it was judicious, the sooner the better," said the Marquis, nuzzling his face in the soft warmth of the child's neck.

Splendid looked helpless for a bit, and then took up the policy that I learned later to expect from him in every similar case. He seemed to read (in truth it was easy enough!) what was in his master's mind, and he said, almost with gaiety—

"The best thing you could do, my lord. Beyond your personal encouragement (and a Chief's eye a consoling influence on the field, I'll never deny), there's little you could do here that cannot, with your pardon, be fairly well done by Sir Donald and myself, and Elrigmore here, who have made what you might call a trade of tulzie and brulzie."

MacCailein Mor looked uneasy for all this open assurance. He set the child down with an awkward kiss, to be taken away by a servant lass who had come after him.

"Would it not look a little odd?" he said, eyeing us keenly.

"Your lordship might be sending a trusty message to Edinburgh," I said, and John Splendid with a "Pshaw!" walked to the window, saying what he had to say with his back to the candle-light.

"There's not a man out there but would botch the whole business if you sent him," he said; "it must be his lordship or nobody. And what's to hinder her ladyship and the children going too? Snugger they'd be by far in Stirling Lodge than here, I'll warrant. If I were not an old runt of a bachelor, it would be my first thought to give my women and bairns safety."

MacCailein flew at the notion. "Just so, just so," he cried, and of a sudden he skipped out of the room.

John Splendid turned, pushed the door to after the nobleman, and in a soft voice broke into the most terrible torrent of bad language ever I heard (and I've known cavaliers of fortune free that way). He called his Marquis everything but a man.

"Then why in the name of God do you egg him on to a course that a fool

could read the poltroonery of? I never gave MacCailein Mor credit for being a coward before," said I.

"Coward!" cried Splendid. "It's no cowardice but selfishness—the disease, more or less, of us all. Do you think yon gentleman a coward? Then you do not know the man. I saw him once, empty-handed, in the forest, face the white stag and beat it off a hunter it was goring to death, and they say he never blenched when the bonnet was shot off his head at Drimtyne, but jested with a 'Close on't; a nail-breadth more, and Colin was heir to an earlhood!'"

"I'm sorry to think the worse of an Argile and a Campbell, but surely his place is here now."

"It is, I admit; and I egged him to follow his inclination because I'm a fool in one thing, as you'll discover anon, because it's easier and pleasanter to convince a man to do what he wants to do than to convince him the way he would avoid is the only right one."

"It's not an altogether nice quirk of the character," I said drily. It gave me something of a stroke to find so weak a bit in a man of so many notable parts.

He spunked up like tinder.

"Do you call me a liar?" he said, with a face as white as a clout, his nostrils stretching in his rage.

"Liar!" said I, "not I! It would be an ill time to do it with our common enemy at the door. A lie (as I take it in my own Highland fashion) is the untruth told for cowardice or to get a mean advantage of another; your way with MacCailein was but a foolish way (also Highland, I've noticed) of saving yourself the trouble of spurring up your manhood to put him in the right."

"You do me less than half justice," said Splendid, the blood coming back to his face, and him smiling again; "I allow I'm no preacher. If a man must to hell, he must, his own gait. The only way I can get into argument with him about the business is to fly in a fury. If I let my temper up I would call MacCailein coward to his teeth, though I know it's not his character. But I've been in a temper with my cousin before now, and I ken the stuff he's made of; he gets as cold as steel the hotter I get, and with the poorest of causes he could then put me in a black confusion—"

"But you—"

"Stop, stop! let me finish my tale. Do you know I put a fair face on the black business to save the man his own self-respect. He'll know himself, his going looks bad without my telling him, and I would at least leave him the notion that we were blind to his weakness. After all it's not much of a weakness—the wish to save a wife and children from danger. Another bookish disease, I admit; their over-much study has deadened the man to the sense of the becoming, and in an affair demanding courage he acts like a woman, thinking of his household when he should be thinking of his clan. My only consolation is that after all (except for the look of the thing) his leaving us little matters."

I thought different on that point, and I proved right. If it takes short time to send a fiery cross about, it takes shorter yet to send a naughty rumour, and the story that MacCailein Mor and his folks were off in a hurry to the Lowlands was round the greater part of Argile before the clansmen mustered at Inneraora. They never mustered at all, indeed; for the chieftains of the small companies that came from Glen Finne and down the country, no sooner heard that the Marquis was off than they took the road back, and so Montrose and Colkitto MacDonald found a poltroon and deserted countryside waiting them.

CHAPTER IX.

Eight hours after the beacon kindled on Dunchuach, the enemy was feeling at the heart of Argile.

It came out years after, that one Angus Macalain, a Glencoe man, a branded robber off a respectable Water-of-Douglas family, had guided the main body of the invaders through the mountains of the Urchy and into our territory. They came on in three bands, Alasdair MacDonald and the Captain of Clanranald (as they called John MacDonald, the beast—a scurvy knave!), separating at Accurach at the forking of the two Glens, and entering both, Montrose himself coming on the rear as a support. As if to favour the people of the Glens, a thaw came that day with rain and mist that cloaked them largely from view as they ran for the hills to shelter in the sheiling bothies. The ice, as it rode up the water-side, home to Glen

Shira to gather some men and dispose my father safely, was breaking on the surface of the loch and roaring up on the shore in the incoming tide. It came piling in layers in the bays—a most wonderful spectacle! I could not hear my horse's hooves for the cracking and crushing and cannonade of it as it flowed in on a south wind to the front of the Gearran, giving the long curve of the land an appearance new and terrible, filled as it was far over high-water mark with monstrous blocks, answering with groans and cries to every push of the tide.

I found the Glen wrapped in mist, the Gearran hamlet empty of people, Maam, Kilblaan, Stuchgoy, and Ben Bhuidhe presenting every aspect of desolation. A weeping rain was making sodden all about my father's house when I galloped to the door, to find him and the *sgalag* the only ones left.

The old man was bitter on the business.

"Little I thought," said he, "to see the day when Glen Shira would turn tail on an enemy."

"Where are they?" I asked, speaking of our absent followers; but indeed I might have saved the question, for I knew before he told me they were up in the corries between the mounts, and in the caves of Glen Finne.

He was sitting at a fire that was down to its gray ash, a mournful figure my heart was vexed to see. Now and then he would look about him, at the memorials of my mother, her chair and her Irish Bible (the first in the parish), and a posy of withered flowers that lay on a bowl on a shelf where she had placed them, new cut and fresh, the day she took to her deathbed. Her wheel, too, stood in the corner, with the thread snapped short in the heck—a hint, I many times thought, at the sundered interests of life.

"I suppose we must be going with the rest," I ventured; "there's small sense in biding here to be butchered."

He fell in a rain of tears, fearing nor death nor hardship I knew, but wae at the abandonment of his home. I had difficulty in getting him to consent to come with me, but at last I gave the prospect of safety in the town and the company of friends there so attractive a hue that he consented. So we hid a few things under a *bruach* or overhanging

brae beside the burn behind the house, and having shut all the doors—a comical precaution against an army, it struck me at the time—we rode down to Inneraora, to the town house of our relative Craignure.

It was a most piteous community, crowded in every lane and pend with men, women, and children dreadful of the worst. All day the people had been trooping in from the landward parts, flying before the rumour of the Athole advance down Cladich. For a time there was the hope that the invaders would but follow the old Athole custom and plunder as they went, sparing unarmed men and women; but this hope we surrendered when a lad came from Carnus with a tale of two old men, who were weavers there, and a woman, nailed into their huts and burned to death.

Had Inneraora been a walled town, impregnable, say, as a simple Swabian village with a few sconces and redoubts, and a few pieces of cannon, we old stagers would have counselled the holding of it against all comers; but it was innocently open to the world, its back windows looking into the fields, its through-going wynds and closes leading frankly to the open *beallach* or pass.

A high and sounding wind had risen from the south, the sea got in a tumult, the ice-blocks ran like sheep before it to the Gearran bay and the loch-head. I thought afterward it must be God's providence that opened up for us so suddenly a way of flight from this lamentable trap, by the open water now free from shore to shore in front of the town. Generalling the community as if he was a marshal of brigade, John Splendid showed me the first of his manly quality in his preparation for the removal of the women and children. He bade the men run out the fishing smacks, the wherries and skiffs, at the Cadger's Quay, and moving about that frantic people, he disposed them in their several places on the crafts that were to carry them over the three-mile ferry to Cowal. A man born to enterprise and guidance, certes! I never saw his equal. He had the happy word for all, the magic hint of hope, a sober merriment when needed, sometimes a little raillery and laughing, sometimes (with the old) a farewell in the ear. Even the better gentry, Sir Donald and the rest, took a second place in the management,

beholding in this poor gentleman the human heart that at a pinch is better than authority in a gold-braided coat.

By noon we had every bairn and woman (but for one woman I'll mention) on their way from the shore, poor dears! tossing on the turbulent sea, the women weeping bitterly for the husbands and sons they left, for of men there went with them but the oldsters, able to guide a boat, but poorly equipped for battling with Irish banditty. And my father was among them, in the kind hands of his *sgalag* and kinswomen, but in a vague indifference of grief.

A curious accident, that in the grace of God made the greatest difference on my after-life, left among them that found no place in the boats the daughter of Provost Brown. She had made every preparation to go with her father and mother, and had her foot on the beam of the boat, when the old woman set up a cry for an oe that had been forgot in the confusion, and was now, likely, crying in the solitude of the backlands. It was the love-bairn of a dead mother, brought up in the kindly Highland fashion, free of every girdle and kail-pot. Away skirted Betty up the causeway of the Cadger's Quay, and in among the lanes, for the little one, and (I learned again) she found her playing well content among puddled snow, chattering to herself in the loneliness of yon war-menaced town. And she had but snatched her up to seek safety with her in the boats when the full tide of Colkitto's robbers came pelting in under the Arches. They cut her off from all access to the boats by that way, so she turned and made for the other end of the town, hoping to hail in her father's skiff when he had put far enough off shore to see round the point and into the second bay.

We had but time to shout her apparent project to her father, when we found ourselves fighting hand to hand against the Irish gentry in trews. This was no market-day brawl, but a stark assault-at-arms. All in the sound of a high wind, broken now and then with a rain blattering even-down, and soaking through tartan and *clo-dubh*, we at it for dear life. Of us Clan Campbell people, gentrice and commoners, and so many of the Lowland mechanics of the place as were left behind, there would be

something less than two hundred, for the men who had come up the loch-side to the summon of the beacons returned the way they came when they found MacCaillein gone, and hurried to the saving of wife and bairn. We were all well armed with fusil and sword, and in that we had some advantage of the caterans bearing down on us; for they had, for the main part, but rusty matchlocks, pikes, bill-hooks—even bows and arrows, antique enough contrivance for a time of civilised war! But they had hunger and hate for their backers, good guidance in their own savage fashion from MacDonald, and we were fighting on a half heart, a body never trained together, and stupid to the word of command.

From the first, John took the head of our poor defence. He was *duine-uasail* enough, and he had, notoriously, the skill that earned him the honour, even over myself (in some degree), and certainly over Sir Donald.

The town-head fronted the upper bay, and between it and the grinding ice on the shore lay a broad track of what might be called esplanade, presenting ample space for our *rencontre*.

"Gentlemen," cried John, picking off a man with the first shot from a silver-butt *tag* he pulled out of his waist-belt at the onset, "and with your leave, Sir Donald (trusting you to put pluck in these Low Country shopkeepers), it's Inneraora or Ifrinn for us this time. Give them cold steel, and never an inch of arm-room for their bills!"

Forgotten were the boats, behind lay all our loves and fortunes—was ever Highland heart but swelled on such a time? Sturdy black and hairy scamps the Irish—never German boor so inelegant—but venomous in their courage. Score upon score of them ran in on us through the Arches. Our lads had but one shot from the muskets, then into them with the dirk and sword.

"Montrose! Montrose!" cried the enemy, even when the blood glucked at the thrapple, and they twisted to the pain of the knife.

"A papist dog!" cried Splendid, hard at it on my right, for once a zealous Protestant, and he was whisking around him his broad sword like a hazel wand, facing half-a-dozen Lochaber axes. "Cruachan! Cruachan!" he sang. And we cried the old slogan but

once, for time pressed and wind was dear.

Sitting cosy in a tavern with a friend nowadays, listening to a man singing, in the cheery way of taverns, the ditty that the Leckan bard made upon this little spulzie, I could weep and laugh in turns at minding of yon winter's day. In the hot stress of it I felt but the ardour that's under all men who wear tartan—less a hatred of the men I thrust and slashed at with Sir Claymore than a zest in the busy traffic, and something of a pride (God help me !) in the pretty way my blade dirlled on the harn-pans of the rascals. There was one trick of the sword I had learned off an old sergeant of pikes in Mackay's Scots, in a leisure afternoon in camp, that I knew was alien to every man who used the targe in home battles, and it served me like a Mull wife's charm. They might be sturdy, the dogs, valorous too, for there's no denying the truth, and they were gleg, gleg with the target in fending, but, man, I found them mighty simple to the feint and lunge of Alasdair Mor !

Listening, as I say, to a song in a tavern, I'm sad for the stout fellows of our tartan who fell that day, and still I could laugh gaily at the amaze of the ragged corps who found gentlemen before them. They pricked at us, for all their natural ferocity, with something like apology for marring our fine clothes, and when the end came, and we were driven back, they left the gentlemen of

our band to retreat by the pends to the beechwood, and gave their attention to the main body of our common townsmen.

We had edged, Splendid and Sir Donald and I, into a bit of green behind the church, and we held a council of war on our next move.

Three weary men, the rain smirring on our sweating faces, there we were. I noticed that a trickle of blood was running down my wrist, and I felt at the same time a beat at the shoulder that gave the explanation, and had mind that a fellow in the Athole corps had fired a pistolet point-blank at me, missing me, as I had thought, by the thickness of my doublet-sleeve.

"You've got a cut," said Sir Donald. "You have a face like the clay."

"A bit of the skin off," said I, unwilling to vex good company.

"We must take to Eas-a-chosain for it," said Splendid, his eyes flashing wild upon the scene, the gristle of his red neck throbbing.

Smoke was among the haze of the rain ; from the thatch of the townhead houses the wind brought on us the smell of burning heather and brake and fir-joist.

"Here's the lamentable end of town Inneraora !" said John, in a doleful key.

And we ran, the three of us, up the Fisherland burn-side to the wood of Creag Dubh.

(To be continued.)



NEW BOOKS.

THE WHIRLPOOL.*

In construction and in the management of the story, this, the latest novel from Mr. Gissing's pen, exhibits a rather marked contrast to his other important books. In them, a single central motive is always forced upon the reader's mind with certainty and strength, and with an insistence that is sometimes almost brutal. To this main theme all else is thoroughly subordinated; and the result is that when at last one puts aside the book there remains in the memory a strong if harsh impression suggestive of a picture branded by a red-hot iron.

But long before we finish reading the first hundred pages of *The Whirlpool* we have a most uncomfortable sense of vagueness, of confusion and excess, and of a lack of sequence and relevancy in very much of the detail. The same feeling to some extent continues even to the end. Mr. Gissing has overloaded his novel with material, and worse still, he has not reduced a part of this material to any definite order. He bewilders us with a multitude of small details. He introduces too many characters. He elaborates incidents which we strive hard to keep in mind, because there is a sort of impressiveness in the way in which they are told that leads one to feel that they are of the greatest moment, until we find at last that they have no real significance whatever. There is a general criss-cross of casual happenings that bewilder, and that seriously detract from the vividness of the narrative, because they blur the outlines of the picture as a whole. Mr. Gissing's theory probably is that he is giving us a view of an entire section of society, with the important and the unimportant blended as in life; and he has the example of M. Zola to justify his theory that such a plan is artistically sound. As a plan, perhaps, it may be; but, like every other plan, its merit is very naturally contingent upon the manner of its execution. Therefore, while M. Zola will accumulate a mass of infinitely small details around his leading theme, he has yet so perfect a mastery of them all and so

keen a psychological sense, that in some way he manages to blend them into one harmonious whole, so that we are never conscious of any lack of unity. M. Zola, in other words, understands the secret of the *callida iunctura*, while Mr. Gissing, as yet, does not; with the result that *L'Assommoir* is a book of the very first rank, while *The Whirlpool* falls below the highest level of Mr. Gissing's own achievement.

There are some minor differences of tone, also, between this novel and its predecessors. The book is by no means cheerful, yet it is less morbid than they, less harsh in expression, and somewhat less completely pessimistic. The author is evidently beginning to discover that his shadows are all the deeper when they are seen in contrast with a ray or two of light, and that this contrast also gives more truly the effect of life itself. We likewise miss (and with no regret) the one male type that Mr. Gissing has always heretofore been drawing for us—the type of the well-educated, but ungente, middle-class Englishman, rough of tongue, somewhat unfeeling, and mentally hob-nailed. For this, at any rate, we can all be thankful, since the endless procession of these persons through his other stories had begun to be monotonous.

When stripped of all its divagations and duly disentangled from its maze of episode, the motive of *The Whirlpool* will be found in the story which it gives of a girl named Alma Frothingham, who is its central figure and most carefully elaborated study. Alma Frothingham is the daughter of a rather shifty speculator, whose banking-house goes down in a crash quite early in the book, and who thereupon betakes himself to suicide. Mr. Gissing, with his usual fondness for questions of heredity, gives us a hint that Alma's mother, long dead, had been a woman of rather difficult ways, and that she had died of a cerebral lesion. Alma herself is a girl of mental and emotional instability, clever, yet not really brilliant; ambitious, sensitive, and eager to accomplish something, yet infirm of purpose and uncertain of her own intentions. The keynote of her character is vanity, or rather approbation; she is intensely sus-

* *The Whirlpool*. By George Gissing. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.50.

ceptible to flattery, and her one lasting desire is to win success as a musician—a violinist. She tries other things at times—the piano and water-colour painting—and at times she wearies of every form of art ; yet it is as an artist that she always wishes to be viewed. Temperamentally she is not ardent ; and purely physical pleasure makes no strong appeal to her imagination ; yet she has a certain graceful, half-seductive charm which inspires in others the feelings to which she is herself comparatively a stranger.

After her father's suicide, Alma Frothingham sets out for Germany, where she studies rather aimlessly and where she has two different offers from two different types of men. One of these, Felix Dyme, a composer of popular music, who is an absolute vulgarian and cad, proposes marriage. The other person, one Redgrave, a wealthy, cultivated, and attractive man of forty, suggests that she become his mistress. Each offers as an inducement the furtherance of her musical ambition, and each one receives from her a refusal—Dyme, because of his unpleasant personality, and Redgrave, presumably, because he makes his proposition much too hastily and with no preliminary talk of love. Returning to England, she marries an old acquaintance, one Harvey Rolfe, whose character is admirably drawn in the first two pages of the novel, and who is a kindly, upright, rather studious man, with a moderate income and quiet tastes. For a time Alma is enthusiastic over domesticity and a simple life. She has a child ; she makes her home with her husband in the country, and tries to believe that she is happy ; but her musical ambition revives in her, and she secures her husband's half-reluctant consent to her appearance as a professional violinist. Dyme undertakes to bring her out, and Redgrave, who reappears, and who now treats her with a graceful deference, wins back the liking that she once had felt for him. Both men again appeal to her ambition ; both show that they can further it ; and both try in their respective ways to undermine her honour. Dyme, as before, because of his offensive familiarity and his coarseness, does not really tempt her ; but Redgrave, who puts forth all his charm of manner, who delicately flatters her artistic vanity, and

who has every possible influence at his command to ensure success for any *débutante*, acquires a tenacious hold upon her thoughts. She does not really love him, yet the intensity of her desire for fame, and the pique which she feels when she is artfully persuaded that she has a rival, lead her to great lengths. She even visits his house one evening, though only with a view to spying upon the woman whom she believes to be her rival, and who is, by the way, no rival at all. As she meets Redgrave in the dark, the husband of the other woman who has had stories told him appears, at first mistakes Alma for his own wife, and kills Redgrave on the spot. Alma escapes for the time, though the slayer of Redgrave recognises her. She gives one public recital, and then, because of the shock that she has received, goes back to the quiet life with her husband. She is, however, greatly *ennuyée*, and acquires the habit of taking a narcotic, from an overdose of which she commits suicide immediately after the discovery by her husband that it was she who was at Redgrave's house on the evening of his death, and who thus unintentionally brought about the homicide.

Such, in the barest outline, is the essential story of *The Whirlpool*. As a story it is far less striking, and its movement is far slower than that of *In the Year of Jubilee* or *The Unclassed*. It is best, however, regarded not so much as a story as a study of temperament, and of the dangers that beset a woman who deliberately chooses for herself the *vie d'artiste*. The theme is trite enough, and the story is a very old one. It has been a text for many writers and moralists, yet because of its appalling reality and its ever-present illustration in life, it is a theme that cannot be dismissed as stale. Mr. Gissing has treated it with a good deal of insight and an absolute command of fact ; and it is these gifts that endue the novel with the interest which it possesses.

We think, however, that he has made a very serious mistake in selecting for the purpose of his study the exceptional rather than the usual case, for in so doing he has certainly weakened the interest of his book. A woman who is happily married to a man of high character, with a sufficient income, and one whose ambition does not spring from a love of her art, but from a purely per-

sonal vanity, may, of course, be tempted, and may yield to temptation. Yet if she does so, she can hardly be an object of sympathy or of any particular interest. What she does, she does with her eyes open, wilfully, and with no excuse. Had Mr. Gissing taken the case of the woman who is sincerely devoted to her calling, who is at soul an artist, and who is at the same time quite alone and struggling upward, unprotected and unaided, then he might have converted his study into a work of extraordinary power and pathos. For here are all the elements that go to make a great emotional drama, if not a tragedy. An artist, who is also a woman, cannot tread the path that leads from obscurity to success without passing through the storm and stress of an incessant and insidious temptation. The artistic temperament is, in itself, not one to be endangered in any vulgar way. Its delicacy, the fineness of its instincts, and its sensitive nerves that are jarred by anything unlovely, make its possessor shrink almost unconsciously from the grosser forms of evil. It would never accept the wrong with deliberate premeditation. But, on the other hand, it is so allied with all that is emotional as to create for it a peril of another sort. Again, the passion for success, far more intense in woman than in man, in proportion as woman is much more single-minded than is man, makes all else seem of little consequence when once the critical moment has arrived. And love need not enter directly into the story at all. Let there but be some one near who can give comfort and support, and let the crisis come when either success or failure has been brought appreciably near, and then at the blending of the artist's overpowering ambition with the woman's need of masculine companionship and sympathy, the unstrung nerves and vibrant chords of uncontrollable emotion will sweep away all the conventional reserves, and the end is swiftly reached. That which to the artist stands so often in the place of love is told by Mr. Gissing, in what he has written down of Alma Frothingham, in a few words whose understanding is quite marvellous:

"She had never loved Redgrave, had never even thought of him with that curiosity which piques the flesh; yet so inseparably was he

associated with her life at its points of utmost tension and ardour, that she could not bear to yield to any other woman a closer intimacy, a prior claim. At her peril she had tempted him. . . ."

But of Mr. Gissing's story it may be said that, apart from his having made a mistake in choosing a comparatively uninteresting illustration of a most profoundly interesting sphere of life, he has so managed his work as to give us only a shadowy sketch rather than a powerful delineation. Alma Frothingham is not realised in his description. He tells us who she is and what she does, but he does not make us *feel* it all. She is not a human being; she is little better than a lay figure. His incidents are lamentably true; his situations are as real as anything can be; but the central figure, of which both incidents and situations are but the setting, is veiled and dubious and dim. And hence, with all its merit and all its wealth of observation and accurate knowledge, *The Whirlpool* must be classed with *The Emancipated*, while *In the Year of Jubilee* still stands as the high-water mark of Mr. Gissing's genius.

Harry Thurston Peck.

TWO FOREIGN STATESMEN.*

There is no full and adequate modern Life of Philip II. Prescott's is now forty years old, and deals less with the man than his times. The old Spanish lives are mostly uncritical panegyrics; such works as have lately appeared in the Peninsula, in Germany and France, are concerned with special departments and episodes of Philip's reign. Mr. Hume may therefore be said to have occupied, and to hold for the present, this new field. The case of William the Silent is different. Miss Putnam's work, which appeared in two volumes in 1895, is authoritative, perhaps final, and Mr. Harrison commends it warmly. It follows that his own little volume must assume much of the character of an abridgment, though he has not failed to review for himself the authorities. We have not found, however, any instance in

* William the Silent. By Frederic Harrison. Philip II. of Spain. By Martin A. S. Hume. Foreign Statesmen Series. New York: The Macmillan Co. 75 cents per volume.

which he has found it necessary to correct Miss Putnam's conclusions. To her at least we owe the flood of interest regarding William's domestic life and character which Mr. Harrison has so pleasingly handled. No dog ever received so unjust a name to be hanged by as this stupid title of "the Silent." We go to see the bullet mark in that dark stair at Delft, with our heads full of eloquent scraps from popular essays about the Great Silentiary—his impenetrable eyes, dark designs, unspoken yearnings, his stern self-repression, and all the rest of it. Alas! William was in his youth a splendid, extravagant Prince Charming, and even when troubles were wearing him down, he retained to the last what all regarded as his peculiar characteristic, and this was not taciturnity, but excessive affability and brilliant, copious conversation. We can see for ourselves that he writes with every fluency and lucidity; we are assured that his talk to high and low was singularly easy, charming, and persuasive. The origin of the misnomer is highly authenticated, but has never convinced me. Either the evidence is wrong or we are baffled by a mystery. The story as told by himself, by Payen and others, is that in 1559, while hunting one day, Henry II. disclosed to William his plans for rooting out heresy, thinking that Alva had made him privy to the whole scheme. William did not undeceive him, and from that day became the Protestant champion. Now here we have no hint of silence—the least silence would have bred suspicion. Payen's words are, "the prince answered him in such a way that," etc. Evidently he discussed matters with him, though no doubt in a guarded way. So William was not silent, but politic, diplomatic, wary, astute, and reticent. Now we wish Mr. Harrison had traced, if possible, how and when this absurd nickname came to be fastened on William, and how it gradually stuck to him. For my own part I cannot but suspect that its source in the hunting episode was an afterthought. However, if we lose the impressive taciturnity of our hero, we are repaid by his many noble and gracious qualities, over which Mr. Harrison does well to be enthusiastic.

Mr. Hume's is a heavier task, of which William and the Netherlands

form but a part. All European history throughout a lengthy period is involved, and to just touch the leading events without dwelling on them needed much art. Mr. Hume has succeeded. His history is clear, succinct, and philosophical, and he keeps it always as the background to that most singular and pathetic of life tragedies. To most the essay will be more than a history or a biography. It will be a revelation—irritating or consoling as the case may be. Shakespeare alone could have taught us all that is implied in the career of Philip the Prudent. Our instinct detests the man and his thoughts and deeds. Yet the Spaniards, who knew him best, loved and still fondly revere their sainted patriot king. Next to St. Louis, he was the supreme example of the conscientious Christian monarch. His piety was fervent, evangelical, almost Protestant. The dauntless faith and sweet resignation of his last days seem harmonious echoes of Exeter Hall. From first to last he had failed in everything, and now he saw the cause of God fatally lost. But he still hoped, trusted, and believed. In a word, Mr. Hume reads the riddle. The poor old tyrant died a martyr to the cause of God, because he had identified it with the cause of Philip. We shall not analyze the contents of this little book, but only commend them heartily to thoughtful readers. They are original, interesting, and of deep import. It is a work to be spoken of and read with respect.

Y. Y.

THE BOOK OF DREAMS AND GHOSTS.*

Mr. Lang says his mind is in a "balance of doubt" about ghosts, properly so called; but in spite of his coy avoidance of theories, he triumphantly presents us with well-authenticated stories that none of the scientists can yet explain. He is alternately working side by side with the scientists in demolishing haunted men and houses, and laughing at their limited ideas on the subject of evidence, and giving them posers. He gives them some excellent posers—the Ghost that Bit, for instance—but the first purpose of his book forbids that

* The Book of Dreams and Ghosts. By Andrew Lang. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.00.

all his stories should be good, regarded merely as stories. Though far more entertaining than their stock writers, he is doing the work of the S.P.R., and cannot despise any evidence. He must not omit the dull; let us thank him for selecting it. Of course he takes away with one hand what he gives with the other. For it should be clearly understood that human imagination gains less from this ghost propaganda than does science, which will have its borders widened thereby. This is the moment for the pioneer in science to glow, not the romantic person.

To some brain specialists, no doubt an idiot is the most interesting of human creatures; and a serious investigator of ghosts can study with enthusiasm happenings so purposeless and inane that nothing but an abnormally developed scientific conscience can keep us from yawning over them. Even in Mr. Lang's entertaining book there is ample evidence that the majority of uncooked ghost stories are the experiences of inferior human beings, and that the *revenants*, too, are mostly poor-souled things, with such over-anxiety about trifles and details as only the greatest bores of our daily life can rival. The most tiresome ghosts of all are the noisy ones. To ignore them would be proper treatment did they not shy brickbats. We cannot in reason grudge the space devoted to Mr. Lang to their idiotic kind, seeing that quite recently they have been throwing lumps of coal at lieges in the East End of London, and the police cannot lay them. (By the way, ghosts, we learn, have, in their time, been ejected by legal proceedings, the spirits obeying the court without a murmur—see "The Marvels at Fróða"). Contempt may be an irrational attitude toward such imbecile imps, but we can only walk hastily away from the sphere of their action, with the remark of the Bishop of St. Asaph on our lips, that "such means were unworthy of the Deity to employ."

The difference between the fine ghost stories of the past and nearly all those authenticated to-day is enormous. Mr. Lang thinks it plain that certain modern Icelandic cases he relates "might easily be swollen into the prodigious tale of Glam in the course of two or three centuries." These modern happenings are dull. The tale of Glam, Mr. Lang

calls, without too much exaggeration, "the best story in the world." The inference from it all is that the study of the human imagination is magnificently enticing, and that the study of the majority of ghostly visitations only a scientific conscience can drive us to. The ghost in the brain is more convincing of strange powers than any churchyard haunter. In a little while we shall all perforce believe in ghosts, placidly, as we do now in germs, and leave their investigation also to the Institutes. At the head of one of these should be placed the lady who figures here under the name of Rose Morton. She fastened strings from the stair railings to the walls with glue to check her ghosts, and tried to pounce on them. But they passed through her springs and dodged her pounces. Mr. Lang defends himself from attack, and possibly from correspondence, by describing her as "a lady of nineteen, studying medicine (and wearing spectacles)."

THE RUINS AND EXCAVATIONS OF ANCIENT ROME.*

Not many years have passed since "Classical Archæology" denoted a branch of learning and investigation far removed from matters of general interest, and regarded with awe, not only by the reading public in general, but by many students of the classics. At the present time, however, it is nothing unusual to find articles in a child's paper on such subjects as the Galley of Lake Nemi, to see Rome and Pompeii in the lecture list of the country lyceum, while books on archæology are sold on the bargain counters of the city department stores, and the popular novel of the day is in reality a reproduction of the life of Rome in the middle of the first century A.D.

This widespread interest in things archæological is due in great measure to the labours of such men as Schliemann with his "Troy" and "Mycenæ" in the Greek field, and of Lanciani in the Roman field. There is much resemblance between these two scholars in the spirit with which they approached their work, as well as in the character of the books

* The Ruins and Excavations of Ancient Rome. By Rodolfo Lanciani. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$4.00.

by which they made known the results of their investigations. They both entered upon their task of bringing to light the buried stores of antiquity with a supreme faith in the importance and reliability of what they intended to discover. Schliemann looked for Homer's Troy and the tomb of Agamemnon, Lanciani looked for the Rome of the Kings, of the Republic, and of the Empire. Their success in achieving the objects of their search is almost too familiar to mention.

After having been the author of over three hundred special works on archaeology, and while still engaged upon his monumental *Forma Urbis*, Professor Lanciani has once more earned the gratitude of scholars and general readers, by bringing out this most scholarly and entertaining handbook which forms the subject of our review.

The author declares it his intention to make this work a companion book for students and travellers, and his design has been faithfully kept in view. This compact volume of 619 pages is a combined Baedeker and Middleton. On p. 50 are found directions for an excursion to Monte Ripoli and the viaducts and bridges of the great aqueducts; at the beginning of Book II. there are "hints to visitors," with warnings against afternoon visits to the Palatine ruins, while scattered through the book are such suggestions as "No special permission is required—but the gardener has acquired the habit of asking exorbitant fees." Although the visitor has thus been remembered, the main purpose of the book is to supply students with essential points of information, in concise form, as to the ruins and excavations in Rome. With this in view, the author has not confined himself to either a chronological, topographical, or architectural method of treatment, but recognising the advantages of each of these systems, has availed himself of all three, according to the special subject under consideration.

In Book I. "the fundamental lines of Roman topography are described—site, geology, configuration of soil, malaria, climate, rivers and springs, aqueducts and drains, walls and roads." The timid will find much comfort in the section on malaria, particularly in the statement that the death-rate of the resident

population is only 19.45 per 1000. In the section entitled Climate, Rome is said to have 155 cloudless days in the year, 122 misty, 83 cloudy, and in the summer-time the city is cooled by the sea breeze from 11 A.M. to 6 P.M. Among other matters of interest in this book are the description of the water-supply, both ancient and modern, and details as to the population of the ancient city, which is set at 1,000,000 in the imperial period. Scholars will find the thirty pages devoted to the Walls of Rome a most concise and satisfactory treatment of this important subject.

Book II. is devoted entirely to the Palatine Hill. The origin of the Palatine city is illustrated by a description of the settlement of Antemnæ, five miles distant, which "died a sudden death a few years after the foundation of Rome," and of the pre-historic towns found in the *terra marna* or marl at Castellazzo di Fontanellato in the province of Parma. The investigation of the sites of these towns has thrown much light upon the manners, customs, and civilisation of the sister primitive town on the Palatine. The remainder of the book is occupied with the history of the Palatine in the imperial period. The palaces of Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, Domitian, and Severus are treated in detail, while much attention is given to the two edifices, still defying definite explanation as to their purpose, the Stadium and the Septizonium.

Book III. is entitled "A Walk through the Sacra Via from the Coliseum to the Capitoline Hill." Here Professor Lanciani, following both the chronological and topographical methods, considers the "relics of the kingly and the republican period," and the grand monuments of the imperial times found along the Via Sacra in the Forum and on the Capitoline Hill.

Book IV. deals with the remainder of the city, which is described by the fourteen *regiones* of Augustus. The author has, however, grouped the buildings according to their chronology or purpose rather than with regard to the place they happen to occupy. Thus "the ruins of the Cælian Hill and its watershed toward the River Almo," situated in *regiones* I. and II., and forming the district, so to speak, of the barracks, are first considered; again, the Coliseum

located in the third *regio* is studied in connection with the associated buildings, the *samiarium*, or hospital; the *spoliarium*, or morgue; the *armamentarium*, or arsenal, situated in the second *regio*.

This entire book is deserving of the most careful study. We may mention in particular the account of the Pantheon and the description of the commercial quarters of Rome as of peculiar interest. After a thorough investigation of the subject Professor Lanciani declares that the Pantheon is not the work of Agrippa, but of Hadrian, and that it dates 120-124 A.D., although the capitals, the columns, the entablature of the portico with the inscription which assigns the building to Agrippa, may be original.

Two features of this work will prove of great use to the student and traveller: first, the very full bibliography, which closes the consideration of every subject, and again the chronological lists of emperors and popes, and the treatises on coins, the calendar, and ancient marbles, which form the appendix.

The great attractiveness of Professor Lanciani's books is due to the authority with which he speaks, the enthusiasm which stands forth on every page, and the readiness with which he applies his discoveries to questions of popular interest. The excellent style and the easy flow of language are also potent factors in rendering his books very readable. The author shows his foreign derivation by the irregularity of his capitalisation—e.g., *præfectus Annonæ*, *Salinæ romanæ*, *horrea Piperataria*; and by such expressions as "after her divorce with M. Agrippa," "during my long experience of Roman excavations," "the columbaria are designed and their contents illustrated." Much more deserving of criticism are Caius, p. 27, alongside of the correct form Gaius, p. 548; also Cnæus in three instances and Cneus in one, while the correct Gnæus does not occur. The semi-vowel I is represented by both J and I.

The statement on p. 16, that Horace, in Ode i. 2, referred to the flood of 23 B.C., is extraordinary, for the Ode dates five or six years earlier. On p. 147 the list of titles from the Corpus Inscriptionum VI. of the officers of the Domus Tiberiana is misleading, since Belambelus (not Balambelus), Albanus,

and Iucundus are proper names, and should appear as such.

Correct also *fourmillière*, p. 150, to *fourmilière*; Cizycene to Cyzicene, p. 163; 1780, on p. 94, to 1870; Corpus vii. 872 to vi. 872; *aspergillus*, p. 288, to *aspergillum*; Corpus 1458a, p. 244, to Corpus 1468, and, finally, Cicero *ad Attic.* xxxiii. 13, on p. 12, to xiii. 33.4.

The usefulness and attractiveness of the book are increased by numerous half-tone pictures, which are, as a whole, very clear, and also by plans of the various parts of the city. The printing is excellent and suited to the purpose and form of the book, but this is not true of the binding, which is too luxurious for a handbook to be used by students and travellers.

James C. Egbert, Jr.

AUDUBON AND HIS JOURNALS.*

The announcement that the Scribners would publish at Christmas a work entitled *Audubon and his Journals* set on the *qui vive* all lovers of natural history, American or English; and it is with a sigh of regret that the reviewer lays down the two large volumes on finding that they contain only the following:

1. A short biographical preface by the compiler, Miss M. R. Audubon, granddaughter of the naturalist.
2. "Myself," a hasty sketch of Audubon's early life, written by himself in 1835, and heretofore published only in *Scribner's Magazine*, March, 1893.
3. "The European Journals" (1826-29), never before published *verbatim*.
4. The "Labrador Journal" (1833), never before published *verbatim*.
5. The "Missouri River Journals" (1843), *verbatim*, the latter part of which had been lost for fifty years.
6. The "Episodes," a series of short sketches which appeared in Audubon's *Ornithological Biography*, but which never before have been placed in chronological order.

Miss Audubon is right in assuming that her biographical sketch is the most authentic extant. Many have been written, and yet the so-called most authentic, *The Life of Audubon the Naturalist*, edited by Robert Buchanan, is unreliable as any of the rest. In this we

* Audubon and his Journals. By M. R. Audubon. 2 vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$7.50.

find so much Buchanan and so little Audubon, except in a derogatory way, so many glaring mistakes—errors in dates and names, etc.—as to make it untrustworthy and unfair.

John James Laforest Audubon (Vol. I., p. 5), to America, stands in the light that Thomas Bewick and F. O. Morris, combined, do to England.

Bewick was a man of black and white. His woodcuts to-day remain as classics of the woodcutter's art. Morris, seventy years later, tried in colors and succeeded. But with what different surroundings! Bewick, White, Waterton, and a host of others had made the ornithology of the British Isles—not much larger than New York State—an accomplished fact. Audubon began his work in colours when the ornithology of a vast continent was unknown, and his first publication on the subject was just thirty years before Morris. Considering the strides taken during those thirty years in the art of coloured engraving, the facilities Morris had from private and public collections of birds in museums and aviaries, it is strange that Morris's work should be so little, if any, superior to Audubon's.

Let us dismiss at once and forever the oft-spoken accusation of "flatness" in Audubon's plates. The same flatness is to a large extent noticeable in Morris. The reason for this is best summed up precisely in a statement of Baron Cuvier's: that artistic and true effects of colour cannot be combined in delineating birds. Possibly Audubon might have obtained better technical effects by putting in no background, as was the case with Morris; but it must be remembered that the plants of America were new then as the birds, and that Audubon was "the painter-naturalist, as Charles Bonaparte calls me" (Vol. I., p. 403).

To the curious it may seem strange that these two volumes throw no new light on the true date of Audubon's birth. His granddaughter (Vol. I., p. 6) makes this statement:

"To these circumstances" (his father's roving life), "also, it is probably due that the date of Audubon's birth is not known and must always remain an open question. In his journals and letters various allusions are made to his age, and many passages bearing on the matter are found, but, with one exception, no two agree; he may have been born anywhere between 1772 and 1783, and in the face of this uncertainty the

date usually given, May 5th, 1780, may be accepted, though the true one is no doubt earlier."

His father was a French sailor, who, near the middle of the last century, settled in San Domingo, where he bought an estate and married a Spanish Creole. Young Audubon was born in New Orleans, and shortly after his birth the father, mother, and child returned to San Domingo. In one of the many *émeutes* prior to 1793, Mrs. Audubon was murdered, and the father escaped with the child to New Orleans. Thence they went to France, where Audubon senior married again in Nantes. His early childhood there with his step-mother, who was devotedly attached to him, was the first thing Audubon could remember. The father went back to San Domingo, and later fought under Lafayette, becoming finally an admiral in the French service, and returned to live in France in 1801. The admiral found, on his return, that the young hopeful had attended to natural history more than his books, and was promptly settled down to hard military schooling. Judging from the context (Vol. I., pp. 6-8), about the year 1803, his father found it necessary to send the young man over to America to attend to an estate known as Mill Grove, situated on a tributary of the Schuylkill River, and purchased in 1774. Arriving in New York, Audubon caught yellow fever, and, when recovered, took charge of his father's property during the winter, where he met his future wife, Miss Lucy Bakewell, whose father had just purchased the adjoining estate to Mill Grove. He returned to France next spring, partly on business and partly to obtain his father's consent to his marriage. The young lady was only seventeen, and both fathers seem to have agreed that she was too young and Audubon too unbusinesslike to marry. He therefore remained in France two years, studying ornithology and drawing and painting birds at every spare moment. In the spring of 1806 young Audubon again sailed for America, reaching New York May 6th. He immediately went to Mill Grove to see Miss Bakewell, and stayed there two years, ostensibly engaged in business, but really devoting his whole time to field sports and natural history. Up to the date of his marriage (April 8th, 1808), and for some years after, Audubon might be called a

spoiled child of fortune, with one great hobby. Even after marriage he was willing to leave his business in the hands of others, and wander, with gun and pencil, through the wild-woods, paving the way unwittingly for his future life work. Not till 1819, after a disastrous venture in steam-boating and steam-milling at Henderson, Ky., did he realize the true meaning of life by finding himself penniless, with a wife and two children to support. What was to be done? There was only one course open. His brush and pencil were all his capital, and with them he paid his way, the brave wife assisting by taking scholars, till 1826. He found time between landscape and portrait painting, however, to carry on his darling pursuit, which, with the advice of friends, had ripened into the set purpose of publishing a series of coloured plates of American birds. This was so far complete in 1826, that, after consultation with friends, it was decided America was no place to publish such a work, and it became, therefore, necessary to take it abroad. His winter's work of 1825-26 had netted him \$2000; with that and some money his wife, more enthusiastic even than himself, had saved, he sailed for England, leaving his wife in Louisiana, and landed at Liverpool, July 21st, 1826.

It was a bold undertaking—the unknown man of an almost equally unknown continent essaying to publish in a foreign country one of the most stupendous works on natural history ever presented to the public; and had it not been for the “personal magnetism” of Audubon, it is to be doubted if ever the work would have seen the light of day in completed form. He must have been between forty-three and fifty-four years old, probably the latter, see ante, when he arrived in Liverpool, a strangely picturesque figure in dress and appearance, with a personal charm of speech and manner that won the love of all. At first sight he seems to have captured the hearts of the literati, scientific and other, in Liverpool, Manchester, Edinburgh, Oxford and Cambridge, London and Paris. He was spontaneously elected an honorary or corresponding member of all the highest scientific societies of Great Britain and France.

Men of Baron Cuvier's and John Wil-

son's (Christopher North) stamp are not likely to put themselves out for an “unknown” and write notices and introductory articles on his work unless they realise the intrinsic value of both author and work. In fact, throughout life, those who opposed Audubon were cranks or disappointed, jealous men, whose numbers might be counted on one's fingers.

From early manhood Audubon was in the habit of keeping voluminous journals, almost all of which were destroyed by fires in New York in 1835 and 1845. Miss Audubon has only, out of all of them, in whole or part, nine to assist her in the present work. Notwithstanding many self-accusations that he could not write well, Audubon's journals are brilliant. It is perfectly true he could not bind himself down to the minute detail required for a scientific work. It was, therefore, a stroke of great good fortune when William MacGillivray, himself engaged in an English ornithological work, consented to take upon himself the drudgery of the technical descriptions of Audubon's *Ornithological Biography*. To MacGillivray and Havell, the artist, are due much of the success of Audubon's first two great publications, and no one acknowledged it more heartily than their author.

The original edition of Audubon's *Great Folios*, published by subscription, was brought out in London: Parts I. to V. (25 plates) in 1827; Parts VI. to X. (plates 26-50) in 1828; and the whole work, containing 435 plates, giving 1065 figures of birds, was completed in 1838. The price of the work was two guineas for each part of five plates. Victor Audubon, his eldest son, and able coadjutor from 1832-51, states that one hundred and seventy-five full copies of the original work were issued, of which eighty were held in this country. This, however, had no written text, and the text to the plates was brought out at Edinburgh between the years 1831 and 1839, in five large octavo volumes, under the different title of the *Ornithological Biography*. In 1840-44 the work reappeared in octavo, under the original title of *Birds of America*. There have been various subsequent issues, partial and complete. We cannot leave the “European Journals” (1826-29) without calling attention to Audubon's power of work. From midnight to four A.M. was all the sleep he required; and continu-

ous painting for sixteen or seventeen hours on a stretch was common. Bitterly does he inveigh against the winter gloom of Liverpool, London, and "Auld Reekie." His rapidity of execution was a marvel to all.

Leaving his successfully launched but unfinished work in the hands of the faithful Havell and MacGillivray, he returned to America, May 10th, 1829, and, without waiting to see his family, plunged into the woods of Pennsylvania and swamps of Jersey to procure new subjects and more perfect paintings of old ones. Late that autumn, Audubon, after a flying visit to his two sons in Louisville, arrived at Bayou Sara, La., where his devoted wife was waiting the return of her hero crowned with success at last.

The next ten years (1829-39) were spent by the family partly in England, completing the publication of the *Great Folios* and the *Ornithological Biography*, and partly in America, procuring new specimens, drawing new plates and re-drawing old; and for this purpose Audubon visited the whole of the Eastern and Central States, from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada. The summer of 1833 was spent with his younger son, John, old enough then to materially assist his father, and four friends in a schooner along the northern coast, so well described in the present work under the title of "The Labrador Journal." Never was that rugged, inhospitable coast-line more happily portrayed.

In 1839 the two great works were finished, and a third, *The Quadrupeds of America* (commenced in 1840, but not completed till after Audubon's death), was on the stocks. And this year the family settled in New York, only to remove, in 1842, to "Minniesland," the present site of Audubon Park, and thereafter no important trip was taken except an extended voyage up the Missouri, in 1843, to its junction with the Yellowstone, to procure materials for *The Quadrupeds of America*. This journey is charmingly described in the present volumes, under the title of "The Missouri River Journals," and though written at the probable age of seventy, these show the charms of the poet-naturalist bright and vigorous as those of a young man. The second volume of this work concludes with Audubon's "Epi-

sodes," which first appeared in the *Ornithological Biography*, but which have appeared in so many forms since as to be hardly recognised as the work of Audubon's pen.

Miss Audubon's stated purpose in publishing these two volumes is to show the true man through his works. In this she has been eminently successful. Her simple story is unquestionably the best biography we have; and the "Journals," few as they unfortunately are, tell the true story of John Audubon, the painter-naturalist of America, who entered into rest at "Minniesland," New York, January 25th, 1851, when, as Miss Audubon quotes from the most beautiful of English poems, Shelley's "Adonais,"

"The pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift, . . .
Outsoared the shadow of our night."

Maurice Kingsley.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.*

Miss Rossetti's life was a rather uneventful one. She had few intimate friends, and she sent them not letters, but notes. I have many of her notes, and while they have an interest of their own they are similar to those in Mr. Mackenzie Bell's book. It is doubtful whether any letter of hers exists—I mean any letter in which she really unveils herself. Four pages of note-paper was apparently her limit, and often one page sufficed in her large and curiously neat handwriting. She was evidently one of those women who cannot express themselves in the ordinary ways of human beings. Her conversation, pleasant as it was and courteous, seems to have been always guarded, and probably she had no power to make it otherwise. It was in verse, partly also in religious prose, that she found no difficulty in revealing the depths of her great nature, its reverence, its reserve, its grace and refinement, its distant, hushed worship, its all-surrendering, all-enduring faith.

Miss Rossetti was all her life bound by ties of peculiar affection and reverence to her mother and her sister Maria. They were all one in their religious sympathies, and drew nearer and nearer as the years went on. Maria died some time before Christina, but the mother

* Christina Rossetti. A Biography. By Mackenzie Bell. Boston: Roberts Bros.

survived until April, 1886, tended to the last with the deepest devotion. Christina had an irritable strain in her disposition altogether conquered in her later life. She was never a great reader, but she was fond of Scott and Anne Radcliffe, and of Maturin. When a young girl she was very lovely, with an extraordinary expression of pensive sweetness. Mr. Mackenzie Bell's book is much enriched by some of the drawings by her brother, which represent her young beauty. In early days the Rossettis were poor, and for some time they kept a day school, which produced very little income. Afterward they went to Frome, where Miss Rossetti and her mother also kept a day school, not successfully. The eleven months during which Christina Rossetti lived at Frome made the longest period she ever spent out of London. She did not care for the place, probably because there was so little to hearten her in its surroundings. When she was a girl of eighteen she received a proposal of marriage from a painter well known in her circle. Though she regarded him with favour, she determined to decline his suit because he was a Roman Catholic. Her first writings were poems, and she contributed early in life a good many articles on Italian writers to the *Imperial Dictionary of Biography*. She was always delicate, more particularly so in her earlier years. Much later in life, when she was about thirty-five, she received a second offer of marriage from an eminent scholar and man of letters. She was in love with him, but again rejected the offer from religious scruples. Her suitor was either not a Christian at all or else was a Christian of undefined and heterodox views. The close of the incident caused her deep pain, and from that time a certain austerity crept over her writings and her whole view of life, although it does not appear that she had much to say directly on the subject. Religion became more and more the engrossing subject of her thoughts. She became closely intimate with the late Rev. Dr. Littledale, the famous High Church controversialist, a man very imperfectly represented by his acknowledged writings, a man of quite singular courage, cheerfulness, and width of sympathy. She paid visits occasionally, though rarely, and kept on friendly

terms with her two brothers, with Mr. Watts-Dunton and a few more, but upon the whole she lived a very quiet life in the satisfying company of her mother and sister.

Mr. Bell gives us a good many little letters, some of them trivial enough, but all welcome to those who care for her. We get some information about her projected life of Anne Radcliffe. It seems that she was asked to write it for the Eminent Women Series, and agreed to take £50 (\$250). She failed, however, to find sufficient material. This is to be regretted, for the writing of the book would have given us a better understanding of her literary views. She was extremely reticent in criticism, and there is hardly anything here to indicate her favourite books. Writing in *THE BOOKMAN* (Vol. I., No. 1) after Miss Rossetti's death, Katherine Tynan mentions that *Cranford* was a great favourite with her, as might be expected. I fancy there were many books which her scruples would not allow her to read. She appreciated Augusta Webster, Mrs. Browning, and Jean Ingelow, but not, so far as we can find, with anything of real passion. Mr. Mackenzie Bell says truly that although she never used a harsh word about any one, she was well able to discriminate between those she liked and those she did not care for. It is pleasing to note that she was fond of Southwell's "Burning Babe." But the way to her heart was the way of faith. She had perforce to associate with very many who were not Christians, but she was most at home with Christians. Her last years were years of severe and patient suffering from cancer, during which she was tenderly cared for by her brother and other friends. Her pecuniary circumstances, straitened for the most part of her life, were comfortable during her last years.

I shall not attempt again any criticism of her poems. Mr. Mackenzie Bell has taken a far sounder view of her real place in literature than many more pretentious critics. She is undoubtedly the great poetess of Catholic Christianity. No such treasury of sacred verse as her volume, modestly entitled *Verses*, has been written since George Herbert; in fact, it may reasonably be questioned whether, after all, Miss Rossetti will not stand higher in the end than George

Herbert. This will give her, unless all signs fail, a place of unusual permanence in English literature. So long as Christianity lives in the world, so long many will find one of the profoundest interpretations of their experiences in Christina Rossetti's *Verses*. Doubtless her other poems have merits of the highest kind. Their austere tenderness, their unstudied and often half-disguised perfection of form, their flawless sincerity, their perception of obscure beauties—these and many other qualities deserve all the praise they have received, even the royal and lavish eulogy of Mr. Swinburne. But in order to appreciate her fully the reader must be a Christian, and a Christian of her own type. For this reason one of the best and soundest critics among us has entirely failed to see the value of *Verses*, and those who stood very close to her, even her own brother Dante, could not penetrate the depth of her secret. Mr. Mackenzie Bell wisely also appreciates her religious prose. It is very fine, grave, singular, and original. Her stories, *Commonplace* and *Maude*, may safely be neglected, but they are the only parts of her work of which this may be said. Mr. Mackenzie Bell sums up her life thus: "Like us all, Christina Rossetti had her sorrows, some of them deep and life-long, and yet she was a fortunate woman. She was fortunate in her parents, she was fortunate in her early surroundings, she was fortunate as she advanced in life in the other members of her family, and when she came to die she was fortunate in the warm praise of herself and her work which was universally expressed."

The bibliography contributed by Mr. J. P. Anderson, of the British Museum, is very satisfactory. There is little of her work that has not been reprinted. Two essays upon Dante remain in manuscript, and they are practically all. It will please many readers if I reprint one poem of hers which is very little known. It appeared in the *Athenæum* about fifty years ago.

DEATH'S CHILL BETWEEN.

Hide not ; let me breathe a little ;
For I shall not mourn him long ;
Though the life-cord was so brittle,
The love-cord was very strong.
I would wake a little space
Till I find a sleeping-place.

You can go,—I shall not weep ;
You can go unto your rest.
My heart-ache is all too deep,
And too sore my throbbing breast.
Can sobs be, or angry tears,
Where are neither hopes nor fears ?

Though with you I am alone
And must be so everywhere,
I will make no useless moan,—
None shall say "she could not bear ;"
While life lasts I will be strong,—
But I shall not struggle long.

Listen, listen ! Everywhere
A low voice is calling me,
And a step is on the stair,
And one comes you do not see
Listen, listen ! Evermore
A dim hand knocks at the door.

Hear me ; he is come again,—
My own dearest is come back,
Bring him in from the cold rain ;
Bring wine, and let nothing lack.
Thou and I will rest together,
Love, until the sunny weather.

I will shelter thee from harm,—
Hide thee from all heaviness.
Come to me, and keep thee warm
By my side in quietness.
I will lull thee to thy sleep
With sweet songs :—we will not weep.

Who hath talked of weeping ?—Yet
There is something at my heart,
Gnawing, I would fain forget,
And an aching and a smart.
—Ah ! my mother, 'tis in vain,
For he is not come again.

Mr. Mackenzie Bell deserves our cordial thanks for a highly creditable and pleasing book. He has done his very best, and I think Christina Rossetti would not have been displeased with his work. Higher praise can hardly be given.

Claudius Clear.

HANIA, AND OTHER STORIES.*

One inevitably turns to the plastic arts for fitting terms wherewith to characterise M. Sienkiewicz. He is a scene-painter, it is said, who essays broad rather than fine effects. Admitting that by virtue of his grand sweep and elemental simplicity he is neither a Sargent nor a Meissonier, and that to gain the slightest definite impression of him one must read at least a score of pages, it is by

* Hania. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. Boston : Little, Brown & Co. \$2.00.

no means so clear that he does not rank high among portrait painters, and that, in his native tongue, he is not as careful with details, the "edges and corners" Mr. Gosse complains of, as were Dumas and Scott. That he is not a stylist is everywhere apparent. Our own second-rate novelists would refrain from the repeated use of "etc." in a running narrative, would exhibit probably a wider vocabulary, and would avoid such child-like lapses into the obvious as are inseparable from M. Sienkiewicz's unbounded exuberance and vitality. But he succeeds, pictorially and emotionally, in producing miniature effects which a mere "scene-painter" would be sure to scamp. And as to strong characterisation, Zagloba, Pan Michael, Kmita, Pan Yan, and Marynia are tremendously alive.

"Hania," although only about a third of the present volume, has all the salient traits of the author's longest and best romances in so far as they deal with love. It tells of the growing affection of two youths, one Polish, the other Tartar, for the granddaughter of an old servant, Mikolai. Henryk, who was both proud and true, silently adored her; and Selim, an impetuous, showy fellow, perceiving what the other was loth to admit, openly made love to her, and all but won her in a spirit of rivalry. Numerous incidents point, to a nicety, the fluctuations of heart which the members of this triangular alliance underwent, and the selfish impulsiveness which, at critical times, overwhelmingly controlled each. When the boys started forth to attend college at Warsaw, Selim alone dared to snatch a kiss from Hania. But later, in the wine-cellar, it was Henryk who rose in his might and forbade a toast to the woman he loved. When Selim's horse, before the eyes of Hania, cleared a high gate, only an accident deterred the modest but resolute Henryk from proving himself as good a rider. But the sight of Selim walking with Hania was too much for Henryk, who out of jealousy contrived to be seen by them to kiss the hand of one Lola. Then followed many little miseries, an attempt on Selim's part to blacken Henryk's college record, an eavesdropping, a duel; and just when the lovers were sorry and there was a fair chance of patching up their misunderstanding,

Hania was persuaded by Selim to ride away with him. In an English novel of passion this event, if used at all, would probably have been objective and final. But M. Sienkiewicz here, as elsewhere, seems to assume that young women are sensitive, wilful creatures, instantly ready, at sound of a sympathetic voice, to take decisive steps which they know to be wrong. It soon transpires that Hania, despite her sudden abandonment of him, loved Henryk, and the author causes her to be unhorsed and brought back by an old soldier who was a friend of the family. In effect the story has a happy ending, for not till the very close was Hania afflicted with smallpox, and, on losing her beauty, determined to disappoint the now ardent Henryk and repentant Selim by entering a convent. All of which is in the same vein as *Children of the Soil*, or the love scenes of the Polish Trilogy, with the usual infusion of tenderness and humour to relieve its abruptness.

"Charcoal Sketches," written in 1878, belongs to the period of the author's sojourn in California, and along with "Hania" induced M. Hankiel, a "man of taste" as he has been appositely termed, to lure M. Sienkiewicz back to Poland. They present with a pitiless veracity the social conditions of a remote corner of Poland, with which, from early years, the author was thoroughly familiar. Entering a community of ignorant, timorous peasants in the belief that a man of education could only "grow common" among them, the pompous little secretary, Pan Zolzik, practised extortions and cruelties unspeakable, with the connivance of the petty nobility. Several of the scenes are exceedingly graphic, none more so, perhaps, than that which depicts the persecution of the councillors by a swarm of flies.

Next in importance is "Tartar Captivity," in which there is little but a fire on the steppes, and the Cossacks using bound Tartars for fuel, to suggest *With Fire and Sword*, of which, as the translator says, it is a preliminary sketch. It reminds one of the episode of Azya kidnapping Basia in *Pan Michael*, and, standing alone, it has a homogeneity, a consistency of tone, which no one of the longer stories exhibits. The noble, whose ambition was to preserve unspotted

ted the name of his fathers even in servitude, and who, spurning every degrading bait that was flung in his path, drew from the brutal Khan the words, "When ye fall into captivity be like this man," wins a tender admiration for his wounds, his nights with the camels, his repast of locusts and snails, and his lofty, unheralded service to the Commonwealth. Here, too, the impression is partially derived from minute effects, as where the lustrous-eyed Illa is pictured crouching in a corner and looking whole hours at the captive, and, again, when he hungered, haughtily throwing a barley cake toward him, which he, having an "iron soul," did not reach for. Thus it is vividly brought home to one that nothing could tempt him to give up his far-away Polish sweetheart for a voluptuous Eastern maiden, and be the Khan's equerry.

Of the remaining eight stories, "Let Us Follow Him" and "Lux in Tenebris Lucet" invade the realm of the supernatural—how effectively, opinions will vary; "At the Source" depicts a young Doctor of Philosophy whose sudden claim to respectability overcame the scruples of the adored one's parents, and who could not sleep, in that happy interval between betrothal and wedding, because his head was full of dresses, tables, cupboards, and arm-chairs; "That Third Woman" is a boyish, rollicking farce, savouring of studio life, in which the hero disguised himself as a "grandfather," or wandering minstrel, somewhat as Zagloba did in *With Fire and Sword*; and "On the Bright Shore" is a recent Monte Carlo sketch, the central figure being an artist of the familiar Polish type, with heart "soft as wax at woman's tears," and no very certain knowledge of his matrimonial bearings. However, after a disillusionising glimpse of the young widow, whom he first fancied, "lighting a cigarette and crossing her legs," one is absurdly and properly prepared to acquiesce with his resolute stand that he could not marry a "life of lies," and with his subsequent elopement in younger company.

After all, there is an outdoor breeziness, an oblivion of latter-day complexities, even in the shorter stories of M. Sienkiewicz which is decidedly refreshing.

George Merriam Hyde.

MR. LE GALLIENNE'S PARAPHRASES OF OMAR KHÁYYÂM.*

Mr. Justin McCarthy, in the introduction to his prose rendering of Omar's Rubáiyát, says: "It has been done in English verse once and for ever, and to attempt verse again is but to put one's self in comparison with FitzGerald, which, in the pithy phrase of the great Hellenic humourist, 'is absurd.'"

This is what probably nine out of ten of the lovers of Omar, who are just so many as are the lovers of great poetry, said when they heard that a contemporary poet was making a new metrical paraphrase of the songs of Naishápúr. I confess to having felt a great impatience at the thought that any one should attempt to better FitzGerald. It was inconceivable that FitzGerald should be bettered; and who, I thought, would wish to dishonour the great Persian by accepting him in a weaker rendering?

It was, therefore, with anything but the open mind of the ideal critic that I took up the exquisitely balanced and harmonious volume in which Mr. Le Gallienne's quatrains are presented. Nor was I altogether conciliated by the preface, whose cleverness seemed a trifle too airy to comport with its subject. It anticipated most objections, paid tribute to the impregnable supremacy of FitzGerald, and claimed but such consideration as a little yellow rose might win in the presence of the splendid purple bloom whose worship in the world was established. But the whimsical grace of its approach to the august theme appeared to suggest over-confidence, a too easy familiarity with this grim propounder of eternal problems, this daring advocate of grave and strange intoxications.

The opening, too, was not favourable to the newer hand. Mr. Le Gallienne's paraphrase opens with the same rubáiyát as FitzGerald began with; and whereas FitzGerald struck at the outset a tense and masterful chord, Mr. Le Gallienne's opening notes, though sweet, have a certain slackness in their tone. For several stanzas one is confirmed in the prejudice that here is but FitzGerald's work done over again less competently.

* Rubáiyát of Omar Kháyyám, a paraphrase from several literal translations. By Richard Le Gallienne. New York: John Lane. The Bodley Head. \$2.50 net.

It is not improbable that at this point, and with this conclusion, many readers will lay the book down with a weary "I told you so." But if they do, they will lose one of the richest delights prepared for lovers of poetry this many a day. As one reads on, it presently appears that Omar fused in Le Gallienne is quite another poet from Omar fused in FitzGerald. As soon as Mr. Le Gallienne forgets his great predecessor, and finds his own voice, one feels that both renderings are indispensable, that neither can take the place of the other. Each gives something which the other does not give; and on the ground of sheer beauty, Mr. Le Gallienne's rendering at once finds excuse for being. The music of FitzGerald's lines is an organ-music, stately, sonorous, vast. Mr. Le Gallienne's lines, at their best, in their passionate appeal resemble rather the plangency of the violin.

Here, for instance, is the organ voice of FitzGerald:

"Earth could not answer; nor the seas that
mourn
In flowing purple, of their Lord forlorn;
Nor rolling Heaven, with all his signs re-
vealed
And hidden by the sleeve of Night and
Morn."

The excellence of this second quotation, from Mr. Le Gallienne, is very different, but in its way by no means inferior:

"Forgetful Unforgotten, I have found
No face again like thine, nor thy profound
Sad eyes again, nor heard in all the world
As thy blest voice again so sweet a sound."

In fact, the two works are so completely unlike in tone, temperament, and after-taste, that one may read them in immediate sequence, and not more than half a dozen times be reminded that they derive from the one original. For the most part, indeed, their sources are not the same. In Mr. Justin McCarthy's prose translation of Omar Kháyyám there are four hundred and sixty-six *rubáiyát*; and of these only about one hundred were used by FitzGerald. It is mainly on the remaining three hundred and sixty-six—a rich enough treasure-house to stand yet further drafts—that Mr. Le Gallienne has drawn for his material. His most characteristic quatrains have no parallel at all in FitzGerald's translation, as, for example, this grave and poignant utterance:

"How wonderfully has the day gone by!
If only when the stars come we could die,
And morning find us gathered to our
dreams—
Two happy, solemn faces, and the sky."

It seems to me there is a reticent pathos about these lines, as masterly in its way as FitzGerald's work is in its more vibrant and strenuous manner. But the fact that Mr. Le Gallienne has used chiefly the *rubáiyát* ignored by FitzGerald, and has used them with keen sympathy and an effective craftsmanship, finally disposes of the contention that his undertaking was a superfluous one. What he has done was needed by all Omar-lovers who find Mr. McCarthy's prose rendering inadequate; and what he has done he has in the main done so well that it needs no other justification than its own beauty. One needs, henceforth, both his FitzGerald and his Le Gallienne; and might well pray that yet a third poet, nobly rash, might take up with as magical fingers the rich gleanings which these two have left behind them.

In one or two instances Mr. Le Gallienne's scheme has compelled him to include certain stanzas which had already attained a peculiarly consummate grace under FitzGerald's hand, and passed almost into current speech. In these instances he has felt himself at such a disadvantage that comparative failure was a foregone conclusion. To paraphrase perfection is a task for no mortal. It is not to be wondered at, then, that these lines of FitzGerald's—

"A Book of Verses underneath the bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread, and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
O Wilderness were Paradise enow,"

lines which have been sweet on the lips of several generations of lovers, should seem insipid in this paraphrase of Mr. Le Gallienne's:

"O come, my love, the spring is in the land!
Take wine and bread and book of verse in
hand,
And sit with me and sing in the green
shade,
Green little home amid the desert sand."

Which is, after all, a musical and very faithful rendering of the original.

Not always, however, is Mr. Le Gallienne placed at such a disadvantage. The difference between his method and FitzGerald's is fairly shown in the following paraphrases. Omar himself, ac-

according to Mr. McCarthy's literal prose rendering, says :

"O Kháyyám, although indeed the wheel of heaven, in setting its tent, has closed the door to discussions, nevertheless the eternal Cup-bearer has formed in the cup of creation a thousand other Kháyyáms like unto thee."

With this both FitzGerald and Mr. Le Gallienne take amazing liberties. Each takes it upon himself to enrich the thought, apparently without compunction. I confess that to me Mr. Le Gallienne's addition seems the more significant. FitzGerald says :

"And fear not lest Existence closing your Account, and mine, should know the like no more ;

The Eternal Sáki from that bowl has poured Millions of bubbles like us, and will pour,"

and Mr. Le Gallienne says, with a looser expression, but a deeper suggestiveness :

"What purpose think you has the Sáki there,
Pouring those shining motes of wine and air ?
A bubble's life—can it be nought to him ?
A million bubbles—he must surely care !"

But, as I have said, Mr. Le Gallienne is at his best where he comes into no conscious competition with his great predecessor. How opposed to the whole tone of the FitzGerald paraphrase are the following quatrains :

"He who believes in hell and knows Thy
grace,
Shall surely find in hell his resting-place.
Keep for the mosque these fables of Thy
wrath—
No man believes them who hath seen Thy
face.

* * * * *

"Yea ! I believe that He who made the skies
Is wonderfully good, and very wise—
Beloved Master ! Hast thou never seen
The tears of pity gather in his eyes ?"

In general, where FitzGerald's note is one of stern arraignment, Mr. Le Gallienne's is one of conciliation or of appeal. It is a far less virile note, but hardly less beautiful ; and sometimes it reaches a piercing intensity of which FitzGerald is not master. Especially is this the case in the quatrains printed in italics, as interludes, wherein Omar turns aside from philosophy and wine to make passionate cry to the woman he loves.

"O heart, my heart, the world is weary-wise !
My only resting-place is your deep eyes ;
O wrap me warm in their illusive love—
For well I know that they are also lies."

One more quotation will suffice, I think, to show Mr. Le Gallienne's independence of FitzGerald, his subtle craftsmanship, and the delightful freshness with which he treats his well-worn theme.

"At the pale gate of birth an angel stands
Singing a lying song of lovely lands.
Sweet as a bird each worn and weary lie—
The soul believes and takes the angel's
hands."

The English-speaking world, I must conclude, is deeply in debt to Mr. Le Gallienne, not only for his presentation of a new side of the great Persian's genius, but also for a very finished and beautiful English poem.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

THE SCHOOL FOR SAINTS.*

A new period in John Oliver Hobbes's literary career begins impressively in *The School for Saints*. She has travelled far since *The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham*, and there was need. For that was an ugly story, with a nauseating atmosphere, and the air in this one is pure even to austerity. From the first her habit of smartness has been tempered by an intellectual outlook, but here mental energy dominates the book, making it a storehouse of suggestive things, brilliant things, paradoxical things, which the reader should by no means pass by breathless for the story, for these things make all the worth of the volume. Intellect, conviction, a personal vision of life have stamped themselves on the pages, but the story, the characters, hardly ever help, and often hinder the effect. As a book it is a brilliant chaos ; as a story it is a complete failure. Probably the writer had no intention of making a vivid and balanced plot ; but there is clear evidence she aimed at the achievement of living human portraits. Orange is a dreary fiasco. He is the young lady's hero, handsome, aristocratic, of ancient lineage, dignified, portentously solemn, a model of piety, chivalry, and the manners of the high world, perfectly inhuman, and a consummate bore.

* *The School for Saints*. Part for the History of the Right Honourable Robert Orange. M.P. By John Oliver Hobbes. New York : F. A. Stokes Co. \$1.50.

We have met him before in the pages of Ouida, but there we could laugh at him. Here we dare not, for he is the mouthpiece of the most admirable sayings; his creator endows him with her own literary aptitudes. His gait and conduct are wearisomely immaculate, and his style, in detached passages ascribed to him, is delightful. The heroine, Brigit, is impossible. Bred in a convent, she yet talks and acts and comports herself at seventeen with the aplomb, the eloquence, the skill, the trained intellect of an unusually experienced woman of fifty. That she is the granddaughter of an emperor does not explain this. On one occasion we are allowed to see her as the child she must have been. "'Oh, take me away from these people. They are stronger than I am, and they frighten me. I feel my weakness. While I am with them I try to look bold and clever. But my heart always trembles, and I know that, in the end, no matter how well I fight, I must lose the day. I am like a small bird on a battle-field.'" Here for once the young fluttering girl is near us. Then Disraeli is a mere shadow; so are the Carlists. Hercy is quite unnecessary. The fairly well conceived characters are the dull Whig, Reckage—but how much better would he have been in Trollope's hands!—and Pensée Fitz-Reeves, the sentimental, kind-hearted little fool, who is cleverly suggested, and who, by a triumph of Christian feeling, is hardly ever made fun of.

English politics, the Carlist agitation, and the strong refuge of the Catholic Church are the matters chosen to be welded. There is a description of an election, but the picture of the fight is blurred. The escape from Prim's soldiers is hardly more vivid. There is an enormous amount of undigested catholicity, including a long description of the *Bona Mors* ceremony, introduced apparently because Disraeli was once present, but whether he slept or scoffed or was reverential we do not learn. The *obiter dicta* on politics, on society, and human nature are all stimulating, all excellently expressed. The Catholic

attitude to life is ably and brilliantly expounded. These things are the reason for the book's being. The incidents are detached, tawdry in arrangement, never inevitable, hardly visualised. John Oliver Hobbes is always original, and her latest book demands that you should skip the story and feed on the comments and reflections.

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND'S "IDEAL LIFE."*

"Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit" might truly have formed a part of Henry Drummond's epitaph. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that he touched nothing which he did not vitalise. The most hackneyed themes become in his hands novelties and surprises. And this the present volume abundantly verifies. The subjects here treated have been handled a hundred times before, but new aspects disclose themselves in response to the original personality of Drummond. The great principles and main facts of the Christian religion seem not only more attractive, but more real and more reasonable while he speaks of them; and one recognises and owns the persuasiveness which characterised his speaking. Whether these addresses find the reception of his earlier books or not, they are likely to make a profounder and more enduring impression. Not argumentative, not elaborately illustrative, they are in the main simple and lucid statement of truth so presented as to find its own way to the mind and conscience. The memorial sketches are as brilliantly written as the reputation of their authors would lead us to expect, but we doubt whether Ian Maclaren was justified in saying that "in later years he [Drummond] lost all interest in *Natural Law*." In any case we must thank the editors for a volume of enduring value.

Marcus Dods.

* The Ideal Life—Unpublished Addresses. By Henry Drummond, F.R.S.E. With memorial sketches by W. Robertson Nicoll and Ian Maclaren. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.



AMONG THE LIBRARIES.

There was shown at the bronze foundry of Mr. John Williams in New York, early in January, the last of the bronze doors designed and cast for the main entrance to the Congressional Library at Washington. The designs for the three doors of the main entrance were planned to illustrate three ways of communicating knowledge, by Tradition, by Writing, and by Printing. The last to be completed was that typifying Writing, which was designed by Mr. Herbert Adams after the death of the sculptor, Mr. Olin L. Warner. The central figure of the arc or tympanum is a female form typifying Writing. Surrounding this central figure are figures representing the four nations whose writings have most influenced civilisation, the Egyptian and Hebrew on the right with the Greek and Christian on the left. The panels on either side represent Research and Truth, accompanied by symbolical and decorative figures.

At the same time and place there was exhibited the Mapes Memorial Gateway for Columbia University, which is to be erected as an entrance to the university grounds on the Boulevard side.

A recent issue of the *Alumni Princetonian* gives an extended account, with views, of the new Princeton Library, which is substantially completed and has been already occupied. Its style is the English Collegiate of the later fifteenth century, and its inspiration is drawn from the English university buildings. The building is in the form of a hollow quadrangle about one hundred and sixty (160) feet square, two and one half (2½) stories high in the seminar-rooms and five (5) stories high in the stack-rooms, connecting with the old library building, known as the Chancellor Green Library, by a wing. The inner court is seventy-five (75) feet square. The stack-rooms have an estimated capacity, when fully utilised, of twelve hundred and fifty thousand (1,250,000) volumes beside reading-rooms and rooms for administration. Fifteen (15) seminar-rooms have been provided for the building. The architect of this building is Mr. William A. Potter, and the builders, Norcross Brothers, who built Columbia University Library. Much of the planning of the building has been done under the direction of Mr. M. Taylor Pyne, representing the donors, in consultation with Mr. Junius S. Morgan and the librarian, Dr. E. C. Richardson. The moving of books into the new library was begun on October 28th and completed within a week. The Princeton Library contains over a hundred thousand volumes, and has received within the past year or two some important gifts, and acquired influential and wealthy friends, from whom much is expected in the future.

New Jersey has also another important new library building in prospect. The plans for the Free Public Library in Newark, N. J., Rankin & Kellogg, architects, have been published in a neat pamphlet. This building is architecturally in the Italian renaissance style, and is to be constructed in light buff brick, with the basement story of light-coloured granite and trimmings of limestone. The stack capacity

of the library is to be about four hundred thousand volumes. Provision has been made in the planning for every conceivable convenience for a public library, including children's room, newspaper reading-room, public bicycle check-room, staff bicycle-room, staff sitting-room, and staff lunch-room.

The December meeting of the Massachusetts Library Club, which was held in Boston on December 16th, was devoted in large part to a memorial of the late Justin Winsor, librarian of Harvard University. Mr. Winsor's death removes one of the most successful and distinguished recent librarians. The Boston Public Library, over which Mr. Winsor presided for nine years, was the place where his most important work was done. During his librarianship it won the reputation which it has not yet in any degree lost as the first and most important of American public libraries. The Harvard Library was, at Mr. Winsor's accession, too large and well established to be essentially modified by his activity. In the greatly increased use which has been made of university and college libraries during the past fifteen years, the Harvard Library has been among the leaders, and in this direction Mr. Winsor's influence has been most largely felt. His work as a historian and literary man has been scarcely surpassed by that of any author in this country, and forms in itself a magnificent record. The lofty ideals which he largely realised in the leading public library and the most important university library in the country will shape the future of both these institutions.

All librarians were gratified by the news that on January 12th Mr. William C. Lane, for several years past librarian of the Boston Athenæum, was appointed librarian of Harvard College to succeed Mr. Winsor. Mr. Lane's long experience in Harvard Library made him the natural successor to the librarianship, and his experience and standing as a librarian justify the satisfaction with which his selection for that important and honourable post has been received.

The Wisconsin State Historical Society reports for the past year an addition of 8695 titles, and has a present strength of 192,000 volumes. Its new building, still under way, will not be completed for some time to come.

A recent appointment to the staff of the Congressional Library is that of Mr. Herbert Friedenwald, who has been made superintendent of the Manuscript Department. Mr. Friedenwald read an interesting paper on "The Care and Preservation of Manuscripts" at the last meeting of the American Library Association at Philadelphia. The manuscripts in the Congressional Library have never received much attention, and have practically to be arranged and indexed or calendared. The most important body of these manuscripts consists of the collection, made by Peter Force, of documents relating to the period of the Revolution, including orderly books, weather official records, and many private letters and diaries.

A movement is on foot in Washington to consolidate in the Congressional Library in the

Manuscript Department the historical manuscripts in the departments, and especially those in the State Department. This course would seem to commend itself to scholars in the interests of economy, convenience, and use.

The first report of the present librarian of Congress, Mr. John Russell Young, has just been issued. It gives an interesting view of the strength and the weakness of the national library, and shows, both by what it says and by what it omits, how thoroughly almost everything remains to be done to make the library what it should be.

The announcement is made that a course of study in library science has been organised in connection with the Columbian University in Washington with Dr. A. R. Spofford, formerly librarian of Congress, as head professor. The full course leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science requires four years for its completion, while special students on two years' work will be granted certificates.

The great *Katalog der Bibliothek der Königl. Kunstgewerbeschule zu Dresden* has at last been completed by the publication of vols. IV. Bildhauerei; VI. Arbeiten in Thon, Glas, Elfenbein; XI. Hülfswissenschaften (History of Politics, Culture, Literature, Mythology, Costume and Armour); XII. Geschichte und Theorie von Kunst und Gewerbe; XIII. Bildungswesen für Kunst und Gewerbe. A special separate *Alphabetisches Sach-Verzeichniss und Katalog-Einleitung* has also been published to serve as a handbook and guide to the large catalogue. Besides this catalogue of the library divided into subjects, it is proposed to issue a general catalogue of all the volumes under one alphabet.

The wonderful collection of papyrus which Messrs. B. Grenfell and A. Hunt brought to light in Oxyrhyncos, and have brought to Oxford, fills some two hundred and eighty chests, and only about one-tenth have so far been examined. It is estimated that there are several thousand complete writings there, and probably a million fragments. Of those examined, the majority are naturally notices and documents, yet the number of literary fragments is, in comparison with other finds, very large. The greater part of these are works which are extant now in perfect condition, and these do not show any especial new readings. To be mentioned are manuscripts of Homer, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Thucydides, Socrates, Plato, Demosthenes. The most important, however, are the remains of lost pieces; five strophes from Alcman, two fragments of two comedies, poorly preserved; finally, perhaps, most important, fragments from Aristoxenos. What will be found in the remaining nine-tenths is a matter of conjecture.

A recent report of the Conservateur of the Royal Library in Brussels, M. Ed. Fétis, shows that for the two years included, something over 60,000 volumes were used annually by about 32,000 readers, while some 2000 volumes were loaned from the library. The annual additions to the library for the two years were 3099 and 4014 volumes respectively.

A new society of bibliophiles, "La Société des XX," has just been started at Paris. Among the twenty members are Mmes. Juliette Adam and Armande Caillavet, M. le Prince

Roland Bonaparte, Mm. Léon Bourgeois, Pierre Dauze, and Georges Hugo. The *Revue des Arts Graphiques* informs us that the purpose of this society is to have printed on special large paper, Whatman, vellum or Japan, twenty copies for the members of books chosen from those having an interest from their curiosity, originality, or intellectual power. An article of their constitution excludes from the society all subscribers or booksellers.

The last number of the *Centralblatt für Bibliothekswesen* gives an interesting account of the first meeting of German librarians, which may be supposed to correspond to the meetings of the American Library Association. This was held in September, and was attended by fifty-one members under the presidency of Dr. Schnorr von Carolsfeld, Director of the Royal Library at Dresden.

Among the papers read and discussed was one on "German Bookbinding of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries;" another on "Modern Attempts at a General Catalogue," by Dr. Dziatzko, Director of the University Library in Göttingen; a third paper was on the "Bibliography of the Reformation;" a fourth on "Forms and Sizes of Books;" a fifth on "Library Museums;" others were on "Photography in the Service of Bibliography," and on the "German Library Movement." It will be seen that the topics discussed were in the main of technical or practical interest for modern library work, and assumed by no means an antiquarian or merely learned character. This meeting was held as a section of the Organisation of German Philologists and Teachers, in which form it is likely to continue.

The first and trial volume of the long-expected general catalogue of the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris is about to appear. A long extract from the very extensive prefaces by the Director of the Library, M. L. Delisle, has been published, in which he gives most interesting accounts of the progress and character of the catalogue of that library. This published catalogue will contain from one and one half to two million entries, and is to be divided into three great sections, under each of which an alphabetical order will be preserved. The first series will contain works the authors of which are known. The second series includes books issued anonymously, together with many official or semi-official publications. The third division is to contain collections, periodicals, most official publications, and various other special classes of works, which it is thought can be better provided for here than in the other divisions.

The Bibliothèque Nationale is so much the largest library in Paris, that ordinarily the others are taken into but small account by strangers. In connection with the publication of the catalogue, M. Delisle discourses on the possibility and desirability of including in his catalogue books contained in other Parisian libraries, and not found on the shelves of the Bibliothèque Nationale. He comes to the conclusion, after investigation, that the Bibliothèque Nationale contains only about seventy per cent of the individual books, copies of which may be found in Paris, and that at least thirty per cent of titles would be added by incorporating the contents of the other public libraries. It will thus be seen how far from complete even in its

own domain the world's greatest library really is.

An interesting statement showing how recent all rapid library growth has been, in Europe as well as in America, is the announcement concerning the condition of the collections on French history at a period ending in 1879 compared with that of 1897. There was issued from the Bibliothèque Nationale during the years from 1855 to 1879, in eleven quarto volumes, a catalogue of the works in the library on the history of France. This catalogue contained 161,763 entries. The same topics in the library at present contain 279,408 entries, or an addition for a period of less than twenty years of over seventy per cent, as compared with the whole previous history of the library.

The actual publication of the proposed catalogue is, after all, problematical, and depends entirely on the willingness of the government to grant the necessary funds. The importance of this undertaking to all scholars and scholarly

libraries everywhere cannot be estimated. The example of the *British Museum Catalogue* will, it is to be hoped, not let the Frenchmen rest until they have accomplished something equally important.

In this connection it seems proper to call attention to another French bibliographical enterprise of the greatest interest to all scholars. This is the issue of the first volume of a *Catalogue Général des Incunables des Bibliothèques Publiques de France*, by Mlle. Pellechet, which has been published by Picard. This volume goes to the article "Biblia," and contains 2385 entries. Libraries will have to put this work by the side of their Hein and Pantzer.

It may be worth while to note, for those who have the impression that only in this country have women anything to do with libraries and bibliography, that the compiler of this immense work is a woman.

George H. Baker.

THE BOOK MART.

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, February 1, 1898.

Trade during the past month has settled down to what may be termed a normal condition, and may be expected to continue so for the next three or four months. Business, on the whole, can be classed but fair when everything is taken into consideration. Text-books have entered to some extent into the sales of the month, and library trade has shown an increased activity, as was to be expected in view of the appropriations received at this season of the year by some of the libraries. A sharp competition exists in this department of the business, and many of the orders have to be bid for before they can be secured.

The publications of the month have been exceptionally light, the publishers having crowded everything possible into the autumn output for the holiday season. Comparatively few books of importance are among the recent issues. *The Intruder*, by D'Annunzio, is likely to be the most popular in point of sale. That publishers are not inactive is evinced, however, by the announcements of new books for the near future. They are both numerous and of works by well-known authors of the day, including *Shrewsbury*, by Stanley J. Weyman; *Simon Dale*, by Anthony Hope; *A Desert Drama*, by A. Conan Doyle, and *Paris*, by Émile Zola. *Four-Footed Animals*, by Mabel Osgood Wright, and *Birds of Village and Field*, by Florence A. Merriam, are among the announced out-door literature for the coming spring season.

The mainstay of the sales have been the popular volumes of fiction, and, as will be seen by a glance at the accompanying list of best selling books, still include the now familiar titles of several months past. To these may be added a continued demand for *Farthest North*,

by Nansen, and *Alfred, Lord Tennyson*, by his son.

With the close of the holiday trade the demand for sets, juveniles, the popular editions of sixteenmos and twelvemos and illustrated editions largely ceases. The continued sale of the Gibson and Remington drawings is, however, an exception to this rule.

Religious works are always salable at this time of year, and at present *The Story of Jesus Christ*, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, continues in good demand. *The Ideal Life*, by Professor Henry Drummond, has proved popular, and *In His Steps*, by Charles M. Sheldon, and the volumes in the *Modern Reader's Bible* are selling readily.

In miscellaneous subjects, *Audubon and His Journals*, by M. R. Audubon, has been especially well received; also the sales of *The Old Santa Fe Trail*, by Colonel Henry Inman, and *Picturesque Sicily*, by William Agnew Paton, continue to be numerous. With the expected rush to the Klondike, it is likely that books on Alaska will again be much called for. *Alaska; Its Neglected Past and Brilliant Future*, by Bushrod Washington James, a recent publication, is already selling rapidly.

The outlook for the coming months is satisfactory, though just at present many of the dealers are taking account of stock and postponing orders, which will be given later.

The following is a list of the best selling books for the month in the order of their popularity:

Quo Vadis. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen. \$1.50.

Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell. 2 vols. \$2.00.

In His Steps. By Charles M. Sheldon. Paper, 25 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

- The Honourable Peter Stirling. By P. L. Ford. \$1.50.
 The Christian. By Hall Caine. \$1.50.
 The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cents.
 The Story of an Untold Love. By P. L. Ford. \$1.25.
 Captains Courageous. By Rudyard Kipling. \$1.50.
 The Story of Jesus Christ. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. \$2.00.
 Soldiers of Fortune. By Richard Harding Davis. \$1.50.
 Corleone. By F. Marion Crawford. 2 vols. \$2.00.
 In Kedar's Tents. By Henry Seton Merri- man. \$1.25.
 His Grace of Osmonde. By Frances H. Bur- nett. \$1.50.
 Dariel. By R. D. Blackmore. \$1.75.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, February 1, 1898.

The new year has opened favourably, busi- ness having been, as a whole, quite satisfactory during the month which has just closed. Li- brary trade was especially good, even for Jan- uary, which is always an excellent month for this class of business. Country orders were fairly numerous, and called for, in most cases, a good class of books.

New publications did not help trade much, for they were very scarce last month, and noth- ing of any note appeared. A duller January in this respect has rarely been experienced. It usually happens that a few notable books get belated, and have to be postponed from Novem- ber or December until just after the new year, but in the season just ended nearly everything that was originally announced actually ap- peared.

Paul Leicester Ford's *Story of an Untold Love* is having quite a successful run, and, like the author's famous *Honourable Peter Stir- ling*, it is selling even better now than when it was first published.

The outlook for spring business is at present bright and reassuring, and if the new books which are being prepared for publication during the first half of the year are equal in merit to last year's productions, a substantial increase of business over last year is not unlikely to be the result.

A peculiar effect of adverse criticism upon the sale of books may have been noticed lately in the case of *The Christian* and *The Beth Book*. With the first-named the uncomplimen- tary notices it received certainly served to stimulate the demand more than the good ones, but with the other book the press notices seemed to operate quite the other way, and very few of the sales could be traced to the influence of a review.

Historical and romantic fiction is still selling remarkably well. *Quo Vadis* is being bought largely all over the country, and *Hugh Wynne* is being recommended by every one who reads it, which is about the best advertisement a book can have. *Soldiers of Fortune* is still attracting the class of readers who admire a dashing story, and M. Imlay Taylor's new

book, *An Imperial Lover*, is illustrating anew by its popularity the truth of the old adage that all the world loves a lover. Of the older favour- ites which first heralded this movement, *The Prisoner of Zenda* is still one of the best-sell- ing books of the day, and so, in a lesser degree, is *A Gentleman of France* and *Under the Red Robe*.

Books on mining and allied subjects are now meeting with an increasing call, and the spring demand for these is likely to be a large one. The sale of technical books of all kinds is al- ways best during the opening spring months, and there is every probability that the sale of these will be more than usually active this year.

Works on photography are quite frequently asked for nowadays, and for the best of them the sale is growing rapidly.

Quo Vadis still leads the van, with *The Choir Invisible* a good second. Following these, *The Christian*, *Hugh Wynne*, *The Honourable Peter Stirling* and *Soldiers of Fortune* sold extremely well, considering the great success they had through the Christmas season. Books of travel and biography were also well rep- resented in the month's sales, especially such works as *A World Pilgrimage*, by Rev. Dr. J. H. Barrows; *The Old Santa Fe Trail*, by Colonel Inman; *Farthest North*, by Nansen; Justin McCarthy's *Life of Gladstone*, and Tennyson's *Memoir*, by his son.

The following books led the demand last month in point of sale:

- Quo Vadis*. By H. Sienkiewicz. \$1.00 and \$2.00.
The Choir Invisible. By J. L. Allen. \$1.50.
The Christian. By Hall Caine. \$1.50.
Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell. 2 vols. \$2.00.
Honourable Peter Stirling. By Paul Leices- ter Ford. \$1.50.
A World Pilgrimage. By Rev. Dr. J. H. Barrows. \$2.00.
The Story of an Untold Love. By Paul Lei- ceister Ford. \$1.25.
An Imperial Lover. By M. Imlay Taylor. \$1.25.
Soldiers of Fortune. By R. H. Davis. \$1.50.
Captains Courageous. By Rudyard Kipling. \$1.50.
St. Ives. By R. L. Stevenson. \$1.50.
The Story of Jesus Christ. By Mrs. Phelps Ward. \$2.00.
Equality. By Edward Bellamy. \$1.25.
In Kedar's Tents. By H. S. Merriman. \$1.25.
His Grace of Osmonde. By Mrs. F. H. Bur- nett. \$1.50.
The Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Thom- son J. Hudson. \$1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, December 20, 1897,
 to January 22, 1898.

If ever a book was a popular present it was the case during the last Christmas season. The press of business in the book trade during the week immediately preceding Christmas Day can only be understood by those upon whom the work in connection with it falls. It is diffi-

cult to compare one year with another when working under great pressure, but the period in question is generally believed to have been one of the busiest ever experienced in the wholesale trade. There was the usual slight lull at the commencement of the new year, and now the school-book season is setting in with its customary briskness.

Business with foreign countries and British possessions is still good, and English literature appears to be as popular as ever all the world over. May it ever be so! A strong patriotic feeling must have taken hold of the public about Christmas time, for copies of Fitchett's *Deeds that Won the Empire* could not be procured in sufficient quantities to meet the demand. Several works of a similar nature were also selling very freely.

There has been of late more business doing in theological literature, Gore's *Epistle to the Ephesians* and Anderson's *Silence of God* being sold in large numbers.

A very noticeable feature in the Christmas trade was the great popularity of six-shilling illustrated books, such as *Highways and Byways of Devon*, *Nights with an Old Gunner*, *Undine*, and Rudyard Kipling's six-shilling books.

The death of "Lewis Carroll" has been followed by considerable inquiry for his charming books for children.

Six-shilling novels have abated nothing in favour with the reader. *The Christian* is the leading line, and with others that have been published for some months bid fair to occupy a permanent place in the literature of this country.

The issue of new books was continued till Christmas Eve. Many important works appeared too late for the season for which they were evidently intended. It has been suggested, in view of the enormous output of publications, that there should be a "close time" for books. Can any one suggest a plan by which this could be carried out? It is certainly a more serious matter for the wholesale trade than one might suppose.

Blackie's six-shilling books for boys were unrivalled in popularity. If the present generation of boys is not satisfied with them it must indeed be hard to please. These productions should be compared with a boy's book of forty or fifty years ago, say Vol. I. of Beeton's *Boy's Own Magazine*, which is before the writer of this article at this moment.

The appearance of *Peter the Great* and *The Little Minister* on the stage will account for the sale in good numbers of the books bearing these titles.

The first ten books named on the list appended were the leading lines of the Christmas week. With regard to the others it will be noticed that they comprise almost every class of publication, and are probably the best of their kind. It is needless to suggest why Prince Ranjitsinhji's work on cricket should be wanted at Christmas time.

Deeds that Won the Empire. By W. H. Fitchett. 6s.

Highways and Byways of Devon, etc. By A. H. Norway. 6s.

Blackie's 6s. Books for Boys.

Captains Courageous. By R. Kipling. 6s.

Miss Mouse. By Mrs. Molesworth. 4s. 6d.

Book of Verses for Children. Selected by E. Lucas. 6s.

Story of the Red Deer. By J. Fortescue. 4s. 6d.

Undine. 6s. (Macmillan.)

The Pink Fairy Book. By A. Lang. 6s.

Nights with an Old Gunner. By C. J. Cornish. 6s.

The Christian. By Hall Caine. 6s.

In Kedar's Tents. By H. S. Merriman. 6s.

The King with Two Faces. By M. E. Coleridge. 6s.

The Sign of the Cross. By W. Barrett. 6s.

The Beetle. By R. Marsh. 6s.

The Gadfly. By E. L. Voynich. 6s.

Jerome. By M. Wilkins. 6s.

Sunset. By B. Whitby. 6s.

The Little Minister. By J. M. Barrie. 6s.

At the Cross Roads. By F. F. Montresor. 6s.

Paul Mercer. By Adderley.

Lochinvar. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.

Kipling's 6s. Books.

Under the Dragon Throne. By L. T. Meade. 6s.

Many Cargoes. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d.

Private Life of Queen Victoria. 2s. 6d.

Modern English Literature. By E. Gosse. 6s.

St. Paul. By F. B. Meyer. 2s. 6d.

Hazell's Annual. 3s. 6d.

The Jubilee Book of Cricket. By Prince Ranjitsinhji. 6s.

Peter the Great. By R. Waliszewski. 6s.

Poems. By Stephen Phillips. 4s. 6d. net.

The Epistle to the Ephesians. By Canon Gore. 3s. 6d.

Lewis Carroll's Works.

Whitaker's Directory of Titled Persons. 2s. 6d.

Korea. By Mrs. Bishop (Miss Bird). 2 vols. 24s.

Tennyson's Life. 2 vols. 36s. net.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between January 1, 1898, and February 1, 1898.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)

2. Gondola Days. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

3. The Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

4. School for Saints. By Hobbes. \$1.50. (Stokes.)

5. Story of Jesus Christ. Phelps. \$2.00. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

6. Free to Serve. By Rayner. \$1.50. (Cope-land & Day.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. 25 cts. and \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)

2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)

3. *The Story of an Untold Love.* By Ford. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. *An Enemy to the King.* By Stephens. \$1.25. (Page & Co.)
5. *Hugh Wynne.* By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
6. *In Kedar's Tents.* By Merriman. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. *Quo Vadis.* By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00, \$2.00, \$6.00, and \$12.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. *The Choir Invisible.* By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. *In Kedar's Tents.* By Merriman. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. *Interpretations of Life and Religion.* By W. W. Battershall. \$1.50. (Barnes.)
5. *Captains Courageous.* By Kipling. \$1.50. (Century Co.)
6. *Gondola Days.* By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

ATLANTA, GA.

1. *Quo Vadis.* By Sienkiewicz. 25 cts. and \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. *The Choir Invisible.* By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. *The Christian.* By Caine. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
4. *Story of an Untold Love.* By Ford. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. *Hugh Wynne.* By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
6. *Lochinvar.* By Crockett. \$1.50. (Harper.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. *The Story of an Untold Love.* By Ford. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. *With Edged Tools.* By Merriman. \$1.25. (Harper.)
3. *The Gadfly.* By Voynich. \$1.25. (Henry Holt & Co.)
4. *Quo Vadis.* By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. *The Deluge.* By Sienkiewicz. \$4.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
6. *In Kedar's Tents.* By Merriman. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. *Quo Vadis.* By Sienkiewicz. \$6.00, \$2.00, \$1.00, 25 cts. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. *Hugh Wynne.* By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
3. *Free to Serve.* By Rayner. \$1.50. (Copeland & Day.)
4. *Harvard Episodes.* By Flandrau. \$1.25. (Copeland & Day.)
5. *Mademoiselle de Berny.* By Mackie. \$1.50. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
6. *Vivian of Virginia.* By Fuller. \$.75. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. *Quo Vadis.* By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. *Hugh Wynne.* By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)

3. *The Choir Invisible.* By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. *Free to Serve.* By Rayner. \$1.50. (Copeland & Day.)
5. *In Kedar's Tents.* By Merriman. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. *The Story of Jesus Christ.* By Phelps. \$2.00. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. *Hugh Wynne.* By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
2. *By Right of Sword.* By Marchmont. \$1.25. (New Amsterdam.)
3. *Quo Vadis.* By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. *The Beth Book.* By Grand. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
5. *Corleone.* By Crawford. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
6. *Two Captains.* By Russell. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. *Quo Vadis.* By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. *The Choir Invisible.* By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. *A World Pilgrimage.* By Barrows. \$2.00. (McClurg & Co.)
4. *The Christian.* By Caine. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
5. *Hugh Wynne.* By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
6. *An Imperial Lover.* By Taylor. \$1.25. (McClurg & Co.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. *Quo Vadis.* By Sienkiewicz. 25 cts., \$1.00, \$2.00, and \$6.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. *Story of an Untold Love.* By Ford. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. *The Choir Invisible.* By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. *The Kentuckians.* By Fox, Jr. \$1.25. (Harper.)
5. *The Squirrel Hunters of Ohio.* By N. E. Jones, M.D. \$1.50. (The Robert Clark Co.)
6. *Hugh Wynne.* By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)

CLEVELAND, O.

1. *Quo Vadis.* By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. *Hugh Wynne.* By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
3. *A Singular Life.* By Phelps. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. *The Choir Invisible.* By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. *The Christian.* By Caine. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
6. *Story of an Untold Love.* By Ford. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

DENVER, COL.

1. *Quo Vadis.* By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. *The Christian.* By Caine. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
3. *The Prisoner of Zenda.* By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)

4. *The Choir Invisible.* By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. *In His Steps.* By Sheldon. Paper, 25 cts.; cloth, 75 cts. (Advance.)
6. *Equality.* By Bellamy. \$1.25. (Appleton.)

DETROIT, MICH.

1. *Quo Vadis.* By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. *Hugh Wynne.* By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
3. *The Gadfly.* By Voynich. \$1.50. (Holt.)
4. *The Story of an Untold Love.* By Ford. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. *Captains Courageous.* By Kipling. \$1.50. (Century Co.)
6. *Corleone.* By Crawford. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. *Quo Vadis.* By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. *Hugh Wynne.* By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
3. *The Choir Invisible.* By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. *His Grace of Osmonde.* By Burnett. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
5. *Chimes from a Jester's Bells.* By Burdette. \$1.25. (Bowen-Merrill Co.)
6. *Dariel.* By Blackmore. \$1.75. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. *Quo Vadis.* By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. *The Choir Invisible.* By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. *Captains Courageous.* By Kipling. \$1.50. (Century Co.)
4. *Lullaby Land.* By Field. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
5. *Story of an Untold Love.* By Ford. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. *Hugh Wynne.* By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. *Quo Vadis.* By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00, \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. *Hugh Wynne.* By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
3. *In Kedar's Tents.* By Merriman. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. *Captains Courageous.* By Kipling. \$1.50. (Century Co.)
5. *The Christian.* By Caine. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
6. *Corleone.* By Crawford. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. *In Kedar's Tents.* By Merriman. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. *The Kentuckians.* By Fox. \$1.25. (Harper.)
3. *Quo Vadis.* By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. *Story of an Untold Love.* By Ford. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. *Hugh Wynne.* By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
6. *St. Ives.* By Stevenson. \$1.50. (Scribner.)

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. *The Habitant.* By Drummond. \$1.25. (Putnam.)
2. *Spanish John.* By McLennan. \$1.50. (The Copp-Clark Co.)
3. *The Beth Book.* By Grand. \$1.50. (Morang.)
4. *Quo Vadis.* By Sienkiewicz. \$1.50. (Morang.)
5. *Ideal Life.* By Drummond. \$1.25. (Revell.)
6. *Potter's Wheel.* By Watson. \$1.00. (Revell.)

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. *Quo Vadis.* By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. *Captains Courageous.* By Kipling. \$1.50. (Century Co.)
3. *Diana Victrix.* By Converse. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. *The Christian.* By Caine. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
5. *Dariel.* By Blackmore. \$1.75. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. *The Federal Judge.* By Lush. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. *Hugh Wynne.* By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
2. *Quo Vadis.* By Sienkiewicz. 55 cts. net. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. *Gondola Days.* By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. *Revolt of a Daughter.* By Kirk. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. *School for Saints.* By Hobbes. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
6. *Dariel.* By Blackmore. \$1.75. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. *Quo Vadis.* By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. *Hugh Wynne.* By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
3. *Captains Courageous.* By Kipling. \$1.50. (Century Co.)
4. *The Latimers.* By McCook. \$1.50. (Jacobs.)
5. *The Choir Invisible.* By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. *The Story of an Untold Love.* By Ford. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. *Alaska, the New Eldorado.* By Wells. 50 cts. (The J. K. Gill Co.)
2. *Quo Vadis.* By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. *The Choir Invisible.* By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. *The Christian.* By Caine. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
5. *Captains Courageous.* By Kipling. \$1.50. (Century Co.)
6. *Hugh Wynne.* By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century.)

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. *Quo Vadis.* By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. *Spanish John.* By McLennan. \$1.50. (Harper & Bros.)
3. *Lin McLean.* By Wister. \$1.50. (Harper & Bros.)

4. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
5. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. \$1.50. (Century Co.)
6. St. Ives. By Stevenson. \$1.50. (Scribner.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
3. Gondola Days. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Lochinvar. By Crockett. \$1.50. (Harper.)
5. Lorraine. By Chambers. \$1.25. (Harper.)
6. The Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. The Christian. By Caine. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
5. Pursuit of the House-Boat. Bangs. \$1.25. (Harper.)
6. A Kentucky Cardinal. By Allen. \$1.25. (Harper.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Wild Flowers of California. By Parsons and Buck. \$2.00. (Doxey.)
2. Idle Hours in a Library. By Hudson. \$1.25. (Doxey.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. \$1.50. (Century Co.)
5. The Lark. Books 1 and 2. \$3.00 each. (Doxey.)
6. St. Ives. By Stevenson. \$1.50. (Scribner.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
3. Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. The Christian. By Caine. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
5. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Year from a Reporter's Note-Book. By Davis. \$1.50. (Harper.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
3. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. \$1.50. (Century Co.)
4. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Year from a Reporter's Note-Book. By Davis. \$1.50. (Harper.)
6. The Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

TOLEDO, O.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. The Sowers. By Merriman. \$1.25. (Harper.)
4. With Edged Tools. By Merriman. \$1.25. (Harper.)
5. Under the Red Robe. By Weyman. \$1.25. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
6. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, \$1.25. (Longmans' Colonial Lib.)
2. Wayfaring Men. By Lyall. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, \$1.25. (Longmans' Colonial Lib.)
3. Miss Balmaine's Past. By Croker. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, \$1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)
4. The School for Saints. By Hobbes. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, \$1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)
5. Spanish John. By McLennan. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, \$1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)
6. The Great Stone of Sardis. By Stockton. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, \$1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. The Habitant. By Drummond. \$1.25. (Putnam.)
2. * The Choir Invisible. By Allen. 75 cts. and \$1.25. (Morang)
3. † The Final War. By Tracey. 75 cts. and \$1.25. (Bell & Sons.)
4. † Singer of Marly. By Hooper. 75 cts. and \$1.25. (Methuen.)
5. More Tramps Abroad. Mark Twain. \$2.00. (Chatto & Windus.)
6. * Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. 75 cts. and \$1.50. (Morang.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Corleone. By Crawford. 2 vols. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00 and \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Letters of E. B. Browning. Edited by Kenyon. 2 vols. \$4.00. (Macmillan.)
5. Old Virginia. By Fiske. 2 vols. \$4.00. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. School for Saints. By Hobbes. \$1.50. (Stokes.)

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in order of demand during the month are—

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz.
2. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell.
3. The Choir Invisible. By Allen.
4. The Story of an Untold Love. By Ford.
5. Captains Courageous. By Kipling.
6. The Christian. By Caine.

* Canadian copyright editions.

† Colonial Library.

THE BOOKMAN

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No. 2.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Editors of THE BOOKMAN cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts, whether stamps are enclosed or not; and to this rule no exception will be made.

Owing to lack of space, "The Bookman's Letter-Box" is unavoidably omitted in the present number of THE BOOKMAN, but will appear in the May issue as usual.



A new department called "The Book Hunter" begins in this number of THE BOOKMAN. It is our purpose to make this department one of interest and value, not only to collectors of first editions and rare books, but also to the uninitiated. It will be in the charge of a thoroughly competent and efficient bibliographer.



The announcement is made in London that Mr. George Moore has completed a new novel which will be published this spring. Its title, as was previously noted in these columns, is *Evelyn Innes*. Nothing is yet known of its plot or general character, but it is certain to be a very careful piece of work, as Mr. Moore has devoted to its production all his time since the appearance of *Celibates* three years ago. We understand that it will be published here by Messrs. D. Appleton and Company.



Professor Brander Matthews has completed a novel of New York life which the Harpers will publish serially in the *Bazar*, beginning in January next. The title is *A Confident To-morrow*, and was suggested by a phrase of Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who once described himself as "a man of cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows." Colonel Higginson used the first part of this phrase as a title for one of his own books, and presented the other half to Professor Matthews, who

has now made use of it. *Cheerful Yesterdays* will be published at once by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company. The chapters of this book as they appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* attracted a good deal of attention in England as well as in this country.



Benjamin Swift's new novel, *The Destroyer*, is now in the press. Mr. Richard Garnett and Mr. Zangwill are both of the opinion that it will place him where he belongs, among the foremost of our new writers. A friend who has read the last chapter says that in spite of the title of ill-omen the story ends happily. The closing scene takes place in the Cathedral at Milan, and the book is said to be as fine a piece of literature as has been written during recent years. Benjamin Swift left for Florence some weeks ago.



Ever since Mark Twain called attention to the unique beauties of the German language, those beauties have received a wide recognition even among persons who have no first-hand familiarity with the language. But Mark, unfortunately, confined himself chiefly to German inflection. If anyone wishes to study the possibilities of German in the line of syntax and style, he can discover many sources of pure delight almost every day in the columns of our influential contemporary, the *Staats Zeitung*. It is difficult to make a selection when so much richness is everywhere abounding; but we venture to cull out two particularly choice bits that have lately come to our notice, and of which the literal translation here given

will enable even the person who has no German to gain a good idea of the sinuosities of that language. The first relates to Mr. Gladstone's physical condition :

"As the *St. James Gazette* hears, will himself Gladstone presently to a surgical operation for the relief of the necrosis of the nasal bone, from which he according to the report of a specialist suffers, caused, almost unendurable pain submit."

The second has to do with the gruesome Guldensuppe murder :

"Still are the horrible details of the upon the German bathrubber Guldensuppe committed murder in fresh remembrance, with terror thinks one still to the trial back, in which itself a ghastly picture of human abandonment, before the eyes of the world unrolled, still live Thorn, the perpetrator, and Mrs. Nack, the instigator of one of the most shocking crimes, which the criminal history of our time to show has, and already again traverses the news of a mysterious, involuntarily of the discovery of the remains of the victim of the midwife, reminding corpse-find the city."

The continued vogue of *Quo Vadis* lends especial interest to an announcement just made by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. It will be remembered that the central figure of *Quo Vadis* is Petronius, an historical character, who combined the attributes of Beau Brummel, the Admirable Crichton, and the Duc de Lauzun, being at once a gallant soldier, an athlete, a brilliant writer, a refined voluptuary, a thoroughly accomplished man of the world, and an arbiter of fashion. *Quo Vadis* several times refers to a novel written by Petronius, and a good deal of curiosity has been expressed of late by readers of Sienkiewicz as to this book, which has hitherto remained practically untranslated into English, although an imperfect version of it was made by Kelly in 1854. This has long since been out of print. The novel itself, of which the whole has not been preserved, is the only surviving specimen of the realistic novel in antiquity, and it is an extremely curious piece of work in that it gives us what no other ancient book contains, a minute and faithful picture of the life of the lower classes at Rome and in the smaller towns of ancient Italy. Its pages are crammed with epigram and clever conversation, and the characters are presented with wonderful truth to life, including as they do every possible type of humanity—slaves, sharpers, literary

men, professional diners-out, men of the world, *nouveaux riches*, bustling matrons, dancing-girls, and courtesans—so that the story has for generations been a mine of information to the student of Roman life and manners.

The most important portion of the book, and the only one that forms a complete episode in itself, will presently be published, in an English version, by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. The translation will be made by Professor Harry Thurston Peck, and will be done with much idiomatic freedom, so as to bring out the remarkably realistic features of the original, with all its jokes, colloquialisms, and slang represented by suitable modern equivalents. Professor Peck will also write an introduction, giving an account of the strange history of the recovery of such portions of the book as now exist, and with a sketch of the ancient novel, that will point out some curious coincidences between the work of Petronius and the realistic and naturalistic fiction of the modern French school. A bibliography will also be included to guide the reader to such works as give the best account of the social conditions which Petronius so graphically depicts. The translation will be published under the title *Trimalchio's Dinner*. The book will be liberally supplied with fine illustrations, reproduced from ancient originals and authoritative restorations, and these will throw additional light upon the matters that are treated in the text.

The Robert Clarke Company, of Cincinnati, will publish shortly *The True History of the Missouri Compromise and its Repeal*, by Mrs. Archibald Dixon; *An Introduction to North American Archaeology*, by Professor Cyrus Thomas, and *The Philopollist, or City Lover*, by Charles Frederic Goss.

The Dictionary of Authors, by Charles Gidel and Frédéric Loliée, which has been in preparation for a long time past, has at last been issued by MM. Colin et Cie. The book is, on the whole, very satisfactory and complete, though it is spoiled by the absurd illustrations which in France usually disfigure such works. The notices of contemporary foreign writers are somewhat erratic, but it is

certainly pleasant to find that so many English writers of the present day are thought worthy of a place in such a book. Mr. Robert Buchanan ought to be particularly flattered, for there is quite an extended notice of his work, though no mention is made of George Macdonald, Thomas Hardy, or Rudyard Kipling.



The title of Mr. Paul Laurence Dunbar's volume of short stories will be *Folks from Dixie*. Mr. Dunbar's *Lyrics of Lowly Life* is now in its sixth thousand.



The title of Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's new novel, *American Wives and English Husbands* (which has been changed for the third time), might reasonably lead one to expect a disquisition on the general theory of international marriages. Interesting as this topic must ever be so long as an American fortune of sufficient magnitude is considered a fair equivalent for a foreign title, the clever novelist has used it merely as a foundation upon which to build one of the most interesting romances that has yet come from her pen. It goes without saying that the heroine is an American, and that she marries an English nobleman, but she is by no means a great heiress. The marriage is one of love, and the result of a friendship formed in childhood. In this story Mrs. Atherton depicts a well-defined and easily recognised type of warm-hearted, loyal, impulsive, unconventional womanhood, but withal high-bred, and possessing the faculty of readily adapting herself to new conditions and environment. Mrs. Atherton has given her subject careful and sympathetic treatment, and the English and American points of view are set forth with impartial fairness. Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company will publish the book this month.



The note of congratulation addressed to Mr. George Meredith on his seventieth birthday was written by Mr. Leslie Stephen, but it is understood that the arrangements for signature were mainly left to Mr. Edmund Gosse. There has naturally been some complaint as to the choice of signatories. A correspondent in the London *Daily Chronicle* complained

reasonably enough because Mr. Meredith's staunch advocate in the press, Mr. W. E. Henley, was left out. The *Chronicle* itself complains of the omission of Mr. Edward Clodd's name. Mr. Clodd has long been one of Mr. Meredith's most intimate and nearest friends. The name of Mr. William M. Rossetti should also have been on the list of signatures. Mr. Rossetti was really the first to recognise Mr. Meredith's genius. It was he who in the *Critic* (London), so long ago as 1851, called attention to that "very charming, rhythmical, and melodious poem, 'Love in a Valley.'" But if some names were omitted that might have found a place among old friends and supporters of Mr. Meredith, it is to be remembered that no blame attaches to any one, as Mr. Meredith's admirers are legion.



Mr. Meredith is as bright as ever in his conversation. It is known that for purely private reasons Mr. Theodore Watts, the eminent critic and poet, lately added Dunton to his name, becoming Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton. This excited some speculation, and Mr. Meredith's solution of the mystery was that as Mr. Watts was about to publish a book of poems, he was afraid that he might be confounded by posterity with good old Dr. Isaac Watts.



The many admirers of Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton will be glad to know that he has definitely decided to publish his novel, *Aylwin*, which has been in type for more than twenty years. As the novel deals largely with gipsy life, of which Mr. Watts-Dunton has unique knowledge, the book will be looked for with exceptional interest.



We understand that the Messrs. Harmsworth, in London, are considering a scheme which, if carried out, will mean a revolution in magazines. They think of fixing the price of their new periodical, the *London Magazine*, at threepence, the contents in quality and quantity to be equal to the *Strand*, *Pearson's*, the *Windsor*, etc. It is thought that half a million may be sold.



The title of the new novel upon which Sir Walter Besant is at present engaged

lity, though I had been wiser to have come to your fair English pastures and flowering meadows, rather than to these moorlands, for they make me feel too painfully the splendour, not to be in any wise resembled or replaced, of those mighty scenes, which I can reach no more—at least for a time. I am thinking, however, of a tour among our English abbeys—a feature which our country possesses of peculiar loveliness. As for our mountains or lakes, it is in vain that they are defended for their finish or their prettiness. The people who admire them after Switzerland do not understand Switzerland—even Wordsworth does not. Our mountains are mere bogs and lumps of spongy moorland, and our lakes are little swampy fishponds. It is curious I can take more pleasure in the chalk downs of Sussex, which pretend to nothing, than in these would-be hills, and I believe I shall have more pleasure in your pretty lowland scenery and richly-painted gardens than in all the pseudo sublime of the barren highland, except Killiecrankie. I went and knelt beside the stone that marks the spot of Claver's deathwound, and prayed for more such spirits—we need them now.

My wife begs me to return her sincere thanks for your kind message, and to express to you the delight with which she looks forward to being presented to you—remembering what I told her among some of my first pleadings with her that, whatever faults she might discover in her husband, he could at least promise her friends, whom she would have every cause to love and to honour. She needs them, but I think also deserves them.

Ever, my dear Miss Mitford, believe me,
Faithfully and affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

P. S.—I ought to tell you that we have sent cards to *no one*, or most certainly this formality would not have been omitted with Miss Mitford.

Mr. W. L. Alden, in his London Letter to the *New York Times Saturday Review* of March 5th, writes enthusiastically of Mr. Neil Munro's *John Splendid*, which is running serially in THE BOOKMAN. "There is a new man," he says. "He is a Scotchman, and yet he does not write of 'meenisters' nor chronicle the small beer—or should one say whiskey?—of the kail-yard. His name is Neil Munro, and, unless I am greatly mistaken, he has a future before him." Mr. Alden goes on to say that we have the measure of every writer now before the public, "with, of course, the exception of Mr. Kipling, who may at any time astonish us with a new success in a field totally different from any that he has yet cultivated." George Meredith, George Moore, Thomas Hardy—not one of these may be said to be a man of promise; they are men of performance. Their

work has revealed their full capabilities; they may write great books, but they will write nothing that will increase our estimate of them. "But here comes Mr. Munro, with a romance of the days of Montrose, and he at once fills us with curiosity and hope. If the first chapters of his serial *John Splendid* maintain their promise, we have at last a Scotch romance-writer who is worthy of the land of Sir Walter Scott and Robert Louis Stevenson. I am not often enthusiastic, but Mr. Munro's story came to me as a surprise, and the sharpness of the contrast between its breezy atmosphere and its manly vigour and the sentimental rubbish of the average kail-yard novel filled me with admiration. Of course, Mr. Munro, who, I believe, is a Scotch Highlander, may prove a disappointment, but if he does not prove to be the legitimate successor of Stevenson, I shall be surprised as well as disappointed."

The Fight for the Crown, just published by the Harpers, is a title that boys and all spirited persons will open their purses for. Let them be warned. The most frivolous reader will find a blue-book entrancing by comparison. Mr. Norris's part in such a dreary performance is perfectly inexplicable. It is a conscientious and respectable book, of course, but from him one expects something better than that.

Mr. W. E. Norris is a novelist whose works have given a great deal of pleasure in their day, and after visiting him in his home one can better understand the secret of their charm. The healthy, open-air life which he leads within sound and sight of the sea is felt through all his writing. From his study window he looks out on one of the most beautiful scenes in England. Mr. Norris occupies one of the most charming houses in Torquay, and has for near literary neighbours Mr. Quiller-Couch, at Fowey, and Mr. Baring-Gould, at Lew Trenchard. In Torquay, as Mr. Norris reminded his visitor, one may live two different lives. There is the life of the town, and the life of the hills where it is always fresh and pleasant. Mr. Norris does not think he could stay the whole year round in Torquay, and finds his best holiday in an occasional visit to

Paris. He likes French literature and French people, and enjoys the thorough change from English provincial life. No books that deal with the county of Devon, he says, give a truer picture than those of Charles Kingsley and R. D. Blackmore, and Mr. Norris's opinion ought to be worth something, as he is a Devonshire man himself. Mr. Norris began his literary career about twenty-four years ago by writing for the *Cornhill*. Mr. Leslie Stephen was the editor at that time, and encouraged him to go on writing; then the short stories, which appeared in the magazine, were afterward published by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Company. He writes on an average one novel a year, and employs a secretary to copy out his manuscripts, but does not dictate his work. "If I were beginning again," he remarked, "I think I should use the typewriter."

By the way, we wonder why Mr. Norris has never laid the scene of one of his novels in Brixham, one of the most curious of the quaint little towns of Devon, which lies on the other side of the bay, opposite Mr. Norris's home. Nobody is better acquainted with the charms of that Old World harbour, from which, year after year, he has watched the brown-sailed trawlers creeping out and in. Brixham, with its narrow, winding streets, its noisy quay, its high, irregular terraces, its queer statue of King William III., turning a fierce and truculent face to the town, and, strangest of all, its cavern full of primeval relics, must inspire every novelist who visits it. Let us hope that Mr. Norris may yet make the shores of Torbay a "delectable duchy" of his own.

Mr. Henry James, the novelist, has purchased a house in the picturesque English town of Rye, where he intends to spend the rest of his days.

Before the end of the month Messrs. Copeland and Day will publish *Songs*



W. E. NORRIS.

from the Ghetto in the original Yiddish (in German transcription) of the tailor-poet Morris Rosenfeld, with an English prose translation by Professor Leo Wiener, of Harvard University. In half a century Yiddish poetry has evolved in Russia from the simple popular songs of Michael Gordon to the elaborate verses of the Russian poet, Frug, which are of sufficient intrinsic value to deserve a wider circulation. But it has been left to the New York Ghetto to set the crown on this humble literature. In the mother-country the Muse is distinctively Jewish, and the ram's horn which is blown on the awful Atonement-day is the instrument she plays upon; in New York, the poet's long, sad experience in the sweatshop has widened his repertoire, so as to include songs of labour. He has overcome the difficulty of creating his own literary norm for the otherwise

uncouth dialect in which German, Hebrew, and Russian elements jostle each other, and he sings with remarkable sweetness and perfect technique. He strikes powerful tones on the keyboard of human sympathies, now speaking in a voice of thunder, now mingling his tears with the tears of the submerged, of whom he sings. We are permitted to quote a short poem from the forthcoming book.

WUHING?

ZU A MAEDEL.

Wuhin, wuhin, du schoenes Kind?
Die Welt is noch nit offen!
O seh', wie still dā is arim:
Var Tag—die Gassen stehen stumm—
Wuhin, wuhin asō geschwind?
Jetzt is doch gut zu schlāfen!
Die Blumen träumen doch noch,—sehest?
Es schweigt noch jedes Vogelneest.
Wuhin fort treibt es dich azünd,
Wu läufst du, säg', beginnen?
"Ich geh' verdienen."

Wuhin, wuhin, du schoenes Kind?
So spät bei Nacht spazieren?
Allein durch Finsterniss un Kält'!
Un Alles ruht, es schweigt die Welt,—
Wuhin fort trägt es dich der Wind?
Du west doch noch verirren! . . .
Kaum hāt der Tag dir nit gelacht,
Was känn dir helfen denn die Nacht?
Sie is doch stumm un taub un blind,—
Wuhin mit leichten Sinnen?
"Ich geh' verdienen."

WHITHER?

TO A GIRL.

Whither, whither, pretty child? The world is not yet open! Oh, see, how quiet all is about us; 'tis before daybreak, the streets are mute—whither, whither with quick step? 'Tis good to sleep now: you see—the flowers are still a-dreaming; every bird's nest is still silent—whither, then, are you carried now, and what to do? "To earn a living."

Whither, whither, you pretty child? So late at night a-walking? Alone through darkness and cold! And all is at rest, the world is silent—whither, then, does the wind carry you? You will yet lose your way! . . . Scarcely has day smiled on you, how can the night, pray, help you? For it is mute and deaf and blind—whither, with easy mind? "To earn a living."

Messrs. Copeland and Day announce the fifth thousand of *Free to Serve*, by E. Rayner. *Free to Serve* is a first book, and was published just before Christmas.

Mr. Clement Shorter's *Victorian Literature*, which was published recently by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, has gone into a second edition in

England. It is acknowledged on all hands to be one of the best compendiums we have had of the literature of the Victorian era.

Mr. Henry Seton Merriman has recently written a short story for publication in the next Christmas number of the *Queen*.

The Little White Hood is the title of a novel upon which Mrs. Coulson Kernalan is now at work. It may be expected not very long after the issue of her new book, *Trevelnant of Guy's*, which is to be the first publication of Mr. John Long, a new accession to the publishing craft in London.

Mr. Walter Raymond has finished his new novel, which he calls *The Men of Mendip*. It will run through *Longman's Magazine* this summer, and be published by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company in the autumn. It is a modern story, and, perhaps, the most graceful and finished book which this promising writer has yet given us.

An error into which many readers fall, and which the reviewer of *Varia*, Miss Repplier's latest book of essays, did not escape in the February *BOOKMAN*, is that the author of the charming essays, which have continued for some years to attract by their wit and style, is a dweller in New England and of Puritan stock. Nothing could be further from the mark. She has always lived in the Quaker City, her parents were of French extraction, which probably accounts for her vein of vivacity, and she is an adherent of the Roman Catholic faith, in which she was reared. Miss Repplier, far from being a young prodigy, persisted in refusing to learn to read, and at the age of nine presented a case of hopeless illiteracy to a friend of the household, who pronounced her "plainly deficient," and gave her education up in despair. But at eleven Miss Agnes thought better of it, was sent to a convent school, and remained there three years. Perhaps because of the memories of her own childhood, one of her most pleasant characteristics is her sympathetic interest in children, and she is an advocate, born of her own experience, of growth

by unconscious assimilation. She began very early to write sketches, essays, stories, poems, which found their way into the newspapers and into the *Catholic World*. Then followed her introduction to the *Atlantic Monthly*, which has printed some of her finest essays, and their subsequent publication in delightful little volumes by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company. She does most of her writing in the morning, and only when she is able to work with pleasure, imperfect sight forbidding long hours of labour. For some years past Miss Repplier has lived partly in Europe. The photograph from which the accompanying portrait is taken was recently made by Miss Mathilde Weil of Philadelphia.



The "Tompkins Poems," which created some stir while appearing in the London *Daily Chronicle*, are to be published shortly by Mr. John Lane. They will include nearly all Mr. Barry Pain's poems which have appeared in that paper, whether under the signature of the philosophic costermonger or anonymously.

Sincerely yours,
Agnes Repplier

Tommy Atkins in the person of Mr. Edgar Wallace, a private soldier, greeted Mr. Rudyard Kipling on his arrival at the Cape with a set of verses after his own manner. They appeared in the *Cape Times*, from which we quote the following three stanzas :

" You 'ave met us in the tropics, you 'ave met us in the snows ;
But mostly in the Punjab an' the 'Ils,
You 'ave seen us in Mauritius, where the naughty cyclone blows,
You 'ave met us underneath a sun that kills,
An' we grills !
An' I ask you, do we fill the bloomin' bills ?

* * * * *

" But you're *our* particular author, you're our patron an' our friend,
You're the poet of the cuss-word an' the swear,
You're the poet of the people, where the red-mapped lands extend,

You're the poet of the jungle an' the lair,
An' compare,
To the ever-speaking voice of everywhere !

* * * * *

" There are poets what can please you with their primrose vi'let lays,
There are poets wol can drive a man to drink ;
But it takes a 'pukka' poet, in a Patriotic Craze,
To make a chorthn' nation squirm an' shrink,
Gasp an' blink .
An' 'eedless, thoughtless people stop and think !"

@

Mr. Tighe Hopkins, who has been delving in the romantic past of old France, is now busily engaged on a novel touching the fruitful epoch of Francis I. This writer's book upon the dungeons of Paris has enjoyed much



WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

success in England, and is still finding an increasing audience.

Mr. Herbert Ward, whose work upon the Upper Congo is practically a standard book, intends shortly to publish a collection of stories telling of the strange life of several races which are almost unknown to us, and illustrated by himself. Mr. Ward has visited people of the Congo among whom no other white man has ever set foot, and he has witnessed scenes there of which, he says, no one could speak or write.

A readable *pot-pourri* of interesting material has been thrown together in a volume of *Reminiscences of William Wetmore Story* by Mary E. Phillips, and published by Messrs. Rand, McNally and Company. No book with Story's personality behind it could fail to have a certain charm for the reader. The above portrait is herewith reproduced

by permission of the publishers from the frontispiece to the book, which is reviewed on another page.

Mr. Joseph Conrad's stirring and clever sea story, *The Children of the Sea*, or, as it is called in England, *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, is still meeting with generous appreciation from brother-authors in England. Mr. H. G. Wells recently spoke in very commendatory terms of it, and now Mr. Quiller-Couch in his *Pall Mall Magazine causerie* endorses it with enthusiasm. He writes :

" Had I to award a prize among the novels of the past season, it should go to Mr. Joseph Conrad's *Nigger of the 'Narcissus.'*" Mr. Conrad has something of Mr. Crane's insistence ; he grips a situation, an incident, much as Mr. Browning's Italian wished to grasp Metternich ; he squeezes emotion and colour out of it to the last drop, after a fashion of which I believe Carlyle was the first discoverer. He is ferociously vivid ; he knows the life he is writing about, and flings his knowledge at the reader in the truculent fashion we are all growing accustomed to. But he knows the inside of his seamen, too : he is no mere counter of buttons. And by consequence the crew of the *Narcissus* are the most plausibly lifelike set of rascals that ever sailed through the pages of fiction.

A volume of West Indian tales, entitled *Where the Trade Wind Blows*, has just been published by the Macmillan Company, which will well repay the reader attracted to its contents. The author, Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield, is already well known through her stories for children, among which, perhaps, the most popular is *Among the Lighthouses*. This book was founded upon actual experience gained while her husband, Captain Crowninshield, was Inspector of Lighthouses, and later while he was in command of one of our training ships. Captain Crowninshield has had an adventurous life in the Navy, in which branch of the service his family have distinguished themselves, two of his ancestors having filled the office of Secretary of the Navy. Only recently he resigned the command of the



MRS. SCHUYLER CROWNINSHIELD.

Maine to take charge of the Bureau of Navigation at Washington. It was after his resignation that Captain Sigsbee took command of the ill-fated ship. In following the fortunes of her husband Mrs. Crowninshield has found material for many charming stories and sketches. Her imaginative power and artistic temperament have entered a new field, and have brought the West Indian from the land "where the trade wind blows" to our very door, so that we can realise his character as it has not been realised before in fiction. Mrs. Crowninshield has also a gift for poetry, and is a composer of considerable merit. Several of her songs, notably "There is a Land," being well known in this country and in England. Her home is at present in Washington, but much of her time is divided between residence in New York and Boston. She comes of Colonial and Dutch ancestry, and is a direct descendant of Governor William Bradford of the Plymouth Colony.



Mr. R. H. Russell has made a *Pinero Birthday Book* with quotations for each day of the year from the plays of this author. Mr. Pinero's work is so studded with epigram and sententious wisdom, that the lover of his plays as well as the reader will be grateful for this little book. Mr. Russell also promises us a beautifully illustrated volume by Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith on *Venice of To-Day*, and Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's delightful child's story, *Two Prisoners*, with a frontispiece in photogravure by

Kemble. Mr. Russell's announcements are numerous, and we advise the reader to write for his new spring catalogue—a thing of beauty—and consult it for themselves.



Mr. George Gissing, whose new novel, *The Whirlpool*, has just been published by the F. A. Stokes Company, paid a visit recently to his friend Mr. Harold Frederic in the vicinity of a London suburb. As the train was just starting to bear Mr. Gissing homeward again, Mr. Frederic "pressed the button"—and the picture given below is the result.



Messrs. T. Y. Crowell and Company have in the press an authorised translation of Tolstoy's characteristic essay in ethical criticism entitled *What is Art?* The translation has been made by Aylmer Maude. Another valuable translation which the same firm has in preparation is Brunetiere's *Manual of the History of French Literature*. The work is brought down to the year 1875, including the epoch of Naturalism. There will be several portraits in the book. The Messrs. Crowell will also publish the seventh volume of Heinrich von Sybel's *Founding of the German Empire* by William I. The translation is by



GEORGE GISSING.



DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.
From a painting by himself.

Hélène S. White. This volume completes the set, and brings the story of the Empire down to the Franco-Prussian War. Dean Farrar's *Men I Have Known*, published at Christmas by this firm, is now in its fourth thousand.



Last month we had occasion to notice a new biography of Christina Rossetti, and in this number there is a review of *Dante G. Rossetti's Letters to William Alingham*, published by the F. A. Stokes Company. The portrait of Rossetti from his own painting is given above, through the courtesy of Mr. John Lane.



We have received the following letter in reference to the articles which have

appeared in recent numbers of *THE BOOKMAN* on a Hundred Books for a Village Library :

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN.

DEAR SIRS : In a letter to *THE BOOKMAN*, published in the January number, in regard to the choice of books for a village library, I notice this statement by a librarian of experience, "Poetry is never taken out." To exclude works of the standard poets from the list of books for any public library, however small, would, in my opinion, be a great mistake. I have formed this conclusion from my own experience as librarian for more than six years in a village of less than six hundred inhabitants. Since the study of English has occupied a more prominent place in the curriculum of even the smallest of our schools, the demand for poetical works has steadily increased among the children, but, aside from that, the number of books of poetry taken out by the older subscribers compares well with the number taken

out in the other classes, excluding fiction of course.

As you see, my experience has led me to an opinion contrary to that of the writer of the letter to which I have already referred, but I trust as mine is formed by close observation of the wants of the people in one small village, it will have weight with any book committee about to purchase books for a library.

From an interested reader.

C. BELLE MALTBIE.

A newspaper of this city recently called attention to the remarkable rapidity with which the American edition of Zola's *Paris* was put into type. It really seems to have been almost a record-breaking performance; for the copy was sent to the printers on Friday afternoon, and on Tuesday night the entire work, which is in two volumes, had been set up, twice read by the proof-readers, paged, and transmitted to the foundry. A review of *Paris* is printed on another page. We are indebted to the Macmillan Company for the accompanying portrait of Zola.



ÉMILE ZOLA.

From his latest photograph.

We have it on good authority that His Imperial Majesty of Germany is never without two books that are printed in English. Moltke's *Franco-Prussian War* and Moltke's *Letters*, published several years ago by Messrs. Harper and Brothers. These books, so it is averred, must always be on the Kaiser's desk; whether he is at home or abroad, they form part and parcel of his traveling equipage, and are in the libraries of his private train, his yacht, and his hunting-boxes. It appears that the Kaiser is very fond of reading and speaking English. All the members of his retinue are English scholars, and whenever there arises a question of a strategical nature once touched upon by the field-marshal, he turns to his English Moltke and settles it without delay. His Majesty's library is also provided with an English edition of Moltke's works, and the Kaiser's little boys have to read their English Moltke before they see the original German.

When these translations first appeared the Emperor ordered the then Chancellor, Count Caprivi, to express his Imperial admiration to the translator, Mr. Henry

W. Fischer; and now comes this ingrate, and offers us a book in two volumes, entitled *Private Lives of William II. and his Consort* and *Secret History of the Court of Berlin*, to be published shortly by Messrs. George Barrie and Son. The facts for Mr. Fischer's book, we understand, were furnished by a lady who for many years held a confidential position in the palaces at Potsdam and Berlin. She was factotum in the Kaiser's household, was present at the births of the children, and attended to the comforts of the royal guests. She was keeper of the keys, had the care of the Imperial beds and living-rooms, and was within their Majesties' call at any hour, day and night. She was in daily, almost hourly, contact with both their Majesties, as well as with their relatives and friends, and had the very best opportunity, for a number of years, of observing the intimacies of royal life. She reports on family jars and intrigues, scandals, and political riddles, but all in an amiable spirit and without malice. This lady is not a professional writer,

but she formed the habit of jotting down the information which has furnished the facts for these two volumes. Mr. Fischer has verified her statements, put them into shape, and made them readable and coherent. We are assured that the purveyor of these facts is to this day a frequent visitor at court, and has no axe to grind, being of independent means and occupying a good position. There will be English, French, and German editions of the work, and Mr. Fischer's book will go far to prove the absurdity of the prevailing notions that accord to those born in the purple a higher intellect, more finesse, more charity, less pettiness, and less penury than to ordinary mortals.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Douglas Sladen's remodelled *Who's Who*, a marvel of cheapness, fulness, and excellence, has been cordially welcomed by the public. The edition of the second issue is much larger than that of the first, large as that was. It is published by Messrs. A. and C. Black, and imported by the Macmillan company.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have added *St. Ives* to the Thistle edition of

Stevenson. One more volume is needed to complete the Outward Bound edition of Rudyard Kipling's works in twelve volumes, which this firm has also issued in a handsome manner. American readers, even those who do not include themselves among his admirers, may peruse with fruitful interest an entertaining article on Mr. Kipling's views of Americans, which appears on another page.

In view of the fact that Dr. Watson not only sanctioned a dramatisation of his stories, but has written approving of the play, which he has read, and commends to his friends in America, "whom I hold in grateful remembrance," it is interesting to quote from a dialogue which three persons have over his name on "Amusements" in the *March Woman at Home*. The Rector is easily identified with Dr. Watson, and in summing up the case for the theatre, he thus concludes:

"Don't you think that as there will be a theatre as long as children act by an instinct, and the grown-ups love to see good acting, what good people ought to do is not to ostracise the theatre, but to purify it?"

"How can they do that? Why, by encouraging managers to produce pure and noble plays, and supporting well-living actors, till the higher drama be profitable and the lower be left to vicious people, where it will die through destitution. You can never reform by repressing; the Puritans tried that method, and the result was the grossness of the Restoration. You only reform by replacing. . . I wish well to every man and woman who helps to make the stage a blessing and not a curse to society."



Douglas Sladen



MISS MARIE BURROUGHS.
From a photograph by Aimé Dupont.

The latest interesting bit of news about the dramatic production of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, which opens in Chicago this month, after playing for a week, beginning March 28th, in Washington, D. C., is the engagement of Miss Marie Burroughs for the part of Kate Carnegie. Curiously enough, the last play in which this talented young actress distinguished herself before her two years' retirement from the stage was Mr. Barrie's delightful comedy, *The Professor's Love Story*. Miss Burroughs is one of the best leading ladies Mr. E. S. Willard has ever had, and her Lucy White, played with his Pro-

fessor Goodwillie in Mr. Barrie's piece, took hold of the heart and imagination with such power and vitality as to make the subsequent performances without her in the part seem lacking in some subtle charm of personality which she instilled into the romantic heroine.



We learn from a friend in Holland that among the English writers who are being read there with enthusiasm is Ian Maclaren. *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* has been translated under the title of *Hearts of Gold*, and has been most cordially received.



From a pastel by Miss Amy Stewart.

*Yours without prejudice
I Zangwill*

MR. ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

AN INTERVIEW.

It cannot be said of Mr. Zangwill, as of some other writers who have been studied in these columns, that he has not been interviewed before. Mr. Zangwill is a much interviewed man. But though much has been written about

him, many pages might be filled with matters that have not hitherto seen the light. Of his life there is, it is true, not much to be said that is not already known. The child of foreign Jewish parents in humble circumstances, he

was born in London in 1864, passed his early childhood in Bristol and Plymouth, and returned to spend his youth among those East-end scenes which he has portrayed in *The Children of the Ghetto*. Admitted into the Jews' Free School, Spitalfields—the largest elementary school in the British Empire—he won three scholarships, became a pupil teacher, and, in due course, a full-fledged teacher.

In his first year he conducted a large class of sixty boys, with whom he accomplished the hitherto unprecedented feat of passing 100 per cent in the sixth standard. It was a *tour de force* that he set himself to execute of set purpose. He wished to use his success as a lever for protesting against the system of elementary instruction then in vogue. Corporal punishment was not allowed, but was resorted to *sub rosa*. He considered that a moderate amount of such punishment was indispensable to the maintenance of discipline. At the same time, he declined to do anything that was not open and above board. His difference of opinion with the management on this question led to his resignation and not a little unpleasantness. He left, without means or "character," the school which now proudly claims him as its own. Thanks to his agitation, which the Union of Teachers recognised by a special vote of thanks, the régime has since been modified. Elementary teachers are no longer driven to employ the cane in dishonest secrecy.

His first book, *The Premier and the Painter*, had already been published (in collaboration with a fellow-teacher) while he was still at the Free-School. Though the writers were unknown, and exhibited their literary inexperience by crowding into a single volume enough wit and matter for three or four, *The Premier and the Painter* attracted the approving notice of some discerning critics. He had also at this time written several of his *Ghetto Tragedies*. The editor who in the earlier stages of Mr. Zangwill's career bought and published most of his work was Mr. Jerome K. Jerome.

There was a period in his early career when Mr. Zangwill edited a comic paper, *Ariel*, which he has described as one of those publications which are most appreciated by their free list. One of the *Punch* staff recently told him that it

was the only comic paper they took seriously, and which they used to read so as to avoid repeating its jokes. They were not always successful.

Of course Mr. Zangwill can now command large prices for his works, but considering the smallness of his output, his remuneration is nothing like as large as might be supposed. As a matter of fact, he does not, like many popular novelists, write for money's sake. He has refused scores of commissions that would have brought him in money and nothing else. While he is writing, he thinks only of his art. But he has to live, and therefore when once his work is finished, he regards it as a marketable commodity for which he is entitled to get as good a price as possible.

In proof of the sincerity of his views, one need only look to his home life, which is simplicity itself. He lives in an unfashionable London suburb, and in a house the visitor to which is at once struck by the complete absence from his surroundings of anything betokening smug prosperity. Horse-riding and travel are the only two luxuries he permits himself, and both are indispensable to his work. A highly temperate liver, he does not even smoke. His library is a barely furnished and untidy-looking apartment, filled with books that are for use and not for ornament. There are no first editions, no leather bindings; but his collection contains the best and most serviceable things that have been written in three or four languages, and a preponderance of works on metaphysics, of which he is a close student.

The only books one misses from the shelves are the author's own works, of which he can never keep a set; they are either begged, borrowed, or stolen. As for papers, they litter the whole room, and overflow into an adjoining one. Drawers are stuffed full of letters from all sorts of eminent people, many from professionals who write to say how the reading of *The Master* has helped them in their life-work. A large, battered trunk is crammed with press cuttings. Letters and cuttings are in the sublimest confusion. Every two or three days there is a clearance of the papers that accumulate on the writing-table. The mantelpiece is loaded with the spoils of travel. A cabinet and a few other pieces of antique furniture are not his.

They have been collected by his brother, Louis Zangwill ("Z. Z."), who lives with him, and often writes his novels at the same table.

In this connection it may be mentioned that so far from having made the reputations of his two brothers, Louis and Mark, both the novelist and the artist have suffered from a relationship which has overshadowed them. People naturally rush to the conclusion that there cannot be three clever men in one family, and they attribute whatever publicity the younger men may have attained to the influence of their brother. Louis Zangwill had to adopt the pseudonym "Z. Z." to save confusion. In his reviews of books in the *Pall Mall Magazine* and *Cosmopolis*, Israel Zangwill felt constrained to ignore his brother's works out of deference to a censorious world. This was hardly fair to "Z. Z.," but "Z. Z.," who has now set up as a critic on his own account, threatens to repay him in kind.

As to Israel Zangwill's methods of work, they may be described as irregular. He writes in great spurts of industry, which are preceded by weeks in which he can do nothing except read and study. When this feeling has worn off, he begins to grow restless. Then he takes up his writing again, and never puts it down until he has finished. He requires frequent change, and finds a long stay in London depressing.

When I called on him the other day, he had only a few hours before completed the manuscript of his forthcoming work, *Dreamers of the Ghetto*.^{*} The lines which are here reproduced in facsimile bring to a close the chapter on "The People's Saviour" (Ferdinand Lassalle). But, though the last written, "The People's Saviour" will not form the final chapter of the book.

"The chapters," he remarked, "will follow in a sort of chronological sequence corresponding to the age in which each historical personage lived. But some of the dreamers are mere artistic typifications, like the first, 'A Child of the Ghetto,' which represents the early environments of childhood that may be said to have been common to them all. The last, 'Chad Gadya,' is also merely a type of Jewish character, intended to represent the modern spirit of scepti-

cism and pessimism by which the nineteenth-century Jew is influenced."

"My object," he remarks, in reply to a question I put to him as to the general purpose of his work, "is mainly to exhibit what contributions to human thought and aspiration Jewish thinkers in every age have made. The minds of the Jews have always been playing about the problems of the universe. This book will exhibit the play of the best intellects — Spinoza, Heine, Lassalle, and others unknown to European fame, as well as attempt to paint their portraits."

Most of the separate chapters that comprise *Dreamers of the Ghetto* having already appeared in magazine form, some idea of Mr. Zangwill's methods of treatment can already be formed. The book must be classed with the historical novel, its author bringing to bear upon his subject the novelist's power of making historic figures live. As a rule, historical novelists aim at diverging from the facts of life by weaving into them elements of romance. Mr. Zangwill does not do that—at least, very seldom. His subjects sit to him as models, and he paints their portraits as an artist. He is certainly not wanting in inventive power, as many of his stories show, but he rates it lower than the power of translating the dead facts of history into life.

"The function of art," he once said to me, "is to focus. Invention is the smallest thing in art; treatment is the most important. I think the true life-story of a man so much finer than those lime-light dramatisations which one finds in novels and plays. The real tragedy of Uriel Acosta, for instance, is the tragedy of the thinker which can hardly be dramatised, and which Gutzkow's famous play misses."

"What is the idea you have sought to carry out in your chapter on Spinoza?" I asked.

"I have endeavoured," he said, "first, to give a living portrait of the man in his historical environment; secondly, to show the relationship of his philosophy to his personality; and, thirdly, to suggest subtly the inadequacy to life of his own philosophy, and his unavoidable contradictions of it. No; I have not drawn him as a plaster saint. Spinoza would have been the first to laugh at such an idea. He is neither absolutely faultless nor passionless."

^{*} *Dreamers of the Ghetto*. By I. Zangwill. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.

"You have treated Ferdinand Lassalle on the same lines as Meredith has done?" I ask, noticing a copy of *The Tragic Comedians* on the table.

"No; I am sorry that the exigencies of my theme have brought me into collision with Meredith's fine Shakespearian treatment. Fortunately for me, however, he has concentrated himself on the love-drama, and not upon the *Dreamers of the Ghetto* aspect, so to speak; so that only the concluding portion of my story touches the same ground. Having had access to later Lassalle literature than Meredith, I read the details of his love-drama somewhat

"So there is nothing in the suggestion that is sometimes put forward as to your having found fault with the contemporary stage because you could not get your own plays produced?"

"No, it is sheer nonsense. When I do write a play, I want to write it as a piece of literature, and I am not even sure that I should not publish it first, instead of offering it to a manager. I do not believe in distorting one's own books to make plays. One's artistic product should be sacred to one. And I do not believe a piece of art can have two endings, any more than a statue can have two heads. If I do dramatise one

And suddenly she remembered with a pang the one woman who had a right to share her grief, nay to call him - in no figurative sense - 'Son'; the wrinkled old Jewess, pale and deep & Jewish, who lived on in a word ^{perfect} ~~disparaged~~ of his splendid fighting strength, of his superb ^{fore} ~~visions~~ ^{visions}.

FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF MR. ZANGWILL'S NEW BOOK, "DREAMERS OF THE GHETTO."

differently. With him the Jew and the Demagogue are only things that make the course of true love not to run smooth; with me they are the essence of the picture."

"Are you going to continue writing on Jewish subjects?"

"No, I shall drop the Ghetto for a time, as I did before. I shall alternate my Jewish work with an ordinary novel. I shall also amuse myself by writing a play. I have a large batch of correspondence on this matter. There is scarcely a London manager who has not coquetted with me, but it has never come to anything. I always find that a manager looks upon a playwright as a tailor who must cut to measure. One very distinguished man said to me: 'Zangwill, you can write the play of my life.' But I don't want to write the play of *his* life. Richard Mansfield in America has been at me for years; he wants to play *The King of the Schnorrer's*, and once offered me a *carte blanche* commission to write no less than four plays for him."

of my books, I should strictly adhere to the spirit of the original; but I would much prefer writing an original play."

"What other plans?"

"One day I shall collect my verses; and some day my more important criticisms or essays, preceded by that article on Criticism which I purposely excluded from *Without Prejudice*, when it appeared in volume form."

Mr. Zangwill has done a deal of lecturing in various parts of the world.

Within the past twelve months he has lectured in Palestine, Holland, and Ireland. I asked him when he was going to America on a lecturing tour. "Major Pond," he answered, "has made up his mind that I am going next year, but I have no such intention at present. I rather shrink from the publicity and glare of it all. Lecturing in a small country like Holland or Ireland is a recreation. If ever I do go to the States, it will be an old promise to an intimate friend that will primarily take me there."

Isidore Harris.

TENNYSON AND MUSSET ONCE MORE.

I had just ceased reading, a few weeks since, the interesting but rather bulky volumes which the present Lord Tennyson has devoted to the memory of his distinguished father, when chance led me to examine in succession two yellow-backed books published this year in Paris. They were M. Paul Mariéton's *Une Histoire d'Amour* and the letters of George Sand to Alfred de Musset and to Ste. Beuve, with an introduction by M. S. Rocheblave. No contrast could have been greater than that afforded by the severe restraint of the Tennyson memoir and the utter *abandon* of the two latest contributions to the history of the most famous love affair of the nineteenth century. The impulse to draw a sort of Plutarchian parallel was almost irresistible, and equally potent was the desire to read once more Taine's well-known comparison of Tennyson and Musset in the last chapter of his *Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise*.

We all remember how Taine contrasted the two poets and the respective publics for which they wrote, and we recall the impressionist note with which he closed what he tried to make a rigidly scientific work—"but I prefer Alfred de Musset." We can most of us probably, if we were under Tennyson's influence when we read these words—and who of us was not in those golden days?—remember the fine scorn we felt for the Frenchman who had the audacity to maintain that his country, land of broken-backed Alexandrines, as it was, had produced a poet worthy of being mentioned in the same breath with the author of *Cenone*, *Maud*, and *Elaine*. This fine scorn which we felt then has lingered on with some people; but to those of us who have been allowed to see the error of our way through our reading of Hugo, Leconte de Lisle, and Musset himself, who have learned to our surprise that much of what our teachers had told us about the insufficiency of the French language to the expression of high poetic thought and sentiment was due to mere ignorance on their part, a doubt has perhaps come more than once whether Taine was not partly justified in his preference for Musset over Tennyson—a doubt which

the perusal of the four volumes named above does not altogether allay. For from contrasting the lives of the two poets, one proceeds inevitably to the weighing and contrasting of their works.

With regard to the memoir of Tennyson little need be said. Since its appearance in October last there has been no such personage as an "indolent reviewer" to be found in the land. The critics seem to have gone down like nine pins before it, and they are still lying in a state of prostrate and hardly becoming adulation. Could the Laureate have foreseen their postures, he would probably have burned more letters than he did, and would have been still more determined to have his poem, "The Gleam," received as the sole authorised memorial of his life. The gift of prescience was not his, however, and so we are left to wonder whether the reading world of a hundred years from now will really peruse with rapture the letters of Queen Victoria, the reminiscences of Mr. Tyndall and other famous contemporaries, the mere social notes of Mr. Lowell and his peers, the extracts from private diaries, that make up a large portion of these volumes which the critics have already placed by the side of Boswell's *Johnson*. But whatever our conclusions as to the mortality or immortality of this memoir in its present bulky shape, we should surely be blind if we failed to recognise the essential nobility of the life portrayed. The man whom the English have been extolling, while their French neighbours have been picking his great rival to pieces, was obviously a noble and conscientious artist in verse, a poet fully impressed with the sacred nature of his calling, a critic of remarkably acute powers, a widely read and observant student of nature and of men, an intensely spiritual seeker after God, a loyal patriot and friend—in short, an ideal character of a high and attractive type.

Such was the man—except perhaps in his rôle of critic—that had stood out behind the Poems; such is the man that stands out behind the Biography. But neither the poetry nor the memoir proves Tennyson to have been the profound



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ALFRED LORD TENNYSON.

From the engraving by Rajon, which ranks as being the best portrait of Tennyson in his hale and vigorous old age.

seer that Mr Gladstone and other contemporaries have thought him, nor does either source of information disprove the charge that he was morbidly sensitive, and hence unable to give full ex-

pression to the lyric passion that was a fundamental constituent of his nature. It is in view of this charge that the destruction of the letters to Arthur Hallam and to Miss Sellwood before she

became Lady Tennyson is so much to be regretted. Whatever the admirers of *Maud* may say, the Tennyson that we know through his poems after 1842 and through the memoir is rather the poet of idyll, elegy, and artificial epic than the poet of lyrical passion, whether of love or grief. That he was profoundly passionate we have reason to believe from the evidence of friends, from some of the early verses, and from lyric outbursts in the long roll of poems that succeeded the volumes of 1842. But, whatever the cause, the atmosphere about the matured poet did not furnish sufficient oxygen for the flame of his passion, and it flickered and burned low. Yet it was diverted rather than suppressed, and it kindled his other poetic powers. He became the artist passionate for perfection, he searched the ages for noble characters, and imparted some passion to them, his spirituality and his patriotism glowed brighter with the years, even the pessimistic utterances of his latter days had a certain lurid quality about them. So at least it seems to some of us, and prizing though we do what he has chosen to give us, we miss both in the poetry and in the life that lyrical expression of Tennyson's innermost nature which he would surely have given us had he been a contemporary of Byron's or a countryman of Musset's. It is vain to tell us that he took the more dignified course, that he had a right to keep his deepest and most sacred emotions hidden from the world; it is vain to quote to us from Leconte de Lisle's fine sonnet, "*Les Montreurs*," which derives its interest from the very quality its author denounces in others. If Tennyson had not shown us that his real strength or a great part of his real strength lay in the lyrical expression of his passion, we should be content to praise him as we do reflective poets like Wordsworth; but having given us reason to believe that he had in him the fire that burned in Sappho and Catullus, in Shakespeare, Byron, and Musset, he disappoints us by rarely or never breaking into flame, either in his verse or in the biography which his son has constructed according to his wishes. "From him that hath not even that which he hath shall be taken away." Are we unreasonable in our demands upon Tennyson? Ought we to be con-

tented with the noble work he has given us? Perhaps so: yet a few of us at least, after reading the memoir and going back to the poems, have found ourselves asking for precisely what Taine demanded over thirty years ago, and what he averred he found in Alfred de Musset. But this leads us naturally to take account of our two yellow French twelvemos, which show up so pitifully in appearance beside the royal English octavos.

It would not be true to say that the Parisian public has been for the past eighteen months as busy discussing the relations of Musset and George Sand as the English-speaking public has been for a shorter period with regard to the secluded life of the recluse of Farringford—for they have a multitude of things to talk about in Paris—but it is certainly true that the famous love-story has attracted a great deal of attention, and that Sandists and Mussetists have been waging a new Battle of the Books, or else floundering once more in that old Slough of Scandals which Bunyan forgot to describe for us. M. Mariéton's book, for example, might seem to be hurled at his Sandist adversaries from out the very midst of the slough, for while giving a history of the whole love affair it devotes itself mainly to answering in the affirmative one question important to the controversy—viz., was George Sand unfaithful to Musset *during* the latter's illness at Venice, or was she not? An affirmative answer to this unsavoury question not only convicts George Sand of deliberate falsification, but also convicts her, author though she be of *La Mare au Diable*, of being far looser in her actions than that Juliette of hers who went back to her scoundrel lover, Leone Leoni. M. Mariéton having made an affirmative answer based on various hitherto unedited documents, it is, of course, in order for a Sandist like M. Rocheblave to call the authenticity of the documents into question, although one could wish that he had better grounds for doing so than the mere fact that they are contradicted by certain statements of George Sand, a not uninterested party. Indeed, throughout this whole controversy a partisan lack of care in weighing evidence is as apparent as it is in literary controversies with which we are more familiar—for example, that which is

continually being waged over the life of Shelley.

It would not be profitable to undertake a minute analysis either of M. Mariéton's book or of George Sand's passionate letters. The details of the affair may be left to those who care to go to the sources; its outlines are well known and may be easily recalled. We all remember that by the spring of 1833 Madame Dudevant had broken with Jules Sandeau, and was lying in the trough of the sea of romanticism waiting to be washed higher by its oncoming waves. With her inherited passions, with her artistic instincts, with her banal experience of married life, and with her stimulating contact with literary success and the romantic fervour of the times, she had no chance to escape a psychological crisis of the most acute kind. A similar fate was impending over Alfred de Musset. The normal debauchery of an idle aristocratic youth about town, the easy success obtained with the Cénacle by his Andalusian verses, could not satisfy the most passionate heart in Europe now that Byron was dead. He, too, must have his psychological crisis, and it would be more acute than George Sand's. Whether Ste. Beuve perceived all this when he played the part of uncle to the modern Cressida, and tried to bring the romantic pair together is not clear; but it is at least certain that from the time they first met, in June, 1833, the more inflammable heart was set aglow, and that the more indurated one speedily responded. Then, while Tennyson was in the flush of his grief for Arthur Hallam, came the seclusion of the *quai Malaquais*, the honeymoon—for such the infatuated lovers really deemed it—at Fontainebleau, so well described in the *Confession* and in *Elle et Lui*, then the fateful journey to Italy.

The land of lovers had known few more passionately sincere for the time being than these two, and it had known few fates more really tragic than that which awaited them. For their passions, raging outside the bounds of law, moral as well as physical, had to rise to the height like waves and then break. Musset's broke first. His nerves were strained from his recent life of dissipation, and his colossal *amour propre* revolted from the self-centred independence of a companion who could write

for hours without taking note of his presence. He ruptured the alliance by harsh words, and probably by acts which he lived to regret and despise. Then came the illness at Venice, the appearance of Dr. Pietro Pagello upon the scene, the faithlessness of George Sand, the fantastic attempt of Musset to reconcile himself to a *ménage à trois*, and finally his departure for Paris a worn-out wreck of body, mind, and soul. Nemesis had attached herself to him, seeming to forget George Sand left behind in unromantic relations with Pagello. But Nemesis was not really forgetful. She presided over the letters, passionate on both sides, though with that curious maternal note on the woman's part that one finds never leaving her, which were sent over the Alps; she presided over the undignified return journey made by George Sand with Pagello in leash; she presided over the renewals of intimacy, the swift partings, the letters, the private journals, the tears and wailings of the remainder of that eventful year, 1834; and finally she has presided ever since over the literary exploitation of the whole frantic episode, over the quarrels raised by the publication of *Elle et Lui* and *Lui et Elle*, and the contentions of the Sandists and Mussetists of the present day.

I have no desire to incur her displeasure by going too deeply into these unpleasant matters myself, but there are at least two points, one specific and one general, that ought to be touched on. The first is how far M. Mariéton's anti-Sand position is tenable. He has published a journal of Dr. Pagello himself, an incriminating romantic fragment by George Sand, entitled *En Morle*, by means of which, it is claimed, she made her love known to the physician, and a number of interesting and valuable letters of Musset chosen from the correspondence still somewhat jealously guarded by the poet's sister. In addition he gives two draughts in Paul de Musset's handwriting of the alleged account dictated by Alfred of the now famous "vision" of the sick-room at Venice and its consequences, which readers of *Lui et Elle* have not forgotten. Judged impartially, these documents, if genuine, are the most damaging testimony yet brought against George Sand's character. As has been

intimated, doubt is thrown upon their authenticity by her friends, but although M. Mariéton has not given us all the information that could be desired about them, it is hard to see how the journal of Pagello (who was living at a great old age when M. Mariéton wrote) can be thrown out of court, and if that stays the fragment *En Morle*, George Sand's *gaze d'amour* stays also. Indeed, there are *à priori* reasons why it should stay, for Pagello could read French fluently, but spoke it poorly, while George Sand was just picking up Italian. A few romantic pages in her facile style would, therefore, be the most natural and effectual means she could choose for a confession of so delicate a nature.

As for M. Mariéton's reliance upon the truth of Paul de Musset's sick-room scene, it is only in keeping with his confidence in the latter's entire defence of his brother. M. Mariéton, relying, it would seem, upon Madame Lardin de Musset, and ignoring the general verdict with regard to Paul's character, declares that the latter's novel *sweats truth* (*sue la vérité*) where we should prefer to say that it perspires dulness. In this frank credence in Paul de Musset he is certainly bold, but if the dictated memoranda can be shown by examination of water-marks, etc., to bear the date assigned them, December, 1852, nearly four years and a half before Alfred de Musset's death, they are certainly documents that cannot be lightly treated. They are supported, too, by a small piece of corroborative evidence that has not, perhaps, been sufficiently noticed—to wit, the fact that the incident of the single tea-cup drunk out of by the two lovers is also to be found in Musset's *Confession*, the details of which are frequently quoted by the Sandists. Was it one of the touches that made George Sand weep when she read Alfred's novel?

The second point that must be touched on is the question what possible value can attach to books treating of such an unpleasant episode. Nearly all the reviewers have expatiated on the delight they experienced when they found the Tennyson volumes free from scandal, so that one is left to infer that unless they were indulging in cant, British and American critics are above all vulgar curiosity, and would prefer to draw a

veil over the inner history of literary men, except when, as in Tennyson's case, there is practically nothing to hide. It is needless to say that such is not the French view, and that no one who has studied his *Ste. Beuve* will continue to throw his influence on the side of British cant. We shall do well to wish that our literary heroes and heroines would lead clean lives, but if they will not, and we propose to be their critics, we must follow them at least to the banks of the Slough of Scandals. From this point of view, then, the books we are considering should have been published, and should be read by all serious students of George Sand and of Alfred de Musset. That they will be read by many who are not serious students is, of course, matter for regret; but so is religious hypocrisy, and surely no one would suggest that we should do away with all religions in order to put an end to the propagation of Tartuffes.

But the documents contained in these books have claims to be regarded as something far higher than mere evidence in a famous case of scandal. The letters that passed between the two lovers are among the most intense ever written, and are not merely precious sources of information for all students of Romanticism, but also lyrical outbursts of two passionate hearts that must be ranked in the future, but little below the incomparable "Nuits" of the more poetical and sorely strained of the two protagonists of this drama of suffering. Here, indeed, we find the best excuse for the publication of all the volumes and essays that have dealt with this remarkable episode. Out of them some anthologist, perhaps, still unborn, will be able to cull a volume of letters, poems, pages of description and extracts from private journals that will be a source of delight to all who care for the literature of passion, and will serve to make the memory of Musset and George Sand, as the former predicted, as abiding as that of Abélard and Héloïse. With the lapse of years the grosser features of the story will be more or less eliminated, and the flame of passion, which in Musset's case at least was never really extinguished, will burn clearly for all time. It is, of course, impossible to prove such statements as these, for the charge of ro-

mantic extravagance and insincerity may be brought against the lovers, and such a charge can never be thoroughly refuted. Documents relative to any great passion will always be judged favourably or unfavourably, according to the capacity of the critic or reader to understand or experience passion. Shakespeare's "Sonnets" have caused some people to wonder why he wrote them, and have been held by other people not to refer to any specific passions at all. Still at least one burning passage may be cited from these letters that will help to indicate the perfervid character of the whole correspondence.

Here is how Musset could write to the woman who had abandoned him when he feels that they must have one final inter-view and part :

"Que ce ne soit pas l'adieu de monsieur Un tel et de madame Une telle. Que ce soient deux âmes qui ont souffert, deux intelligences souffrantes, deux aigles blessés qui se rencontrent dans le ciel, et qui échangent un cie de douleur avant de se séparer pour l'éternité."

George Sand's letters are equally moving even when she is cool enough to bid her lover :

Aime et écris, c'est ta vocation, mon ami. Monte vers Dieu sur les rayons de ton génie et envoie ta muse sur la terre raconter aux hommes les mystères de l'amour et de la foi."

Alfred took his "brother George" at her word, and the next two years were the most fruitful of his life. But how does the work produced under such circumstances, together with that of his youth and of his sterile later years, compare with that of his more fortunate British contemporary—for to compare the lives of the two men further is surely unnecessary? Putting to one side the delightful comedies and *contes*, have we any right to share Taine's preference for Musset's poetry as compared with that of Tennyson? Obviously not if Tennyson's admirers, like Mr. Aldrich and Dr. Van Dyke, are justified in maintaining that their favourite must rank next to Shakespeare and Milton in the hierarchy of the English poets. If the *Idylls of the King* be a sustained and noble epic rather than the "boudoir epic" Mr. Frederic Harrison finds them to be; if *In Memoriam* be really the most profound poem of the century rather than an unequal series

of elegiac verses appealing to an over-emotional and not very thoughtful public; if *Maud* fails in any way to suggest a sensational novel, and the *Princess* is a work of perfect, not hybrid art, then these poems, together with the ballads, the idylls of English life, the monologues, and the wonderful songs, are surely enough to set Tennyson far above the author of the "Nuits," the "Letter to Lamartine," and the "Stanzas to Malibran." If, however, Tennyson's longer poems are to be forgotten save for selected passages, and if his reputation is to rest on the shorter poems in his early manner and on the tradition of his artistic command of rhythm and diction; if, furthermore, the world that is now sated with composite art renews its youth through some stirring crisis, and once more demands passion as a primary element of literature, will the bard of Aldworth and Farringford hold his own against the poet of the streets of Paris? Surely he will in spite of all that may be said about the suppression of his passion and about the deficiencies of his longer poems. Should the world come once more to demand passion, it will be Byron that will eclipse Tennyson, not Alfred de Musset, whose star will nevertheless rise splendidly in the poetic heavens. For, after all, Musset's strictly poetical work, great as it is at its best, is not sufficient in amount to balance that of Tennyson, even if the latter poet is shorn of half his present glory by envious time. But leaving the question of the relative position of the two poets aside, it is surely permissible for those who care for the lyrical expression of intense passion to maintain that they find little or nothing in Tennyson that takes the place for them of Musset's chief poems. If they are pressed to point out a passage illustrating the kind of passion they demand from Tennyson, but do not find, they may quote these lines from the "Nuit de Mai":

"J'ai vu le temps où ma jeunesse
Sur mes lèvres était sans cesse
Prête à chanter comme un oiseau;
Mais j'ai souffert un dur martyre,
Et le moins que j'eusse pourrais dire,
Si je l'essayais sur ma lyre.
La briserait comme un roseau."

"Here," they may say, "is the 'lyric cry' which we have missed more or less in British poetry since the days of

Byron," and if they are pressed to describe still further the voice that has moved them so profoundly, they may reply, quoting the "Stanzas to Malbran:"

"C'est cette voix du cœur qui seule au cœur arrive,
Que nul autre, après toi, ne nous rendra jamais."

W. P. Trent.

SPRING-TIDE IN THE SOUTH.

The reign of the Frost King is over
And the cat-birds are gay by the rill—
The thrush is a musical rover
'Mid the verdure of valley and hill ;
No longer the North Wind is storming
The haunts of the bird and the bee,
And the down of the thistle is forming
Like surf on a magical sea.

The breast of the lark in the meadow
Upgathers the gold of the morn,
And light is divorced from its shadow
When his wings through the ether are borne.
The delicate bloom of the hedges
By the plumes of the redbird are lit,
And through silvery depths of the sedges
The sparrows in ecstasy flit.

The mocking bird seems in his singing
A troubadour gallant and free,
And his lyrical love notes are winging
Their flight to his mate on the tree.
The cups of the blossoms are spilling
Their perfumes so subtle and fine,
For the spirit of bloom is fulfilling
The pledge of her vintage divine.

The owl in his dark nest reposes
And the clear streams in melody glide,
As I watch the young hearts of the roses
And the dogwood arrayed as a bride.
Tyrannical Winter is banished
By the green resurrection of grain,
And where his grim footsteps have vanished
I revel in song-tide again.

William Hamilton Hayne.

JOHN SPLENDID.

THE TALE OF A POOR GENTLEMAN, AND THE LITTLE WARS OF LORN.*

BY NEIL MUNRO, THE AUTHOR OF "THE LOST PIBROCH."

CHAPTER X.

We made good speed up the burn-side, through the fields, and into the finest forest that was (or is to this day, perhaps) in all the wide Highlands. I speak of Creag Dubh, great land of majestic trees, home of the red-deer, rich with glades carpeted with the juiciest grass, and endowed with a cave or two where we knew we were safe of a sanctuary if it came to the worst, and the Athole men ran at our heels. It welcomed us from the rumour of battle with a most salving peace. Under the high fir and oak we walked in a still and scented air, aisles lay about and deep recesses, the wind sang in the tops and in the vistas of the trees, so that it minded one of Catholic kirks frequented elsewhere. We sped up by the quarries and through Eas-a-chosain (that little glen so full of fondest memorials for all that have loved and wandered), and found our first resting-place in a cunning little hold on an eminence looking down on the road that ran from the town to Coillebhraid mines. Below us the hillside dipped three or four hundred feet in a sharp slant bushed over with young *darach* wood, behind us hung a tremendous rock that few standing upon would think had a hollow heart. Here was our refuge, and the dry and stoury alleys of the fir-wood we had traversed gave no clue of our track to them that might hunt us.

We made a fire whose smoke curled out at the back of the cave into a linn at the bottom of a fall the Fisherland burn has here, and had there been any to see the reek they would have thought it but the finer spray of the thawed water rising among the melting ice-lances. We made, too, couches of fir-branches—the springiest and most wholesome of beds in lieu of heather or gall, and laid down our weariness as a soldier would relinquish his knapsack, after John

Splendid had bandaged my wounded shoulder.

In the cave of Eas-a-chosain we lay for more days than I kept count of, I immovable, fevered with my wound, Sir Donald my nurse, and John Splendid my provider. They kept keen scrutiny on the road below, where sometimes they could see the invaders passing in bands in their search for scattered townships or crofts.

On the second night John ventured into the edge of the town to see how fared Inneraora, and to seek provand. He found the place like a fiery cross—burned to char at the ends, and only the mid of it—the solid Tolbooth and the gentle houses—left to hint its ancient pregnancy. A corps of Irish had it in charge while their comrades scoured the rest of the country, and in the dusk John had an easy task to find brandy in the cellars of Craignure (the invaders never thought of seeking a cellar for anything more warming than peats), a boll of meal in handfuls here and there among the meal-girnels of the commoner houses that lay open to the night, smelling of stale hearth-fires, and harried.

To get fresh meat was a matter even easier, though our guns we dare not be using, for there were blue hares to snare, and they who have not taken fingers to a roasted haunch of badger harried out of his hiding with a club, have fine feeding yet to try. The good Gaelic soldier will eat, sweetly, crowdy made in his brogue—how much better off were we with the stout and well-fired oaten cakes that this Highland gentleman made on the flagstone in front of our cave-fire!

Never had a wounded warrior a more rapid healing than I. "*Ruigidh an ro-ghiullach air an ro-ghalar*"—good nursing will overcome the worst disease, as our antique proverb says; and I had the best of nursing and but a baggage-master's wound after all. By the sec-

ond week I was hale and hearty. We were not uncomfortable in our forest sanctuary; we were well warmed by the perfumed roots of the candle-fir; John Splendid's foraging was richer than we had on many a campaign, and a pack of cards lent some solace to the heaviest of our hours. To our imprisonment we brought even a touch of scholarship. Sir Donald was a student of Edinburgh College—a Master of Arts—learned in the moral philosophies, and he and I discoursed most gravely of many things that had small harmony with our situation in that savage, foe-haunted countryside.

To these, our learned discourses, John Splendid would list with an impatient tolerance, finding in the most shrewd saying of the old scholars we dealt with but a paraphrase of some Gaelic proverb or the roundabout expression of his own views on life and mankind.

"Tuts! tuts!" he would cry, "I think the dissensions of you two are but one more proof of the folly of book-learning. Your minds are not your own, but the patches of other people's bookish duds. A keen eye, a custom of puzzling everything to its cause, a trick of balancing the different motives of the human heart, get John M'Iver as close on the bone when it comes to the bit. Every one of the scholars you are talking of had but my own chance (maybe less, for who sees more than a Cavalier of fortune?) of witnessing the real true facts of life. Did they live to-day poor and hardy, biting short at an oaten bannock to make it go the farther, to-morrow gorging on fat venison and red rich wine? Did they parley with cunning lawyers, cajole the boor, act the valorous on a misgiving heart, guess at the thought of man or woman oftener than we do? Did ever you find two of them agree on the finer points of their science? Never the bit!"

We forgave him his heresies for the sake of their wit, that I but poorly chronicle, and he sang us wonderful Gaelic songs that had all of that same wisdom he bragged of—no worse, I'll allow, than the wisdom of print; not all love-songs, laments, or such naughty ditties as you will hear to-day, but the poetry of the more cunning bards. Our cavern, in its inner recesses, filled with the low, rich chiming of his voice; his face, and hands, and whole body

took part in the music. In those hours his character borrowed just that touch of sincerity it was in want of at ordinary times, for he was one of those who need trial and trouble to bring out their better parts.

We might have been happy, we might have been content, living thus in our cave the old hunter's life; walking out at early mornings in the adjacent parts of the wood for the wherewithal to breakfast; rounding in the day with longer journeys in the moonlight, when the shadows were crowded with the sounds of night bird and beast; we might have been happy, I say, but for the thinking of our country's tribulation. Where were our friends and neighbours? Who were yet among the living? How fared our kin abroad in Cowal or fled farther south to the Rock of Dunbarton? These restless thoughts came oftener to me than to my companions, and many's the hour I spent in woe-ful pondering in the alleys of the wood.

At last it seemed the Irish who held the town were in a sure way to discover our hiding if we remained any longer there. Their provender was running low, though they had driven hundreds of head of cattle before them down the Glens; the weather hardened to frost again, and they were pushing deeper into the wood to seek for bestial. It was full of animals we dare not shoot, but which they found easy to the bullet; red-deer with horns—even at three years old—stunted to knobs by a constant life in the shade and sequestration of the trees they threaded their lives through, or dun-bellied fallow-deer unable to face the blasts of the exposed hills, light-coloured yeld hinds and hornless "heaviers" (or winterers) the size of oxen. A flock or two of wild goat, even, lingered on the upper slopes toward Ben Bhrec, and they were down now browsing in the ditches beside the Marriage Tree.

We could see little companies of the enemy come closer and closer on our retreat each day—attracted up the side of the hill from the road by birds and beast that found cover under the young oaks.

"We'll have to be moving before long," said Sir Donald, ruefully looking at them one day—so close at hand that we unwittingly had our fingers round the dirk-hilts.

He had said the true word.

It was the very next day that an Irishman, bending under a bush to lift a hedgehog that lay sleeping its winter sleep tightly rolled up in grass and bracken, caught sight of the narrow entrance to our cave. Our eyes were on him at the time, and when he came closer we fell back into the rear of our dark retreat, thinking he might not push his inquiry further.

For once John Splendid's cunning forsook him in the most ludicrous way. "I could have stabbed him where he stood," he said afterward, "for I was in the shadow at his elbow;" but he forgot that the fire whose embers glowed red within the cave would betray its occupation quite as well as the sight of its occupants, and that we were discovered only struck him when the man, after but one glance in, went bounding down the hill to seek for aid in harrying this nest of ours.

It was "Bundle and Go" on the bagpipes. We hurried to the top of the hill and along the ridge just inside the edge of the pines in the direction of the Aora, apprehensive that at every step we should fall upon bands of the enemy; and if we did not come upon themselves, we came upon numerous enough signs of their employment. Little farms lay in the heart of the forest of Creag Dubh—or rather more on the upper edge of it—their fields scalloped into the wood, their hills a part of the mountains that divide Loch Finne from Lochow. To-day their roof-trees lay humbled on the hearth, the gable-walls stood black and eerie, with the wind piping between the stones, the cabars or joists held charred ends to heaven, like poor martyrs seeking mercy. Nothing in or about these once happy homesteads, and the pertinents and pendicles near them, had been spared by the robbers.

But we had no time for weeping over such things as we sped on our way along the hillside for Dunchuach, the fort we knew impregnable and sure to have safety for us if we could get through the cordon that was bound to be round it.

It was a dull damp afternoon, an interlude in the frost, chilly and raw in the air, the forest filled with the odours of decaying leaves and moss. A greater part of our way lay below beechwood

neither thick nor massive, giving no protection from the rain to the soil below it, so that we walked noisily and uncomfortably in a mash of rotten vegetation. We were the length of the Cherry Park, moving warily, before our first check came. Here, if possible, it were better we should leave the wood and cut across the mouth of the Glen to Dunchuach on the other side. But there was no cover to speak of in that case. The river Aora, plopping and crying on its hurried way down, had to be crossed, if at all, by a wooden bridge, cut at the parapets in the most humorous and useless way in embrasures, every embrasure flanked by port-holes for musketry—a laughable pretence about an edifice in itself no stronger against powder than a child's toy.

On the very lowest edges of the wood, in the shade of a thick plump of beech, strewed generously about the foot by old bushes of whin and bramble, we lay at last studying the open country before us, and wondering how we should win across it to the friendly shelter of Dunchuach. Smoke was rising from every chimney in the castle, which, with its moat and guns, and its secret underground passage to the seashore, was safe against surprises or attacks through all this disastrous Antrim occupation. But an entrance to the castle was beyond us; there was nothing for it but Dunchuach, and it cheered us wonderfully too, that from the fort there floated a little stream of domestic reek, white-blue against the leaden gray of the unsettled sky.

"Here we are, dears, and yonder would we be," said John, digging herb-roots with his knife and chewing them in an abstraction of hunger, for we had been disturbed at a meal just begun to.

I could see a man here and there between us and the lime-kiln we must pass on our way up Dunchuach. I confessed myself in as black a quandary as ever man experienced. As for Sir Donald—good old soul!—he was now, as always, unable to come to any conclusion except such as John Splendid helped him to.

We lay, as I say, in the plump, each of us under his bush, and the whole of us overhung a foot or two by a brow of land bound together by the spreading beech-roots. To any one standing on the *bruach* we were invisible, but a step or two would bring him round to the

foot of our retreat and disclose the three of us.

The hours passed, with us ensconced there—every hour the length of a day to our impatience and hunger ; but still the way before was barred, for the coming and going of people in the valley was unceasing. We had talked at first eagerly in whispers, but at last grew tired of such unnatural discourse, and began to sleep in snatches for sheer lack of anything else to do. It seemed we were prisoned there till nightfall at least, if the Athole man who found our cave did not track us to our hiding.

I lay on the right of my two friends, a little more awake, perhaps, than they, and so I was the first to perceive a little shaking of the soil, and knew that some one was coming down upon our hiding. We lay tense, our breathing caught at the chest, imposing on ourselves a stillness that swelled the noises of nature round about us—the wind, the river, the distant call of the crows—to a most clamorous and appalling degree.

We could hear our visitor breathing as he moved about cautiously on the stunted grass above us, and so certain seemed discovery that we had our little black knives lying naked along our wrists.

The suspense parched me at the throat till I thought the rasping of my tongue on the roof of my palate seemed like the scraping of a heath-brush in a wooden churn. Unseen we were, we knew ; but it was patent that the man above us would be round in front of us at any moment, and there we were to his plain eyesight ! He was within three yards of a steel death, even had he been Fin MacCoul ; but the bank he was standing on—or lying on, as we learned again—crumbled at the edge and threw him among us in a different fashion from that we had looked for.

My fingers were on his throat before I saw that we had for our visitor none other than young MacLachlan.

He had his *sgian dubh* almost at my stomach before our mutual recognition saved the situation.

"You're a great stranger," said John Splendid, with a fine pretence at more coolness than he felt, "and yet I thought Cowal side would be more to your fancy than real Argile in this vexatious time."

"I wish to God I was on Cowal side

now !" said the lad, ruefully. "At this minute I wouldn't give a finger-length of the Loch Eck road for the whole of this rich strath."

"I don't suppose you were forced over here," I commented.

"As well here in one way as another," he said. "I suppose you are unaware that Montrose and MacDonald have overrun the whole country. They have sacked and burned the greater part of Cowal ; they have gone down as far as Knapdale. I could have been in safety with my own people (and the bulk of your Inneraora people too) by going to Bute or Dunbarton, but I could hardly do that with my kinsfolk still hereabouts in difficulties."

"Where, where ?" I cried ; "and who do you mean ?"

He coughed in a sort of confusion, I could see, and said he spoke of the Provost and his family.

"But the Provost's gone, man !" said I, "and his family too."

"My cousin Betty is not gone among them," said he ; "she's either in the castle yonder—and I hope to God she is—or a prisoner to the MacDonalds, or—"

"The Worst Curse on their tribe !" cried John Splendid, in a fervour.

Betty, it seemed, from a narrative that gave me a stound of anguish, had never managed to join her father in the boats going over to Cowal the day the MacDonalds attacked the town. Terror had seemingly sent her, carrying the child, away behind the town ; for though her father and others had put ashore again at the south bay, they could not see her, and she was still unfound when the triumph of the invader made flight needful again.

"Her father would have bided too," said MacLachlan, "but that he had reason to believe she found the safety of the castle. Lying off the quay when the fight was on, some of the people in the other boats saw a woman with a bundle run up the riverside to the back of the castle garden, and there was still time to get over the draw-brig then."

MacLachlan himself had come round by the head of the loch, and by going through the Barrabhreac wood and over the shoulder of Duntorval, had taken Inneraora on the rear flank. He had lived several days in a bothy above the Beannan on High Balantyre, and, like ourselves, depended on his foraging

upon the night and the luck of the woods.

We lay among the whins and bramble undisturbed till the dusk came on. The rain had stopped, a few stars sedately decked the sky. Bursts of laughing, the cries of comrades, bits of song, came on the air from the town where the Irish caroused. At last between us and Dunchuach there seemed to be nothing to prevent us venturing on if the bridge was clear.

"If not," said Sir Donald, "here's a doomed old man, for I know no swimming."

"There's Edinburgh for you, and a gentleman's education!" said John Splendid, with a dry laugh; and he added, "but I daresay I could do the swimming for the both of us, Sir Donald. I have carried my accoutrements dry over a German river ere now, and I think I could convey you safe over yon bit burn even if it were not so shallow above the bridge as I expect it is after these long frosts."

"I would sooner force the bridge if ten men held it," said MacLachlan. "I have a Highland hatred of the running stream, and small notion to sleep a night in wet tartan."

John looked at the young fellow with a struggle for tolerance. "Well, well," he said; "we have all a touch of the flop in our youth."

"True enough, you're not so young as you were once," put in MacLachlan, with a sly laugh.

"I'm twenty at the heart," cried John—"at the heart, man—and do my looks make me more than twice that age? I can sing you, or run you, or dance you. What I thought was that at your age I was dandified too about my clothing. I'll give you the benefit of believing that it's not the small discomfort of a journey in wet tartan you vex yourself over. Have we not—we old campaigners of Lumsden's—soaked our plaids in the running rivers of Low Germanie, and rolled them round us at night to make our hides the warmer, our sleep the snugger? Oh, the old days! Oh, the stout days! God's name, but I ken one man who wearies of these tame and comfortable times!"

"Whether or not," said Sir Donald, anxious to be on, "I wish the top of Dunchuach was under our brogues."

"*Allons, mes amis*, then," said John, and out we set.

Out we went, and we sped swiftly down to the bridge, feeling a sense of safety in the dark and the sound of the water that mourned in a hollow way under the wooden cabars. There was no sentinel, and we crossed dry and safely. On the other side, the fields, broken here and there by dry-stone dykes, a ditch or two, and one long thicket of shrubs, rose in a gentle ascent to the lime-kiln. We knew every foot of the way as 'twere in our own pockets, and had small difficulty in pushing on in the dark. The night, beyond the kiln and its foreign trees, was clamorous with the call of white-horned owls, sounding so human sometimes that it sent the heart vaulting and brought us to pause in a flurried cluster on the path that we followed closely as it twisted up the hill.

However, we were in luck's way for once. Never a creature challenged our progress until we landed at the north wall of the fort, and crouching in the rotten brake, cried, "Gate, oh!" to the occupants.

A stir got up within; a torch flared on the wall, and a voice asked our tartan and business.

"Is that you, Para Mor?" cried John Splendid. "It's a time for short ceremony. Here are three or four of your closest friends terribly keen to see the inside of a wall."

"Barbreck, is't?" cried Para Mor, holding the flambeau over his head that he might look down on us.

"Who's that with the red tartan?" he asked, speaking of MacLachlan, whose garments shone garish in the light beside our dull Canipbell country war-cloth.

"Condemn your parley, Para Mor," cried Sir Donald; "it's young MacLachlan—open your doors!"

And the gate in a little swung on its hinges to pass us in.

CHAPTER XI.

This mount of Dunchuach, on which we now found ourselves ensconced, rises in a cone shape to a height of about eight hundred feet, its bottom being but a matter of a quarter-mile from the castle door. It is wooded to the very nose, almost, except for the precipitous

sgornach or scaur, that, seen from a distance, looks like a red wound on the face of it. The fort, a square tower of extraordinarily stout masonry, with an eminent roof, had a sconce with escarpment round it, placed on the very edge of the summit. Immediately behind Dunchuach is Duntorvil, its twin peak, that at less distance than a shout will carry, lifts a hundred feet higher on the north. The two hills made, indeed, but one, in a manner of talking, except for this hundred feet of a hollow worn by a burn lost midway in long sour grasses. It had always been a surprise to me that Argile's grandfather, when he set the fort on the hill, chose the lower of the two eminences, contrary to all good guidance of war. But if he had not full dominion on Dunchuach, he had, at any rate, a fine prospect. I think, in all my time, I have never witnessed a more pleasing scene than ever presents itself in clear weather from the brow of this peak. Loch Finne—less, as the whim of the fancy might have it, a loch than a noble river—runs south in a placid band; the Cowal hills rise high on the left, bare but of heather and gill; in front Argile, green with the forest of Creag Dubh, where the stag bays in the gloaming. For miles behind the town and castle lies a plain, flat and rich, growing the most lush crops. The town itself, that one could almost throw a stone down on, looks like a child's toy. And away to the north and west the abundant hills, rising higher and higher—sprinkled here and there with spots of moor loch.

The fort this night was held by a hundred men of the body called the Marquis his Halberdiers, a corps of antique heroes whose weapon for ordinary was the Lochaber *tuagh* or axe, a pretty instrument on a parade of state, but small use, even at close quarters, with an enemy. They had skill of artillery, however, and few of them but had a Highlander's training in the use of the broadsword. Besides two culverins mounted on the less precipitous side of the hill—which was the way we came—they had smaller firearms in galore on the sconce, and many kegs of powder disposed in a recess or magazine at the base of the tower. To the east of the tower itself, and within the wall of the fort (where now is but an old haw-tree), was a governor's house perched on the sheer lip

of the hill, so that, looking out at its window, one could spit farther than a musket-ball would carry on the level.

We were no sooner in than MacLachlan was scenting round and into this little house. He came out crestfallen, and went over to the group of halberdiers, who were noisily telling their story to myself and Splendid.

"Are no people here but men?" he asked Para Mor, who was sergeant of the company, and to all appearance in charge of the place.

He caught me looking at him in some wonder, and felt bound, seemingly, to explain himself.

"I had half the hope," said he, "that my cousin had come here; but she'll be in the castle after all, as her father thought."

John Splendid gave me the pucker of an eye and a line of irony about the edge of his lips, that set my blood boiling. I was a foolish and ungoverned creature in those days of no-grace. I cried in my English, "One would think you had a goodman's interest in this bit girl."

MacLachlan leered at me with a most devilish light in his black eyes, and said, "Well, well, I might have even more. Marriage, they say, makes the sweetest woman wersh. But I hope you'll not grudge me, my dear Elrigmore, some anxiety about my own relatives."

The fellow was right enough (that was the worst of it), for a cousin's a cousin in the friendly North; but I found myself for the second time since I came home grudging him the kinship to the Provost of Inneraora's daughter.

That little tirra-vee passed, and we were soon heartily employed on a supper that had to do duty for two meals. We took it at a rough table in the tower, lighted by a flambeau, that sent sparks flying like pigeons, into the sombre height of the building, which tapered high overhead as a lime-kiln upside down. From this retreat we could see the proof of knavery in the villages below. Far down on Knapdale, and back in the recesses of Lochow, were burning homes, to judge from the blotched sky.

Dunchuach had never yet been attacked, but that was an experience expected at any hour, and its holders were ready for it. They had disposed their guns round the wall in such a way as to

command the whole gut between the hills, and consequently the path up from the Glens. The town side of the fort wall, and the east side, being on the sheer face (almost) of the rock, called for no artillery.

It was on the morning of the second day there that our defence was put to the test by a regiment of combined Irish and Athole men. The day was misty, with the frost in a hesitancy, a raw gowsty air sweeping over the hills. Para Mor, standing on the little north bastion or ravelin, as his post of sergeant always demanded, had been crooning a ditty and carving a scroll with his hunting-knife on a crook he would maybe use when he got back to the tack where his home was in ashes and his cattle were far to seek, when he heard a crackle of bushes at the edge of the wood that almost reached the hill-top, but falls short for lack of shelter from the sinister wind. In a second a couple of scouts in dirty red and green tartans, with *fealdags* or pleatless kilts on them instead of the better class *philabeg*, crept cannily out into the open, unsuspicious that their position could be seen from the fort.

Para Mor stopped his song, projected his firelock over the wall as he ducked his body behind it—all but an eye and shoulder—and with a hairy cheek against the stock, took aim at the foremost. The crack of the musket sounded odd and moist in the mist, failing away in a dismal slam that carried but a short distance, but it was enough to rouse Dunchuach.

We took the wall as we stood—myself, I remember me, in my kilt, with no jacket, and my shirt-sleeves rolled up to the shoulder; for I had been putting the stone, a pleasant Highland pastime, with John Splendid, who was similarly disaccoutred.

"All the better for business," said he, though the raw wind, as we lined the wall, cut like sharp steel.

Para Mor's unfortunate gentleman was the only living person to see when we looked into the gut, and he was too little that way to say much about. Para had fired for the head, but struck lower, so that the scout writhed to his end with a red-hot coal among his last morning's viands.

Long after, it would come back to me, the oddity of that spectacle in the

hollow—a man in a red *fealdag*, with his hide-covered buckler grotesquely flailing the grass, he, in the Gaelic custom, making a great moan about his end, and a pair of bickering rooks cawing away heartily as if it was no more than a sheep in the throes of braxy.

After a little the moan of the MacDonald stopped, the crows slanted down to the loch-side, stillness came over the place. We talked in whispers, sped about the walls on the tiptoes of our brogues, and peered wonderingly down to the edge of the wood. Long we waited and wearily, and by-and-by who came out high on the shoulder of Duntorvil but a band of the enemy, marching in good order for the summit of that paramount peak?

"I hope to God they have no large pieces with them yonder," said John; "for they'll have a coign there to give us trouble if once they get mother of muskets in train."

But, fortunately for us, no artillery ever came to Duntorvil.

Fully two hundred of the enemy massed on the hill, commanded by a squat officer in breeks and wearing a peruke *Anglicè*, that went oddly with his tartan plaid. He was the Master of Clanranald, we learned anon, a cunning person, whose aim was to avail himself of the impetuosity of the kilts he had in his corps. Gaels on the attack, as he knew, are omnipotent as God's thunderbolts; give them a running start at a foe, with no waiting, and they might carry the gates of hell against the Worst One and all his clan; on a standing defence where coolness and discipline are wanted, they have less splendid virtues. Clanranald was well aware that to take his regiment all into the hollow where his scout was stiffening was not only to expose them to the fire of the fort without giving them any chance of quick reply, but to begin the siege off anything but the bounding shoe-sole the Highlander has the natural genius for. What he devised was to try musketry at long range (and, to shorten my tale, that failed), then charge down the one summit, over the rushy gut, and up the side of Dunchuach, disconcerting our aim and bringing his men in on their courageous heat.

We ran back our pieces through the gorge of the bastions, wheeled them in on the terre-plein back from the wall,

and cocked them higher on their trunnions to get them in train for the opposite peak.

"Boom!" went the first gun, and a bit of brown earth spat up to the left of the enemy, low by a dozen paces.

A silly patter of poor musketry made answer, but their bullets might as well have been aimed at snipe for all the difference it made to us; they came short or spattered against our wall. We could hear the shouts of the foe, and saw their confusion as our third gun sent its message into the very heart of them.

Then they charged Dunchuach.

Our artillery lost its value, and we met them with fusil and caliver.

They came on in a sort of echelon of four companies, close ordered, and not as a more skilful commander would make them, and the leading company took the right. The rushy grass met them with a swish as they bounded over it like roebucks, so fast that our few score of muskets made no impression on them until they were climbing up the steep brae that led to our walls.

Over a man in a minority, waiting, no matter how well ensconced, the onslaught of numbers carried on the wings of hate there comes a strange feeling—I'll never deny it—a sort of qualm at the pit of the stomach, a notion to cry "'Cavi!" and turn atail disgraceful. I felt it but for a second, and then I took to my old practice of making a personal foe of one particular man in front of me. This time I chose a lieutenant or sergeant of the MacDonalds (by his tartan), a tall, lean rascal, clean shaved, in trews and a tight fitting *cota gearr* or short coat, with an otter-skin cap on his head, the otter-tail still attached and dangling behind like a Lowlander's queue. He was striding along zealfully, brandishing his sword, and disdaining even to take off his back the bull-hide targe, though all his neighbours kept theirs in front of them on the left arm.

"You have wrecked honest homes!" I argued with him in my mind. "You put the torch to the widow's thatch, you have driven the cattle from Elrigmore, and what of a girl with dark eyes like the sloe? Fancy man, man of my fancy! Oh! here's the end of your journey!"

Our assailants, after their usual cus-

tom, dropped their pieces, such as had them, when they had fired the first shot, and risked all on the push of the target and the slash of the broad brand, confident even that our six or seven feet of escarpment would never stay their on-set any time to speak of. An abattis or a fosse would have made this step futile; but as things were, it was not altogether impossible that they might surmount our low wall. Our advantage was that the terre-plein on which we stood was three or four feet higher than they were at the outer side of the wall, apart from the fact that they were poised precariously on a steep brae. We leaned calmly over the wall and spat at them with pistols now and then as they ran up the hill, with Clanranald and some captains crying them on at the flank or middle. In the plain they left a piper who had naturally not enough wind to keep his instrument going and face the hill at the same time. He strode up and down in the deadliest part of the valley where a well-sent musket-ball would never lose him, and played a tune they call "The Galley of the Waves," a Stewart rant with a hint of the zest of the sea in it. Nobody thought of firing at him, though his work was an encouragement to our foes, and anon the hill-tops rang with a duel of pibrochs between him and a lad of our garrison, who got round on the top of the wall near the governor's house and strutted high-shoulderedly up and down, blasting at the good braggart air of "Baile Inneraora."

Those snorting, wailing, warring pipes mingled oddly with the shout of the fighting men, who had ways of battle new to me in practice though they were in a sense my own countrymen. Gaelic slogans and maledictions they shouted, and when one of them fell in the mob, his immediate comrades never failed to stop short in their charge and coolly rob him of a silver button off his coat, or a weapon if it seemed worth while.

In a little they were soon clamouring against our wall. We laughed and progged them off with the long-handled axes to get free play with the fusils, and one after another of them fell off, wounded or dead.

"This is the greatest folly ever I saw," said Sir Donald, wiping his brow with a bloody hand.

"I wish I was sure there was no trick

in it," said John. He was looking around him and taking a tug at his belt, that braced him by a couple of holes. Then he spat, for luck, on a ball he dropped into his fusil, said a Glassary charm on it as he rammed home the charge and brought the butt to his cheek, aiming at a white-faced Irisher with a leathern waistcoat, who fell backward into a dub of mud and stirred no more.

"Four!" said John; "I could scarcely do better with my own French fusil Mairi Og."

The enemy drew off at a command of their captain, and into the edge of the wood that came up on the left near our summit. We lost our interest in them for a time, watching a man running up the little valley from the right, above Kilmalieu. He came on, waving his arms wildly and pointing ahead; but though he was plain to our view, he was out of sight of the enemy on the left.

A long black coat hampered his movements, and he looked gawky enough, stumbling through the rushes.

"If I didn't think the inside of Castle Inneraora was too snug to quit for a deadly hillside," said John, "I could believe yon was our friend the English minister."

"The English minister sure enough," said half-a-dozen beside us.

"Here's ill luck for us then!" cried John, with irony. "He'll preach us to death; the fellow's deadlier than the Clanranald banditty."

Some one ran to the post beside the governor's house, and let the gentleman in when he reached it. He was panting like a winded hound, the sweat standing in beads on his shaven jowl, and for a minute or two he could say nothing, only pointing at the back of our fort in the direction of the town.

"A parish visit, is it, sir?" asked John, still in his irony.

The minister sat him down on a log of wood and clutched his side, still pointing eagerly to the south of our fort. No one could understand him, but at last he found a choked and ropy voice.

"A band behind there," he said; "your — front — attack is — but — a — feint."

As he spoke, half-a-dozen men in a north-country tartan got on the top of

our low rear wall that we thought impregnable on the lip of the hill, and came on us with a most ferocious uproar. "Badenoch!" they cried in a fashion to rend the hills, and the signal (for such it was more than slogan) brought on our other side the Clanranald gentry.

What followed in that hearth-stone fight so hot and brisk took so short a space of time, and happened in so confused and terrible a moment, that all but my personal feelings escape me. My every sense stirred with something horrible; the numb sound of a musket-butt on a head, the squeal of men wounded at the vitals, and the deeper roar of hate; a smell of blood as I felt it when a boy holding the candle at night to our shepherds slaughtering sheep in the barn at home; before the eyes a red blur cleared at intervals when I rubbed the stinging sweat from my face.

Half a hundred of those back-gate assailants were over our low wall with their axe-hooks and ladders before we could charge and prime, engaging us hand to hand in the cobbled square of our fort, at the tower foot. The harassment on this new side gave the first band of the enemy the chance to surmount our front wall, and they were not slow to take it.

Luckily our halberdiers stood firm in a mass that faced both ways, and as luckily, we had in Master John M'Iver a general of strategy and experience.

"Stand fast, Campbell Halberdiers!" he cried. "It's bloody death, whether we take it like cravens or Gaelic gentlemen!" He laid about him with a good purpose, and whether they tried us in front or rear, the scamps found the levelled pikes and the ready swords. Some dropped beside, but more dropped before us, for the tod in a hole will face twenty times what he will flee from in the open wood; but never a man of all our striving company fought sturdier than our minister, with a weapon snatched from an Athole man he had levelled at a first blow from an oaken rung.

"The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" he would cry; "for all the kings of the Amorites that dwell in the mountains are gathered together against us." A slim elder man he was, ordinarily with a wan sharp face; now it was

flushed and hoveled in anger, and he hissed his texts through his teeth as he faced the dogs. Some of youth's schooling was there, a Lowland youth's training with the broadsword ; for he handled it like no novice, and even M'Iver gave him " Bravo, suas é ! "

That we held our ground was no great virtue—we could scarcely do less ; but we did more, for soon we had our enemy driven back on the walls. They fought—there's no denying it—with a frenzy that made them ill to beat ; but when a couple of score of our lads lined the upper wall again and kept back the leak from that airt by the command of John Splendid, it left us the chance of sweeping our unwelcome tenants back again on the lower wall. They fought stubbornly, but we had weight against them and the advantage of the little brae, and by-and-by we pinned them, like fougarts, against the stones. Most of them put back against the wall, and fought, even with the pike at their

vitals, slashing empty air with sword or dirk ; some got on the wall again and threw themselves over the other side, risking the chance of an uglier death on the rocks below.

In less than an hour after the shot of Para Mor (himself a stricken corpse now) rang over Dunchuach, our piper, with a gash on his face, was playing some vaunting air on the walls again, and the fort was free of the enemy, of whom the bulk had fallen back into the wood, and seemingly set out for In-neraora.

Then we gathered and stroked our dead—twenty-and-three ; we put our wounded in the governor's house, and gave them the rough leech-craft of the fighting field ; the dead of the assailants we threw over the rock, and among them was a clean-shaven man in trews and a tight-fitting *cota gearr*, who left two halves of an otter-skin cap behind him.

(To be continued.)

THE RETURN.

A day ago, as she passed through
(September, with foreshadowed hair),
The great doors of the year swung to,
And little leaves fell here and there.

Behind white drifted clouds was lost
The pageant of the level sun ;
We knew the silence tokened frost
And that the old warm eves were done.

And so we mourned and slept. But he
(The Master of the moving hours)
Called up the Southern wind ; and we
Awoke—to see, across the flowers,

The gates flung back a morning's space,
And (while the fields went wild for mirth !)
Above the threshold Summer's face
Yearning for her old lover, Earth.

Francis Sherman.

WHAT IS GOOD ENGLISH?

They have a saying in London to the effect that if you see a person in the Row between the hours of twelve and one o'clock on Sunday, wearing a shooting-jacket and a particularly shabby hat, it is safe to assume that the person in question is a Duke, as one of lesser rank would never venture to appear there in a costume so utterly *négligé*. This little dictum has an application of its own in matters relating to our English speech and usage. The speaker and writer who is always spick and span in his verbal dress, who clothes his ideas only in the language of books, and who pronounces his words absolutely in accordance with the orthoëpy enjoined in dictionaries, may perhaps be an educated man, but his education is, in all probability, a very superficial one. On the other hand, the style that draws freely upon all the sources of our mother tongue, that is seasoned and vivified with good racy idioms, that at times and in the proper places allows itself a colouring of colloquialism, and that is not afraid of even a strong and striking bit of slang when it will serve a special purpose—this is the style not merely of an educated man, but of a master and moulder of language, the style of the linguistic artist, the style of the accomplished scholar.

Professor Hill, of Harvard University, not long ago, in writing down some thoughts about the underlying principles of usage, gave utterance to this very useful admonition: "Above all things, avoid the use of schoolmasters' English." What he meant was: Do not be pedantic, do not always limit yourself to a narrowly restricted vocabulary, do not think that formal grammar and the arbitrary work of the lexicographer have drawn a line in language over which you must never pass. Yet the teaching of English in American schools is too often circumscribed in just that way. It is a national superstition with us that "the dictionary" came down direct from heaven, and that it contains all that is necessary to our linguistic salvation, when supplemented by the cut-and-dried pronouncements of a grave grammarian. Hence, when any question of the propriety of a word is

broached, every one goes trotting to the dictionary; and after its pages have been reverently consulted, *causa finita est*. So, too, when a question of syntax arises, the grammar is raked over to see if some formal rule applies; and if it does not, or if the suspected sentence cannot be "diagrammed," then the sentence is anathema. Now it is all right to trot to the dictionary and to consult the grammar. A good dictionary and a good grammar are useful works; but it is the very first mark of inefficiency in a teacher of English if he leads his pupils to look upon either of these as though it had descended amid the crash of thunder and the blaze of fire that accompanied the decalogue on Sinai.

If, indeed, the word-mongers and the diagrammers could ever have their way unchecked, our literary English would be as fixed and lacking in mobility as Sanskrit or Egyptian; for it would be as dead as they, and as incapable of enrichment and expansion. But fortunately, there are limits to the repressive authority of the schoolmen. Side by side with that portion of our language which has received their gracious sanction runs the rich stream of spoken English, continually renewed from a thousand verbal rivulets. The pedants will not recognise its existence, and those timid writers who are bound by formal precept and tradition dare not dip into it for fear of being called "inelegant;" but every little while some independent, vigorous-minded genius, who sees with his own eyes and who has a sense of what the literary language lacks, will fearlessly resort to the swelling stream of colloquial English, and he will take from it what pleases him, and by the force of his example will lead others on to follow him. Hence the English of our literature is being always reinforced against the will of its self-appointed guardians; and when each new edition of a dictionary appears, the compilers will be found to have been compelled to recognise as good and classical what all their predecessors stigmatised as incorrect and censurable. Who does not remember that when Johnson made his dictionary "pony" was set down as slang, and that ex-

quisitely beautiful word "gloaming" as a vulgarism?

The same thing has been true in the history of many languages. Take Latin, for example. In the third century before Christ, the Roman speech was bare indeed. The process which was finally to develop it into a great instrument of melody and power had only just begun, so that its vocabulary was meagre and its forms of expression bald and commonplace. Then came Plautus, a marvellous master of language, with a genius like that of Shakespeare, a luxuriant fancy, and a bold, creative mind. He threw at once into the literary crucible a thousand vivid, picturesque, and glowing terms culled from the language of the streets and shops, and on their analogy he himself made hundreds of other curiously expressive words, while his daring spirit flung into his work a richness of expression, a variety of diction, and a felicitous fertility of phrase such as still remains a model of what can be done in any language by one who is enough at home to take with it inspired liberties. But Plautus was a man of humble origin; the drama was in no high repute; and so his splendid vocabulary remained largely untouched and unrecognised by the stiff-backed purists of Rome, until there arose another great master of style in the person of Cicero, whose influence was so dominant as to make his usages the law of Latin literature, and who, perceiving the perfection of the Plautine speech, made much of it his own, and gave to it the stamp of his supreme authority, and thus converted into classic diction what had before been kept without the pale of authorised Latinity.

Now the English language, as a whole, is the richest of all modern tongues, and it is not to be bounded by the comparatively narrow limits of its literature. There exists, as well, the easy, fluent usage of conversation, and there is also the strong, simple, homely speech of the common people, rooted in plain Saxon, smacking of the soil, and having a sturdy power about it that is unsurpassable for downright force and blunt directness. So, when a writer comes to the task of dealing with a large and varied theme, must he be satisfied to cramp his language by keeping always to the prim elegance, the neat hedgerows of scholastic diction? Shall he not avail himself of

all the wonderful resources of the entire language, drawing from all its treasure-houses, and selecting, with no pedantic sniffs or questions as to origin, whatever will best suit his own immediate purpose? If he be independent enough to defy convention, he surely will do this. Like a musician seated at a mighty organ, like a painter beside his palette, he will choose, with unerring taste, whatever note, whatever tint he most may need. His one aim will be to make his meaning absolutely certain, to drive it home to the mind of the reader with all the fire and force of which he is a master,—to inform, to please, to persuade, and to convince. Therefore he takes the very word he wants, whether it be a learned compound or whether it be a product of the music-hall; only, whatever he takes, it must be the word or the phrase that will give the precise shade of meaning which he is endeavouring to convey, having just the right colour and just the point and power that will make it linger in the memory. And so the writer of the best English is he whose language responds exactly to his mood and thought, now thundering and surging with the majestic words whose immediate ancestry is Roman, now rippling and singing with the smooth harmonies of later speech, now forging ahead with the irresistible energy of the Saxon, and now laughing and wantoning in the easy lightness of our modern phrase.

This instinct, this discretion, this insight, this feeling for the exact word and the exact expression can never come from merely taking thought. It cannot be acquired in the schools nor from the text-books. Even the widest reading and the closest observation will not create it. A purely formal style, one of correctness and precision, one that is true to the ordinary literary models, may be acquired; but that is all. The style of the born writer who flings himself joyously into his subject, who revels in the wealth and fertility of his own linguistic resources, and who creates a literary manner for himself, is as truly a gift of Nature as is the poet's inspiration or the sculptor's sense of form; for it is largely a matter of temperament. It cannot be man-given, though it may be disciplined and wonderfully enriched by culture. What is of more importance is the fact that it can be cramped and

dwarfed and stunted. When it is still in the early stages of its evolution it can be made self-conscious by cheap criticism, and the mind that is back of it may be brought to be ashamed of its own originality by those persons whose source of inspiration is discoverable in a text-book. While it is still sensitive to authority, dull minds that move by rule and formula may clip its wings and make its spontaneity seem lawless, its unconventionality barbaric. And if one has been taught from the beginning to feel an unreasoning reverence for mere printed precepts, then the process of discouragement is made still easier, so that, in many cases, rare originality is caged and cramped into a literary formalism.

Remembering all these things, what ought to be the attitude of a practical teacher of English, who knows that among the minds for whose development and training he is to become responsible, there may, perhaps, be one or two possessed of a capacity for high achievement? He must necessarily impart a knowledge of the ordinary canons of language and of style. He must, in much of what he does, rely upon such text-books as exist. He must accept and teach the usual standards, the technical traditions, the rules and principles that have come down to us from the days of Priscianus and Quintilian. All this he must inevitably do. But if he be a teacher worthy of the name, and one who is imbued with the spirit of the language and its genius, he will not stop here. He will teach these things; but his point of view will never be the point of view of him who sees no further than the printed page. He will impart a knowledge of the formal rules, but in doing so he will never fail to show how every formal rule is only a convenience; that it embodies only a portion of the truth and not the whole of it; that it stands for a norm, a convenient every-day expression of usual fact, and not for an ultimate and invariable standard to which all usage must of necessity be conformed. He will rehearse the conventional laws of style, but he will make it clear by numerous and striking examples how these laws are often gloriously violated, and how they are not to be viewed as fettering the freer play of genius. He will, above all, show that usage makes a rule

rather than a rule the usage, and that while one may be safe inside the rule, he may be splendid beyond it. In this way the teacher will offer a perfectly consistent training to the mind that is commonplace, without at the same time discouraging the exceptional mind that has within itself a capacity for what is striking and unusual. But he will not glorify the unconventional for its own sake, since he will show that there is an unconventionality which is slovenly and vulgar, as well as an unconventionality which is original and magnificent.

It is an open question, as to which the present writer must confess that he has not yet made up his mind, whether the teaching of English grammar in any strictly technical sense ought to begin before the learner's intellect has reached a condition of comparative maturity. But, assuming that it should, then this teaching ought to be the very best, the very furthest removed from dusty dogmatism, and the most attractive that the class-room ever sees. For, as a rule, no subject that is taught to-day is so poorly and unintelligently taught as English, while none is actually so important as being the very foundation and underpinning of every possible type of education. It is shameful to see our very colleges filled with students who never set down three consecutive sentences that do not reek with solecisms of expression, of syntax, and of style; while not a few, when they leave the college hall, the winners of a university degree, make blunders even of orthography that might well disgrace a swine-herd.

The ideal teaching of English would not, at first, in our opinion, be based upon a text-book at all, but it would be wholly oral. An instructor combining a scholar's breadth of knowledge with the finest literary taste and a sane perception of what the young mind will grasp most eagerly, would sit down with a class of two or three and tell them interesting things about the language to whose use they have been born. He would give them some idea of the history of our tongue, of how it rose from the humble position of a mere provincial dialect to the stately dignity of a great world-language; he would explain just how its growth went hand in hand with the political and commercial and intellectual development of those

who spoke it ; he would sketch the process of its enrichment, and make it clear by illustrations how it has drawn its marvellous vocabulary from every other speech, and how its very words embody the history of our Anglo-Saxon civilisation. He would compare the literary forms of expression with the popular, and would try to give a sense of what is admirable in each locution ; and then he would explain with continual illustration and example the nice distinctions of variant usage, pointing out how in one way force is gained and how in another harmony and grace ; and thus he would gradually bring their minds to a genuine appreciation of the vital interest of a theme whose importance to every one of us is just as marked as is its fascination. And when he had reached this point they would be ready to accept, not only with sound understanding, but with zestful eagerness, the purely technical side of grammar and of rhetoric, for these two ought to be combined in English teaching. The learner would not then regard the rules and principles as dull, unmeaning dogmatism, but as clues to something that is really worth his while, as keys that can unlock a wondrous jewel-casket, as the title to a gift that may enable him to charm, convince, delight, and entertain ; for these things are the heritage of him who truly masters all the glorious resources of our mother tongue, so rich, so manly, so harmonious, so strong, and so majestic.

This would be ideal teaching, but it can scarcely have a frequent place in the scheme of the Actual, for there exist unfortunately, very few such teachers as we have here described, while the teaching of elementary English grammar must go on in every hamlet of the land ; and, in the second place, the great mass of students must always be instructed in large classes rather than in an individual way. Hence, the best that one can reasonably look for is a text-book that may be put into their hands with the knowledge that its spirit is the spirit of common sense, and its information the sort of information that the learner will most certainly require and most readily assimilate. Such a book is almost as rare as the ideal teacher himself ; yet we have now before us one that may be very fairly regarded as belonging to precisely such a

category.* Its author does not believe that the study of grammar as a system should be taken up until the high-school course begins, but that the beginner should be grounded in the essential principles of the language only. These principles are not, he thinks, to be acquired by rote, with " parsing " done almost by ear, and with diagrams that represent in their victim a kind of acquired instinct. He seeks to facilitate by the preparation of this book the attainment of four definite results,—the knowledge of a logical method for the classification of words, a familiarity with the English systems of inflection, the underlying principles of English syntax, and a thorough comprehension of the structure of the English sentence. Those things, he thinks, a young student can master in a year or two ; and we also think it wholly possible, if the spirit in which this book is written should be infused into the work of those who use it.

Professor Carpenter lays stress in his preface upon the fact that he has " avoided categorical statements affirming that certain usages occurring frequently in literary and colloquial English are ' wrong.' "

" It seems to me exceedingly important that pupils should learn to study and judge the facts of language as they at present exist, in a candid and scientific fashion, tabooing only words and expressions that are actually vulgar, and recognising the natural diversity of usage."

It remains for us to consider how far, in the book itself, these very sensible intentions have been successfully carried out. It opens with an introductory chapter on grammar and its divisions, containing a clear statement of the true purpose of the study of grammar and an indication of its value as a means of mental discipline, to which is added a paragraph that explains to the young student the meaning of Historical Grammar. The following chapter describes simply and with easy lucidity the place that English occupies in the Indo-European family of languages ; and it gives a brief sketch of the linguistic and historical distinctions between Old English, Middle English, and Modern English. Professor Carpenter also calls attention

* The Principles of English Grammar. By G. R. Carpenter. New York : The Macmillan Co.

to the three varieties of Modern English—literary, colloquial, and vulgar. Then follow chapters in which is developed in a very attractive way a description and explanation of the parts of speech, of inflection, derivation, and composition; from which one passes through the parts of speech themselves to Syntax and Sentence Analysis. All the information is given, not dogmatically and drily, but in the manner which we have already indicated as best adapted to the comprehension of a beginner, with no formal rules, but with an abundance of apt illustration, and with perfect clearness and simplicity. We note with especial pleasure the very lucid explanations given of many niceties of language that are so often stumbling-blocks to the educated as well as the uneducated. Such, for instance, is the statement regarding the use of "shall" and "will" (pp. 131, 132), of "should" and "would" (pp. 134, 135), of collective nouns (pp. 183, 184), of such words as have at different times the form of different parts of speech (pp. 195, 196), and of conditional sentences (pp. 200, 201). Professor Carpenter's good sense and liberality toward varying usages are seen in his acceptance of such expressions as "more universal," "more perfect," etc. (p. 105), and in his recognition of the fact that usage has given a binding sanction to the use of "United States" as a noun in the singular (p. 59). He even gives a quasi-approval to such an expression as "the best of the two" (p. 178), which he styles "an innocent error," though he objects to such common phrases as "sugar's rise," "India's famine," and "Boston's fire" (p. 175).

Although Professor Carpenter naturally confines himself in general to modern English usage, he does at times, and very wisely, refer to both Old and Middle English in order to make the origin of some apparently irregular expressions plain to the student, as in his notes on the alleged vulgar English phrase "these kind of men" (p. 177), "em" as an equivalent for "them" (p. 81), and on nouns whose singular and plural forms are identical (p. 58). We are glad that he still holds to the use of "politics" and "athletics" as plurals, in spite of the recent tendency in newspaper English to make them conform to the analogy of "news."

More specific enumeration of the ex-

cellences of this grammar in its details it is hardly necessary to give. What we said at the outset truthfully indicates the value of the book: it is a fair substitute for a very unusually able teacher, and it is just the sort of grammar that such a teacher would wish to put into the hands of every student. Were its merits not here and there counterbalanced by some obvious defects, the volume would be unlike any other book of human production; and some of these defects we may briefly indicate, not in a spirit of captious criticism, but because two or three of them relate to matters that are more than trivial, and because, therefore, it would be wrong to let them pass without a protest.

The least important are the touches of inconsistency that are here and there observable. Professor Carpenter in general abstains from asserting positively that this, that, or the other thing is "wrong;" yet he does at times give utterance to a sort of condemnation, as in saying of a certain construction that it "is not to be commended" (p. 175). Now if he is going to disapprove of one form of speech that may be defended by usage, he ought to go on and condemn others also which are equally censurable from their lack of taste and elegance. Again, he disclaims any intention of urging rhetorical considerations in his treatment of purely grammatical quotations; yet again and again his objections to certain verbal practices are frankly put upon rhetorical grounds, as on pages 181, 198. Personally, we think that the art of rhetoric should always be brought in to supplement and enrich the science of grammar; and as Professor Carpenter in practice often seems to think so too, we could wish that in some of his observations he had laid more stress upon rhetorical laws; for there is no reason why stylistic taste should not be cultivated side by side with the acquisition of grammatical principles.

A neglect of this consideration has led Professor Carpenter into giving a modified approval to the split infinitive because, so he says, "it is used without hesitation by many writers of repute" (p. 193). Well, there have also been men of sound morality and great integrity, from Cato the Censor down, who have been overcome by drink in public; yet such a weakness is not to be com-

mended merely because of their general good character. The *exemplar vitiis imitabile* is just the one thing that the discriminating person ought always to be on his guard against; and it is depressing to find in a book so sensible as Professor Carpenter's any traces of a tendency to overlook the fact that faults and errors of taste are no less faulty and erroneous when they are imbedded, like flies in amber, in the pages of some otherwise impeccable writer. Professor Carpenter has here, in fact, illustrated the dangers of "liberality." It is very sensible to make usage the great criterion in matters of language; but this liberality ought to be an enlightened and critical liberality. It should recognise that there is usage and usage, that a crude expression in a writer of repute is no better than when it is used by a penny-a-liner, and that the masterly, high-bred, aristocratic carelessness of a man of perfect taste is quite as far removed from a slovenly and stupid carelessness as it is from a pedantic scrupulosity—the *obscura diligentia* which Terence once rebuked.

No usage can justify things that are in their very essence absolutely at variance with the fundamental laws of language itself. Thus, Professor Carpenter dogmatically allows the use of the "retained object" in such expressions as "I was paid the money" (p. 176), which embodies a perfect monstrosity of speech, and which it is wholly impossible to defend or even to explain. But having admitted this into his grammatical canon Professor Carpenter goes a step further, and by implication defends even the common blunder "It is me." This he tries to explain, if not to justify; but his explanation, which is a novel one to us, in reality explains nothing whatsoever. He says (p. 174) that "'It is me' has become a stereotyped, idiomatic, colloquial expression, used with-

out hesitation by the mass of the people and shunned only by the fastidious." He thinks this natural enough; for "*me* bears in form and sound a closer analogy to *he* and *she* than *I* does, and so would sound more natural." That is, he thinks that people say "It is me" because of an analogy in sound to the correct expressions, "It is he" and "it is she." But as a matter of fact, the persons who say "It is me" do not say "It is he" and "It is she;" but they rather say, with equal ignorance, "It is him" and "It is her." Curiously enough, our author has nothing to say in behalf of "It is him." He does not mention it at all, and that is wise; for if he had done so it would have left his argument for "It is me" wholly in the air and without a leg to stand on. The fact is that "It is me" arises from ignorance of the nature of the neuter verb, and represents a general tendency to use the objective case after any verb whatever. And, indeed, if one may use the "retained object" after a passive verb, that is really no reason on earth why he should not indulge in any other linguistic debauch that pleases him, and say not only "It is me," but "It is him" and "It is her" as well.

An appendix to the grammar, by Mr. E. H. Babbitt, contains a great deal of useful and pertinent information in a small compass; and its first paragraph neatly knocks the underpinning from beneath the fatuous and blatant advocates of Fonetik Refawrm. Altogether the book is to be commended very warmly; and, apart from the casual defects that we have just enumerated, it is admirably adapted to bring back to a healthy and normal linguistic vision all persons who are suffering from grammatical myopia and strabismus.

Harry Thurston Peck.



KIPLING'S VIEW OF AMERICANS.

Some four centuries ago a venturesome voyager named Columbus crossed the Atlantic and discovered the Americans. This first and original discoverer of the Americans was an Italian. On his return to the other side, he embodied his impressions in a book. The Americans, in his opinion, were a curious and barbarous people. A few years later a traveller named Cabot discovered the Americans again. He was an Englishman. He, too, wrote a book. He, too, found the Americans a curious and barbarous people.

During the four centuries that have elapsed since Columbus and Cabot, Americans have not remained undiscovered. On the contrary, year by year since those early times, traveller after traveller of every nationality in Europe, but especially of French and English, has come to these shores, discovered the Americans, and pronounced them a curious and barbarous people. Almost the latest in the long line of discoverers of America is the Anglo-Indian prodigy, the great Rudyard Kipling. We had thought that the supply of discoverers had run out; but no, in India a new genius arose, and we were discovered again. We had thought that there was nothing left to discover; but lo! Kipling came to us, entered "into our midst," so to speak, and succeeded in discovering a number of strangely familiar facts.

We Americans, with conscientious industry, have read all these accounts, and have not yet lost interest in the process of being discovered. Instead of being gratified by the occasional bits of praise, and resenting the persistent faultfinding and occasional abuse, we have been delighted and amused. Our market has stood wide open to books of this kind. We have not yet invented the plan of *protecting* our "infant literary industries."

The reason for this peculiar attitude is, perhaps, to be found in our national self-complacency. We have prosperity and most of the other gifts of the gods, and in addition, if we may believe Mr. Kipling, "almost human intelligence." All we want is some one before whom

we may display our finery. Consequently we like to hear ourselves talked about, and greedily seize any morsel of comment, bitter or sweet. The compliments we take as a matter of course; the criticism, if clever, amuses us, but does not annoy us, because we do not for a moment suspect that it can be true. We are like a precocious school-boy, not Macaulay's, who aches for an opportunity to "show off."

Consequently, we have greedily bolted books of comment, good, bad, and indifferent, from the time of Basil Hall, Mrs. Trollope, and Charles Dickens to the time of Max O'Rell, Paul Bourget, James Bryce, and Rudyard Kipling. Our power of belief, in the words of Andrew Lang, "has verged on credulity." We have enjoyed the praise and, strange to relate, have not seriously resented the criticism. Encroachments in Venezuela and Bering Sea seals we take very seriously, but criticism of our language and manners we receive with a very becoming sense of humour. To be sure, there are exceptions. The ardent patriotism of our Brander Matthews cannot be entirely smothered, but finds a vent in the collection of Britticisms to offset the Americanisms to which English writers are so fond of alluding. The American editor, too, cannot always contain himself, and we have an occasional vicious "sending of Dana's *Sun*." But, as a rule, the twist-the-lion's-tail, lick-creation, jingo spirit is not prominent in our literature.

Naturally we are eager to hear the opinion of Kipling on this subject so near to our heart. This opinion seems to be an unstable quantity, dependent upon the time of writing and upon the public to whom he is addressing himself. In the esteem of Kipling, the clever young Indian journalist, the American had a place on a plane with that of the much reviled globe-trotter. Kipling at this time had very little real knowledge of us, but said a few things about us from hearsay. For instance, in the amusing story of missionary life, "The Judgment of Dungara," he says, "Speak to the Racine Gospel Agency, those lean Americans whose boast is that they go

where no Englishman dare follow." Again, in the "Ballad of Fisher's Boarding-House" is represented an American character, Salem Hardicker, "A lean Bostonian he —." Again, in "His Private Honour" occurs the savage innuendo, "Ortheris, being neither a menial nor an American, but a free man, had no excuse for yelping." Again, in "A Matter of Fact," Kipling makes some wicked thrusts at the methods of American journalism. Keller, the over-enthusiastic young journalist from Dayton, O., is utterly foiled in attempting to put his American methods into practice in England. Keller's account of the sea-serpent is thus described: "Keller triple-headed his account, talked about our 'gallant captain,' and wound up with an allusion to American enterprise in that it was a citizen of Dayton, O., that had seen the sea-serpent. This sort of thing would have discredited the Creation, much more a mere sea tale, but as a specimen of the picture-writing of a half-civilised people it was very interesting." The wise Britisher follows this not too delicate remark with the withering advice: "Don't be an ass, Keller. Remember, I'm seven hundred years your senior, and what your grandchildren may learn five hundred years hence I learned from my grandfathers about five hundred years ago. You won't do it, because you can't."

Such not too eulogistic passages reflect Kipling's general view of Americans. This disdainful feeling, however first aroused, was certainly fostered by practical considerations. American appreciation of Kipling's clever tales did not assume a substantial form. In our eagerness to read, we forgot the rights of the author. Large editions fail to gladden when they are pirated, and Kipling in his *American Notes* thus expresses his resentful feelings: "This may sound bloodthirsty; but remember, I had a grievance upon me—the grievance of the pirated English books." And again: "Oliver Wendell Holmes says that the Yankee school-marm, the cider, and the salt codfish of the Eastern States are responsible for what he calls a nasal accent. I know better. They stole books from across the water without paying for 'em, and the snort of delight was fixed in their nostrils forever by a just Providence. That is why they talk a foreign tongue to-day." To gen-

eral disdain of Americans was added personal grievance, so that Kipling arrived in San Francisco, on his first visit to America, equipped with keen powers of observation, numerous clever and original tricks of expression, and a genuine prejudice against everything American.

In his *American Notes* Kipling has made many of the conventional comments which have been common literary property since the time of Dickens and Mrs. Trollope. To these he has added a few comments of his own, usually in the same eulogistic strain, and he has expressed all these in the peculiar and inimitable Kipling manner. The moderation and restraint shown in his work are well described in the note of the American editor prefixed to Mrs. Trollope's work of more than a half century ago. "In presenting to the American public the following work, the publishers cannot refrain from congratulating their countrymen on the appearance of so just and happy a delineation of American character and manners. Moderate, conciliating, and good-humoured, it cannot but astonish us with the display of our own virtues, and fill us with a proud gratification at finding ourselves so much better than we had expected. Coming from the source it does, we had reason to expect the usual quantity of prejudice, ignorance, and misrepresentation which has heretofore distinguished most English travellers in the United States; but the reader will be surprised and delighted to find that the good-natured author has actually, on several occasions, omitted some capital opportunities of introducing picturesque incidents, such as dirkings, gougings, and the like, on which Mr. Fawkes, Mr. Fearon, and others have dwelt with such singular satisfaction. Had the author cherished the least feeling of ill-will toward the people of this country, instead of contenting herself with merely making every man in the United States a chewer of tobacco and spitter of tobacco-juice, she might with almost equal truth have extended the practice to women and children, the latter of whom, from a feeling of friendly commiseration, she has neglected to tell her readers begin to use tobacco by the time they are a week old, and some of them still earlier. The good-natured author has also neglected to apprise the

English public that it is the universal practice in the United States for gentlemen, as soon as they have finished their dinner, to call for a pitchfork or a chestnut rail, wherewith to pick their teeth. Some prefer one, some the other; but on the whole, the pitchfork is the favourite. We might instance various other particulars in which the spirit of Christian moderation appears with such lustre in the work; but the omission to notice practices so unseemly as those just specified, and so notorious to all, will, I think, be quite sufficient evidence of the character of the writer." Evidently, then, the suave, genial tone is not peculiar to Kipling's *Notes*, but is shared by the earlier books on America.

The general spirit of Kipling's work is well shown by a contrast with the work of Dickens. The latter author, at the end of his *American Notes*, feeling that some effort should be made to soften the asperity of his remarks, soothingly says: "I have little reason to believe, from certain warnings I have had since I returned to England, that it will be tenderly or favourably received by the American people; and as I have written the Truth in relation to the mass of those who form their judgments and express their opinions, it will be seen that I have no desire to court, by any adventitious means, the popular applause. It is enough for me to know that what I have set down in these pages cannot cost me a single friend on the other side of the Atlantic who is, in anything, deserving of the name. For the rest, I put my trust implicitly in the spirit in which they have been conceived and penned, and I can bide my time." All this seems a little cringing from the author of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. Kipling, more candidly, though evidently with a feeling of guilt, frankly says at the beginning of his book: "Protect me from the wrath of an outraged community if these letters be ever read by American eyes." There is a certain sweetness of revenge in reading Kipling's *American Notes* in a pirated edition.

Kipling, in a judicial spirit, finds some things in America to commend. The glories of the Yellowstone Park he wonders at and describes in a marvellously effective manner. He decidedly appreciates the pleasures of American salmon-fishing. He finds solace in our "superior cigars," as he deigns to call them.

But, above all, he is enamoured of the American girl. On the most out-of-the-way occasions he bursts forth into such rhapsodies as, "Whose women are of a remarkable beauty." "Also the women are very fair." "That one falls in love with them goes without saying." "Sweet and comely are the maidens of Devonshire; delicate and of gracious seeming those who live in the pleasant places of London; fascinating, for all their demureness, the damsels of France, clinging closely to their mothers, with large eyes wondering at the wicked world; excellent in her own place and to those who understand her is the Anglo-Indian 'spin' in her second season; but the girls of America are above and beyond them all. They are clever, they can talk—yea, it is said that they think. Certainly they have an appearance of so doing which is delightfully deceptive."

Here, unfortunately, his praise terminates. To borrow the words of the American pirate editor, he makes "incisive jabs at the hotel-clerk, catarrh, and other defects in American character." The American art of expectoration excites his wonder and contempt. The American up-to-date gospel, the dazzling ornamentation of the saloons, the political system, the army, the navy, the language, and the general materialism of the American spirit are described in withering terms of scorn. The judicial attitude of the writer and the delicacy of his language may be inferred from remarks like the following: "San Francisco is a mad city—inhabited for the most part by perfectly insane people, whose women are of a remarkable beauty." "But the American has no language. He is dialect, slang, provincialism, accent, and so forth." "I have struck a city—a real city—and they call it Chicago. . . . Having seen it, I urgently desire never to see it again. It is inhabited by savages."

The *American Notes* as a whole is a brilliant and entertaining account of America, the first impressions of a very young man, and intended to amuse the readers of an Indian journal. The writer has not been hampered by any respect for the facts in the case, and gives free scope to his fancy in producing a work valuable to Indians as an authentic source of information regarding things American.

In Kipling's more recent writings there is manifest a decided change of attitude toward Americans. Whatever his real opinion may be, his expressed opinion is different. To be sure, he is now writing, in part at least, for an American audience. In the *American Notes* he is attempting to amuse an Indian public at the expense of Americans. In the *Naulakha*, in the *Walking Delegate*, and in *Captains Courageous* he is writing about America for Americans. Policy dictates a change of manner. Then, too, he has been subjected to new influences. American friends, an American wife, and perhaps not least of all, an American international copyright law have done something to conciliate his hostile humour.

To be sure, his old contempt for democracy still breathes forth in some of his works. It is a mooted question whether or not the anarchy of the bandar-log community, described in the first *Jungle Book*, is intended as a satire on Americans. Perhaps it is a case of the shoe fitting, though not so intended by the writer. In such case Kipling builded better than he knew.

But aside from occasional satirical touches, the spirit of his later writings is decidedly friendly and appreciative. Even his occasional jabs are much less vicious than formerly. His satire has lost much of its bitterness. His sarcasm has become something closely akin to humour. In the *Naulakha*, for instance, Kipling cannot refrain from making a few side thrusts at the American character and language. But such allusions are no longer abusive; on the contrary, are legitimate humour. Referring to the American hero, Tarvin, the Maharajah remarks, "Thy friend here speaks such English as I never knew." Again Tarvin remarks, "You don't lose anything by keeping your weather-eye open, you know." To which the king innocently replies, "I do not understand, but go to the missionary's house to-day, my son." Later on Kipling alludes to the "irresponsible race who stride booted into the council-halls of kings, and demand concessions for oil-boring from Araccan to Peshun." Again the agent's wife remarks, "But, then, all Americans are extraordinary, you know, though they're so clever." Such mild, humorous allusions stand in marked contrast with the biting sarcasm

and direct abuse of the *American Notes*. Then, too, Nick Tarvin, the American hero, partly Kipling's creation, is a rough, genial, git-up-an'-git, never-say-die American of whom we may justly be proud.

But the American nation is not a homogeneous body. The git-up-an'-git Nebraskan is very different from the conservative Bostonian. In the *Walking Delegate* Kipling makes a slight departure, and attempts to distinguish between these different types. He does not go far, to be sure, but under the guise of horses he pictures to us the conventional Northern, Western, and Southern types. Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, and most of the horses on the Vermont farm represent the quiet, domestic New England character. Muldoon, the ex-car-horse, represents the city element. Tweezy, "with the affliction in his left hip," represents the conventional proud, but warm-hearted, hospitable Southerner. "His affliction makes him bashful, but he is ever the most courteous of horses." "Excuse me, suh," he said slowly, "but unless I have been misinformed, most of you' prominent siahs, suh, are impo'ted from Kentucky; an' I'm from Paduky." There was a little touch of pride in the last words." But the central figure in this interesting story is the visionary yellow-horse, Boney, who with his fluency and advanced ideas stands for the anarchistic popocracy of Kansas. "Hesh, sis," says Nip, "they feed words for beddin' where he comes from." In the words of Boney, "What the horses of Kansas think to-day the horses of America will think to-morrow." The types represented in this story are the purely conventional ones, and in their conception show little originality on Kipling's part. Still the story is interesting, as showing that Kipling is gradually becoming acquainted with the different phases of American life.

Another interesting feature of this story is the step that Kipling has taken toward mastering the intricacies of the "dialect, provincialism, and slang" which he calls the American language. In his latest work, *Captains Courageous*, Kipling has taken another step in this direction, and has attempted to reproduce the language of the Gloucester fishermen. About his success there seems to be some reason to doubt.

This story, *Captains Courageous*, con-



tains less to injure American vanity than any of Kipling's other works. To be sure, the story is written down to our level; evidently the author had in his ear the jingle of the American dollar. But certain it is that the extremest jingo among us may read it with the greatest of complacency. Disko Troop and his son Dan are distinctively American heroes, but are fit to move in the society of Kipling's Anglo-Indian heroes, Strickland and Mulvaney. Harvey Cheyne proves to be an admirable specimen of a boy, and even Harvey's father, the multimillionaire railroad king, is marvellously near a human being.

In that fearful tale, again, *The Rhyme of the Three Sealers*, the American buccaneers, Tom Hall and Reuben Paine, display a hardy courage coupled with rude gallantry worthy of heroes in a Norse saga.

"English they be and Japanee that hang on
the Brown Bear's flank,
And some be Scot, but the worst, God wot,
and the boldest thieves, be Yank."

In most of the writings that we have considered thus far, Kipling's expressed opinions have either been coloured by prejudice or influenced by policy. Kipling himself would be the first to point out the absurdity of taking these views seriously. All this is extremely unfortunate, because a candid expression of opinion from Kipling, a man of keen observation, critical judgment, and cosmopolitan spirit, would be interesting and important. Fortunately we have what seems to be such an expression. In his last collection of poems, *The Seven Seas*, is included a poem which seems to express Kipling's calm, settled opinion of Americans. The tone of the poem is severe, even bitter, but if we will be frank, we must acknowledge, for the most part, just. Independence combined with servility, together with an

awful *irreverence*, are the qualities upon which he lays most stress.

"Through many roads, by me possessed,
He shambles forth in cosmic guise;
He is the Jester and the Jest,
And he the Text himself applies.

* * * * *

"Calm eyed he scoffs at sword and crown,
Or panic-blinded stabs and slays:
Blatant he bids the world bow down,
Or cringing begs a crumb of praise;

* * * * *

"Enslave, illogical, elate,
He greets th' embarrassed gods, nor fears
To shake the iron hand of Fate
Or match with Destiny for beers.

"Lo! imperturbable he rules,
Unkempt, disreputable, vast—
And in the teeth of all the schools
I—I shall save him at the last."

The American reader who wishes to be soothed with soft words of praise must not turn to Kipling. The progressive, enterprising, but materialistic American does not meet Kipling's ideal, and from him we get but half-hearted supercilious commendation. If we are not satisfied with this we must console ourselves after the manner of the famous "Man from Boston," who in lamenting in a patriotic manner the recent defeat at Carson of his erstwhile conqueror, and the American champion of the ring, found consolation in the fact that the new champion had taken out naturalisation papers in the United States. If we cannot have a native-born champion, the next best thing, in the opinion of the immortal Sullivan, is to have one who has become a citizen by adoption. In the same way, if crest-fallen after reading Kipling's *American Notes*, we may derive consolation from the fact that our supercilious critic, when he came to select a place for a home, found that place in the much-reviled United States, the home of the Yank.

George Harley McKnight.



CONTEMPORARY GERMAN LITERATURE.

I.—MAX HALBE'S "MOTHER EARTH."

The rapidity with which things have been moving in Germany since the final establishment of political unity, in 1870, is truly astonishing. Thirty years ago no one would have dreamed of the possibility of English commerce ever being seriously threatened by Germany; to-day the German flag is the principal rival of the Union Jack in nearly every quarter of the globe. At the Centennial Exposition of 1876 the German industrial exhibit was characterised by the German commissioner himself as "cheap and worthless;" at Chicago, in 1894, German manufactures formed in quality as well as bulk perhaps the most noteworthy part of the whole exposition. Twenty years ago hardly a woman student was to be found at the German universities; during the current semester there are two hundred women hearers at the University of Berlin alone. Fifteen years ago the repertoire of the German stage depended, apart from Shakespeare and the German classics of the eighteenth century, largely on Norwegian and French importations; to-day Sudermann and Hauptmann are being brought out in London and Paris, and in Germany itself there has rallied around their names a new dramatic school, thoroughly German, thoroughly realistic, and thoroughly alive to the vital questions of the day.

One of the latest productions of this new school—*Mother Earth*, a tragedy by Max Halbe—has recently been received with such general approval, both by the critics and the public of the great centres of German culture, that it may fairly be accepted as representative of the prevailing literary drift of the present generation. Halbe is not a novice in dramatic art. Among his earlier dramas there are at least three of decided individuality and power: *The Upstart* (1889), a fearful picture of elemental passions burying a German peasant home in wreck and ruin; *Icedriftings* (1892), a merciless exposition of the moral rottenness which, according to Halbe, has undermined the very breastworks of modern society, so that they

will surely crumble away when the autumnal floods of popular revolt are coming; *Youth* (1893), a fascinating though depressing tale of a boyish love heedlessly rushing into sin and disaster. But only with *Mother Earth* has Halbe struck a theme which leads into the very midst of the great struggle that divides modern Germany into two hostile camps, the struggle between the traditions of the past and the ideals of the future.

The particular form which this struggle assumes in the present case is the conflict between love pure and simple, based upon instinct and the emotions, and the sublimated love of intellectual companionship.

Paul Warkentin, the son of an East Elbian country gentleman (all these modernest Germans are East Elbians), became acquainted, while studying at Berlin, with a young woman of superior intellect and will power, Hella Bernhardt by name. The daughter of a university professor, she had from childhood on led a city life, and being of an almost masculine bent of mind, had early become absorbed in the problems of the day, particularly in the woman movement. To Paul, the dreamy, undeveloped country boy, she opened a new world of ideas; and the natural consequence was their engagement and subsequent marriage. The latter, however, was not accomplished without a violent catastrophe. For Paul's father, who naturally wished his son to be his successor in the management of the estate, insisted on his marrying one of the girls of the neighbourhood, Antoinette, a playmate of Paul's in his country school-days, to whom he had been as much as engaged when he left for the university. And when Paul refused both to marry Antoinette and to assume the management of the estate, the irascible old gentleman forbade him his house.

All this has happened some ten years ago. Since then Paul and his wife have plunged into the exciting life of Berlin journalism, they have been editing a paper bearing the suggestive name of *Women's Rights*, and, if we may trust

Hella's own statements, have played a considerable part in radical politics. Now the father has suddenly died ; and, for the first time since his marriage, Paul re-enters the house of his ancestors to pay the last homage to the departed one. Hella accompanies him, although she hates to leave the city, and begrudges the delay which this trip will cause in the printing of her next editorial in *Women's Rights*. However, to recompense herself for this intellectual sacrifice, she has brought with her a young admirer of hers, who will help her reading proof while Paul is busy with the funeral arrangements or receives visits of condolence ! Paul, on the other hand, with the first step over the threshold of his old home, feels himself drawn back into the spell of the long-neglected but ever-precious recollections of his youth. And so it is not surprising that husband and wife do not harmonise as well in these new, quiet surroundings as they seemed to do in the bustling stir of the capital. In fact, they are at odds in small things as well as great. Paul is deeply touched at the sight of the parlour chandelier lit in his honour by the old maiden aunt, his foster-mother ; Hella thinks such sentimentality ridiculous. Paul comes in, covered with snow and glowing with delight over a ride he has taken on horseback through the wintry landscape, the first one for ten years : " Ah, you don't know what it is to be a man until you feel a horse under you !"—Hella wishes herself to be back at her desk in the editor's office. And when Hella reminds her husband of the days when they were still battling shoulder to shoulder in the good fight for the betterment of the race, he breaks out : " Fight for the betterment of the race ? You had better speak of the dissipation of my energies, the benumbing of my natural instincts, the bankruptcy of my moral life—that is what has been the result of this artificial existence of ours, this continual restlessness, this bookishness, these airy abstractions, this cutting loose from the soil where our true strength is rooted."

It is after one of these scenes (needless to say !) that Antoinette, the love of Paul's boyhood, appears. After having been jilted by Paul, the impetuous girl, out of sheer despair, had thrown herself away on the first man that asked

for her hand, a worthless, rollicking, dissipated Junker of the neighbourhood ; and since then she has been leading a wretched and ignominious life, hating herself, her husband, the world. Now she sees Paul again, and his face at once reveals to her his history. " One consolation is left me," she tells him ; " you have made me unhappy, but you are unhappy too ! And to enjoy that I am here !"—Paul, on his part, is transfixed. All his ideals of an active and useful life, all the traditions of his home, with its friendly human intercourse, its naturalness, its honesty and soundness, seem to him to have taken form in this daughter of his own native soil, this superb, beautiful woman, all the more beautiful to him for her grief. For she is grieving for him ! She might have been his ! And he has thrown her away to attach himself to a mere shadow, to a sexless being in whose veins there flows no blood, and whose brain is thinking thoughts that have no meaning for him !

Up to this point the action of the play is perfectly consistent, in a way even fascinating ; for Halbe is a master of those little illuminating touches which bring out with lifelike energy the great contrast that pervades the whole drama. But now we have arrived at the crucial point of the plot. What is Paul to do ? Is he to leave Hella and return to his first love, or is he to remain faithful to his marital vow and suppress his instinctive longings ? Either solution, it seems to me, would have been artistically possible, and to a degree even satisfactory, for Hella appears from the very first so entirely devoid not only of womanly grace, but of womanly feeling also, so utterly incapable of even understanding her wifely duties, that one would greet Paul's deserting her for Antoinette almost with joy, savage though this joy might be. It would be a return to nature—to undefiled, sensuous, exuberant nature ; it would be violence, but it would be violence that overturns a false, a vicious order of things, that sets things into their right relations. On the other hand, if Paul and Antoinette were to renounce each other, this, too, would be in a way a satisfactory ending. It would be a moral victory—a victory of duty over instinct. Both Paul and Antoinette would return to their daily tasks, enriched and strengthened by the

rapturous feelings which the assurance of their spiritual inseparableness has brought them. And both would find ample opportunity for making humanity reap the fruits of their bitter experience—Paul by devoting himself with a higher heart and a nobler purpose to the cause for which he has been working these last ten years; Antoinette by giving herself to that most womanly of occupations, the healing of wounds and the relieving of distress.

Halbe has chosen to follow neither of these two lines of thought. Instead, he makes the two lovers go hand in hand into death, "return to Mother Earth," as they say themselves. This seems to me, even apart from the melodramatic manner in which it is brought about, an utterly indefensible ending of the play, for it is in vain that Halbe tries to justify it by Hella's unwillingness to relieve her husband from his vows. Its true reason (not justification) lies in the fact that Halbe, like nearly all the other representatives of youngest Germany, is given over to a hopeless fatalism which makes him shrink from any kind

of free moral decision. And here, too, is to be sought the reason for the inexpressible gloom which nearly all the productions of this latest literary school exert upon us. No one would deny the power and brilliancy of these young writers, no one could help feeling grateful for the new life which they have infused into the drama. Works like Sudermann's *Heimat* and *Das Gluck im Winkel*, like Hauptmann's *Einsame Menschen* and *Die Weber*, like Halbe's *Jugend* and *Mutter Erde* are symptoms of a literary activity that promises much. But these promises will not be fully realised until the Germans have, once for all, cast the materialism of Ibsen and Tolstoy behind them, until they have learned once more to believe in moral freedom, until they once more shall dare to defy reality. This it is that gives to words like Hauptmann's *Versunkene Glocke*, and above all to Sudermann's *Johannes*, such a great symptomatic significance. For here we feel indeed the pulse of a new time, here we see clearly the beginnings of a new idealism.

Kuno Francke.

SPANISH JOHN VS. MR. WILLIAM McLENNAN.

Mr. T. G. Marquis's charge of plagiarism against the author of *Spanish John*, in the March BOOKMAN, has called forth the following reply from Mr. McLennan:

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

DEAR SIR: In reply to the article in your current issue headed "Spanish John vs. William McLennan," and signed T. G. Marquis, I wish to make the following statement:

In my manuscript of *Spanish John* is a preface carefully acknowledging every source from which I drew the facts woven into the story. This preface was not required for its appearance in serial form, where it was cut down to thirty-five thousand words, and the *literal extracts* from the memoir, on which Mr. Marquis lays so much stress, do not amount to more than one per cent of the whole.

I am sorry that I was not able to give the proof and preparing of the book as much time as I felt at a time when I was engaged in my professional work, and that I entirely overlooked the preface, which would not only have been to the interest of the reader, but would have saved me from such a charge. I left for the printer the manuscript in the last stage of preparation, and I regret that I did not have time to revise it.

Now as to the charges of Mr. Marquis.

Colonel McDonnell, after his emigration from Scotland, played his part here during the War of the American Revolution, his sons were romantic figures in the history of the Northwest, and his descendants are scattered throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion.

The memoir in question is not by any means the bibliographical rarity that Mr. Marquis believes. He puts six copies as the probable total in existence; I personally know of at least that number in Montreal alone, and it is an old story to students of Canadian history. Besides the printed memoirs, at least one manuscript exists, and it was through this source I heard the story many years ago.

Colonel McDonnell died in 1810, aged eighty-two. The manuscript has, therefore, been in existence for nearly a century, and the memoir was printed over seventy years ago. It consists of about twenty-one thousand words, and gives an account of the early life and adventures of the writer in a simple, direct manner, with such detail as an old man of extensive memory would set forth.

Surely, if any printed matter could be looked upon as "material," this was such. I had so little question of my right to use it, that I not only took every pains to preserve the names, but even the exact words where they could be used effectively. Not a very safe proceeding for any attempt at literary imposture when the original was so easily accessible!

Mr. Marquis constantly refers to the high literary quality of the memoir. It is a curious commentary on this, that those portions suggested by the editor for omission in serial form should contain more than half the *literal extracts* used in the whole story.

Mr. Marquis, after quoting two passages which are literally reproduced in the story, states that "it would be safe to say that more than one-half of *Spanish John* is taken with the fidelity shown in these extracts from Colonel McDonnell's strong autobiographical sketch."

Now the sketch contains about twenty-one thousand words, and the story about forty-eight thousand. Surely Mr. Marquis does not pretend that the sketch is incorporated *verbatim et literatim* in its entirety, though even this would not be sufficient to bear out his charge. By the most liberal construction as to what constitutes a literal extract, the total material used in unaltered form will be found to form not more than one-fifth of the whole.

I made no attempt to invent incidents. I took them as I found them in this memoir, in le père Labat, O'Callaghan, le President Des-

brosses, "Ascanius," and other writers on the period, and used them with or without alteration as best suited the purposes of my story, for the originality of which Father O'Rourke and Captain Creach are qualified to stand as sponsors.

As to the dedication to my father. I cannot conceive it to be within the limits of literary criticism to distort into a pretended acknowledgment of facts, within the easy reach of any student of last century memoirs, an expression of affection and gratitude for assistance in my portrayal of types and conditions now passed away, to which I am largely indebted for that very flavour of the past which Mr. Marquis finds so acceptable.

Thanking you for your courtesy in permitting me to make this statement through your columns,

I am, dear sirs,
Yours very truly,

WILLIAM MCLENNAN.

1056 DORCHESTER STREET, MONTREAL,
March 5, 1898.

PARIS LETTER.

Zola is a martyr! On the question whether he be a martyr for the cause of truth or for the cause of self-advertisement there will be, of course, a good deal of discussion, but the fact remains that a heavier sentence has been passed upon him than has been passed for a long time upon a man of letters charged with an offence committed with his pen. He is to pay a heavy fine and to spend a year in prison. You should not, however, be led to believe that he is going to languish in a dungeon, and that his fate, while away from his home and family, is to be a peculiarly painful one. The prison where he is to be kept is Sainte-Pélagie, and Sainte-Pélagie is very much unlike all other prisons. It holds a separate ward for political and press offenders, who used to be pretty numerous in France in days gone by, and where the prisoners have always enjoyed special privileges. Their rooms are better than those of common offenders, they can receive visitors, all facilities are given them for intellectual labour, they can send for their meals to a restaurant in the neighbourhood, and I am not quite sure that they cannot have with them some of their own furniture. Confinement and regular hours are about their only hardships, when they have managed to be as well provided

with worldly goods as Zola is. I remember the time when many a man of letters was casting longing eyes toward Sainte-Pélagie, when a stay there as a political prisoner was the best recommendation he could bring to the republican voters (that was under Napoleon III.) in his candidacy for a seat in the Chamber of Deputies. Rochefort, who has just served there a term of *five days*, for libelling Joseph Reinach, remembers that time, too, and remembers also the day when he was dragged by the mob from that very prison, and triumphantly carried to the Hôtel de Ville, there to be made a member of the Government of National Defence. One may seriously doubt whether the mob, if it could get hold of Zola, would make him a member of the government, and Sainte-Pélagie is, perhaps, as safe a place as there is in France for him just now, or at least in Paris. Of one thing we may be sure—that is, that Zola will give us some day a book on his prison days, and for that reason I would not be extremely surprised if he should insist on being incarcerated in some other prison than Sainte-Pélagie, and on sharing the life of all other prisoners. As material for literary work it would be decidedly more interesting than what can be gathered in a press offender's cell.

I cannot leave Zola without telling you that "*Tout Paris parle de 'Paris.'*" Yes, all Paris is speaking of *Paris*, Zola's new novel, which has just appeared in book form. Although he is as dithyrambic in speaking of the great city as even Hugo was, it is doubtful whether the book will make him more popular among those who charge him with showing in his works a decided preference for the kind of descriptions which do his country the most harm in the eyes of foreigners.

At the same time with Zola's *Paris* we have Daudet's last novel, *Soutien de Famille*, which he had completed just before his death. The work is far from unworthy of him, but I doubt whether it will add much to his reputation. The best part is the first half; the rest is a great deal more dramatic than most of Daudet's novels, or perhaps more melodramatic, and therefore unnatural.

While thinking of Zola and Daudet, one of whom would not be of the Academy, while the other would and never could, and probably now never will be, we have had to think of another writer who also wanted to be of the Academy, and who, according to all appearances, was just about to be elected when he died, the other day—I mean Ferdinand Fabre. Although he published a good many books, dealing almost all with clerical life, he will be remembered as *homo unius libri*; he will be spoken of as the author of *L'Abbé Tigrane*, his masterpiece, which he published in 1872.

We shall soon have two new academicians, as elections are just about to take place, for the vacancies created by the deaths of the Duc d'Aumale and Henri Meilhac. For the former's seat there had been at first much talk of Ernest Daudet, who has just made a great bid for the honour by his publication of an excellent biography of the Duke. But it seems now pretty well settled that the Academy will elect a soldier, and the successful candidate is likely to be General Du Barrail, a former Minister of War, and the author of bright and interesting military recollections.

For Meilhac's seat a new candidate has just appeared, who seems to have great chances, and who is certainly in great luck just now; it is Henri Lavedon, whose name I mentioned to you in my last letter, in reference to a play of his, *Catherine*, just produced at the Thé-

âtre Français with a good deal of success. Hard on his victory there followed a triumph at the Variétés Theatre, with a play of quite a different nature, *Le Nouveau Jeu*, which I do not expect to be ever performed in America, but which was received none the less by the Parisian public with screams of laughter. The young and successful author comes from literary stock; his father was for quite a while a contributor to the *Figaro* and other Catholic and Royalist papers, under the assumed name of Philippe de Grandlieu, and was afterward placed at the head of the National Library in Paris.

Another man has just passed from life into immortality, but a most dubious kind of immortality, to be sure. It is the now notorious, but until recently quite unknown, Dr. Pagello, the Italian who supplanted Alfred de Musset in the affections of George Sand while the former was lying sick in Venice. Pagello was the physician in attendance, and devoted his attentions to the nurse no less than to the patient, and succeeded as well with the one as with the other. It is the formerly mysterious, but now too well-known story of *Elle et Lui*, all the characters of which have now, at last, being gathered in death. Dr. Pagello was eighty-eight years of age.

The most successful book of the month has been a play. The French have been as eager to read Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac* as to see it acted, and already fifty thousand copies of the book have been sold! I doubt whether anything like that number of copies will be sold of Sardou's new play, *Paméla*, just acted at the Vaudeville, with Réjane in the title part. It can hardly be called literature, though it does, like all of Sardou's plays, contain some really interesting scenes. The subject of the play is the carrying of the Dauphin, the little Louis XVII., away from the prison of the Temple, a most doubtful event, as you know, but one about the reality of which Sardou claims to be entirely satisfied.

A new word in the French language! It seems to be a good one, and has been invented by Gyp, who chose it for the title of her last book, *Sportomanie*, a series of clever sketches, fully worthy of the reputation of their author.

Sportomanie is French, and will, no doubt, be accepted, but what shall

we think of Count de Contades, who publishes a book with this strangely exotic title, *Le Driving in France?* The book, fortunately, will not corrupt many; it is for the select few, as it costs no less than twenty-five francs.

Americans will specially be interested in two books just published. One is *Le Comte de Vergennes; son Ambassade en Suède*, by L. Bonneville de Marsangy. Count de Vergennes is, as you know, the diplomat who, as French Minister of Foreign Affairs, signed the treaty of alliance with the United States during the War of Independence. The other is *L'Ame Nègre*, by Jean Hess, an eloquent plea on behalf of the negro, from an intellectual and artistic as well as from a moral standpoint.

The Napoleonic period continues to provide us with new reading matter. It claims two books this month, *Les Mémoires du Sergent Bourgogne, Grenadier—Lévitte de la Garde Impériale*, published by Paul Cottin, and the *Souvenirs and Anecdotes de l'Île d'Elbe*, of Pons de l'Héricault, edited by Léon G. Péliissier.

Side by side with these memories of a warlike period one might place as an antidote G. de Molinari's curious book, *Grandeur et Décadence de la Guerre*. I wish to mention also a book by one of our provincial university professors, M. Antoine Benoist, *Essais de Critique Dramatique*. It does not deal simply with the plays of to-day, but with the dramatic writers of the last forty years.

It was quite an event, on the 15th of this month, to have again a literary article by Brunetière in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The title is *L'Histoire de la Littérature et la Doctrine Evolutive*, and

the article is a defence of the author's system of criticism, as well as of the underlying ideas of his recently published History of French Literature. I understand that we shall have more articles of that kind now from the same pen, and also that Brunetière is preparing an important work on the subject of the *Encyclopédie* of Diderot and D'Alembert. And I may as well tell you that there is no truth whatever in the reports that he is to relinquish the editorship of the *Revue* and to enter political life.

His friend and collaborator, René Doumic, has just left France for the United States, where he is to deliver lectures at Harvard and other universities. René Doumic may be considered in literature the *bras droit* of Brunetière. We wish him the best of success.

Another man has also just left Paris, leaving behind him a queer kind of reputation. I mean Gabriele d'Annunzio. You know that he was greatly lionised. He accepted all the invitations that were extended to him, sometimes two or three for the same day and hour. His system was then to send at the last moment a very prettily worded note announcing that he had been suddenly compelled to leave for Italy. Once one of the guests, who had heard of the trick, rushed to his hotel, where he was told that M. d'Annunzio was in bed, and had given strict orders that no one should disturb him! But *when* seen he was so fascinating that a good deal will be forgiven him. He may come back; he will not be dealt with very severely.

Alfred Manière.

PARIS, February 28, 1898.

THE AUDIENCE.

A REPLY.

The world's a stage. Life is the play,
And every man's an actor in it.
The audience? Who wait their cue—
The players of another minute.

Francis Churchill Williams.

NEW BOOKS.

ZOLA'S "PARIS."*

At last Zola's *Paris* lies before us both in Mr. Vizetelly's conscientious and, on the whole, adequate translation, and in the more familiar yellow garb of the Bibliothèque Charpentier, which already bears the legend, *trente-huitième mille*, an effectual answer to those who predicted a literary boycott. It forms a logical conclusion to the trilogy of "The Three Cities," in which the three Christian virtues—Faith, Hope, and Charity—have been weighed in the balance and found wanting, and the downfall of Christianity itself foreshadowed. Considered from the standpoint of the story, there can hardly be two opinions about *Paris*; even a casual reading leaves the impression that it is a powerful book, by far the strongest that he has written since *La Débâcle*, and one which is destined to rank among Zola's most enduring works. It has to a remarkable degree the quality for which he is unsurpassed by writers of contemporary fiction, the gift of portraying life on a large scale, of handling humanity in the mass, and by the swift succession of clause and sentence, and the insistent accumulation of petty details, communicating to his work its inimitable effect of ceaseless activity. It is this quality which, more than anything else, constitutes the true charm of his pictures of Parisian life, the motley, jostling crowds of the busy markets, in *Le Ventre de Paris*, or the gay throng of shoppers in *Au Bonheur des Dames*, the book that Edouard Rod has aptly called the "epic of the bourgeoisie." In the same bold, panoramic fashion he has drawn the artists' bohemia in *L'Œuvre*, the demi-monde in *Nana*, the financial world in *L'Argent*, the political world in *Son Excellence*, *Eugène Rougon*. But in the present volume he has undertaken to depict, or at least to symbolise, all these different "worlds" of Paris, and to unite and blend them into one stupendous picture, one vast and living cyclorama of the French capital. He shows us every phase of metropolitan life, from a first night at the Comédie

Française to an evening at one of the foulest of *café-chantants*, from a fashionable marriage at the Madeleine to the ignoble spectacle of the guillotine. And everywhere there is life and motion, the endless traffic of the boulevards, the army of workers returning from their day's toil, the army of idlers, setting out for a night of pleasure. And predominating all the rest like a vast symbol is Paris itself, a personified, capricious Paris, changing her mood with every hour of the day. At one time it is a "Paris of mystery, shrouded by clouds, buried beneath the ashes of some disaster;" again, it is "a limpid, lightsome Paris, beneath the pink glow of a spring-like evening;" or still again, it is the "Paris of Pleasure lighting up for its night of fête . . . already yielding to an unbridled appetite for whatsoever may be purchased." And most frequently of all it is the "city of the Sower," "Paris, which the divine sun had sown with light, and where in glory waved the great future harvest of Truth and Justice."

As in the previous volumes of the trilogy, the central figure in *Paris* is Pierre Froment, the sceptical young priest, who, having failed in his quest after a renewal of Faith at Lourdes, and of Hope at Rome, returned to Paris to find even "Charity a derision, charity useless and flouted." He has become a mere "personification of the rules of the Church," a "despairing, denying priest, who had dived to the bottom of nothingness," and is seriously debating whether to cast off the cassock altogether. "A third experiment was beginning for him, the supreme battle of justice against charity," and this cry for justice is the keynote of the book.

At the outset of the story Pierre finds a pitiful case of destitution, a poor old workman dying of starvation in a frightful garret, and the way in which the incident is utilised to introduce us successively to the different characters in the book is in itself an admirable piece of art. In his efforts to secure the old man's admission to the Asylum for the Invalids of Labour, he interrupts a *déjeuner* at the house of Baron Duvillard, the wealthy banker who "bought all consciences that were for sale;" attended a stormy session at the Chamber of

* Paris. Par Émile Zola. Paris: Fasquelle. 3 fr. 50 cts.

Paris. By Émile Zola. Translated by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.00.

Deputies, in search of the Director Fonsèque; visited the salon of the Comtesse de Quinsac, one of the old noblesse, whose son was a lover of the Baroness Duvillard and suitor for the hand of the baroness' daughter; hurried on to a matinée at the cosmopolitan Princess de Harn's, and ended the day at the house of the notorious actress, Silviane d'Aulney, the baron's mistress; "it was hardly the place for him, but to achieve his purpose he would have descended into the very dwelling of the fiend." And all this while the poor old workman was lying dead on his heap of rags, in his wretched garret, a symbol of the "bankruptcy of charity."

It was during his visit to the old workman that Pierre first met with Salvat, the journeyman engineer, the anarchist with "strange, vague, glowing eyes." The latter had been recently employed by Pierre's brother Guillaume, an able scientist, engaged in experiments with a new class of dangerous explosives, and it was with a bomb stolen from Guillaume's laboratory that Salvat attempted to blow up the Duvillard mansion, though the attempt resulted only in the death of a poor little errand girl, one of his own class. Salvat is a prominent figure throughout a large portion of the story, and his capture, after a thrilling chase in the Bois de Boulogne, his trial and execution on the guillotine, form the strongest scenes in the book.

The explosion effects one happy result in bringing about a reconciliation between the two brothers, who have long been estranged through religious differences. Guillaume, who had followed Salvat, was injured by the explosion, and Pierre takes him home and nurses him secretly, for the latter has already been suspected of anarchistic tendencies. Guillaume is soon to be married to a young girl, Marie, whom he has befriended, and who has accepted him as a matter of course, although she does not love him. Very soon, however, Pierre discovers that he and Marie have fallen in love with one another, and is in despair, until Guillaume magnanimously withdraws his claim, and persuades his brother to sever his connection with the Church and wed Marie. The incident which follows, in spite of its dramatic culmination, seems distinctly weak and unworthy of the rest of the book, even if we make due allow-

ance for whatever hidden, symbolic meaning Zola may have had in mind. Guillaume, after his sacrifice, grows morbid and broods upon Salvat's death, until he determines to devote his newly discovered explosives to blowing up the basilica of the Sacred Heart. There is a strong scene in the crypt of the church, where Guillaume and Pierre struggle for possession of the candle, in dangerous proximity to the deadly explosives, and it is only after Guillaume, maddened at the opposition, makes a murderous attack upon his brother, that the reaction comes, and he realises his criminal folly. In the end Pierre and Marie are happily married, and the book closes with prophecies of the early advent of Justice—"Justice after eighteen hundred years of impotent Charity."

Such in brief is the narrative of Zola's *Paris*. There are, of course, countless side issues—the scandal of the African Railways, the shameless rivalry between the Baroness Duvillard and her own daughter over Gérard de Quinsac, Silviane d'Aulney's schemes to appear at the Comédie Française, and the relations of Duvillard fils with the little Princess de Harn; all the ignoble undercurrents of Parisian life as Zola understands it, but these we cannot touch upon here. One feature of the book, however, which deserves to be emphasised, is the notable change in Zola's literary method. It has often been observed that Zola is by instinct a symbolist, and that in almost every work there is some central thought, some vast symbol, which seems to dominate the whole book like an obsession. Thus in *Le Ventre de Paris* it is the Halles; in *Au Bonheur des Dames*, the Department Store itself, stretching out like a giant octopus to consume the smaller shops; in *L'Argent*, the Bourse, etc. So in *Paris* there is a central symbol, the city of Paris itself, but the symbolism of the present book does not stop here. As Mr. Vizetelly points out in his preface, the whole trilogy is essentially allegorical. Pierre Froment would seem intended to typify mankind, or rather that portion of humanity which comprises the great, silent body of the people, "the inexhaustible reserve of men who surged up from the masses of the country-sides and the towns," as distinguished from the corrupt life of the upper classes, the "scum" which

risers in the "huge vat of Paris." And Pierre's doubts, his struggles and anguish, symbolise the struggles between religion, as represented by the Roman Catholic Church, on the one hand, and reason and science on the other; and naturally enough he gives the victory to science, for, according to Zola's philosophy, Christianity is already doomed and destined soon to be a thing of the past. It is evident, even to a casual reader, that Zola has a strong leaning toward socialism, and a genuine pity and sympathy for mistaken visionaries of Salvor's type; yet nothing is more unjust than Philippe Gille's recent criticism in the *Figaro*, stigmatising *Paris* as "a rehabilitation of anarchy." "Violence," says Zola, "cannot last, and all it does is to rouse man's feeling of solidarity even among those on whose behalf one kills." Man's highest happiness, he thinks, is to be found, as Pierre found it, in the peace of a happy home and in labour, "the certain, simply honest labour which man has come to accomplish upon this earth."

But perhaps the most notable and interesting modification in Zola's method is his application, in quite a conservative way, of the Wagnerian *leitmotiv* to the construction of prose, an application first made by D'Annunzio in *Trionfo della Morte*. It is far easier to feel than to describe the curious and subtle effect produced by these recurring passages, which at first have merely a curiously familiar sound, but by degrees take on more and more significance, until they end by haunting the reader with the persistence of a fixed idea. It is hard to decide to what extent this usage, in Zola's case, is the result of deliberate intention, and how far it is unconscious. The frequent repetition of brief descriptions of the different characters, as, for example, Silviane d'Aulney, "the perverse creature with the virginal face," or Pierre himself, "with the impregnable, towering brow," might be largely accidental; but the longer passages, especially where they are subtly varied in order to acquire a new emphasis in each case, can only be the result of delicate art. The limits of the present review will not permit of an exhaustive analysis of the different *motifs* in *Paris*, but a single example will suffice to illustrate the principle, that of the young girl killed in the explosion of Salvat's bomb,

"The pretty, slim, fair-haired errand-girl, who lay there on her back, her stomach ripped open, while her delicate face remained intact, her eyes clear, her smile full of astonishment" (p. 150).

And this *motif* occurs again and again at intervals throughout the book, each time in a slightly varied form:

"Did you see, brother, that fair-haired girl lying under the archway, ripped open, with a smile of astonishment on her face?" (p. 164).

"A newspaper soiled by a sketch in outline, which pretended to portray the poor, dead errand-girl, lying, ripped open, beside the bandbox and the bonnet it had contained" (p. 179).

"Pierre was still gazing at him athwart the hateful vision . . . of the poor, dead errand-girl, the fair, pretty child, lying ripped open under the entrance to the Duvillard mansion" (p. 272).

"Then, once more, there came to Pierre, amid his anguish, a vision of the errand-girl lying yonder at the entrance to the Duvillard mansion, the pretty, fair-haired errand-girl whom the bomb had ripped and killed" (p. 411).

"Before him arose another corpse, that of the fair, pretty child ripped open by a bomb, and stretched yonder, at the entrance to the Duvillard mansion" (p. 609).

"Remember the fair haired, pretty child whom we saw lying yonder, ripped open" (p. 694).

Instances like the above may be multiplied at pleasure.

As for the translation, Mr. Vizetelly seems to have performed his task with commendable care, although there is small excuse for such a phrase as "She guessed his thoughts, like she guessed those of others" (p. 333), and the expression "cupid press" (p. 725), while quite intelligible, can scarcely be called happy rendering. And why does Mr. Vizetelly think it necessary to invent titles for the chapters? They get along very well in the original without any such scare-head captions as "Ranters and Rulers," "The Man-Hunt," "From Religion to Anarchy," and other reminders of yellow journalism. And lastly, while it is easy to understand that a translator of Zola finds himself under the necessity of making occasional omissions, it does not seem that Mr. Vizetelly's omissions were always requisite; notably a really pathetic passage regarding Mme. Chrétiannot's still-born child, which should have come in on p. 662, and is quite innocent in comparison with much which he has retained.

Frederic T. Cooper.

LIFE AT HARVARD.*

For some reason or other, as to which opinions may honestly differ, no good novel of university life has ever yet been written. There are three books that might, perhaps, be cited to refute this statement. One is *Verdant Green*, which is, in a way, almost a classic; another is *Tom Brown at Oxford*; and a third is *Hammersmith*, which deals with student life at Harvard. But a moment's consideration will show that no one of these is anywhere near being an approximation to the ideal college novel. *Verdant Green* is amusing; it gives in an entertaining way some picturesque details of English university life; but it is so broadly farcical as to deserve no really serious treatment as a true and adequate exposition of its theme. *Tom Brown at Oxford* is also very readable; but its atmosphere is not really the atmosphere of undergraduate Oxford. It conveys the impression of a desire for recalling something which the writer has half forgotten and entirely outgrown. *Hammersmith* is the poorest book of the three, for in it we find not a genuine, spontaneous story of Harvard life, but rather an attempt to depict that life in such a way as to give to it an exotic flavour—an effort to find in the place and the men and the life mere feeble replicas of what one has learned to expect at the English universities. It is meant to glorify Harvard, but it shows us a Harvard that never in reality existed; and hence it has, though it is carefully written, an utterly unreal and unconvincing air.

What seems to us a reasonable explanation of so universal a lack of success is this: these books and others like them were all written long after their authors' own college days had ended. In each case the writer remembered the superficial details of the life that he set himself to describe. He recalled numerous instances of what had happened in his own experience. He got up his subject well. But what he could not reproduce—what he had absolutely forgotten and outgrown—was the undergraduate's point of view, and hence his work was in reality the work of an outsider, of one without real sympathy and understanding of the psychological

side of that of which he was writing, for the undergraduate point of view is very quickly lost. The undergraduate is a curious creature, half man and half boy, partaking of the confidence and independence of the one, and possessed by the crudity, the inexperience, and the irrational impulses of the other. He is far more difficult to recall than is the boy at school. Just as very old men when dotage comes upon them will remember to the last detail the incidents and experiences of their childhood, while forgetting the events of their maturer life, so all of us can go back in thought to the schoolboy era, which was a thing apart from our complete development, while being utterly unable to recollect the chaotic mental attitude that marked the period of transition from puerility to power. Therefore, Mr. Hughes could and did produce in *Tom Brown at Rugby* a schoolboy classic, whereas in *Tom Brown at Oxford* he made an utter failure of the attempt to write a genuine university novel.

Mr. Flandrau's very interesting book is not a university novel; but his ability, insight, and complete understanding are such as to make it probable that he could, if he were to attempt it now, produce a story that would really deserve a place above the level of any of the three books that have just been mentioned. He has not been long enough absent from the college halls to lose his keen appreciation of the spirit and tone of undergraduate life; yet he is sufficiently removed from it to view it with a sense of true proportion, and without the portentous seriousness which it possesses for the undergraduate himself. In the very first story he shows how perfectly he realises the undergraduate standpoint, while recognising also how absolutely it is narrowed and restricted by the conditions under which the undergraduate lives. And all through the volume we note an actual feeling for the verities, so that the whole is written really from within and not from without the academic microcosm that forms the subject of his very realistic study. The students who figure in his pages are the very men that one can find to-day at Cambridge. They are the real thing; and their ambitions, their judgments, their aspirations, their disappointments, and their very language are all absolutely true to life. Sears Wol-

* Harvard Episodes. By Charles Macomb Flandrau. Boston: Copeland & Day. \$1.25.

cott, the magnificent, the wealthy, the one born to be prominent; Hewitt, who comes to Harvard from the West, who stands without the charmed circle in which Wolcott reigns supreme, and who is therefore condemned to loneliness and discontent; McGaw, the hungry private coach, who is for a while an object of charity, so that once without knowing it he appears in the clothing of his own pupil; Curtiss, the young graduate, who comes back, as Mr. Flandrau probably goes back, with an amused yet sympathetic understanding of the undergraduate tribulations—these and a dozen others are real portraits, or rather they are vital human beings seen through the very atmosphere which men at Harvard know so well.

For the sons of our country's oldest university this book must have a very real interest. It will elucidate for him who is still a student much that is a part of his life to-day, yet of which he has, perhaps, only a subliminal consciousness. To the graduate it will recall a thousand things that he has half forgotten, yet which will live again as he turns over these most fascinating pages. To the reader who is not a Harvard man, the chief interest of the book will be found to lie in its perfect reflection of the Harvard spirit, and its implied but very frank defence of the peculiar conditions of Harvard undergraduate life.

From a social standpoint, Yale and Harvard are the most interesting of all our American universities; and, from the same standpoint, they are thoroughly antipodal. Yale, which finds its closest analogue in a great English public school like Eton or Harrow, is the personification of the democratic spirit. A student entering there is taken for what he actually is, and he is not judged by any extraneous and non-academic considerations such as money, or birth, or friends. He makes his way to prominence by sheer force of scholarship, or literary ability, or athletic prowess, or personal popularity. The class is the unit of the whole system. Between the classes the lines are drawn and a great gulf fixed. The curriculum is conservative; the spirit of the place is one of intense solidarity, and it breeds a certain *morgue* that is not displeasing. The students are not very sophisticated, but they are extremely enthusiastic. They

love their college customs; they are proud of their classes; they are frantically loyal to Yale itself. They think nothing else so great and glorious; and they have a magnificently barbaric contempt for anything outside of their own university. They are more boys than men, and they are largely treated as such by the authorities; yet it is all rather fine; and the tone of the place, if youthful and a little raw, is inspiring, wholesome, and thoroughly American.

Harvard, on the other hand, is profoundly sophisticated. It is a place where enthusiasms are discouraged, where Good Form is supreme. Its social distinctions are marked out and maintained with the greatest rigour. Its spirit is aristocratic and a trifle supercilious. It is not merely a seat of learning in the academic sense; but, with a wider meaning, it is a place where young men soon come to know the subtle yet very potent disparities that will confront them as soon as they enter upon the larger life of the world outside. Wealth does much; birth does more; friends, or rather associations and an indefinable something savouring of caste, do more than all. These facts have often led to considerable reprobation. Harvard has been called snobbish, yet it is hardly that. Perhaps Mr. Flandrau may be allowed to give us his account of it in the words which he puts into the mouth of Robert Curtiss:

"The undergraduate body faithfully reproduces, in little, the social orders of the whole country, and not only never formally recognises their existence, but takes occasion, every now and then, somewhat elaborately, to deny it—a proceeding that, of course, doesn't change any one's position or make any one happier. 'Fine words,' indeed, never 'battered the parsnips' of so sophisticated a crowd as you discover at Harvard; but if an American community finds it impossible, by reason of all the thousand and one artificial conditions that make such things impossible, to be 'free and equal,' what is left for the distracted concern to do, but flaunt its freedom and its equality, from time to time, in theory?"

"The situation would be in no way remarkable, if it were not for just that fact—our extreme youth. It's taken rather for granted that young men, who are delightful in so many ways, are the complete embodiment, when chance herds them together, of the 'hale-fellow-well-met-God-bless-everybody' ideal a lot of people seem to have of them. The plain truth of the matter is, that at Harvard, at least, they aren't at all. Wander a moment from the one royal road we all try to prance along in

common here, and you'll find most of us picking our way in very much the same varied paths we are destined to follow later on. The only wonder is that we should have found them so soon. What makes people's hair stand on end is that young America should begin to classify himself so instinctively—the crystallisation of the social idea seems, to put it mildly, a trifle premature. But"—Curtiss's shrug comprehended many things—"what are you going to do about it?"

We cannot spare space for further quotation; but we commend the whole of the first story ("The Chance") to those who wish to get an accurate understanding of what the Harvard spirit really is. This spirit is, in its way, perhaps, as fine a thing as Yale's; but it is vastly different, and a knowledge of it in advance might often save the entering student from a certain disillusionment and disappointment.

Mr. Flandrau's literary touch is light yet strong. The book is intensely readable. It is more. It shows great power of characterisation, and its style is brisk, epigrammatic, sparkling. Some of the scenes and some of the turns of phrase will live for a long time in the reader's memory, and the whole performance seems to give its author the promise of a fruitful literary career.

Harry Thurston Peck.

TWO BOSWELLS FOR ONE JOHNSON.*

It is not often that a Frenchman and an Englishman arrive so nearly at the same point of view as do Marshall Mather, in his *John Ruskin, His Life and Teachings*, and Robert de la Sizeranne, in *Ruskin, et la Religion de la Beauté*. The Gallic mind rarely comprehends thoroughly the Anglo-Saxon temperament, particularly in art matters, while the training, the personality, and the environment of the Gaul scarcely permit him to fully grasp the rather complex and entirely British individuality of the remarkable writer, teacher, philanthropist, philosopher, and political dreamer, John Ruskin, who in his life of great unselfishness has practised what he preached, and

though he has been, like all reformers, in advance of his times, has yet lived to see many of his schemes mature and much that he predicted come to pass.

Few men have been, probably, so greatly and reverently admired and so thoroughly detested as John Ruskin. There seems to have been scarcely any moderate point of view taken among those who have followed his critical writings. As the mentor of Art, to such as take him seriously, he is an oracle; to those who discover his preferences inconsistent and his repudiations equally unconvincing, his work is utterly worthless. At the mere mention of his notions on social reform the conservative Tory of the British Isles almost foams at the mouth, while the liberal advocate of sweeping changes hangs on his utterances. Indeed, away back in the early sixties, when Ruskin contributed a series of articles on Political Economy to the *Cornhill Magazine*, the outcry was so great that their publication was stopped, and later, when the editor of *Fraser's Magazine* offered to place the pages of his periodical at the disposition of the reformer, the publishers were again obliged to yield to public opinion and to discontinue them.

When it comes to a question of descriptive writing, however, of an appreciative account of nature—her beauties, her phenomena, and all the delightful intimate discourses of out-of-doors—the whole literary world must bow in respect to his genius, and even the merely casual reader cannot fail to be impressed. His knowledge is almost infinite, his intuition is rare indeed, and his feeling for the poetic stamps him at once as a genuine and faithful admirer of nature, for, after all, it matters little if he dwells with undue insistency on the geological formation of the rock or the scientific arrangement of cloud form; the knowledge of these is born of a deadly serious early training, and it pleases his analytical mind to be absorbed with the minutæ of growing things and the nebulosity of the heavens. Surely in the mass of beautiful conceptions, in the multitude of dainty thoughts and suggestions with which he has filled many volumes, one may well forgive his modest departures in the botanical, his casual turnings to the scientific.

Mr. Mather's book, which is familiar to the readers of *Ruskiniana* these ten

* John Ruskin. *His Life and Teaching*. By Marshall Mather. Fifth edition. New York: Frederick Warne & Company. \$1.25.

Ruskin et la Religion de la Beauté. Par Robert de la Sizeranne. Avec deux portraits. Paris: Hachette et Cie.

years, has passed into a fifth edition, and in an introductory note the author pleads guilty to a lack of critical insight, avowing that he wrote under the spell of the man; but this admission detracts in nowise from the value of the work.

It is not necessary in an account of a man's life and teachings to be critical; that were better left for others. It is evident had he sought to criticise, the author would have failed to make so good a book and have accomplished little of an analytical nature, regarding his hero's sermons. He has given us the man as he sees him, soberly, honestly, without extenuation and with an enthusiasm entirely delightful. He takes us through his parentage, youth, and manhood; he tells of his early literary and artistic efforts; he expounds his notions of social science, education, art, and political economy, and he discourses on the moral influence of his writings. It is all of absorbing interest, however much one may differ with Mr. Ruskin in many of his theories. Mr. Mather's enthusiasm manifests itself continually. He says, for example, *apropos* of Ruskin's relation to the modern pulpit:

"I believe he has done more for the religious teachers of the last fifty years than all the systems of theology so blatant in the ecclesiastical world. . . . Closely following Carlyle, and playing the part of interpreter, he has given a practical bent to the religion of these latter days. . . . *Modern Painters* created a revival in the modern pulpit. . . . From Robertson, of Brighton, down to Farrar, Beecher, and Maclaren, the direct and indirect influence of his writings is discernible."

Again Mr. Mather says:

"One of the best ways of judging the work of Ruskin is to suppose the non-appearance of the man. Supposing he had never lived; or, supposing that, having lived, he had never written; or, supposing (dread thought!) that his mother had had her wish, and he had become a bishop, how great would the blank have been! It would be the merest of commonplaces to speak of the loss to English literature. There would have been other losses, however, heavier and more fatal—namely, the loss to the formative thought of the century. Ruskin's books have made men, because they have made men think, and they have broadened the minds of men, because they have put them in touch with the great thoughts of the past and the prophetic instincts of the future. Appealing to the moral instincts in men, they have created or strengthened the righteous instincts in them, and so conduced to that seriousness without which literature and art and life are fleeting and inane. And because of this they have

aroused wrathfulness and mockery. In every age there is the mocker, the man whom it pains to face truth because of the falsity and selfishness of his life; who reads only that which does not disturb the deeps of his soul, where lie all his frozen principles of right and truth and purity. To such as these Ruskin has been, and is, not so much a terror as a plague. Those whose cry is 'let us alone,' cannot let him alone, because his writings are as a whip that torments them. There are, however, those whom he has aroused to a better mind. They are many; and they in their turn have aroused a better national mind. Thus, Ruskin, while not leaving behind him a school, leaves behind him a tone, a temper, and a life that is becoming as widespread in England as any of the ruling sentiments of the age."

If Mr. Mather is duly appreciative of the great Englishman, M. de la Sizeranne frankly admits his undying admiration, and naively recounts the beginnings of his acquaintance with the works of the author of *Modern Painters*. It happened while he was in Florence, wandering through the Italian churches, studying the pictures, admiring the architecture, and generally revelling in memories of the past. In the church of Santa Maria Novella he came across a little group of English women standing reverently before the "Triumph of Saint Thomas Aquinas," listening to one of their number who read from a modest volume, bound in red and gold. The reader had a Giottoesque profile and a voice at once soft and low, the tones of which fell like music on the ears of the Frenchman. He stopped and listened with the rest. He was amazed at the minuteness of the descriptions, at the intelligence of the writer, and the general air of thoroughness with which he approached the subject. "Who, then, was the author of this book; who was the priest of this religion of beauty?" he asked himself, and the sacristan, coming that way, answered his question and whispered the magic name, "Ruskin!"

Another year, M. de la Sizeranne found himself in London, for the purpose of attending a congress of political economists. The conversation turned on the subject of machinery, and someone declared that there was no more hand-made work. "But," said the mistress of the house where this conversation took place, "you forget the Langdale linen." Then it was explained to the author that Mr. Ruskin had established in Westmoreland the spinning-wheel of his forefathers, and at Laxey, in the Isle of Man, the windmill

of other days, where at the first they spun linen and at the second they made cloth. He found that there were societies for reading Ruskin at London, Manchester, Glasgow, and Liverpool; a library for his books in London; a paper devoted to the interests of the society; that artists engraved drawings by Ruskin; writers told of his history, how he lived, what his doctrines were, and publishers vied to get permission to print his writings, his "Birthday" books, and his guides to the museums. Likewise he discovered in the Lake regions the railroad tables announced that they went to the place where from the windows of the hotel one might see the residence of Ruskin. During the strikes, quotations from the writings of Ruskin were introduced into the speeches. Already Frederic Harrison had proclaimed him "the most brilliant genius living in England, the most inspiring soul existing among us," while the director of a school for young ladies in London had said with the greatest solemnity that "the nineteenth century would be famous in the future because Ruskin had lived therein and wrote!"

So it came about naturally that M. de la Sizeranne desired to know something of this remarkable man, and he forthwith gave himself up to the study of Ruskin. For the benefit of his nation, who—the greater part, that is—probably had but vague ideas on the subject, the present book on the religion of beauty was written, and the author has capitulated horse, foot, and dragoon to the charm of the influence of this exponent of æsthetics. There are two excellent portraits of Ruskin, one at thirty-eight and the other at seventy-two. Much as in Mr. Mather's book, the bulk of the volume is made up of quotations from the man's writings, with an explanatory text and the finding out of many qualities strange to the Gallic mind, things that have struck the Frenchman as most peculiar, but which to those at all familiar with the somewhat conventional usages of English life are by no means strange. The man's physiognomy, his words, his thoughts, and his life, these are the themes the author treats of, and though he sees them all with the eyes of an admirer, it is entertaining to read them from the point of view of a Frenchman, for there is always through the book the sense of a literal translation

of much from English into French. Thus when Ruskin was Slade professor at Oxford:

"Regardons-le monter dans la chaire d'Oxford, en 1870 par exemple. Depuis longtemps la salle est" bondée, tous les coins pris d'assaut par les étudiants qui, pour l'entendre, ont déserté les autres cours, ou leur *luncheons*, ou, ce qui est à peine croyable, leur *cricket*. Il y en a dans les fenêtres, il y en a sur les armoires. Ça et là, des dames parfois aussi nombreuses que les étudiants, des Américaines qui ont passé l'Atlantique pour voir celui que Carlyle appelle *l'éthéréal Ruskin*.

M. de la Sizeranne has made an interesting book, and he has given very clearly an intelligent idea of what Ruskin has attempted for the reformation of the race. That all are not as enthusiastic as is the author matters little; and the Frenchman, who up to this time has not cared to go through the translations of Ruskin's works, may here get an abiding sense of the man, may glean some notion of the beauty of his writings, and will at least enjoy an intimacy with the scope and the extent of the man's charities, his unselfishness, and his humanity, for M. de la Sizeranne's enthusiasm is contagious.

Arthur Hoebner.

SIMON DALE.*

In *The Dolly Dialogues*, in *The Prisoner of Zenda*, and other tales Mr. Hope has shown what unlike things he can do almost equally well. In this latest story he proves his power to combine these widely different and apparently conflicting characteristics with admirable results.

The new book has much of the fine, keen, kindly satire that first made the author known through *The Dolly Dialogues*, and set all English and American society laughing good-naturedly at its own foibles. Yet there is a difference to the advantage of the more recent work. In this the satire does not concern itself with the trivial, as it does, too often, in the other; and its illustrations are wider, because they are general rather than special. It has also in the

* Simon Dale. By Anthony Hope. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.50.

fullest the dashing spirit which makes the charm of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, and which atones for a great deal in *Phroso*. But this, too, with a difference in favour of the new story; there is here no danger of bathos, nor any approach to the border of burlesque. And this new novel makes more completely than any of the stories have made, that appeal to the highest, the strongest, the truest, the noblest, and the sweetest, wherein lies, perhaps, the real secret of the author's popularity; for, after all, these are the things that really clutch and cling. The over-sophisticated few may turn for a moment and give jaded appreciation to the other side, but it is never for long; and the simple, healthy-minded majority instinctively rejects it at once and forever.

This appeal gathers force from the fact that Mr. Hope has been more successful in realising the characters of this story than any others of his creation, with the possible exception of the distinct, but rather unimportant types in *The Dolly Dialogues*. These men and women are flesh and blood, alertly alive and near by—not dim, far-off ideals, as in the other romances, and the atmosphere surrounding them seems as tangible as their figures.

And yet *The Heart of the Princess Osra* is not more romantic than the story itself. In the very beginning a witch predicts that Master Simon Dale "shall love where the king loves, know what the king hides, and drink of the king's cup," and there could scarcely be a more improbable prophecy. For this Master Simon is a simple country youth, well born, 'tis true, but poor, and living far from the court's *liaisons* and secrets and revels. And England's court was at this period one of the most corrupt that the world has ever seen. Charles II. sat on the still tottering throne, laughing, like the lazy philosopher he was, at the mistresses who contended over him and the traitors who intrigued around him. There is nothing better in the book than this speaking portrait of the king—so often portrayed before—unless it may be the likeness of Nell Gwyn, who has been, perhaps, even more often pictured by the greatest painters of two hundred years.

It is this little enchantress—robbing the cradle as well as the grave for lovers, and so mingling force with frailty

and good with evil that none can resist—who lures Simon to London and opens his way to the court. It was easy for Nell to work her will in those days, and for many days before and after, and so it comes about that the rustic lad "loves where the king loves;" but he has barely arrived in town when he learns who the lady is whom he has known in the country under another name. The knowledge stabs him to the heart—as such revelations always wound before they harden. He shrinks from all further communication with her. He declines the commission which he owes to her influence, yet at the same time nearly loses his life in a duel with a courtier, who sneers at him because he has the favour of the king's favourite. He even stands firm against Nell's coaxing, though few were ever able to do that, and the scenes between them are not readily forgotten. There is fine stuff in the boy, and the shock which makes him a man brings it out. There must have been fine stuff in poor Nell, too. One is here made to feel that there is, and to recognise the true heart and the sweet spirit lingering till the last under all the evil in the lovely little bird of prey. Surely it must have been so! Why else are her sins forgotten and her good deeds remembered as the bell rings to her memory to-day, from the ancient tower of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields?

But Mistress Nell can hardly be called the heroine of the story. She seems to have assumed the central place against the author's intention. The other woman, Mistress Barbara Quinton, a calm and spotless maiden, follows Nell Gwyn as the moonlight follows the sunshine. In contrasting the two Mr. Hope's knowledge of womankind finds delightful scope, and there is a vivid demonstration of the fact, that while method of expression has altered during two centuries, the manners of thought and the point of view are about the same in certain matters. Indeed, when Nell rescues Barbara from great peril and distress, Barbara—as soon as she recovers strength enough—does exactly what her immaculate prototype of to-day would do.

"'Tell her who I am, Simon,' said Nell. I looked at Nell. As I live, the fear that was in my heart was in her eyes, yet she had faced the world and laughed to scorn all England's

frowns. She understood my thoughts, and coloured red. 'Tell her,' she repeated angrily.

"But Barbara knew. Turning to her, I had seen the knowledge take shape in her eyes, and grow to revulsion and dismay. I could not tell what she would say; but now my fear was in no way for myself. She seemed to watch Nell for a while in a strange mingling of horror and attraction. Then she arose, and, still without a word, took her way on trembling feet toward the door. To me she gave no glance and seemed to pay no heed. We two looked for an instant, then Nell darted forward.

"'You mustn't go!' she cried. 'Where would you go? You have no other friend.'

"Barbara paused, took one step more and paused again.

"'I shan't harm you,' said Nell. Then she laughed. 'You needn't touch me if you will have it so; but I can help you.'

Master Simon tells the story with the utmost frankness, and in the impartiality with which his heart remains to the end divided between the two, the author makes interesting confession of the melancholy truth that male human nature is about as imperfectly monogamous in one century as in another.

Here is the same note that Mr. Hope struck first in *The Dolly Dialogues*, but it now sends out a fuller sound. Here is the same atmosphere of romantic adventure, of waving plumes and clanking swords and gallant knights galloping to the rescue of beautiful damsels in distress—all that endows *The Prisoner of Zenda* with charm. But the new story is larger, firmer, finer than either, and altogether the most important work that Mr. Hope has achieved.

George Preston.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS'S POEMS.*

The characteristics that gave distinction and charm to *Christ in Hades*, which made Mr. Phillips known to us a year or so ago, are found in the new volume that contains the earlier poem and gives it worthy company. There is the same unaffected seriousness, the same delicacy of thought, the same intense humanity, with, in two or three poems, an added grace of style and greater certainty of touch. The book is clear, fragrant, and tender. There are a few things in it which do not say much to me; but there is nothing unredeemed by some light from a gracious mind; while "Marpessa," "The Woman with

a Dead Soul," "The Lily," "To Milton—Blind," "Beautiful Death," "The Wound," and "The Apparition" are all of a memorable beauty.

Mr. Phillips has something to say—he has an attitude toward life to express. His verse is not a capricious reflection of other folk's minds—

"Thy hands are too like mine to undo these
bonds,
Brother, although the dead world follow thee,
Deep fascinated; love hath marred us both."

These words of the Great Titan to Christ give a hint of one side of his reading of life. The rest is uttered in "Marpessa"—

"The half of music, I have heard men say,
Is to have grieved;

* * * * *

The mourner is the favourite of the moon,
And the departing sun his glory owes
To the eternal thoughts of creatures brief."

Love is pain, and there is no human blessedness save in love; and pain has the best smile we know. This is linked to his feeling of the wistful beauty of death, and of the use Nature makes of her dead creatures to bless the needy living—

"Thou, who didst mar, shalt make for perfect
health;

Thou, so unlucky, fall with fortunate rain,
And I to whom sweet life is dangerous edged,

* * * * *

The rose is at my silent coming rich;
I on my enemy's eyes like sleep shall drop,
And he at dawn shall bless me and shall
drowse."

In "The Lily" a lover of a dead maiden walks the garden where the souls of the departed spring as flowers, and begs the gentle lady Death to have one plant in tender keeping—

"For she, that is this flower, and merely blows
So strangely silent and so white, was used
To be much loved, and guarded wistfully."

"The Woman with the Dead Soul" is an eloquent appeal against the corrupt peace that follows the soul's death, a burning claim for light and warmth and "something beautiful," with all the pain and wild unrest they bring.

In "Milton" the thought rises beyond the pity of human things—

"He gave thee back original night, His own
Tremendous canvas, large and blank and
free,

Where at each thought a star flashed out and
sang."

* Poems by Stephen Phillips. New York: John Lane. \$1.50.

But in all the rest one idea is paramount in various guises—the worth of human life, the sweetness and the tragedy of it. In “The Apparition” the dead lady wins peace at last—

“They gave me drink from some slow stream,
I love thee now no more.”

But this is not the end in Mr. Phillips's imagination. The world is a magnet even to souls in rest—

“The other night she hurried in,
Her face was wild with fear :
‘Old friend,’ she said, ‘I am pursued,
May I take refuge here?’”

This love of the world, refined, spiritualised, but never dehumanised, has its fullest expression in “Marpessa,” the tale of a maiden's choice between a god and a mortal. In this poem, exquisite in diction and tenderly sympathetic, Mr. Phillips is seen at his strongest. Yet it reveals a weakness. Some kind of dramatic treatment is demanded. Apollo offers the maiden immortality ; with him, unfading, she will be a peaceful power to bless humanity. Iras, the mortal lover, says his say, and Marpessa makes her choice. “As yet,” she tells them—

“I have known no sorrow ; all my days
Like perfect lilies under water stir,
And God has sheltered me from His own wind.”

But she has heard of the human heritage of pain, and will not shirk it. Otherwise would she miss the warm comradeship, the love of children, her own, not scornful young gods. So much might a girl, ignorant of evil and of life, speak from hearsay, and out of her own certain knowledge and clear instincts. But when she talks of the taste of sorrow, of its compensations, its terrible beauty and delight, it is with the voice of a woman that has lived and warred and learnt hard things, and found only in the sore travail of them a divine birth. It is a strange blot on the poem that Marpessa and not Iras should utter the exquisite lines in praise of pain I have quoted before, and the others that follow—

“How wonderful in a bereaved ear
The Northern wind ; how strange the summer night,
The exhaling earth, to those who vainly love.”

Mr. Phillips makes his creatures talk with his own voice. But though he

does not enter into other personalities, at least he has a rare power of linking our common likenesses together, of showing us the brotherhood of pain, and how each of us, great and small, looks wistfully round for love and “something beautiful.”

A. M.

ROSSETTI'S LETTERS TO WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.*

Even after Mr. William Rossetti's two full volumes it was worth while gleaning in his track. The letters here were only made use of by him to a moderate extent, and most of them are excellent. With Allingham, Dante Rossetti was on very easy, very sympathetic, terms ; and then, too, the correspondence lies mainly within the best part of Rossetti's life—the letters of 1860–70 being much fewer and briefer. So he is presented under his most cheerful aspect. He is still schoolboyish in tone, jovial and even genial in temper, with a habit of rough-and-ready joking, and punning, and fooling. No bluff Englishman was ever more reticent as to sentiment in his correspondence, more averse to pretentiousness or humbug. He had time and spirits for fun in those days ; and he liked it of an obvious, every-day, quite unsubtilised order—though you could not deny wit as well as fun to his sonnet to the picture-buyer, the famous parody of Tennyson's “Kraken.”

“Getting his pictures, like his supper, cheap,
Far, far away in Belfast by the sea,
His scaly, one eyed, uninvaded sleep
MacCraken sleepeth ; while the P.R.B.
Must keep the shady side, he walks a swell
Through springings of perennial growth and height,” etc.

There are no fresh revelations of Rossetti's character. He is here as elsewhere frankly egotistic, limited in sympathies, unflammable about many great human interests, but stubbornly energetic to push his own way and his friends', counting nothing trouble where poetry was concerned, and with fitful outbursts of great generosity. There were the makings of an excellent critic

* Letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti to William Allingham, 1854–70. By George Birkbeck Hill. Illustrated. New York : F. A. Stokes Co. \$4.50.

in him, though he had none of the professional omniscient manner or the habit of neat and final epithets. If his first judgments were often mere enthusiasms, his second generally got to the root of the matter, sometimes rather harshly, as when he talks of the "falsetto muscularity" of Mrs. Browning's style, presumably referring to her "Poems before Congress." He had the one essential ability of the real lover of poetry, that he could read anything in metre; but he had mere patience, mere intellectual interest for the vaguer sorts. He wrote in 1873: "It seems to me that all poetry, to be really enduring, is bound to be as *amusing* (however trivial the word may sound) as any other class of literature; and I do not think that enough of amusement to keep it alive can ever be got out of incidents not amounting to events." The vivid had an unfailing attraction for him, and *Wuthering Heights* gave him a strong sensation. "It is a fiend of a book—an incredible monster, combining all the stronger female tendencies from Mrs. Browning to Mrs. Brownrigg. The action is laid in hell—only it seems places and people have English names there." Some American poets come in for his slogging scorn. "How I loathe 'Wishiwashi'—of course without reading it. I have not been so happy in loathing anything for a long while—except, I think, *Leaves of Grass*, by that Orson of yours."

There is plenty of appreciation, but neither about people nor poetry did he have any vague reverences. Wordsworth is "good, you know, but unbearable." Of Carlyle, who had made a fool of himself by giving stupid advice to a Pre-Raphaelite poet he had not read, he writes, "Now that we are allied with Turkey, we might think seriously of the bastinado for that old man on such occasions." Between the letters and the editor's notes we get a fair collection of good Pre-Raphaelite stories. There is Gambart the picture dealer's grumble at Hunt's "Scapegoat"—"I wanted a nice religious picture, and he bainted me a great goat"; and there is Coventry Patmore's frank avowal, "I would not change 'Tamer-ton Church Tower,' nor, if I was the author of it, 'The Music Master' [Al-lingham's] for fifty 'Mauds.'"

But the letters can hardly compete in

interest with the series of drawings which the book contains—a valuable and delightful collection, including the beautiful drawing of Mrs. Rossetti by her husband, dated Weymouth, 1856. An exquisite gem, never surpassed by him.

As to Dr. Birkbeck Hill's part, one must speak gratefully, though one offers criticism. He should have cut the letters more. And the editor of Johnson has too much the habit of note-making. His notes are very readable, only sometimes they are quite superfluous. He actually explains the meaning of Colney Hatch, and gives, for no reason at all, save that her poems are mentioned by Rossetti, Matthew Arnold's opinion of Jean Ingelow's power. Occasionally the notes, if not unnecessary, are incomplete, that on Charles Alston Collins, for instance. But his information on Pre-Raphaelite subjects is unusually intimate; and we are glad of everything new that can be gathered in this field while waiting for Mr. Holman Hunt's fuller history of the movement and the men.

A HISTORY OF DANCING.*

Was it Molière who said that the destiny of nations depended upon the art of dancing? Of course one who has ever danced would fret under the restrictions of such a statement; and certainly no one need be reminded that Louis Quatorze himself danced in twenty-seven ballets, that Richelieu executed a saraband to gain the favour of Anne of Austria, or that Napoleon fitted out his Egyptian expedition with Terpsichorean accessories, in order to have a proper sense of the dignity and noble pedigree of the dance. M. Vuillier, however, in showing how spontaneous and elemental it is, and how intimately related its history is with that of poetry, singing, kissing, and even hair-dressing, gives one a new sense of its artfulness and beauty.

Indeed, this should be an exhilarating volume even to one who does not dance. Its twenty full-page plates and four hundred text illustrations are as informing as they are exquisite, and atone for a

* A History of Dancing. From the French of Gaston Vuillier. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$12.00.

want of proportion discoverable in the accompanying text. There are reproductions of statuary ranging from the Tanagra figurines, which suggest that the Greeks had their Chérets and Caran d'Aches as well as their Phidias, to the inspiring Bacchante and Carpeaux Dance; of the rural dreams of Watteau and Teniers; of frescoes Egyptian and Parisian; of vases and bas-reliefs with their dancing nymphs and boys; of old prints and engravings, and a host of more recent lithographs, some of which are very quaint and amusing, as, for instance, Vernier's "lively polka," Victor Maurin's Neapolitan dancers supporting their partners with one hand in mid-air, and the sketch from a mediæval manuscript of Bacchus dancing down the vintage in a large tub. Amid village weddings and peasant balls, after so much *pavane*, *bolero* and *braille*, Doré's barrel-organ with a train of wizened youngsters, and Whistler's spindle-legged Connie Gilchrist, and even Stewart's "Cotillon" seem a little out of key. One is inclined to exclaim with Goncourt: "For Heaven's sake, pretend at least to be enjoying yourselves." The pictorial part of the history has an overmastering jollity which brooks no infringement.

The letter-press provided by M. Vuillier is cleverly and harmoniously compiled. His outlook is distinctly Parisian. He devotes by far the greater portion of his space to dances and dancers of France, than which no land has contributed more picturesquely to the choregraphic art. With little pretence of generalising, he shows that Queen Catherine devised a whirl of midnight gaieties to mask her own dark schemes; that under *le Roi Soleil* dances were too ceremonial to be thoroughly enjoyable; that the Golden Age of the minuet was the reign of Louis XV. as the lively gavotte was ascendant in that of Louis XVI.; and that in the theatre of the Empire, men dancers were as popular as women. But he pays slight attention to the dances of primitive races or of the East, which happily have been expounded by Dr. Grosse, of Freiburg, and Mrs. Lillie Grove in the Badminton Library. Unlike Dr. Grosse, M. Vuillier starts with no thesis, and so far from marshalling facts and emphasising results, leaves in the air a score of inevitable questions.

Dr. Grosse favoured the practical and

cultural origin of the dance. It enabled lovers, he said with Lacroix, to discover whether their partners were sound and healthy. While M. Vuillier quotes from the famous *Polka Almanack* to the effect that the country dance is especially suited to the sanguine, the galop to the bilious, the waltz to the lymphatic, and the polka to the nervous, he leaves alone for the most part the physical aspect of the matter and furnishes many evidences of a religious origin. Under the Pharaohs the dance was symbolic of sidereal motion. The Nautch girls of India perform a ritual ceremony, and the Great Spirit is invoked by American Indians even in their war dances. In the Spanish theatre, in the days of Philip IV., allegorical and mythological subjects were developed "with immense success." For centuries, in Portugal, itinerant ballets celebrated on all saints' days. But one reads of dramatico-gastronomic dances as well as astrological and ecclesiastical.

While the distinction between ancient and modern dancing is not accentuated, one quickly perceives the fatuity of drawing a hard and fast line. Doubtless David ran and skipped, rather than danced, before the Ark; but Salome has been the inspiration of artists. If in the thirteenth century the sexes first joined in the dance and men and women have always danced separately in India and Persia, it must be remembered that the Greeks had long since gone through the whole gamut of masculine, feminine, and mixed dances, and that Gaditanian darlings (*deliciæ Gaditanae*) had created a *furor* in ancient Rome no less than Pylades and Bathyllus. If modern theatrical dancing originated with the ballet of the wise and foolish virgins in the castle of St. Angelo, under Sixtus IV., ancient theatrical dancing was introduced by the Roman Emperor Augustus. The dance Homer described as engraved on the shield of Achilles is today performed in Greece. From these facts it will be seen that an evolution of dancing must be the despair of an historian. Yet M. Vuillier might, without inconvenience, have drawn more parallels and probed the subject deeper than he did. One likes to know, for example, that the Spanish fandango is in impetuosity akin to the Italian tarantella, which owes its name to the tarantula, a spider whose bite was supposed

to be cured only by dancing ; and that the *tourdion* differs from the *gaillarde* as a gliding does from a jumping step. Indeed, the *danse basse* and the *danse haute* are terms that classify almost all dances ranging from grave to gay.

M. Vuillier has a becoming lightness of touch, and sympathises acutely with the Frenchman in China who spied an advertisement of the *Bal Mabilie* on a newspaper wrapped about a pair of shoes, or with staid provincial magistrates haunted by Bohemian memories. He does not shed crocodile tears because *Mademoiselle Guimard*, *La Tagliani*, *Queen Pomaré*, and *Markowski* died in poverty. Did they not "have their day"? If perchance a dancer took himself rather seriously, calling his son the "god of dancing" and himself the son's "inspired creator," or won "Bravos!" away from *Mozart's* divine music, the narrator does not add that superfluous remark which is sure to spoil the story.

The same restraint appears in the following account of the founding of *Dantzic* :

"It is said that a bishop who owned a property on the shores of the Baltic Sea gave permission to his flock to dance, on condition that they should only use the space enclosed by joining in a large ring the hands of all the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages. On this space was afterward built a town, says the legend, the town of *Dantzic*, or City of Dancing."

Many Americans will be surprised to learn that we have "inaugurated dancing cars on railways to beguile the tedium of the long journey between *San Francisco* and *New York*." Also (p. 378) that the *Barrison* sisters are "artistes"! And did *Moses* cause "a solemn ballet" to be danced after the passage of the *Red Sea*?

George Merriam Hyde.

GERMAN ORTHOGRAPHY AND PHONOLOGY.*

Professor *Hempl's* book, succinctly described by the above title, is what its author says he has aimed to make it, a systematic and practical treatise on the various subjects pertaining to the writ-

ing, printing, and uttering of modern German. Both "orthography" and "phonology" are, accordingly, used in their most extended sense considering the paramount practical character of the book. The whole is in reality a complete manual of the subject, which for years to come will serve as a breviary to the English-speaking student of German, providing he is after more than the merest *Sprachmeister* knowledge of his subject.

Not only as a whole, but in its several parts, still bearing in mind its purpose of practical utilisation by the learner of German, this is a better book than we have hitherto had. *Grandgent's* little book, *German and English Sounds*, in many respects both cleared the way and pointed out the subsequent direction of procedure, but it is neither actually nor professedly a complete exposition of its subject. *Vietor's* book, *German Pronunciation*, which has hitherto seemed to us the most lucid and practical of all works on the subject, stands on an entirely different plane, and, apart from its dissimilar and far less defensible standard of spoken German, of which more anon, is, in comparison with the present book, only a primer of its subject. Many books have been written on German phonetics, of course, of much wider extent. The Germans are nothing if not thorough, and they have done phonetics, or, possibly, better still, the intending phonetician, along certain lines almost to death in their zeal to be exhaustive; but this is the scientific rather than the practical side of the subject. The author himself has been conscious of this, and has used what there is at hand. Even, however, in his "phonology," the part of the field that the Germans have most assiduously gleaned and garnered, there is much that in its application is new and suggestive. Where phonetic transcription occurs, as occur it must, the author is reasonably abstinent—a word consciously used, for many writers on the subject are led by its seductions just here into a veritable phonetic debauch. The hieratic characters, worse than hieroglyphics, so deterrent to the ordinary student in the great majority of such works, have here, however, wisely been reduced to a minimum. This matter, nevertheless, has from the very nature of things its besetting difficulties; and

* German Orthography and Phonology : A Treatise with a Word List. By *George Hempl*, Ph.D. Boston : Ginn & Co.

while alphabets, as is the state of the case the world over, are and must be for practical purposes but the most conventional representations of the spoken sounds of a language, it will be necessary to supplement and adapt them where exact distinctions are to be conveyed. From its inherent characteristics this is the most perplexing phase of the whole subject and the one most in need of an extended terminology.

The part of the book on "orthography," like that on phonetics and pronunciation, also traverses well-trodden ground, although again it would be hard to find as a whole so good a statement, and important parts are new. The most original part of the book is that on "accent," which makes up a good third of the whole and rounds it off as an entirety. The matter is considered in the light of "pitch" and "stress;" this latter word and sentence-stress. The chapter on "pitch" is in some ways the most unsatisfactory part of the book. The author apologises for its insufficiency because of the inherently evanescent and difficult nature of the subject and the diversity of usage in different parts of German-speaking territory. Fixed pitch exists in German to no greater extent than in English; for the rest, it is a question of emotion, of temperament, of climate, age, or sex. The treatment of stress, and, above all, of sentence-stress, leaves little to be desired. Much of this latter is absolutely new in its elaboration. Here, as elsewhere in the book, new formulations have necessitated new terms of description, which the author seems fearlessly to have coined or as fearlessly to have created by new adaptation—in either case a responsibility that more timid souls have sometimes shrunk from. Words of this kind are "vivic" and "anæmic," the former a new coinage to indicate the more definite concepts of mind; the latter a new application to indicate those that have become more or less vague. The distinction is real enough, and "vivic" is a happy inspiration; "lethargic," however, might have been, it seems to us, a better word than "anæmic" for the state of things described. These terms and others like them—note, for instance, the description under sentence-stress of the "undefined psychological predicate"—indicate the closeness of the author's observation. This

is characteristic of the whole book; almost nothing that has a proper lodgment within the field under observation has been forgotten. Even *Bierbass*, a peculiar condition of articulation confined to a few, is physiologically accounted for.

In the matter of a standard of pronunciation the author occupies altogether a rational position. Viotor has taken the consciously normalised language of the theatre as his basis, on the asserted assumption that on the stage is to be found the best German in practical use. Hempl, we think, with all the facts in his favour, denies as a delusion that "there is one positive standard which is observed by a considerable body of educated persons, which it is one's duty to aim at, and that stands a chance of some day being generally attained." The claims of Hanover were, of course, settled long ago. As against them he sets up the speech of the upper classes of Berlin as having a better claim, since—the real issue—it agrees in most points with what is usual throughout the country. This is a chronicle, then, of custom, rather than the attempt to enforce a standard, and therein lies the great measure of its usefulness.

The book, finally, is the work not only of an accurate student and close observer, but of an enthusiast in his subject, who has taken it to bed with him at night and risen with it in the morning; who has walked with it, and, above all, has talked with it. It bears the mark of an unconscionable amount of time spent upon it, but the results are wholly commensurate, since for a long while to come it will constitute a standard of value in its own particular subject, which it has enriched and dignified. The distance between this book and the old orthography and orthoepy, even of books of this generation, is the distance between the exact formulations of modern chemistry and the alchemy of the Middle Ages.

IV. H. Carpenter.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.*

Though the present is the seventh edition of this useful volume, it has been

* A Manual of Suggestions for Beginners in Literature. By G. H. P. and J. B. P. Seventh Edition. Rewritten, with additional material. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.75.

so extended and rewritten as to be practically a new book. No person in the United States, probably, is better fitted to deal with the details of publishing and of arrangements of authors with their publishers, or to advise young writers who seek to have their manuscripts attain the glory of fair type on a white page, than is Mr. George Haven Putnam. He has prepared Part I. of the book, which treats of the relations of authors and publishers, of publishing methods and arrangements, and of securing copyright. Part II., on the making of books, is by his brother, Mr. J. B. Putnam.

The book is more than a guide for "beginners in literature." It is of interest also to what Mr. Putnam calls "that evanescent individual, the 'general reader.'" Why are we all more interested in the private affairs of publishers, and in their arrangements with their authors—for whom they are virtually the business managers—than we are in the private affairs of the banker, the lawyer, or the merchant? Is it because we are more or less, at some time or other, "beginners in literature" ourselves, though rarely are our thoughts written out, much less printed? Whatever the reason, the fact remains that authors and publishers and their private affairs are of interest to almost all who read books.

We have heard often of the poor but honest author ground down by the remorseless publisher, but not so often of the publisher's evidence in the case of authors who did not live up to their agreements; of authors whose books have been printed by too sanguine publishers, and which have proven unprofitable investments. The author has the ear of the public, and is prone to prattle of his troubles and worries, while the publisher has neither the opportunity nor the ability, perhaps, to so present his case that it will be fairly judged. In the introductory chapter of this volume Mr. Putnam has tried to show up the complaining author and to defend the long-suffering and patient publisher.

At least as early as the time of Martial authors were complaining and railing against their publishers. Horace "complained that his publishers, the Sosii, took to themselves the gold produced by his writings, leaving for 'the author's reward only fame in distant lands and with posterity.'" In modern

literary history, Milton, Johnson, Goldsmith, Voltaire, Balzac, Heine, Byron, Isaac Disraeli, and others of less note, have all written more or less bitterly against their publishers, and often with much justice. "But," as Mr. Putnam says, "before deciding that a good case has been made out, one or two considerations are entitled to attention. It is proper to remember, in the first place, that nearly all the narratives of the differences that have arisen between authors and publishers have come to us in *ex parte* statements. In the exceptional instances in which the rejoinder of the publisher is placed on record, a very different aspect is usually given to the case. Secondly, these *ex parte* opinions come to us from members of a *genus irritabile*, whose perceptions of the facts and equities of business transactions must in any case be taken with much allowance, and of whom some, at least, such as Voltaire, Balzac, Heine, and others, can hardly be trusted to tell straight stories of matters in which their own vanity or interest was involved."

It has been estimated that one-half of the books published in the United States each year fail to return their cost, and that one-half of the remainder bring no profit, leaving the cost of supporting the publishing machinery of the country to be borne by the publishers' share of the profits of one-fourth of the books issued. We wonder what percentage of the thousands of manuscripts prepared by hopeful scribblers from Maine to Texas, and which, for the most part, find their way to the "literary sifters"—the publishers' offices in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia—are ever published, and what proportion of their authors find authorship a remunerative employment.

When manuscripts are received for examination by the publisher with a view of publication, they are usually numbered and sorted and sent out to "readers," who are, in a way, specialists. These readers are often, if not usually, outside of the establishment, men of culture and discriminating taste, who can tell "good literature" when they come across it. They examine the manuscripts carefully, and report on them usually by number, oftentimes not even knowing the author's name. Their judgment, therefore, is, as a rule,

impartial. If his reader reports favourably upon a manuscript, and recommends its publication, the manuscript will be considered by the publisher himself or his final adviser, and may be printed. But if the reader's report is unfavourable the manuscript is returned to its waiting author with the usual formal letter, stating that, to the publisher's deep regret, it is not available. But what one publisher fails to find suitable may not be so considered by another, and the young author may continue to send out his manuscript until he has submitted it to all those publishers whose imprint he would be glad to see upon his book. Publishers are always on the lookout for the first works of young writers who are to become the leading authors of their time, and each day's manuscripts are scanned carefully, if not hopefully, in the chance that it may contain a *Jane Eyre* or an *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

The various business arrangements between authors and publishers for putting books upon the market are divided by Mr. Putnam into two classes. First, books published at the risk and expense of the publisher, and, second, books published for the account of the author—that is, he assuming a part or all of the expense of publishing. Arrangements of the first class may be of several varieties. The publisher may purchase the manuscript outright, with the author's copyright, the author losing all pecuniary interest in the book. Or payment may be made by royalties—that is, the author receiving a certain percentage of the catalogue price on all copies sold, but the copyright still being his, and the publisher being unable to transfer the book to another publisher without the author's consent. A third arrangement provides for fixed payments instead of royalties—that is, a certain sum is paid the author upon publication of the book, and a further fixed sum when a certain number, say 5000 or 10,000 copies, have been sold. At the time of this final payment the ownership of the copyright passes to the publisher, and the author has no further pecuniary interest in his book. A fourth arrangement is called the half-profit system. Under this arrangement the expenses of making and marketing each separate book on the publisher's list would be kept separate, and the profits

at the end of each year would be divided between the author and the publisher.

Under publishing arrangements of the second class—namely, books published "for the account of the author"—the author may either supply the moneys necessary for setting the type, printing, and binding the book, the publisher receiving a commission only as manufacturing and selling agent; or, instead of this, the author may furnish the funds for setting the type and making the electrotype plates, while the publisher goes on and prints the books at his own expense, allowing the author a certain royalty for the use of his plates.

A third section of the chapter on arrangements between authors and their publishers treats of articles first printed in periodicals or in encyclopædias or other general works. Oftentimes one publisher will own the "serial rights" of a book while it will be brought out in book form by another publisher.

There are chapters on the Obligations of Author and Publisher under the publishing agreement; on the Literary Agent, that new factor, a sort of middleman, who during the past few years has found a place in publishing undertakings; on Authors' Associations, which aim to publish and distribute the books of their members without the intervention of any publisher; on Boards of Arbitration, whose duty it would be to consider and pass upon disagreements relating to literary property, questions of copyright, etc.; on Advertising; and on Copyright. The last includes a reprint of the present laws in force relating to literary copyright in the United States, with valuable and interesting comments and explanations.

The second part of the volume, on the making of books, gives directions for the preparation of the manuscript, specimens of types, directions for reading proof, and explanation of abbreviations and signs used by proofreaders, with something about electrotyping, printing, and binding, and a short account of the various kinds of illustrations adapted to book work.

The book is well printed at the Knickerbocker Press, on good paper, and tastefully bound in blue boards, with a leather back. It is a book which every author and every reader, as well, will be glad to possess.

L. S. Livingston.

THE UNDERGRADUATE IN VERSE.*

Several years ago Mr. Joseph Le Roy Harrison, now librarian of the Providence Athenæum, brought together, under the title of *Cap and Gown*, a number of verses which first appeared in college papers all over the country. He has now made a second excursion through these journals, and a second volume, *With Pipe and Book*, is the result. Like its predecessor, it is interesting not so much for its poetic wealth as a sign of the times in the undergraduate world. If its only achievements are to show what kinds of thought occupy the collegian's mind when he addresses himself to verse writing, by what models his standards of taste are formed, and what technical skill he can display in the production of his own verses, the interest of such a book as this is not inconsiderable. The collegian, however, must no longer be designated merely as "he;" until a sexless pronoun other than "it" is invented, the undergraduate journalist must be called "he or she." The increased proportion of feminine versifiers marks one of the strongest contrasts between this second book and the first, though the first appeared but four years ago. So much for the New Rhymestress. It is also worth remarking that the "French forms" seem to be less the fashion than of old. No "villanelle" appears, but one "ballade," and a mere sprinkling of "triolets." The "rondeau," indeed, holds its own; but after many of these verses in the more rigid moulds, one recognises names which figured in the older book, and must even then have been taken from the college journalism of a previous decade.

The new singers exhibit to an appropriate degree the technical facility which belongs to our time. They betray, often more frankly than their elders, their debts to the books they have been reading. One would listen in vain, in any age, for the constant striking of new notes by youthful writers. The distinctness of the echoes in this volume serves an excellent purpose in showing where the treasures and where the hearts of the verse-making undergraduates are. Though the "French form" has waned, the spell of Austin Dobson is still po-

* With Pipe and Book. A Collection of College Verse. Chosen by Joseph Le Roy Harrison. Providence: Preston & Rounds Company.

tent. One stanza from *A Song of Mistress Anne* will fairly represent many pages in the volume:

"In farthingale and satin gown,
Sing hey, my lady!
Comes Mistress Anne from London-town
To Dingledale on Crosswood Down
When country lanes are shady!"

Opinions will differ regarding the value of Dobson as a model for the young. It is our own belief that his scrupulous finish affords the best of examples for those who are learning to say things, even while their things are much less worth saying than his. Concerning the value of Eugene Field as an influence, there is better ground for scepticism. Yet he is clearly to be reckoned with, for there are many signs that his footsteps are religiously followed. Sometimes it is a question whether the path is really his or James Whitcomb Riley's. Occasionally—one could wish less occasionally—his influence is touched with that of Stevenson. One of the most graceful bits in the book comes from this blended strain:

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

With flare of trumpet and roll of drum,
Tho' never a stick have we,
And never a horn save a dimpled hand—
A roistering, rollicking, warlike band,
Right valorous soldiers three.

Our line of march through the parlour dim,
And out to the open hall,
A step and a stamp and a fearless stride—
And a paper-knife strapped to each valiant
side,
Then way! we are heroes all.

Shall it be a charge on the rocking-chair?
Or a siege of the balustrade?
Or a slow, strategical night-attack
On the castle walls of the old hat-rack,
Or merely a dress parade?

'Tis one I vow to the soldiers three,
Polly and Prue and I,
With never a horn save a dimpled hand,
We'll march all over this Downstairs Land
Till the stars peep out in the sky,
And the moon says bed-time's nigh.

CHARLES EDWARD THOMAS.

Yale Courant.

Of other influences, there is one clear reminder of Browning's "Toccata of Galuppi's" with its "dear dead women," in the verses "Bocherini's Minuet," lamenting "the dancers buried long ago." With "Jessie, letting down

the bars," we are brought home with the cattle direct to the feet of Jean Ingelow. Even the librettist of De Koven's *Robin Hood* will not feel himself neglected if he happens to read "The Song of the Jolly Fat Friar."

These traces of special influence are not noted with derogatory intention. It would be strange indeed if they were not apparent. The strangeness is that there is practically no suggestion of Kipling, of all contemporaries the man one would most expect to see reflected here. What might not be done on the day after a great football game by the undergraduate saturated with Kipling? Where, too, is the distinctly humorous element in college verse? Surely it has not ceased to exist, and surely it gives voice to a phase of undergraduate life worth remembering.

In the verses from the women's colleges one unpleasant spectacle presents itself more than once—that of a girl writing in the character of a masculine lover. This is certainly less what the world desires of rhymestresses than lullabies, of which, be it said to the credit of higher feminine education, there is at least one capital specimen, taken from the *Wellesley Magazine*. But there are other things than lullabies for young women to write, and in the verses which call for a lightness of fancy and touch, the young men may well look to their laurels. Take, for example,

THE LITTLE BLIND BEGGAR.

At the gate of the World where the travel flows,
And the folk stream by full-tide,
A little blind Beggar sits in the sun
And shoots afar and wide.

He fits the arrow and twangs the bow,
And low in his throat laughs he,
For well he knows he will hit his mark
Though never a face he see.

And never his stock of arrows fails,
For the pain of the wound is sweet,
And the stricken folk bring the arrows back
To pile at the Beggar's feet.

And he fits the arrows and twangs the bow,
And laughs till his fingers shake,
For well he knows he can never miss,
But somewhere a heart must ache.

And they who are struck, they keep still tongue,
But they carry the arrows back,
And they who are spared, they sound abroad
The song of the pains they lack.

But still or singing, and grave or gay,
Through the gate of the World they go,
And the little blind Beggar sits in the sun,
And laughs as he lays them low.

J. D. DASKAM.

Smith College Monthly.

The young men cannot be accused of writing lullabies, yet one could wish to find them dealing more constantly with themes of less remote experience than Arcady and the folk thereof. To be sure, there are many suggestions of "affairs" with "other fellows' sisters," and these, no doubt, are vitally real for a time to the participants. Their importance, however, impresses one less strongly than the winning simplicity of these last verses to be quoted:

SINCE AGNES DIED.

They say the brook makes music soft
As ever in its pebbly bed,
That the leaves still whisper sweet aloft
In springtime when the robins wed.
Well, yes, they may—I cannot say—
Since Agnes died.

They say the sunshine still is fair,
That the summer air is still as sweet,
When soft the breeze sighs everywhere
In autumn, ere the long days fleet.
Perhaps 'tis so—I do not know—
Since Agnes died.

They say that gladness is not dead,
That the future smiles, and life is gay,
That joy and hope have not all fled,
That comfort has not passed away.
It may be—well, I cannot tell—
Since Agnes died.

ALBERT ELLSWORTH THOMAS.

Brown Magazine.

Most of the contributors to *With Pipe and Book* will probably become tolerable business men, lawyers, mothers, and what not besides poets. Yet they need not follow Tennyson's example, and define all their youthful rhymes as "early rot;" for, after all, they are not likely to become Tennysons. What they have done has been to provide Mr. Harrison with the material for making a book which not only has many agreeable pages, but also illustrates clearly various phases of college thought, and shows that the undergraduate is equipped with considerable technical skill, ready to be applied, perchance, in due season to maturer themes. It is the fashion of the alumnus to say of nearly all college performances, excepting ath-

letics, "We did those things better when I was in college." If he reads this volume candidly, perhaps he will speak with less confidence of the superiority of his contemporaries in vers-making.

THE DECORATION OF HOUSES.*

It is said by Vasari that Brunelleschi's chief desire was to bring back good architecture, the good orders, in place of the barbarous style which had effaced them. This effacement of the good by the barbarous, and, following the barbarous, a revival of the good by a return to past forms, past ideals, are part of a law of ebb and flow everywhere visible in art. In every science the condition of progress is a continuous straining forward; in art and its allied branches this condition is often reversed: to advance may be to look backward. In analysing the latter proposition the first cause occurring in explanation is that of the loss, or at least the dulling, of the sense of simplicity. In the best Greek architecture, for instance, a small quantity of exquisite ornament is surrounded by plainness, making both doubly beautiful; in French Renaissance architecture, every surface is covered, leaving no spot on which the eye can rest, so that the whole becomes immoderate, confused, bewildering. This sense of the value of plainness is characteristic of every great age of art; in every period of decline exaggeration, pretentiousness, display, are dominant.

In no branch of art has a period of decline been more distinctly marked than in the decoration of houses during the last eighty years. The traditions of centuries, the ultimate tests of excellence—moderation, fitness, proportion—have become obscured, and what was once interior architecture has degenerated into mere upholstery. Indeed, so completely have these traditions been lost sight of, that for the last half century not a single work on house decoration as a branch of architecture has been published in England or in America.

It is to remedy this deficiency that *The Decoration of Houses* has been written, and the result is a work of large

insight and appreciation, one that is certain to exert lasting influence in the revival of a subject generally misunderstood and mistreated.

The main theories which the book works out are simple, and may be summed up in a few words:

First. The true standpoint of interior decoration is that of *architectural proportion*, in contradistinction to the modern view, which is that of *superficial application of ornament*.

Second. Only a return to architectural principles, to the traditions and models of the past, can raise house decoration from incongruity and confusion to organic unity.

Third. Given the requirements of modern life, these models are chiefly to be found in buildings erected in Italy after the beginning of the sixteenth century, and especially in France and England after the full assimilation of the Italian influence.

Following the lines here indicated, the opening chapter, entitled "The Historical Tradition," after a brief outline of the stormy, unsettled conditions of mediæval life and the consequent impress of such conditions on both exterior and interior architecture, indicates the persistence of this feudal period, owing to the conflicts between the great nobles and the kings, both in France and in England. In Italy, however, social intercourse advanced more rapidly, and it is clearly shown that the rudimentary plan, the characteristic tendencies of our own house-planning, were developed from the mezzanine or intermediate story of the Italian Renaissance palace. Thus it may be said that Bramante is the father of the modern dwelling, but as the use of the mezzanine was not fully developed until the time of Peruzzi, the year 1500 represents an imaginary line drawn between mediæval and modern ways of living and house-planning.

Taking this as a starting-point, the process of development of house interiors is luminously traced: In Italy, from the "Massimi alle Colonne" to Palladio and to the decadence; in England, from the introduction of the Italian manner by Inigo Jones down to the Georgian models—those models which were afterward transported bodily to America and christened "colonial;" in France, throughout that long succession

* The Decoration of Houses. By Edith Wharton and Ogden Codman, Jr. With 56 full-page illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$4.00.

of artists, craftsmen, and artist-craftsmen who, from the ending of the Fronde almost to the present time, have ever remembered that the essence of a style lies not in its use of ornament, but in its handling of proportion, and of whom it may be said that whatever the hand found to do, that it did under the guidance of artistic fancy and feeling.

The broad lines being laid down, the fundamental principle—the importance of the right treatment of the component parts of an undecorated room—is fully developed. It was once thought that the effect of a room depended on the treatment of its wall-spaces and openings; now it is supposed to depend on curtains and portières, on furniture and bric-à-brac. In the best period of architecture, decoration was subordinate to architectural lines, and as the effect produced by a room depends mainly on the distribution of its openings, it becomes apparent that unless these and the surrounding wall-spaces are in right proportion there can be no harmony among the decorative processes. This factor, so fully dwelt upon by all the old decorators, from Vignola to Ware, has fallen into decay, and it is curious to note that in Eastlake's well-known *Hints on Household Taste* no mention whatever is made of doors, windows, and fireplaces.

The importance of the relations between proportion and decoration, between structure and ornament, having been strongly emphasised, each of the many rooms in a modern house is treated in turn, first from the evolutionary point of view, afterward from artistic and practical considerations. Not the least interesting part of the book is this tracing back the use of a room to its origin, showing that sometimes the present misuse is but a survival of older social conditions, or but the result of a misapprehension in regard to old customs through confusion of two essentially different types of rooms designed for essentially different phases of life.

From ball-rooms to nurseries, no part of the interior architecture of a house is omitted, the organic unities being always insisted on: the relation of a room as a whole to other rooms in the house, the relation of ornament to structure, the relation of furniture to ornament. Looking down the enfilade of the three great centuries, one is shown the incomparable ceilings of Mantegna, of Araldi,

of Bérain; the perfect doors in the Ducal Palace of Mantua; the staircases of De Corny, the stair-rails of Jean Lamour and D'Ivry; the frescoes of Tiepolo and Le Riche; the carvings of Grinling Gibbons; the statues of Pajou; the mirrors of Mario dei Fiori. In these lucid pages and in the illustrations accompanying them, what rooms are held perfect, what models are in every sense worthy of admiration, all these, from a gala-room decorated by Giulio Romano to Cacialli's bath-room in the Pitti Palace, are made to demonstrate that, however splendid, however ornate, their effect is based on such harmony of line that their superficial ornament might be removed without loss to the composition.

It is for this reason that a return to the traditions and models of the past is insisted on as the true way out of the labyrinth of incongruity wherein most modern decorators are helplessly wandering. The definite first conception—that decoration must harmonise with the structural limitation—a conception that held its own throughout every change of taste until the second quarter of the present century, has been effaced by a piling up of heterogeneous ornament, a multiplication of incongruous effects, much of which is held in admiration on account of its so-called originality. In art, "originality" is almost as fatal a term as "restoration." Ignorant of the traditions of old, unskilled in legitimate artistic requirements, the average decorator stands in firm belief that to bend to the acceptance of rules, which experience of centuries has established as the best, is to preclude the exercise of individual taste and to become subservient and servile, forgetting the admirable precept of the forgotten Isaac Ware, that while "it is mean in the undertaker of a great work to copy strictly, it is dangerous to give a loose to fancy without a perfect knowledge how far a variation may be justified."

It is clearly in the attempt to help on toward this "perfect knowledge" that the present book has been written.

It is not proposed to discuss at length the various features of this work, or to go into detail regarding the many subjects there treated. The purpose of this review is to differentiate *The Decoration of Houses* from the many *Suggestions on Household Taste*, and the like, most of

which have served only to aggravate the very defects which the present book is attempting to remedy. If the distinctive underlying principle—that the true expression of interior decoration rests not in superficial application of ornament, but in architectural proportion—has been plainly indicated, it is enough, and one need only add by way of summary the comprehensive words of the Conclusion: "The relation of proportion to decoration is like that of anatomy to sculpture: underneath are the everlasting laws."

Walter Berry.

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.*

An artist does not receive even poetic justice when he becomes the subject of an inartistic biography. This volume of reminiscences can hardly be called anything else, for its author has shown very little of the artist's sense of order, proportion, or craftsmanship. It were an ungracious task to dwell upon the many details of shortcoming; let it suffice to say that the reader who seeks for charm and interest in the book cannot do better than to fix his attention as closely as may be upon the personality behind it all, for that Story himself was both charming and interesting, no account of his life could fail to show.

The earlier pages of the book abound in suggestions of the stimulating background of life for youths of the best New England birth in the earlier years of the century. A letter of Colonel Higginson's, recalling the Story whom he knew at school and college, and the generous quotations from Lowell's Essay, "Cambridge Thirty Years Ago," help one to see with some clearness both the boy and the town to which his father, the distinguished jurist, brought his family from Salem in 1829. Of course the stimulus of the time and place was intellectual and moral rather than artistic. Though Story was considered "too frivolous to be a lawyer," he devoted himself so much more studiously

than Lowell to the profession they both felt obliged to attempt, that he made his first conspicuous appearance in authorship as the writer of several legal works. This fact alone, in the record of a man of Story's temperament, is enough to show that the good New Englander of the day could not unhesitatingly give himself over to the pursuit of an artistic bent.

The selection of Story, although an amateur, as the sculptor of his father's monument at Mount Auburn, seems to have determined his abandoning of the law. It took him abroad to study the best models of sculpture, and in 1848, contrary to the advice of friends and kinsmen, he with his wife and two young children took up a permanent abode in Italy, and an undivided devotion to art. Of the results, both in sculpture and in literature, of Story's long life of industry, the *Reminiscences* have much to say, and many good opinions, from various sources, to bring forward. Story himself used to make this amusing comment upon his dual activity: "Sculptors profess much admiration for my writings; poets amiably admit that my great talent lies in sculpture." Certainly for himself there must have been no slight satisfaction in the practice of two arts, using them, as he often did, for the treatment of the same subject. Thus he could fulfil his marble in verse, and his verse in marble. The sheer joy of working, revealed in Story's whole life, is fully set forth in such words of his as these: "I really don't know which time is my vacation—whether that which I spend in the city with my marble or that which I spend in the country with my foolscap. I love both occupations. They are both play and work, too, for me."

It was almost inevitable for one who wrought at his employments in such a spirit to be himself beloved. Story and his wife could hardly have failed to become conspicuous figures in any society, and there are many suggestions in the book of the place they took and held in Rome. Not only was the artistic importance of the sculptor's work recognised by the direct patronage of Pius IX.—who at his own expense sent specimens of Story's statuary to the London Exposition of 1862—but his apartments in the Palazzo Barberini became the meeting-place for many of the most in-

* *Reminiscences of William Wetmore Story, the American Sculptor and Author. Being Incidents and Anecdotes chronologically arranged, together with an Account of his Association with Famous People and his Principal Works in Literature and Sculpture. By Mary E. Phillips. Chicago and New York: Rand, McNally & Co. \$1.75.*

teresting elements of Roman society. Of Story's friendships with the Brownings, Lowell, Salvini, and many others, the intimations in Miss Phillips's book are far more fragmentary than one could wish. A complete life of Story would bring us into close contact with a large number of the men and women best worth knowing in his time.

To complete the measure of Story's artistic gifts, his biographer declares that "many have said that had he devoted such talents as he evidently possessed to the stage, he would have made a great actor." His claim to distinction as a humourist is not strengthened by attributing to him the definition of wealth, for which—if the present writer's memory is not at fault—Mr. "Tom" Appleton has previously had the credit, "A million a minute and your expenses paid." But there is no occasion to burden Story with the responsibilities of a universal genius. His native endowments easily won him a high and separate place among those who have drawn sweetness from the strength of New England. When the man is considered apart from the artist, perhaps the most significant word about him is spoken in the Italian term which was used to define him, "*Il simpatico Americano*."

M. H.

MR. GRANT ALLEN'S THEOGONIES.*

By Religion Mr. Grant Allen understands the worship, or ritual, of supposed Divine beings; and the origin which he has in view is not transcendental, but psychological. He does not, therefore, ask whether gods there be, or if any god at all, but "by what successive steps did men come to frame for themselves the conception of a deity?" Nor will he allow that religion, as such, implies dogma, which, in general terms, he would define as tales told about the gods, or mythology. And this, again, is distinct from ethics. Religion appears, then, to be pretty much the same as *cultus deorum* in the narrow old Etruscan or Roman sense; and "in its origin" the concept of a god is nothing more than that of a Dead Man, regarded as a still surviving ghost or spirit, and

endowed with increased or supernatural powers and qualities." The doctrine thus formulated is very well known as belonging to the school of Euhemerus. It was taken up against the gods of the heathen by early Christian apologists, and occupies a large space in Augustine's *De Civitate Dei*, by the side of a more recondite explanation which would look upon Pagan deities as evil spirits in disguise. Mr. Grant Allen now extends it, with the help of Mr. H. Spencer and much recent investigation, to Religion as a whole. But he professes to be keeping somewhat of a middle place between the "animist" and the "humanist;" nor does he deny the existence of "that profoundly animistic frame of mind which Mr. Im Thurn has so well depicted among the Indians of Guiana," or "which exists among the Samoyeds of Siberia." What he would maintain, always without dogmatizing in a province so obscure, is that the ghost came before the spirit; and that the deified Dead Man was the ancestor of the great or small Nature-gods. To this law the religious development of Israel offers no exception, and "Jahweh" was probably an old Semitic chief, symbolised by the stone emblem kept in the ark, which represented his tomb.

From the foregoing it will be evident that Mr. Grant Allen is not wanting in courage. But the light which we also desiderate is spread unequally over his hundreds of curious and condensed pages. He is fertile in suggestions; we cannot quite trust his judgment; nor does he trust it himself. He merely "goes before a Grand Jury," and is willing on good grounds to change his present opinions, many of which he did not hold, or even guess at, until Mr. Frazer, who is an animist, had published his epoch-making volumes on "The Golden Bough." To these Mr. Grant Allen adds many illustrations, and a chapter of decidedly original views with regard to the origin of cultivation from "tumulus offerings." He is likewise worth reading on the subject of the "manufactured god," and "the wide survival of primitive corpse-worship down to our own times in civilised Europe." The treatment will often be thought to lose itself in unverifiable conjectures; and average Christians will not read Mr. Grant Allen with com-

* The Evolution of the Idea of God. An Inquiry into the Origins of Religions. By Grant Allen. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$3.00.

fort, perhaps not in every line with patience. But the matter is one which invites, and will reward, the scrutiny of theologians, antiquaries, and mythologists. Mr. Frazer has a more admirable touch; and it must remain a question whether he is not more likely to have seen into the nature of the aboriginal, or savage, mind, than so very determined a Euhemerist as Mr. Grant Allen.

William Barry.

MR. WEYMAN'S "SHREWSBURY."*

When public taste ceases to turn down its thumb at the sanguinary shows of modern romanticism, in what manner will the chief stays of that school undertake to prolong their literary uses? Anthony Hope, it may be inferred, will return to the atmosphere of afternoon teas and dialogue in little. A. Conan Doyle will, peradventure, retrim his red lamp or write the biography of Napoleon in three volumes. Mr. Weyman, however, has no ostensible *dernier ressort*. He is mediævalistic *aut nil*. Romanticism is the parent of his fame, not an adopted mistress, as in the case of his two colleagues. The solution of his future would seem to lie in the direction of solid historical narrative, in his ability to climb from the triumphs of a Madame Tussaud into the sphere of Sir Walter Scott's *bona fide* presentations of the past. The public may be sated with the kind of novel that merely costumes nineteenth-century character in the habiliments of history, and is all wax and a weariness of meretricious galantry; but for Ezekiels who can actually call to life the dry-bones of by-gone ages there is ever need.

It is apparently with some such serious design that Mr. Weyman has written his new novel. Far from being a realisation of his intent, *Shrewsbury* suggests the idea of an author who has dreamed of the gift of Scott's genius and waked to find G. P. R. James in his Christmas stocking. If in no abler fashion can Mr. Weyman fulfil his latter-day con-

science, one is tempted to beg him to die a more picturesque death in a final sortie with his kindred romantics.

The prime offence of *Shrewsbury* is its commonplace stress—its lack of inspiration, although its architectural faults are equally a trial. This inability to master his chess-board is surprising enough in one who has hitherto shown a decided aptitude at unravelling plots. No self-respecting hero would consent to the incidental rôle of the Duke of Shrewsbury, whom the author, after a perfunctory introduction, locks in the green-room for one-third of 410 pages of crowded print. A like fate befalls a certain greasy Joan, who, in spite of keeling pots and garbage-barrel assignments, has just cause from the opening chapters to consider herself a person of importance. On the other hand, the notorious Ferguson—a rather cheap study in diabolism—fairly monopolises the boards, albeit convicted of being an unessential figure of the romanæ. Richard Price, of unheroic kidney, as the mouthpiece of the tale, is a necessary evil. The saving side of this pitiful scapegoat of everybody's misdemeanours is that in an intolerable maze of long-drawn mystery he alone unburdens his mind. These tallow-dip enlightenments of the story's purport condone the terrors that keep his teeth incessantly a-chatter after the ways of Wordsworth's young Harry Gill.

Shrewsbury is for the most part a servants' hall survey of England's political crises in the reign of William and Mary. There are in addition some not unpleasing studies of middle-class life in town and province with a certain smack of Fielding about them. While the reader gains some general taste of the times from the book, the novel as a whole lacks distinction and balance. The historical characterisations loom hazy and insecure. And the plot is a veritable chaos of threadbare machinations. Painstaking it is almost to a fault, and conceived with all the seriousness of an old-time three-decker of James or Ainsworth, and not unlike its models, decidedly a *conte à dormir debout*!

Edward A. Uffington Valentine.

* *Shrewsbury*. By Stanley J. Weyman. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.50.

NOVEL NOTES.

MADemoiselle de Berny. By Pauline Bradford Mackie. Boston: Lamson, Wolfe & Co. \$1.50.

Writers of novels with plots laid in past generations seem to recognise but two classes of heroes: the dare-devil, hail-fellow-well-met sort, familiar to readers of Dumas, Scott, even Weyman, and the thoughtful, sober individual, old before his time, oftener found in the works of lesser literary lights, who seem to imagine that soberer times than ours bestowed upon youth qualifications which youth seldom has nowadays. To this latter species belongs Major Heyward, one of the central figures in this novel. An effort has evidently been made to invest the heroine, Mademoiselle de Berny, with the vivacity, and consequently vitality, which he has not; the result is merely a young woman who is pert, but scarcely more lifelike than either Heyward or the rest of the characters in the story. This is not to be wondered at, however, since historical novels such as this one are, as a rule, like Claude Lorraine's pictures, in which the landscape is everything, the figures being introduced only as a sort of ornamentation—painted, in fact, by another hand.

Being, as a sub-title indicates, "A Story of Valley Forge," it was to be expected that Washington and Lafayette would be introduced. Their appearances, though few and not essential to the plot, show them in a somewhat novel light to the reader of fiction, if not to the student of history, a fact which arouses suspicion that it was to present them, as has so often been done in like cases with Napoleon of late, that the book was written. This belief grows when we note that in the part concerning the arrest of the heroine's blind brother as a spy an opportunity for some stirring scenes is wholly neglected, and that the only real climax of a plot, which might have been made dramatic without sacrifice of probability, is dragged in as an afterthought, as it were, when the story has apparently come to an end.

As a slight, though graphic and accurate, contribution to the general acquaintance with incidents connected with the Revolution, the story has a *raison d'être*. As a novel pure and simple, however, the verdict must be that it suffers from the lack of romantic interest, which, by a strange fatality, seems to attach itself to most works of fiction drawn from a period fraught with the elements of romance. The book would be well written throughout were it not for an occasional lapse into an unintentional parody of the French language, of which a single example, "L'Austrichine" for "l'Autrichienne," will suffice. The author, or her proof-reader, has likewise evidently forgotten that excellent maxim: "When in doubt—don't" in the distribution of commas. Exception must also be taken to the cavalier manner in which the Marquis de Lafayette is made to speak to the heroine. It is unlikely that any gentleman would chide a woman, a compatriot, upon first meeting her in a strange land, but to accompany a reproof with a boast

about his own wife's qualities is a piece of snob-bishness of which the gallant marquis was sorely never guilty.

THE ENCHANTED BURRO. By Charles F. Lummis. Chicago: Way & Williams. \$1.25.

Under this title are collected twelve short stories of life in New Mexico, Peru, and Bolivia, which are crisp and clear as gems. Twelve years, the author tells us, it cost him to make them his own, but, except that we at once recognise their value, there is no more sign about them of labour than we see in the diamond, dug with pains and peril from the mines of Brazil. Mr. Lummis has toiled as the miner toils for the treasures of nature, and he gives them to us as he found them without alloy of man's device. Trusting to her touch to reveal the tie of kindred, he puts us at once among the strange natives of the older civilisation of South America, and though we have heard of them only vaguely before, and are inclined, by the suddenness of the entrance, to look about us merely as spectators in a curious show-place, we find ourselves, before we have time to marvel at what we see, cowering in terror with uncouth Indians before the enchanted mule, and rejoicing with them in the slaying of him and the exposure under his skin of the masquerading, murderous Comanche. With the faithful arriero Andres we climb the dizzy heights of the Andes, and with him feel our eyes straining in their sockets and our breath going from our panting lungs as we reach the altitudes, where the bones of mountain fever's victims mark the ascending trail. With the Peruvian Tránsito we learn to venerate the restless volcano Misti, that ever and anon crushes the old town of Arequipa, only to increase its love of the hand that smites it; with her we adjure the mountain to protect her brother from the conspirators, and with her rejoice when, in answer to her prayer, the quivering peak, by a happy "quake" in the right place, uncovers their wicked designs.

Slight as are these sketches of fact and legend, they are so vivid, so convincing, that the reader feels that his own eyes have had glimpses of scenes remote, but no longer unfamiliar. The people of America who live near the equator have become a part of his world, their legends take a place among his own romances. But it is all so abrupt, like the lightning flash at night, that when he closes the volume he feels that he has been in dreamland, as though he had sat on Prince Houssain's magic carpet and been transported from place to place by fairy hands. The enchantment would be complete but for two breaks in the charm, caused by the introduction among the stories of a couple of essays which are neither clever nor appropriate. What induced Mr. Lummis to write a dull treatise on gold production and another on the power of thought, and put them in such a collection of brilliant stories we cannot imagine. The author of *The Land of Poco Tiempo* and *Strange Corners of Our Country* was not given to vain moralising, and his latest work, bar this blemish, is his best.

GLORIA VICTIS. By J. A. Mitchell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

It is rather puzzling to know how to place this new book by the author of *Amos Judd*, yet such is its singularity, that no estimate seems possible without classification. Considered as fiction, it may be lightly dismissed as too slight for serious attention. There is but the thinnest thread of a story knotted in a confused commencement and frayed into a commonplace close. The first chapter portrays a gentlemanly thief with almost complete success, but the second chapter effaces this opening impression by the introduction of the thief's brilliant wife, who is quite as real, if less original than himself. The third chapter marks the passing of both the thief and his mate, and the reader must readjust his attention in the direction of their son. It is all singularly real. In fact, it is partially owing to the distinctively journalistic manner of the work that it fails to produce a fictional effect. Personages having little if anything to do with the story are described much as a reporter would describe the spectators at a criminal trial. The scene in which the thief's son enters upon his individual career of crime comes so close to "yellow" journalism as to make serious consideration difficult.

But looked at from another point of view than that of literature, the work becomes something entirely different. As a study in heredity it seems important and even convincing. Certainly its realisation of the character of Stephen Wadsworth is fresh, strong testimony to an established truth that can never be too deeply impressed. Stephen Wadsworth, the child of a murderous thief and a wanton virago, could not be other than he is. For his father's character and methods, so far as he could know them, his admiration was unbounded. From association with this parent and from a natural bent, Stephen had developed some clear ideas upon humanity and upon the world at large. Without defining this philosophy himself, he classified mankind into two divisions—those who possessed wit and courage, those who were honest. That the latter should be the prey of their more interesting brethren was a conclusion requiring no argument, for the honest ones—the "suckers"—he enjoyed an amiable, but distinct contempt, and he had no intention of serving in their ranks. The police, of course, were the natural enemies of progress.

It is always well for ourselves, if not always helpful to others, to remember that figs do not grow upon thistles, and so far Mr. Mitchell's illustration is important, and the efforts of the good doctor to lead Stephen's darkened soul toward the light are to be regarded with all respect. But beyond this point, at which Stephen falls under humanising influence, there is not much to claim for the work. As the child becomes a man he grows away from the author, who apparently loses his grasp of the subject, possibly finding it too large to handle. There are recurrences now and then to the leading motive almost to the end, as when Stephen nearly murders the girl he loves, in an attack of the maniacal fury inherited from his mother. All this seems logical enough, but the immediate, happy, and peaceful *dénouement* leaves one wondering what has become of the author's theory, especially as it is in this instance the sole *raison d'être*.

LORRAINE. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: Harper Brothers. \$1.25.

Mr. Chambers's new novel has all the romantic charm which won popularity for *The Red Republic* and *The King in Yellow*, notwithstanding that he claims for it a more strictly historical character. In the note of acknowledgment to various French, English, and German authorities, he expresses the belief that "the romance separated from the facts should leave the historical basis virtually accurate." This would seem, however, to depend upon the breadth of the basis, for the average reader of history would be rather slow to accept at least one pivotal incident in this most spirited tale of the Franco-Prussian conflict. The particular point at which sticklers for truth in historical novels are likely to hesitate is no less than the parentage of the heroine herself, the charming Lorraine de Nesville. The truth (?) comes out at last through the written death-bed confession of the old Marquis de Nesville in the most delightfully melodramatic way. "I, Gilbert de Nesville, was in the forest when the empress of the French fell ill. When separated from the others she called to Morny and bade him drive for the love of Heaven! And they drove—they drove to the Trianon, and there was no one there. And there the child was born. Morny held it in his arms. He came out to the colonnade holding it in his arms and calling for a messenger. I came, and when I was close to Morny I struck him in the face, and he fell senseless. I took the child and wrapped it in my cloak. This is the truth. They dared not tell it; they dared not for fear and for shame. They said an heir had been born dead, and they mourned for their dead son. It was only a daughter. She is alive . . . and I call her Lorraine de Nesville."

It would hardly be worth while commenting upon this unusual manner of dealing with a royal infant but for the pivotal importance of the incident and the assurance conveyed by the introductory note, for, after all, historical novels are not bound by the laws that should govern histories, and Mr. Chambers's lively story is all the more entertaining because it wanders a little from fact now and then. At all events, it is alive with movement and full of honest fighting and touched with wholesome humour, although the subject affords less opportunity for the last than other works of the author have afforded. The landscape effects of this new story are especially fine, probably the best that Mr. Chambers has produced. Indeed, taking the story all in all, it seems likely to meet as warm an approval as *The Red Republic* and *The King in Yellow*.

THE COPY-MAKER. New York: New Amsterdam Book Co.

In the form of confessions to a diary the author of this little volume tries to give an idea of the triumphs and troubles that mark the upward path of a newspaper man in his profession. He starts out as a reporter for the *Daily Bread*, and ends, as all newspaper men should end, by inheriting a fortune from his uncle and quitting his profession. Yet in spite of his readiness to abandon his work, the *Copy-Maker* tries to make it appear rather attractive. He has amusing adventures, falls in with many "types," attends Bohemian dinners, where the talk is

much better and the wine less deadly than the ordinary mortal is likely to listen to or imbibe on such occasions, and he numbers among his colleagues men who are just the right sort to make a story about, which is also unusual. There is a certain air of high spirits pervading the narrative, and the author has a bright way of telling things, which inclines us to forgive him for falling back on the threadbare expedient of a diary—that is, to forgive him except when he takes up a page or so with one of those self-conscious apostrophes to his diary which have been familiar to us time out of mind. Acquaintance with the inner life of a newspaper has not made the author cynical, although he creates a character who occasionally utters a cynical epigram, such as the following: "How long have you been married?" he queried. "I told him, and he laughed knowingly." "A woman," said he, "is like cider—sweet when new, but growing harder the longer you keep her in your house." Not very brilliant, perhaps, but as good as many which are turned out in the epigram industry. There is a slight suggestion of Barrie's style in the *Copy-Maker*, and it is evident that the author has read *My Lady Nicotine* with profit—not to imply that he is in any way an imitator. He merely reminds one of Barrie in his humorous vein. There is a realistic touch which, perhaps, goes beyond the author's intention in one place. He quotes some verses for whose character he disclaims responsibility by attributing them to a would-be poet whose work is not appreciated. The verses are so very bad that the reader's sense of the poet's dullness is probably keener than the author would have wished.

THE CONFESSION OF STEPHEN WHAPSHARE.
By Emma Brooke. New York: G. P. Putnam's
Sons. \$1.00.

Until we reached the last chapters of *The Confession of Stephen Whapshare* we were under the impression that Miss Brooke's object in writing the book had been to give us the history of the inner tragedy in the life of a husband who is misunderstood. But at the last moment we were—very unwillingly—led to understand that the whole story was to be regarded merely as a peg on which she could hang some strangely fantastic views on a mystic religion of her own creation. What these views are we are unable to state, for we are totally unfit to comprehend their significance, and it would thus be obviously unjust for us to sum them up in a few trite phrases. But the story itself we think we do understand. Stephen Whapshare was a rather ordinary man of superlatively high aspirations, who, from his youth upward, had dedicated himself to the cause of Christ and humanity. He falls in love with, is loved by, and marries a woman whose intense and narrow devoutness is his undoing. Although all the characters in the pitiable tragedy are admirably realised, it is into her picture of Stephen Whapshare's wife that Miss Brooke has put her most finished work. We recognise the type of woman at the first glance—she is true to herself right down to the bitter end. Stephen Whapshare is all for mighty deeds, for heroic, Quixotic attempts to save mankind, to turn the world upside down; his wife, full of a self-centred piety, keeps him to herself, and stifles him in her own frigid narrowness. When she falls

ill she has him always at her side, and he submits because, although she has ruined his life, he still loves her in a spiritless fashion, and because, with all his grand ideas, he has never had the courage to act for himself. Then the other woman, bright, cheerful, broad-minded, comes upon the scene, and he loathes himself and his existence. In a moment of fierce temptation he gives his wife an overdose of chloral in her medicine. Then at last, after years of long-drawn-out torture, he is free—but we gather that nothing comes of his freedom. *The Confession of Stephen Whapshare* is the confession of a man whose soul has been crushed out of him. Such is the story—intense, unpleasant, morbid, but skilfully written, original, and, with the exception of the final mysticism, convincing from first to last. Here and there are reminiscences of the hysterical manner and exaggerated phraseology that disfigured Miss Brooke's first book, *A Superfluous Woman*, and on the whole we hardly think that *The Confession of Stephen Whapshare* is an advance on *Life the Accuser*, but it is now abundantly evident that Miss Brooke can write with power and with charm.

YERMAH, THE DORADO. By Frona Eunice Wait.
San Francisco: William Doxey.

The first impression of the book is the enormous amount of study it represents. Every page is laden with the fruits of the author's research into antiquities, gathered even from sources as remote and as elusive as the origin of symbolism in religion. It is, however, the history and the tradition of California which furnish the leading motive of the work. The story begins with the coming of the Atlantians through the Golden Gate, when black magic drove white magic out of the Lost Atlantis. This was, according to the author, on the first day of June, eleven thousand, one hundred and forty-seven years ago, and Yermah, the Dorado, was the leader of the band. The Dorado was a child of promise—that is to say, he had been set apart as the future ruler of the island of Atlantis and her outlying colonies by the Brotherhood of the White Star, and consecrated to a life of service before he was born. The Atlantians settled where San Francisco now stands, so says the author, going on to describe the city which they built on seven hills, marking the orbits and diameters of the planets Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, as well as the map of the Pleiades and the three bright stars in the belt of Orion. "This ancient abode of the Atlantian colonists in California was laid out in circles, with a large temple in the centre, built on a hill eight hundred feet in diameter and forty feet high, near the east end of the Golden Gate Park, at the intersection of Haight and Schreider streets. From this there were twelve radiating streets intersected by four principal avenues, constructed on the cardinal points of the compass. The one to the east led to Park Hill, which was terraced up to Mount Olympus on the south, and continued on to the east temple fortress. The avenues on the south led to a long barrow or mound, three thousand, four hundred and fifty feet distant, shaped much like the typical long barrows of Great Britain. . . . There were tall, three-faced obelisks of dark red sandstone at the outside limits of the streets, while the

inner terminals were marked by corresponding pillars of marble similarly decorated." And so on to the greatest length with minutest detail. It is, indeed, the minuteness and the profusion of detail which rather cumber the story throughout, and now and then obscure it almost out of sight. There is a beautiful priestess as well as the godlike priest, and they fall in love with each other in quite a natural and modern way, notwithstanding the fact that they are both vowed to celibacy. But it is hardly as a story that Mrs. Wait's work will claim serious attention. It must be rather by reason of its learning, its mysticism, and its poetic quality.

THE JUGGLER. By George Egbert Craddock. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

It is one of the sad things in this changeable world that there is nearly always a feeling of disappointment in meeting a friend whom we have not seen for a long time. The change may be mainly in one's self. No one stands still, and we ourselves may have gone back or gone on, but neither fact lessens in the least the sense of strangeness in what was once well known and greatly admired. Miss Murfree's work may be much the same that it was in the beginning, when the announcement of a new book from her pen was an event of unadulterated delight. The Johnsonian quality of its English can hardly be more distinctive now than it was when her earlier stories were written in what then seemed the most excellent of styles. The exquisite descriptions of scenery can scarcely be longer than when they first revealed the great, smoky mountains in misty, cloud-veiled visions of beauty. The manner, scenes, the types, and the motives are the same. What, then, can have broken the spell which the author once wove so well?

Can it have been this very sameness of style and theme? Certainly there can never be a greater subject or one of more universal and everlasting appeal than man's salvation—the central motive of this new story, as it has been of everything that Miss Murfree has written. The subject in itself can surely never cease to interest, but it is at the same time barely possible that a too monotonous presentation of it may have become wearisome. It may be that the new work seems old in its tedious repetition of the mountaineer's spiritual struggles. The reader may feel as the herders *In the Clouds* do, that the mountaineer is too long getting religion. It may be the loss of much of the sweet, wholesome humour which bubbles through the earlier books as spontaneously as springs sparkle on the mountain-side. It may be the missing of the "harnts," so successfully invoked in the other stories. It may be, indeed, because in this newest work the author descends now and then from the romance of the mountain to the commonplace of the valley, thereby risking a second defeat *Where the Battle was Fought*, for the heights are the author's milieu; on the level the movement of her work is as uncertain as the walk of an eagle. *The Juggler* falls below *The Prophet* as a shadow lies beside a rock. The valley scenes and the valley types show weak and unreal against the mountain background.

In making this departure, or rather this return to unsuccessful early method, the author

may be held responsible for the change in the feeling with which her work is received. How far it may be chargeable to fickleness of taste in fiction must, perhaps, remain unsettled until another book be written, high up again where the thunder-heads sleep and the sunbeams awaken.

MIDDLEWAY. By Kate Whiting Patch. Boston: Copeland & Day. \$1.25.

Being properly provided with a district school, a post-office, and a "grocery-store that sells dry-goods on one side," Middleway is one of those tiny New England villages that seem to have been founded for the express benefit of the short-story writers. The characters are also of the most approved conventional types. The minister, the postmistress, the old maid, the school-teacher, and the summer boarder walk in their respective beaten tracks. Each inhabitant of Middleway, of the gentler sex at least, has had or is about to have a love-affair, and Mrs. Patch, who chronicles these affairs, has a pleasant colloquial way with her that goes far to disarm severe criticism. Though to a connoisseur in New England short stories the style of the Middleway batch is somewhat amateurish and unconvincing, yet the characters are real, and stand out clearly as individuals. Moreover, they are all warm-hearted, sweet-tempered natures, and whether this is realism or not, it forms a pleasant contrast to the snappish, backbiting class which usually dwells in the fictional New England village. Perhaps the most attractive story is that of Miss Thankful, "whose heart was as youthful as the tiny old-time pinks and heartsease that came up in her garden new every summer, but, like theirs, it was an old-fashioned youthfulness," and the lover of her girlish days, now a "thin, spiky man" who had to be done up in red flannel. The point of view vibrates from grave to gay, but is never bitter; the Middleway folk are merry, humorous, or sad, but never unkind or disagreeable.

VIVETTE, OR, THE MEMOIRS OF THE ROMANCE ASSOCIATION. By Gelett Burgess. Boston: Copeland & Day. \$1.25.

The Vivette stories are a lot of sparkling, vari-coloured glass beads strung on the continuous thread of Mr. Burgess's fancy. It is quite evident that when these stories were written for *The Lark*, it was with no intention of publishing them later in book form, and on looking over the present volume we are inclined to think that the author's greatest cleverness is shown in so arranging and amending the inconsequent tales as to make them seem almost coherent. Though absolutely diverse in matter and manner, they all have the Burgess flavour of romantic nonsense, and all are alike charming and whimsical, whether presented with the bold, fearless carving of the telephone stories or the scroll-sawed work of the banquet. As a writer Gelett Burgess is uneven, moody, and spasmodic; as an author he is original, daring, and delightful. The versatility of his genius is shown in the serious and beautiful dedication to Mrs. Stevenson; in the end-papers of the volume, which map the town of Millamours, the "toy city of a thousand loves;" and in the hand-made epigrams found at the top of every page, a few of which will bear quotation:

"Weighed and Found Vaunting," "The Power Behind the Thrown," "Art for Heart's Sake."

Vivette herself is a cross between a butterfly and a kitten or a sunbeam and a soap-bubble; a happy, irresponsible creation, without a soul or a surname. Her voracious chronicler claims that she might have been the daughter of D'Artagnan and Little Dorrit, and by the same token we suspect him of being the only living son of the great god Pan and Mother Goose. Possessed of an intense sense of the humorous and a humorous sense of the intense, Gelett Burgess stands to-day our foremost apostle of nonsensical romance, and, with a little judicious refitting, the mantle of Lewis Carroll may well rest upon his shoulders.

KING WASHINGTON. By Adelaide Skeel and William H. Brearley. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.25.

King Washington is written by two people, and though their respective work is not always discernible, yet we prefer the one who does *not* take hackneyed platitudes and work them over into commonplace epigrams, such as:

"Experience touches us and leaves her finger-marks."

"There is a subtle difference between ten minutes of happiness and ten minutes by the clock."

King Washington, on the whole, is a book of negative virtues. It is an historical romance, without a superabundance of history nor a superfluity of romance; it is not bad style or diction, nor lacking in incident. It is neither sensational nor incoherent, and yet while there is almost nothing to be said against it, there seems to be equally little to say for it. It can scarcely be called a picture of society in Revolutionary times, but it gives thumb-nail sketches of the social life of that period; and though the language of the characters has often a modern ring, yet the trifling anachronisms are doubtless offset by an excessive use of "La!" with which distinctly eighteenth-century monosyllable the young women invariably preface their remarks. The Father of his Country is represented as a noble, kind-hearted gentleman, while his haughty Lady is a bit testy at times, and apparently possessed of less sweetness and light.

The main interest of the story centres in a scheme to kidnap General Washington, and the detailed plannings and plottings, the frustration and renewal of this scheme lead up, through a tangled intrigue of apparently important incidents, which turn out to be insignificant, after all, to a startling and unexpected climax. The interwoven love-story is of a mild and inoffensive nature, and is summed up by one who is perhaps the most carefully drawn of all the characters in the book, and who says, "I have loved! I am a bad woman—I have loved a bad man. You are a good woman, but you cannot love as I do."

A BOOK OF TRUE LOVERS. By Octave Thanet. Chicago: Way & Williams. \$1.25.

Although Octave Thanet never seems so thoroughly at home or so entirely happy as when she is depicting a Western gentleman with political aspirations and a standard of morality such as would make a cherubim shrink with envy, fortunately for her own fame and the

pleasure of her readers, she has other themes. Some of the best of these are represented in this volume of short stories, in which, though there is nothing in the title to suggest originality, no one who knows the author's work will be surprised to find that the characters are for the most part as unlike the orthodox conception of lovers as they well could be. Miss French is an adept at showing us the pure, unworldly affection of an elderly wedded couple for one another, and in "The Strike at Glasscock's" and "The Captured Dream" she has drawn it in two entirely different, but equally idyllic phases: the semi-humorous, as in the first instance, and, in the latter, the wholly sentimental—in the best sense of the term, be it understood. In "The Dilemma of Sir Guy the Neuter" she has been less felicitous. One of her principal attributes, if not charms, is up-to-dateness, so that this story of mediæval England is ill suited to her style, which grows slow and ponderous under its enforced restraints. The action drags, and the plot, powerful in itself, loses its interest. Likewise a little foreign to the province of the author is "The Ladder of Grief," in which much is made of the mourning of a rich man for his recently deceased wife. In her happiest mood, on the other hand, is "The Judgment on Mrs. Swift," in which a match long opposed by the lover's mother is at last allowed to take place, when the proud Mrs. Swift has tasted some of the humiliations which have been the portion of the woman her son loves, and whom she has despised.

Miss French is not a great writer, nor always even an entertaining one, but there is still lacking—and likely long to lack—an abler exponent of the character and ways of the kind of people she knows well.

VIVIAN OF VIRGINIA. By Hubert Fuller. Boston: Lamson, Wolfe & Co. \$1.75.

A story which makes no pretensions to be anything else than what it is disarms criticism, and Mr. Fuller's work has besides more positive merits. It shows close and comprehensive study of the historical period selected, and the author succeeds more nearly than more ambitious writers have done in creating the desired atmosphere. The tale opens in London, whither John Vivian, a young soldier of fortune, has drifted with the recall of the British troops from Flanders. There are spirited descriptions of what he saw and did in the London of that day, but this portion of the story is very brief, because a lucky chance brings him across the sea to Virginia. "So it boasts me," says Master Vivian, "that our ship at least brought no white slaves to Virginia, and that, as we came to anchor off the little green isle, low-nestling in the arms of the river, there was not a man of us all but had his passage paid and a few crowns jingling cheerfully in his pocket." But a closer view of the new country, then under the rule of Sir William Berkeley, a governor by divine right, discloses conditions that rather daunt even as daring a spirit as this bold young soldier. However, the story does not follow historical lines very long or very far, since Master Vivian promptly falls in love with the unjust governor's lovely niece, and the tale henceforth goes mainly to prove that love was

the same two hundred years ago that it is nowadays, and that there is no difference in its manifestation in Virginia and elsewhere throughout the world. It is true that the spirit of resistance to England's tyranny was already astir, and the author has faithfully transcribed, especially Master Bacon's part as a leader of coming mighty events. There is plenty of fighting, the whole tale resounds with the rattle of spurs and the clank of swords, but it is the graceful love-story that holds the attention from beginning to end.

THE FOURTH NAPOLEON. By Charles Benham. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co. \$1.50.

In this novel Mr. Benham has invented what is practically a new kind of romance, but we are sorry to say that though the central idea of *The Fourth Napoleon* is daring and original in the highest degree, the book itself, apart from the fascination of novelty, is altogether a failure. We confess even to a feeling of grievous disappointment that with such an excellent plot Mr. Benham should have produced so tedious a novel. It is naturally impossible to sum up in a few lines a story which occupies six hundred very closely printed pages. It is enough to say that the fourth Napoleon is treated as an historical reality. He heads a revolution, overthrows the French republic, re-establishes the monarchy, and wins back at least a portion of Alsace-Lorraine from Germany. It seems to us that out of such material it would have been comparatively easy to weave a thrilling romance, but Mr. Benham's Napoleon is such a weak, vacillating, and utterly cowardly creature, inheriting all the viciousness of his ancestors and none of their greatness, that at no point of his career does he win our sympathy or arouse our interest. The story is, moreover, so overloaded with irrelevant detail, so hampered by the complicated histories of petty plots and insignificant intrigues, of long conversations and weary discussions on the advantages and disadvantages of Franco-Russian and a host of other alliances, that in spite of its extravagant originality, it is almost commonplace. Still, Mr. Benham certainly deserves the sincere thanks of the reading and more especially of the writing public, for he has opened up a new field for fiction. *The Fourth Napoleon* should at least serve a useful purpose by suggesting a wonderful variety of fresh plots for historical romance.

GEORGE MALCOLM. By Gabriel Setoun. New York: F. Warne & Co. \$1.25.

Since his last book Mr. Setoun seems to us to have made a clear advance. He wastes less good matter here; he does not crowd his canvas with so many personages and circumstances that the result is a blur; the general effects are broader and clearer. Altogether the workmanship is better, and only a total suppression of the reflective passages—where he is too often homely without being impressive—is wanted to give rise to admiration for a story very easy and very pleasant to read. It strikes us, however, that at the outset Mr. Setoun had no story to tell. He wanted to present to us some pages from the life of a gentle-natured and intelligent, middle-class Scotch boy; and that he has done with sympathy and knowledge, giving, by

the way, interesting glimpses into the religious and emotional life of Scotland. There he might have stopped; but something urged him to tell a more definite tale. Hence the appearance of the returned innocent convict, who gives his son, the young hero, something to do for the reinstatement of an injured reputation. But our interest begins to flag just at the outset of the boy's active career.

DON LUIS' WIFE. By Lillian Hinman. Boston: Lamson, Wolff & Co. \$1.50.

This story purports to narrate the actual adventures of a New England girl as the wife of a wealthy resident of the Island of San Domingo. The facts have been gathered—according to the preface—from the manuscripts of an island priest. Having thus prepared the reader for some important disclosure, for some deep, far echo from the pain of living, the author meanders forthwith into aimless inanities. No meaning is apparent in the wandering effort, but the persecution of the Puritan bride by the Romanist relations of the bridegroom seems vaguely suggested. There is a wicked uncle, who may stand for the chief persecutor, although he seems in reality a harmless shadow; and there is a regulation Don Juan, so named, too, in order, doubtless, that there shall be no mistake. Indeed, as if to identify this dangerous character beyond all question, the author allows the Puritan bride to confess that she "thought his remarks rather personal, and felt slightly embarrassed." This would appear conclusive enough from the Puritan point of view, but the bride telling the story at first hand goes on to give clinching particulars. She says she writes the tragic tale at a "little, satinwood desk," and particularises that the cushion, against which she stilled her heart's tumultuous throbbing, was *red*. And then, urged apparently by that peculiar New England conscientiousness, of which so much is heard and so little is seen, she concedes to the full her own depravity. "I felt a girlish sense of enjoyment in the romantic situation." She says in describing Don Juan's devotion: "I hope the spirit of coquetry has not taken hold of my heart, like a foul weed in a fair garden; but I could not help wishing that Don Luis could have seen us." Abductions are hinted at and revolutions are threatened, but nothing actually happens, and—well it is not necessary to sip a whole gallon of gruel to know it is thin.

THE WREATH OF EVE. By Mrs. Arthur Giles. New York: F. Tennyson Neely. 50 cts.

This well-written and well-constructed story, by Mrs. Giles, is one whose perusal suggests strong dramatic possibilities if turned into a play. But viewed simply as a story it has many excellences that commend it to the novel reader, for it possesses movement, strikingly contrasted incident, much crisp and pointed dialogue, and a plot that holds the interest throughout. The narrative is the old one of the woman who does not know when she is well off, and who discovers her good fortune only after she has turned her back upon it. In *The Wreath of Eve* she luckily recovers it again, and the various transitions of her experience are set before us with insight and accuracy, and with a very pleasing literary touch.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

ACROSS THE SUB-ARCTICS OF CANADA. By J. W. Tyrell, C.E., D.L.S. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is the popular story of a scientific expedition sent to explore the "Barren Lands" between Athabasca Lake and the northern part of Hudson's Bay. It has the fascination which always clings to narratives of adventure into unknown regions, and especially into the domain of the Ice King. Compared with such enterprises as those of Nansen or Peary, this one claims but an humble place; yet the unpretentious, candid, and decidedly well-told story of the trip of these bright young Canadians shows them capable of as high heroism as the better known explorers, and before their journey's end their mettle was fully tested.

There is a variety in this narrative which those of strictly arctic expeditions lack. It leads through wonderful lakes and rivers hitherto unvisited by white men, with thrilling adventures in running unknown and perilous rapids; it tells of the lonely far north outposts of the Hudson's Bay Company; introduces us to the Indian and Eskimo natives of that terra incognita, and makes us acquainted with the hardy voyageurs and marvellously skilful canoe-men; it furnishes hunting adventure with caribou, reindeer, bear, and wolves. The really perilous part of the journey came after its object had been gained and the untrodden regions had been safely passed. But the race for life down the shore of Hudson's Bay against the quick-coming arctic winter, in face of storms, ice-floes, and famine, compares in thrilling interest with more conspicuous narratives.

The Canadians take themselves seriously, as well they may. They have a mighty country, whose resources are but beginning to be appreciated. Yet to us of "the States" their ultra-British tone, outrivalling that of the inhabitants of the "tight little island," from whence their ancestors and ours came, their reverence, not only for royalty, but for the titled dignitaries, lent them chiefly for show purposes by the mother country, seems, to say the least, amusing. All this is incidentally illustrated in this narrative. After all, we have little to say. We bow down before our bosses with less reverence, but more abjectly than our northern neighbours.

AFLOAT ON THE OHIO. By Reuben Gold Thwaite. Chicago: Way & Williams. \$1.50.

One lays this book down with what the old-fashioned preacher would call "a realising sense" of the loss we suffer by the supremacy of the railroad. In our land of magnificent distances travel has come to mean quick time between great cities, and since the most direct route is not only quickest, but also commonly the most dreary and uninteresting, we learn to take consolation in the interior luxury of the "palace car," with its ingenious conveniences and its awe-inspiring costliness of adornment.

For those who really care for it, there are other ways, however, by which the true charm of travel may still be enjoyed. This very entertaining and, moreover, instructive little book tells of one of them. It is a narrative of a thou-

sand-mile journey in an open skiff, from the head of navigation to the mouth of the Ohio River. The voyaging party consisted of four persons, one of them the author's wife, and another his little boy. By day they rowed or floated down stream, and by night they camped upon its shores. There is more in the book than a pleasant story of a novel summer outing. The Ohio was the great artery which carried the stream of emigration, by which, more than one hundred years ago, the settlement of the Central West was begun, and though it lacks the glamour which piled-up centuries give to such an Old-World river as the Rhine, it is scarcely less rich in associations of romantic and epoch-making history. With so competent a guide as Mr. Thwaite, all this is made most interesting; even more so is the life of the river to-day. To say nothing of the stationary and highly entertaining characters met with in the camping experiences of the party, one is surprised to hear of the literally floating population whose homes are "house-boats." These are not pleasure-seekers, but true river dwellers: fishermen, travelling showmen, and photographers, traders whose "stores" are moved from place to place according to the demands of business—all sorts of queer people, in fact. Altogether this well-told story of a unique and most picturesque journey is well worth reading from beginning to end.

JOHN L. STODDARD'S LECTURES. Complete in Ten Volumes. Volume I., Norway, Switzerland, Athens, Venice. New York: Belford, Middlebrook & Co. \$3.50.

The publication of the *Stoddard Lectures* on the convenient theory that *verba volant, scripta manent* brings one face to face with that which at one time in his æsthetic development was both a stimulus and delight, and puts one under the irksome necessity of revising a former judgment. At best, spoken differs from written discourse, and Mr. Stoddard's efforts of the past eighteen years, as here collected, are too diffuse, verbose, and anecdotal to bear comparison with the genuinely picturesque writings of other travellers. However, it is an excellent picture-book, the photographs, reproduced on heavy, glazed paper, exceeding in number even the familiar lantern-slides. One is pleased to glimpse the "Home of Desdemona," in Venice, and Byron's "Maid of Athens," though it is somewhat disappointing, on examining the text, to discover that the latter is only the presentment of a typical Grecian maiden of to-day. Other of the accompanying titles, as, for example, "One of the Many" and "A Thing of Beauty," for Swiss waterfalls, which required, if anything, definite descriptive names, illustrate the author's ineffectual reach after smartness, as does the unprovoked sermon digression on telegraph-wires as the transmitters of the world's heartbeats, amid fragrant pines and stupendous cliffs, his rhetorical vein. But these are, perhaps, necessary incidents to printing "the identical discourses" which have popularised, and till now never perceptibly cheapened knowledge.

PRACTICAL IDEALISM. By William De Witt Hyde. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The trail of the American "summer school" is over this terribly universal book. We can imagine the crowds of earnest young men and women who sat and drank in greedily this draught of psychology, natural science, theories of art, sociology, and ethics, when it was given at Colorado Springs, at Chicago, and at the Chautauqua Assembly. They must have felt very good and cultured at the end, and though the intellectual and sentimental syllabus is not very nutritious, it is delightfully varied and refined in flavour. But when the earnest-minded lecturer is out of sight, one grows critical. To listen to long-winded quotations from nice-minded nobodies, and from Browning and Matthew Arnold, may hypnotise us into acceptance of doubtful scientific axioms and attitudes, and shaky artistic dicta, but met with in black and white they must be challenged on every page. "The ideal arises out of a felt contrast between what we have and what we want." Such a statement represents the average unthinking person's notion of the ideal; but it is startling to find it in the mouth of a trainer of the mind. There is a tell-tale passage in which he contrasts the "pleasant and fertile fields of psychology" with the "thinner air of the more forbidding realm of logic." Fertile psychology may be, but hardly pleasant to "summer" students if tackled seriously. And though readers will find nothing that is not nice and refined and Christian in the attitude toward life, we doubt if such a mush of sentiment and pretentious theory does more than swell the heads and tickle the vanities of appreciative listeners and readers.

WELLINGTON: His Comrades and Contemporaries. By Major Arthur Griffiths. Illustrated. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Major Griffiths's best energies have been given to the military aspect of Wellington's career, and for a short popular sketch it could hardly be bettered from that point of view. But he is unwilling to leave his hero a great commander and nothing more. The late unpopularity of the great Duke as a man is a sore subject with him, and he writes heartily in defence of his hero's private virtues and political capacity. Here he is less successful, not that a good case might not be made out, but he

deals too much in generalities, and the best story of the hero's tender-heartedness has been told of some one else. The brief accounts of Cotton, Beresford, Craufurd, Moore, and others of Wellington's companions, are fine appreciations of men whose services have too often been overshadowed by those of their great contemporary. The collection of pictures and prints in the volume is of immense interest.

RAMPOLLI: Growths from a Long-Planted Root. Being translations, new and old, chiefly from the German. Along with A Year's Diary of an Old Soul. By George Macdonald. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.75.

"I think every man who can should help his people to inherit the earth by bringing into his own of the wealth of other tongues," So Dr. Macdonald in his preface. The translations are unusually good, not merely because they have been made by a true poet, but because they have been made with so much faithful respect to the originals. Those from Heine, except the *Nordsee*, we except from this praise, but the Novalis and Schiller songs have the real taste and grace of the original in his versions. The whole of Luther's Song-book has been translated, and the result is very interesting. The original poem, in twelve sections, corresponding to the months of the year, with its pure religious fervour, its spiritual refinement, and its frequent vagueness, is characteristic of the writer. It wants the artistic simplicity of the best of his shorter lyrics, but his admirers must feel it to be a beautiful record of religious experience.

LESSONS FROM LIFE: Animal and Human. With an introduction by the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, LL.D. New York: Thomas Whittaker. \$2.50.

This is a book that should prove valuable to any who desire a storehouse of imagery. The selections are thoroughly up to date, ranging from Lord Bacon to the late Professor Henry Drummond, and are for the most part helpful. We are glad to see the inclusion of that exquisite fancy, "The Chambered Nautilus," by Oliver Wendell Holmes. It is the gem of the collection. Occasionally we find a strange medley of rationalism side by side with spiritual truth. There is surely but one answer to the question whether one should do evil that good may come, and unworldliness is not necessarily confined to the few.

AMONG THE LIBRARIES.

The recent election of a State Librarian of Kentucky by the Legislature presents some interesting illustrations of the relation between libraries and politics. There seem to have been ten young women as candidates. Each candidate's merits were set forth in eloquent and honeyed speeches by one or more Kentucky statesmen, one being introduced as "a high type of old-fashioned womanhood" and another as "one of the fairest women the State could produce." It took as many ballots to drive out of the field the less attractive candidates as it would to elect a United States Senator, and

after numberless skirmishes and combinations of opposing forces the successful candidate won on the twentieth ballot. The *Courier-Journal* printed her picture before the election was made, and the comment was made that it seemed difficult to see how any man could refuse to vote for her unless he had a prettier candidate. It is to be hoped the winner has all the other qualifications for a successful State Librarian, but this does not seem to have been the point at issue.

Dr. Morris Jastrow has been made Acting Librarian of the University of Pennsylvania,

occupying the position made vacant by the resignation of Mr. Gregory B. Keen, who has become Librarian of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

Preparations are being actively carried on for the next meeting of the American Library Association, to be held at Chautauqua in July. Miss M. E. Hazeltine, Librarian of the Public Library at Jamestown, N. Y., near Chautauqua, whose persuasive eloquence added to the other attractions of the region brought about the holding of the meeting there, is chairman of the local committee, which is issuing prospectuses and statements likely to bring about a large and successful gathering.

The New York State Library Club held its midwinter meeting as usual in connection with the New York State Library Association on February 17th. All-day sessions were held at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association on Fifty-seventh Street, and the annual dinner was successfully eaten at the Sturtevant House. These yearly meetings are largely attended from New England and other points in this vicinity.

The number of State and local library clubs has become so great—some thirty or more—that any attempt to chronicle their doings is beyond the limits of this magazine. It is, however, impossible not to call attention to the second joint meeting of the Pennsylvania Library Club and the New Jersey Library Association, which is to be held at Atlantic City on March 25th and 26th. Those present at the last meeting found it so enjoyable that they planned to renew the experience. This meeting is attended by many librarians outside of the membership of these two organisations, who have learned that much is to be gained by association with Pennsylvania and New Jersey librarians.

Another important meeting of librarians which must also be noticed was that held at Evanston, Ill., on February 21st and 22d, an interstate meeting of librarians from Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. This was very largely attended, and in the five sessions held almost as much was accomplished and as many papers read as in an ordinary meeting of the National Association.

The Library Assistants' Association, organised in London in 1895, has now commenced the publication of an official organ, entitled *The Library Assistant*. Just how the library assistant is a different creature from the librarian, with different interests and needs, appears puzzling to an American, but seems to be clearly understood in England. From our standpoint a more thoroughly unwise and senseless differentiation in library work could scarcely be conceived.

A successor to Mr. Lane, of the Boston Athenæum, who was elected to the librarianship of Harvard, has been satisfactorily found in the person of Mr. Charles K. Bolton, who for a number of years has been librarian at Brookline, Mass. Mr. Bolton has had experience in the Harvard Library, and his appointment to the Athenæum will be welcomed by all who know him and the conditions there. Mr. Bolton's literary activity, together with his success as librarian, presage a useful and important future for him.

An interesting and perhaps an important undertaking has been set on foot by five of the leading libraries of the country, in co-operation. The New York Public Library, Columbia University Library, the John Crerar Library, in Chicago, the Boston Public Library, and the Harvard University Library have undertaken to index the current numbers of a large body of important serial publications, furnishing the copy to the publishing section of the American Library Association, which is printing on cards and issuing to those libraries, and to any libraries which may subscribe, these entries. A preliminary list of about one hundred and seventy-five publications has been drawn up, and the work has been going on since January 1st. The first instalments of the printed cards have already been distributed. An encouraging number of subscribers has been obtained, and the price for the cards, which will be made in the best possible manner from every standpoint, has been placed within the reach of almost any library needing them. Subscriptions may be made for the whole or part of the periodicals indexed.

The journals devoted to library interests break out now and then with new schemes for classification and notation, each more complicated and abstruse than the others. Classification in libraries is important, but perhaps no more useless expenditure, in a small way, of brain power can be imagined than much of that which is devoted to impossible and impracticable classification schemes. A new scheme of notation recently published is as interesting and lucid to read, and probably as useful in a library as a chapter in quaternions. Fortunately these plants perish in their tender youth, and do very little harm.

More pleasant to contemplate than schemes of classification is the satisfaction which the Librarian and readers of the Princeton University Library are taking in their collection of the editions of Vergil, in its home in the new library. A collection beginning with Sweynheim and Pannartz, first edition, Rome, 1469, and containing twenty other fifteenth-century editions, is a possession to be looked at with much complacency. This first edition of Vergil is one of the rarest notable books in the world.

The interest in the products of the press in the fifteenth century seems not to abate, and announcements of special catalogues of incunabula in important European libraries and localities are constantly being made. How soon the number and value of this class of books in America will justify the publication of such catalogues is questionable, but we are constantly growing in this as in other directions.

The Library of the Northwestern University in Evanston, Ill., has recently received a gift of a collection of about three thousand volumes, chiefly German literature. This is said to contain a collection of books by Schiller and Lessing of unrivalled completeness. The collection of books on German literature which has been given to the New York University Library, together with such collections in German literature as those owned by the Library of Pennsylvania University, and the Goethe collection in Columbia University Library manifest the great interest in Germanic studies in this country. Large additions are being made to the

resources of Columbia University Library in German history from gifts of money recently made.

Among recent deaths in the library world should be specially mentioned that of Giuseppe Ottino, librarian of the Biblioteca Nazionale in Turin, who died January 4th. Signor Ottino was eminent as a librarian in the service of the government libraries and as an author in library economy, but more especially in bibliography.

Another recent loss to library service is that made in the death of Mr. Samuel C. Donaldson,

assistant librarian of the Enoch Pratt Free Library, who has been associated with that institution and with other libraries for many years.

The city library of Ghent, Belgium, has recently celebrated its centenary. This library was one of the useful institutions founded on foreign soil by the French Revolution, and is now perhaps the second Belgium library in importance, which, it is said, contains about three hundred and twenty-five thousand volumes.

George H. Baker.

THE BOOK HUNTER.

Those who study old books bibliographically know that, when two or more copies of what is presumed to be the same edition of the same book are brought together and minutely compared, variations are often discovered. When printing was done on the old-fashioned hand-presses, it was a comparatively easy matter to make changes as the sheets were going through the press. And when a variation has been discovered, the question often arises as to which is the earliest. For among collectors of first editions, the earliest issue is the one most esteemed, and oftentimes the second issue, after some slight error has been corrected or other slight change has been made, is worth in the market much less than the first one.

By comparing several copies of the first edition of the first series of Lamb's *Elia* it has been discovered that there are two variations, the title-page having been reprinted. The difference of the title occurs only in the imprint. That of the first variety reads: "London: Printed for Taylor and Hessey, Fleet-Street. 1823." in four lines; and that of the second, "London: Printed for Taylor and Hessey, 93, Fleet Street, and 13, Waterloo Place. 1823." in five lines. Apparently, after the publication of the book the publishers opened an office in Waterloo Place, and wished to have this appear upon the title of books sold by them. But this is not the only difference between the two issues. Copies of the first series of *Elia* without a half-title have been commonly supposed among collectors to be imperfect. But the earliest issue should have no half-title, the title and the Table of Contents having been printed on the same sheet, forming Signature A, two leaves. When the title-page was reprinted a half-title was added, bearing the simple word "Elia" on the recto and the imprint "London, Printed by Thomas Davison, Whitefriars," on the verso. This was printed on the same sheet as the new title-page, and the old Table of Contents was pasted down along the inner margin of the new title. This reprinting must have been done almost immediately, as the title of the second issue is on the identical paper used in the body of the book, and bearing the same water-mark, "John Hayes, 1821."

The only known copy of an interesting little first edition of a play by Charles Lamb was sold at Bangs's on February 16th. This little book has the following title: | Mr. H. | or | Beware a Bad Name. | A Farce in Two Acts. | As performed at the | Philadelphia Theatre. | Philadelphia, |

Published by M. Carey, 122 Market Street, | A. Fagan, Printer, | 1813. | On the back of the title are the dramatist personæ of the play, as it was played in Philadelphia, Mrs. Jefferson, grandmother of the present Joseph Jefferson, taking the part of Melesinda.

The play was first presented on December 10th, 1806, at the Drury Lane Theatre. Lamb had looked forward to its production with great enthusiasm. In the summer of 1806 he wrote to his friend Manning, in China, about the farce, "The title is 'Mr. H.', no more; how simple, how taking! A great H sprawling over the play-bill, and attracting eyes at every corner. The story is a coxcomb appearing at Bath, vastly rich—all the ladies dying for him—all bursting to know who he is—but he goes by no other name than Mr. H., a curiosity like that of the dames of Strasburg about the man with the great nose. But I won't tell you any more about it. Yes, I will; but I can't give you any idea how I've done it. I'll just tell you that after much vehement admiration, when his true name comes out, 'Hogsflesh,' all the women shun him, avoid him, and not one can be found to change her name for him—that's the idea—how flat it is here—but how whimsical in the farce; and only think how hard upon one it is that the ship is despatched to-morrow, and my triumph cannot be ascertained till the Wednesday after—but all China will ring of it by and by."

But it was not a success, as the author and his friends so fondly hoped and expected. Instead, it fell perfectly flat, and was never publicly acted on the boards again in England, although it was played as an amateur performance by C. J. Matthews, in 1822. Talfourd says that "Lamb, with his sister, sat, as he anticipated, in the front of the pit, and having joined in encoring the prologue, the brilliancy of which injured the farce, he gave way with equal pliancy to the common feeling, and hissed and hooted as loudly as any of his neighbours." And Henry Crabb Robinson says that Lamb "was probably the loudest hisser in the house." It was received, however, with better success in America, having been performed in New York in 1807; and in 1812 it had a considerable run at the Chestnut Street Theatre, in Philadelphia.

It was never printed separately in England, and not at all until 1818, when it was included in his *Works*. The little copy sold at Bangs's was bound by Zaehnsdorf, and brought \$98.

The first editions of the writings of Rudyard Kipling are peculiarly attractive just now to collectors. His earliest books were printed in India, in Lahore, Allahabad, and Calcutta, in presumably small editions, and are now very scarce, and bring high prices. Collectors are anxiously awaiting an authoritative bibliography of his writings. His first publication in book form is, in printed bibliographies, we believe, stated to have been an article in *The Quartette*, published in 1889. But there are at least two earlier books than this, the existence of which are known to very few.

What now appears to have been his first book is a little pamphlet which was privately printed in Lahore in 1889. The title-page in full is as follows: "Printed for private circulation only."

Schrothy Lyrics. By Rudyard Kipling. Lahore. Printed at the "Civil and Military Gazette" Press. 1889. It is a little pamphlet measuring 7-8 by 4-8 inches, and comprises title and 42 pages. The poems must have been written when he was fifteen or sixteen years of age, and have not been included in any subsequent volume. The only copy known is in the possession of a New York collector, and it is in a blank white paper cover, apparently the original one.

In 1884 he published a small volume of parodies. This was also a little pamphlet, measuring 5-8 x 4-8 inches. Its title bore only "Echoes. By Two Writers." followed by a quotation from an old play. On the cover, however, appears the imprint, "Lahore: The 'Civil and Military Gazette' Press." It comprises title, index, 2 pages, and text, 22 pages, exclusive of cover. Of this only a few copies are known. The first copy to be offered publicly, we believe, is one announced to be sold by Sotheby on the 21st of March.

Besides these two undescribed and little known books there is much confusion regarding the proper placing of some other of his India printed books. Six volumes, mostly reprinted from the *World's News*, were issued as octavo pamphlets in paper covers, forming Nos. 1 to 6 of A. H. Wheeler and Company's Indian Railway Library. These were all published in Allahabad, apparently in 1889, though they are all undated. They appeared in the following order: No. 1, "Soldiers Three;" No. 2, "Story of the Galstons;" No. 3, "In Black and White;" No. 4, "Under the Deolgars;" No. 5, "The Phantom Rickshaw;" No. 6, "Wee Willie Winkie." "The City of Dreadful Night" appeared as No. 12 of the Library, and was printed in 1891.

Collectors at first were satisfied with these paper-covered volumes bearing the imprint "Allahabad and London." Then they came to know that editions were printed in India bearing the Allahabad imprint alone. But of Nos. 1, 3, and 4, initials of the others there are two varieties, one having the second line of title printed in large black-faced capitals, and lower case, and with the words "Reprinted in chief from the *Week's News*" on the verso. The other form has the second line of title in smaller Roman capitals, and there is no printed notice on the verso. There are more leaves of

advertisements in the issue with the second line of title in large black-faced type. Perhaps, by communicating with some one who was in the printing-office at the time, or by examining the books of the Civil and Military Gazette Press, it might be possible to learn which was the real first edition. But if this question has been solved by any bibliographer, the result of his investigations have not been published.

We learn that an important Boston library, the collection of a Mr. Hayes, deceased, containing, among other rare items, the first, second, third, and fourth folios of Shakespeare, and the first four editions of Walton's *Complete Angler*, is to be sold at auction in New York this spring.

The veteran book-collector, Mr. William Loring Andrews, who has been printing books privately at great or less intervals for more than thirty years, has exceeded all previous efforts in his latest publication. This is an octavo volume, bound in orange-coloured cloth, with the attractive title, *New Amsterdam, New Orange, New York*, and comprises a chronologically arranged account of all known engraved views of the city from the first picture, published in 1751, to 1860. The illustrations, which consist of 5 exquisite coloured plates and 31 photographs, are beautifully done. There are also seven sets of ornamental initial letters, head bands and tail pieces, designed and engraved by Mr. E. D. French, and printed from the original coppers. The book was printed with infinite care at the Gillis Press, and is one of the handsomest pieces of book-making ever done in this country.

One of the younger generation of book collectors, Mr. W. H. Arnold, has just rendered his "First Report." This takes the form of a privately printed volume, containing an answer to the question, "why first editions?" and some chapters of anecdote and advice addressed to the beginner in book collecting. It is enriched with numerous fac-similes, and each copy has inserted a leaf which has been torn and mended by Riviere of London, a stained leaf, one-half of which has been cleaned, and three worm-drilled leaves, one from an American book, and two, inserted in a pocket, from the first English edition of Froissart, printed by Pynson in 1525. Appended is a chapter on "Book-worms," the crawling, boring sort, being the best account so far accessible of these interesting little creatures.

The volume was printed by Mr. F. E. Hopkins at Jamaica, Long Island, on a hand-press. The paper used was in small sheets, each making but two leaves, thus leaving the upper, lower, and outer margins of the hand-made paper with its original raw edge. It is so printed that three sheets are laid one within the other after folding, thus making the signature of six leaves. This is called printing in "ternions," and was the method adopted by Caxton and other early printers in their old folios.

Only eighty-five copies of this first edition were printed, though the author promises a popular edition in time, some of the illustrations and all of the supplementary matter being omitted.

L. S. Livingston.

THE BOOK MART.

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

THE DEANE SALE.

The first portion of the library of the late Charles Deane, of Cambridge, was sold by Messrs. C. F. Libbie and Company, in Boston, on March 8th, 9th, and 10th. The sale was the most notable one so far this season, and the books, which were almost entirely Americana, brought good prices. Mr. Deane was primarily a student of New England history—his library was his workshop and his books his tools. He owned many rare books, but he was not a fastidious collector, and many of his books were indifferent copies, more or less cut into by the binder or with maps or leaves lacking, or otherwise imperfect. The rarer books in fine condition sold for high prices, and the second-rate Americana, local histories, genealogies, etc., brought good prices. There is no falling off of interest in Americana among collectors, and the increasing scarcity of desirable books in the market seems to be steadily elevating prices.

The library was primarily a New England library, and while it contained many books relating to other sections of the two Americas, we can only enumerate a few of the most important New England items.

The highest price realised for any one book was \$1000, which sum was paid for Robert Cushman's *Sermon Preached at Plimmoth in New-England, December 9, 1621*. This is the earliest printed sermon preached in New England, and only some half dozen copies are known.

A copy of *A Briefe Relation of the Discovery and Plantation of New England, 1622*, some leaves damaged in the upper corner, sold for \$450. This was Terry's copy, which cost Mr. Deane \$145 only a few years ago. The tract is very rare.

Robert Calef's *More Wonders of the Invisible World*, 1700, relating to New England witchcraft, a good copy with the scarce "errata," sold for \$80.

The Cambridge Platform, the second edition, London, 1653, a poor copy, sold for \$30, and a copy of the third edition, Cambridge, 1671, cut too close at the top, sold for \$80.

William Coddington's *Demonstration of True Love unto you the Rulers of the Colony of the Massachusetts*, 1674, sold for \$125.

Several tracts by John Cotton were sold, the most important being a copy of the first edition of his *Milk for Babes, drawn out of the Breasts of both Testaments*, 1646. This had two leaves in manuscript and was otherwise a poor copy, but it sold for \$85. The only other known copy is in the British Museum. His *Bloudy Tenent Washed, and made white in the bloud of the Lambe*, 1647, sold for \$46.

Dudley's *Massachusetts, or the First Planters of New England*, Boston, 1696, sold for \$76.

There were nine out of eleven of the series of tracts known as the Progress of the Gospel Series, being reports of the missionaries, John

Eliot and his co-labourers, to the "Society" in England. We wish we had space to give the titles in full. Only three of them sold at prices over \$100. These were, *New England's First Fruits*, 1643, \$190; *The Glorious Progress of the Gospel amongst the Indians in New England*, 1649, \$260; and *A Further Account of the Progress of the Gospel*, 1660, \$130. Eliot's *Christian Commonwealth* sold for \$135.

George Fox's *Answer to Several New Laws and Orders*, 1678, sold for \$65; his *Secret Workes of a Cruel People made Manifest*, 1659, a fine uncut copy, for \$103; and his *New-England Fire-Brand Quenched*, 1678, for \$85.

The original Boston edition of Hubbard's *Narrative of the Troubles with the Indians in New-England*, 1675, with the genuine "Wine Hills" map, sold for \$316, and Edward Johnson's *History of New England*, 1654, sold for \$155.

The second portion of the library, containing an even greater number of desirable books, is to be sold about the end of March.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, March 1, 1898.

The publications of the past month have been considerably more numerous than those of January, although not remarkable in this respect for this time of year. In fiction particularly, there have been several works likely to have a good sale—namely, *Shrewsbury*, by Stanley J. Weyman; *Simon Dale*, by Anthony Hope; and *A Desert Drama*, by A. Conan Doyle. Other books worthy of mention include *The Fight for the Crown*, by W. E. Norris; *Ribstone Pippins*, by Maxwell Grey, and *The Red-bridge Neighbourhood*, by Maria L. Pool. All of these are in good demand at present.

In miscellaneous subjects two works on France are noticeable: *France*, by J. E. C. Bodley, in two volumes, and *Modern France*, 1789-1895, by A. Lebon, in the Story of the Nations Series. *Birds of Village and Field*, by Florence A. Merriam, is among the month's contribution to outdoor literature, and *Four-Footed Animals*, by Mabel Osgood Wright, a companion volume to *Citizen Bird*, is announced for early publication. *How to Play Golf*, by H. J. Whigham, for which there has been a considerable advance call, is now ready, and will no doubt sell largely.

All of the popular titles selling in January continued in good demand throughout February, especially *Quo Vadis*, *Hugh Wynne*, *The Choir Invisible*, and *The Honourable Peter Stirling*; also the recent books of Hall Caine, Richard Harding Davis, Henry Seton Merriman, and F. Marion Crawford.

In His Steps, by Charles M. Sheldon, increases in popularity, and far exceeds in sale at present all other religious books. *The Ideal*

Life, by Henry Drummond, is also in increasing demand, and bids fair to equal his other books in point of sale. Mrs. Phelps's *The Story of Jesus Christ, The Holy Land, Geography and History*, by Townsend MacCoun, and the volumes ready in the Polychrome Bible are also selling readily. The early publication of *The Twentieth Century City*, by Josiah Strong, the author of *Our Country*, will be a notable addition in this line of literature.

The call for biographies is just at present rather light, *William Shakespeare*, by George Brandes, being most in demand. Works of travel are also selling but moderately; even *Farthest North*, which has sold so largely, shows signs of falling off.

Good histories are always appreciated, and *A Student's History of the United States*, by Edward Channing, judging by its reception, will be a pronounced success.

That events of the day influence the reading public is instanced by an increased sale of Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer's *Spain in the Nineteenth Century*, and this and other works on Spain may now be expected to sell readily. Mahan's several titles on naval subjects, and books on Hawaii, particularly *Hawaii's Story, by Hawaii's Queen, Liliuokalani*, may be mentioned in this connection.

The annual sale of European Guides is just commencing. *Baedeker's* exceeds all others in point of sale.

The first volumes in the coming season's output of paper-bound fiction, including *Billy Hamilton*, by Archibald Clavering Gunter, have been received, but at present *Quo Vadis* is the only title selling to any considerable extent.

Trade on the whole continues but fair, library business is good, and text-books are still selling, but there seems to be a hesitancy in stocking up, the orders being for immediate wants only.

The following list of the best-selling books of the month consists, as usual, largely of fiction:

Quo Vadis. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

Shrewsbury. By Stanley J. Weyman. \$1.50.

Simon Dale. By Anthony Hope. \$1.50.

The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen. \$1.50.

Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell. 2 vols. \$2.00.

In His Steps. By Charles M. Sheldon. Paper, 25 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

The Story of an Untold Love. By P. L. Ford. \$1.25.

The Honourable Peter Stirling. By P. L. Ford. \$1.60.

A Desert Drama. By A. Conan Doyle. \$1.50.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cents.

Billy Hamilton. By A. C. Gunter. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.25.

The Intruder. By G. D'Annunzio. \$1.50.

The Christian. By Hall Caine. \$1.50.

Captains Courageous. By Rudyard Kipling. \$1.50.

The Red-Bridge Neighbourhood. By Maria Louise Pool. \$1.50.

Daniel. By R. D. Blackmore. \$1.75.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, March 1, 1898.

The general condition of business throughout the West continues to be very satisfactory, and trade is at present in a very healthy condition. New fiction is being bought largely, country orders absorbing a great deal of it, while the demand is both lively and strong for miscellaneous books, which term includes nearly everything that is current. It is noticeable, however, that while the volume of business is fairly large, the bulk of the books sold are moderate in price, and expensive works do not figure very largely in the record of sales. It becomes more evident every day that nowadays books are bought almost entirely to be read, and not to fill so many feet of library shelving. Readers, too, are quicker to find out the merits or demerits of a book than formerly, and although popular taste is often deceived, it is usually sound, and entitled to a good deal more credit than it usually receives.

Although most books of any importance nowadays start off with large editions and an enormous demand, gradually falling off in their sales as time goes on, it happens infrequently that the sale of a book goes in contradiction of this rule, and from a small beginning will attain, step by step, to a large demand. In fact, to show, as it were, that there is no regularity in the demand for books, some of the most successful works ever published have made a very modest appearance. A notable example of this was seen recently in *The Honourable Peter Stirling*, and now it seems likely that the same firm that published this book will encounter another experience of progressive demand with *The Gadfly*, which is increasing its sale every week.

The demand for *Quo Vadis* continues at high-water mark, and this and *The Choir Invisible* are still the best selling books in the West.

February publications comprised some good selling books, the best being *Shrewsbury*, by Stanley J. Weyman, which has commenced to sell at a very lively rate. *Simon Dale*, by Anthony Hope, met with almost as much favour, while Conan Doyle's *Desert Drama*, Jokai's *Lion of Janina*, *The Whirlpool*, by George Gissing, and *The Red Bridge Neighbourhood*, by Maria Louise Pool, sold very well.

Modern France, the new volume in the Nations Series, made its appearance last month in the new and attractive binding which will hereafter distinguish the series. There will doubtless, however, be a good deal of call for the old style of binding from those who have sets of the previous volumes.

Owing to the presence in this city of the drama *A Lady of Quality*, a greatly increased call was experienced for the book upon which the play is based. Next month, *Reside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, the dramatisation of Ian Maclaren's famous stories, will appear in this city for the first time, and the demand for Dr. Watson's books will doubtless be correspondingly lively. The dramatisation of a favourite story certainly helps sales marvellously, not only in the locality where the piece is being played, but everywhere else also.

Zola's *Paris* is just received, and a good deal

of interest is being shown in the work. It will probably have a large sale this month.

Among last year's books, which are still being widely read, are *Hugh Wynne, An Imperial Lover, Story of an Untold Love, Soldiers of Fortune, and The Christian*.

Sales of leading books last month were uncommonly large, and every one included in the following list met with remarkable success.

Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz. \$1.00 and \$2.00.

The Choir Invisible. By J. L. Allen. \$1.50.

Shrewsbury. By Stanley J. Weyman. \$1.50.

Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell. 2 vols. \$2.00.

An Imperial Lover. By M. Imlay Taylor. \$1.25.

Simon Dale. By Anthony Hope. \$1.50.

The Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Thomson J. Hudson. \$1.50.

The Christian. By Hall Caine. \$1.50.

The Honourable Peter Stirling. By P. L. Ford. \$1.50.

The Story of an Untold Love. By P. L. Ford. \$1.25.

The Gadfly. By E. L. Voynich. \$1.25.

Soldiers of Fortune. By R. H. Davis. \$1.50.

A Desert Drama. By Conan Doyle. \$1.50.

How to Play Golf. By H. J. Whighan. \$1.50.

Captains Courageous. By Rudyard Kipling. \$1.50.

A World Pilgrimage. By Rev. Dr. J. H. Barrows. \$2.00.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, January 24 to February 19, 1893.

The commencement of the period under notice was a busy time, the sales of educational literature forming its principal feature. What becomes of all the books appears to be as great a cause for wonder as the final resting-place of the thousands of tons of pins manufactured (and lost) each year. And yet if one looks at a school-book after the average boy has used it for a term or two, there may be some clue to the solution of the problem propounded.

At the risk of repetition, it must be stated that the 6s. novel is still a leading line, and many of these publications now in demand bid fair to occupy a niche in the great temple of English literature. It is doubtful if the proportion of these to the entire annual issue is half-a-dozen in a thousand. The favourite novel of the hour is *The King with Two Faces*, the next being *The Gadfly*, *The Tragedy of the Korosko*, and *At the Cross Roads*. Miss Braddon's new novel, *Rough Justice*, is well to the front.

General Roberts's *Forty-one Years in India*, and works by competent writers on this country, and the North-West Provinces especially, are being eagerly read just now. Naval and military literature, written in a popular form, such as *Deeds that Won the Empire*, is also in great request. Several books dealing with China and Korea have lately appeared and met with a fair sale.

The approach of Lent has been heralded, as usual, by the issue of many small manuals of meditations and works with somewhat depress-

ing titles, but the total amount of the business done does not, notwithstanding the numbers sold in some instances, amount to a very large sum.

Prince Ranjitsinhji's work on Cricket is still very popular, and should continue to be so when the cricket season begins in England.

Mention must be made of Sandow's book on Strength, which has sold by thousands.

There appears to be a better demand for poetry than has been the case for some time past. As an instance, Mr. Stephen Phillips's *Poems* may be noted, as also *Admirals All* and Mr. Watson's *Hope of the World*. The sale of each of these points to a considerable and appreciative public for this class of writings.

There is nothing fresh to report in the magazine world. It is still a very large one, and the production of the leading monthly periodicals at their respective prices is a wonder of the century.

Among theological publications, Canon Gore's *Epistle to the Ephesians* and *The Faith of Centuries* alone appear to call for notice.

Appended, as usual, will be found a list of the most popular works (from a bookseller's point of view) of the hour. A glance at it will be sufficient to confirm what has already been said about the popularity of the 6s. novel.

The King with Two Faces. By M. E. Coleridge. 6s. (Arnold.)

The Gadfly. By E. L. Voynich. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The Tragedy of the Korosko. By A. Conan Doyle. 6s. (Smith and Elder.)

At the Cross Roads. By F. F. Montrésor. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The Christian. By Hall Caine. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The War of the Worlds. By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The Sign of the Cross. By Wilson Barrett. 6s. (Macqueen.)

Rough Justice. By M. E. Braddon. 6s. (Simpkin.)

The Adventures of John Johns. By F. Carrel. 6s. (Bliss.)

The School for Saints. By J. O. Hobbes. 6s. (Unwin.)

The Beth Book. By Sarah Grand. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The Triumph of Death. By D'Annunzio. 6s. (Heinemann.)

In Kedar's Tents. By H. S. Merriman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Deborah of Tod's. By Mrs. H. de la Pasture. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Lochinvar. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Methuen.)

The Jubilee Book of Cricket. By K. S. Ranjitsinhji. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Lenten Manuals (Various.)

The Friends of the Master. By A. F. W. Ingram. 1s. 6d. (Wells Gardner.)

The Faith of Centuries. 7s. 6d. (Nisbet.)

Deeds that Won the Empire. By W. H. Fitchett. 6s. (Smith and Elder.)

Ribstone Pippins. By Maxwell Grey. 3s. 6d. (Harper.)

The Epistle to the Ephesians. By Canon Gore. 3s. 6d. (J. Murray.)

Poems. By Stephen Phillips. 4s. 6d. net. (Nutt.)

More Tramps Abroad. By Mark Twain. 6s. (Chatto.)
 Strength. By E. Sandow. 2s 6d. net. (Gale and Polden.)
 Rosa N. Carey's Novels. New 3s. 6d. edition. (Bentley.)
 Alice in Wonderland. By L. Carroll. 2s. 6d. net. (Macmillan)

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between February 1, 1898, and March 1, 1898.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
3. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. The Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
6. Simon Dale. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. 25 cts. and \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
3. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
4. Simon Dale. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
5. Free to Serve. By Rayner. \$1.50. (Cope-land & Day.)
6. The Beth Book. By Grand. \$1.50. (Appleton.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
2. Simon Dale. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
3. The Gadfly. By Voynich. \$1.25. (Holt.)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. School for Saints. By Hobbes. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
6. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
5. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
6. Lorraine. By Chambers. \$1.25. (Harper.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. With Edged Tools. By Merriman. \$1.25. (Harper.)
2. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

3. The Gadfly. By Voynich. \$1.25. (Henry Holt & Co.)
4. Simon Dale. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
5. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
6. Other People's Lives. By Carey. \$1.25. (Lippincott & Co.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
2. Old Virginia. By Fiske. \$4.00. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. At the Cross Roads. By Montrésor. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Gondola Days. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Impressions of South Africa. By Bryce. \$3.50. (Century Co.)
6. The Whirlpool. By Gissing. \$1.25. (Stokes.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
2. Simon Dale. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
3. Free to Serve. By Rayner. \$1.50. (Cope-land & Day.)
4. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
5. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$6.00, \$2.00, \$1.00, 25 cts. (Little, Brown & Co.)
6. A Desert Drama. By Doyle. \$1.50. (Lippincott Co.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
3. Dariel. By Blackmore. \$1.75. (Harper.)
4. The Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Across the Salt Sea. By Burton. \$1.50. (Stone & Co.)
6. Lion of Janina. By Jokai. \$1.25. (Harper.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
2. By Right of Sword. By Marchmont. \$1.25. (New Amsterdam.)
3. The Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. The Whirlpool. By Gissing. \$1.40. (Stokes.)
5. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
6. Dariel. By Blackmore. \$1.75. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
3. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
5. An Imperial Lover. By Taylor. \$1.25. (McClurg & Co.)
6. Simon Dale. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes Co.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. *Quo Vadis*. By Sienkiewicz. 25 cts., \$1.00, \$2.00, and \$6.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. *Shrewsbury*. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
3. *A Desert Drama*. By Doyle. \$1.50. (Lippincott & Co.)
4. *Story of an Untold Love*. By Ford. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. *School for Saints*. By Hobbes. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
6. *Hugh Wynne*. By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)

CLEVELAND, O.

1. *Shrewsbury*. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
2. *Simon Dale*. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
3. *A Desert Drama*. By Doyle. \$1.50. (Lippincott & Co.)
4. *The Right Side of the Car*. By Lloyd. \$1.00. (Badger.)
5. *Lion of Janina*. By Jokai. \$1.25. (Harper.)
6. *The Sign of the Cross*. By Barrett. \$1.50. (Lippincott & Co.)

DENVER, COL.

1. *Quo Vadis*. By Sienkiewicz. Cloth, \$1.00, \$2.00, and \$6.00; paper, 25 cts. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. *In His Steps*. By Sheldon. Cloth, 75 cts.; paper, 25 cts. (Advance Pub. Co.)
3. *The Choir Invisible*. By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. *Hugh Wynne*. By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
5. *Petronilla the Sister*. By Thayer. \$1.25. (Neely.)
6. *Farthest North*. By Nansen. \$10.00. (Harper.)

DETROIT, MICH.

1. *In His Steps*. By Sheldon. Paper, 25 cts.; cloth, 75 cts. (Advance Pub. Co.)
2. *Quo Vadis*. By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00 and \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. *Hugh Wynne*. By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
4. *Polychrome Bible*. By Haupt. \$1.25 and \$2.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. *The Study of Children*. By Warner. \$1.00. (Macmillan.)
6. *The Subconscious Self*. By Waldstein. \$1.25. (Scribner.)

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. *Quo Vadis*. By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. *Hugh Wynne*. By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
3. *The Choir Invisible*. By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. *The Christian*. By Caine. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
5. *The Sign of the Cross*. By Barrett. \$1.50. (Lippincott & Co.)
6. *Hon. Peter Stirling*. By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. *Quo Vadis*. By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)

2. *Shrewsbury*. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
3. *Old Santa Fé Trail*. By Inman. \$3.50. (Macmillan Co.)
4. *Captains Courageous*. By Kipling. \$1.50. (Century Co.)
5. *Hugh Wynne*. By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
6. *Hon. Peter Stirling*. By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. *Hugh Wynne*. By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
2. *Captains Courageous*. By Kipling. \$1.50. (Century Co.)
3. *In Kedar's Tents*. By Merriman. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. *A Year from a Reporter's Note Book*. By Davis. \$1.50. (Harper & Bros.)
5. *Corleone*. By Crawford. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
6. *The Christian*. By Caine. \$1.50. (Appleton.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. *The Kentuckians*. By Fox. \$1.25. (Harper.)
2. *In Kedar's Tents*. By Merriman. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. *Hugh Wynne*. By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
4. *Quo Vadis*. By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00 and 25 cts. editions. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. *The Christian*. By Caine. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
6. *Story of an Untold Love*. By Ford. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. *Shrewsbury*. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
2. *Outlines of Descriptive Psychology*. By Ladd. Net, \$1.50. (Scribner.)
3. *Red Bridge Neighbourhood*. By Pool. \$1.50. (Harper & Bros.)
4. *Select Documents Illustrative of United States History*. By MacDonald. Net, \$2.25. (Macmillan.)
5. *How to Listen to Music*. By Krehbiel. Net, \$1.25. (Scribner.)
6. *In His Steps*. By Sheldon. Paper, 25 cts. (Advance Pub. Co.)

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. *Shrewsbury*. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
2. *Quo Vadis*. By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. *The Kentuckians*. By Fox. \$1.25. (Harper.)
4. *Hugh Wynne*. By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
5. *The Story of an Untold Love*. By Ford. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. *The Choir Invisible*. By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. *Hugh Wynne*. By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
2. *Quo Vadis*. By Sienkiewicz. Net, 55 cts. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. *Shrewsbury*. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

4. *His Grace of Osmonde.* By Burnett. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
5. *Revolt of a Daughter.* By Kirk. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. *In the Permanent Way.* By Steel. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. *Shrewsbury.* By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
2. *Simon Dale.* By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
3. *Quo Vadis.* By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. *A Desert Drama.* By Doyle. \$1.50. (Lippincott.)
5. *Sack of Monte Carlo.* By Frith. \$1.25. (Harper.)
6. *Hon. Peter Stirling.* By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. *Quo Vadis.* By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. *Hugh Wynne.* By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century.)
3. *Alfred, Lord Tennyson.* By his Son. \$10.00. (Macmillan.)
4. *Captains Courageous.* By Kipling. \$1.50. (Century Co.)
5. *St. Ives.* By Stevenson. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
6. *Lochinvar.* By Crockett. \$1.50. (Harper.)

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. *Red Bridge Neighbourhood.* By Pool. \$1.50. (Harper.)
2. *Shrewsbury.* By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
3. *Captains Courageous.* By Kipling. \$1.50. (Century Co.)
4. *Quo Vadis.* By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. *Hugh Wynne.* By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
6. *Story of Jesus Christ.* By Ward. \$2.00. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. *Quo Vadis.* By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. *Shrewsbury.* By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
3. *Hugh Wynne.* By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
4. *Story of an Untold Love.* By Ford. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. *Gondola Days.* By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. *St. Ives.* By Stevenson. \$1.50. (Scribner.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. *Quo Vadis.* By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. *Checkers.* By Blossom. \$1.25. (Stone.)
3. *Hon. Peter Stirling.* By Ford. (Holt.)
4. *Shrewsbury.* By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
5. *The Choir Invisible.* By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. *The Christian.* By Caine. \$1.50. (Appleton.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. *Quo Vadis.* By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. *Shrewsbury.* By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
3. *Simon Dale.* By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
4. *Hugh Wynne.* By Mitchell. \$2.00. 2 vols. (Century Co.)
5. *Wild Flowers of California.* By Parsons and Buck. \$2.00. (Doxey.)
6. *Idle Hours in a Library.* By Hudson. \$1.25. (Doxey.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. *Quo Vadis.* By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. *The Gadfly.* By Voynich. \$1.25. (Holt & Co.)
3. *The Celebrity.* By Churchill. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. *Shrewsbury.* By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
5. *A Desert Drama.* By Doyle. \$1.50. (Lippincott Co.)
6. *Simon Dale.* By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. *Quo Vadis.* By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. *Shrewsbury.* By Weyman. \$1.25. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
3. *Hugh Wynne.* By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
4. *The Story of an Untold Love.* By Ford. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. *Hon. Peter Sterling.* By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt & Co.)
6. *Soldiers of Fortune.* By Davis. \$1.50. (Harper & Bros.)

TOLEDO, O.

1. *Quo Vadis.* By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Altamus.)
2. *Shrewsbury.* By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
3. *Lady of Quality.* By Burnett. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
4. *Hugh Wynne.* By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
5. *The Choir Invisible.* By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. *Mlle. de Berny.* By Mackie. \$1.50. (Lamson, Wolff & Co.)

TORONTO, ONT.

1. * *Official Klondike Guide.* By Ogilvie. 50 cts. (Rose & Sons.)
2. * *A Desert Drama.* By Doyle. 75 cts. and \$1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)
3. * *Simon Dale.* By Hope. 75 cts. and \$1.50. (Morang.)
4. *Hon. Peter Stirling.* By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt & Co.)
5. † *Deeds that Won the Empire.* By Fitchell. 75 cts., \$1.25 and \$2.00. (Bell & Sons.)
6. * *Quo Vadis.* By Sienkiewicz. 75 cts. and \$1.50. (Morang.)

* Canadian copyright editions.

† Colonial Library.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. *A Desert Drama.* By Doyle. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, \$1.25. (The Copp Clark Co., Limited.)
2. *Shrewsbury.* By Weyman. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, \$1.25. (Longmans' Colonial Lib.)
3. *Racing and Chasing.* By Watson. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, \$1.25. (Longmans' Colonial Lib.)
4. *Story of Gladstone's Life.* By McCarthy. \$2.50. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)
5. *Spanish John.* By McLennan. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, \$1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)
6. *Prisoners of the Sea.* By Kingsley. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, \$1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. *Simon Dale.* By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
2. *Shrewsbury.* By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
3. *Free to Serve.* By Rayner. \$1.50. (Cope-land & Day.)
4. *Alaska.* By James. \$1.50. (Sunshine Pub. Co.)
5. *Old Santa Fé Trail.* By Inman. \$3.50. (Macmillan.)
6. *Gondola Days.* By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in order of demand during the month are—

1. *Quo Vadis.* By Sienkiewicz.
2. *Shrewsbury.* By Weyman.
3. *Hugh Wynne.* By Mitchell.
4. *The Choir Invisible.* By Allen.
5. *The Story of an Untold Love.* By Ford.
6. *Simon Dale.* By Hope.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

WM. L. ALLISON Co., New York.

Meir Ezofovitch, a novel from the Polish of Eliza Orzeszko, translated by Michael Elviro Andriolli.

D. APPLETON & Co., New York.

A Prince of Mischance, by T. Gallon.
Astronomy, by Agnes M. Clerke.
A Passionate Pilgrim, by Percy White.
A Voyage of Consolation, by Sara Jeannette Duncan.
The Disaster, by Paul and Victor Marguerite, translated with an introductory memoir by Frederic Lees.

A. C. ARMSTRONG & SON, New York.

The Book of the Twelve Prophets, by George Adam Smith, D.D., LL.D. Vol. II.
Introduction to the Study of Sociology, by J. H. W. Stuckenberg.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York.

The Catholic Father, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Augustine Egger.
Passion Flowers, by Rev. Edmund Hill, C.P.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Toronto.

Gems of Hope, Selected and Arranged by Fanny Bates.

THE CHRISTIAN LITERATURE Co., New York.
The Upanishads, translated by the Rt. Hon. F. Max Müller.

CONTINENTAL PUBLISHING Co., New York.

The Story of Evangelina Cisneros, Told by Herself, introduction by Julian Hawthorne, and illustrations by Frederic Remington, Thomas Fleming, and others.

DONOHUE & HENNEBERRY, Chicago, Ill.

Minnewaska, A Legend of Lake Mohonk, and Other Lyrical Poems, by Ina E. Wood van Norman.

DOUBLEDAY & MCCLURE Co., New York.

The Science of Political Economy, by Henry George.

WILLIAM DOXEY, San Francisco.

Wild Flowers of California, by Mary Elizabeth Parsons and Margaret Warrimer Buck.

EATON & MAINS, New York.

John Wesley as a Social Reformer, by D. D. Thompson.

The Story of John Wesley, by Marianne Kirlew.

R. F. FENNO & Co., New York.

The Queerest Man Alive, by George H. Hepworth.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

The Red Bridge Neighbourhood, by Maria Louise Pool.

The Sack of Monte Carlo, by Walter Frith.
The Fight for the Crown, by W. E. Norris.
The Lion of Janina, by Maurus Jokai.
Ribstone Pippins, by Maxwell Grey.
Elements of Literary Criticism, by C. F. Johnson.

The Vintage, by E. F. Benson.
The Rise of the Dutch Republic, condensed and continued by W. E. Griffis.

E. R. HERRICK & Co., New York.

How the Dutch Came to Manhattan, Penned and Pictured by Blanche McManus.

HENRY HOLT & Co., New York.

Tourguéneff and His French Circle, edited and arranged by E. Halperine Kaminsky.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.

The King of the Town, by Ellen Mackubin.
An Elusive Lover, by Verna Woods.
Birds of Village and Field, a Bird Book for Beginners, by Florence A. Merriam. Illustrated.

From the Other Side, Stories of Transatlantic Travel, by Henry B. Fuller.

Tales of Trails and Town, by Bret Harte.
Letters of Victor Hugo, from Exile, and after the Fall of the Empire, edited by Paul Meurice.

LAIRD & LEE, Chicago.

The Unseen Hand, by Lawrence L. Lynch.

LAMSON, WOLFFE & Co., Boston.

Carita, a Cuban Romance, by Louis Pendleton.

LEE & SHEPARD, Boston.

The Painter in Oil, by Burleigh Parkhurst.
Water-Colour Painting, by Grace Barton Allen.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia.

A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare, edited by Horace Howard Furness. Vol. XI., The Winter's Tale.

Comic History of Greece, from the Earliest Times to the Death of Alexander the Great, by Charles M. Snyder. Illustrated.

Across the Everglades, a Canoe Journey of Exploration, by Hugh L. Willoughby.

LITTLE, BROWN & Co., New York.

Parkman's Works, Montcalm and Wolfe and the Conspiracy of Pontiac. Champlain Edition. Illustrated. Vols. XV. and XVI.

The Conspiracy of Pontiac and the Indian War after the Conquest of Canada. Vols. II. and III.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York.

The First Part of the Tragedy of Faust in English, by Thomas E. Webb, LL.D.

Memoirs of a Highland Lady, the Autobiography of Elizabeth Grant of Rothiemurchus, afterward Mrs. Smith of Baltiboy, 1797-1830, edited by Lady Strachey.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York.

Southern Soldier Stories, by George Cary Eggleston.

The Pride of Jennico, by Agnes and Egerton Castle.

France, by John Edward Courtenay Bodley. 2 vols.

Principles of Grammar, by Herbert J. Davenport and Anna M. Emerson.

William Shakespeare, a Critical Study, by George Brandes. 2 vols.

Paris, by Émile Zola, translated by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly. 2 vols.

My Life in Two Hemispheres, by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. 2 vols.

The Works of Chaucer, edited by Alfred W. Pollard, H. Frank Heath, Mark H. Liddell, and W. S. McCormick.

Stories from the Classic Literature of Many Nations, edited by Bertha Palmer.

F. TENNYSON NEELY, New York.

Her Fortune Her Misfortune, by May Elizabeth Baugh.

In the Toils, by Thomas Ring.

Even as You and I, by Bolton Hall.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York.

The Caxtons, by Lord Lytton, with sixteen illustrations by Chris. Hammond.

Lavengro, by George Borrow.

The Story of the Nations, Modern France, 1789-1895, by André Lebon.

In the Midst of Life, Tales of Soldiers and Civilians, by Ambrose Bierce.

Boston Neighbours in Town and Out, by Agnes Blake Poor.

The Building of the British Empire, The Story of England's Growth from Elizabeth to Victoria, by Alfred Thomas Story, in two parts.

RAND, McNALLY & Co., Chicago.

The Judge, by Elia W. Peattie.

In the Name of Liberty, by Florence Marryat.

FLEMING H. REVELL Co., New York.

Child Culture in the Home, by Martha B. Mosher.

Whether White or Black, a Man, by Edith Smith Davis.

GEORGE H. RICHMOND & Co., New York.

The Maidens of the Rocks, by Gabriele d'Annunzio, translated from the Italian by Annetta Halliday Antona and Giuseppe Antona.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York.

The Temple Edition of the Waverley Novels. The Black Dwarf. Vol. IX.

Old Mortality. 2 vols.

The Antiquary. 2 vols.

Guy Mannering. 2 vols.

Rob Roy. 2 vols.

The Works of James Whitcomb Riley, Pipes o' Pan at Zekesbury. Vol. IV.

For Love of Country, by Cyrus Townsend Brady.

Auld Lang Syne, by the Rt. Hon. Professor F. Max Müller.

Young Blood, by E. W. Hornung.

Emerson and Other Essays, by John Jay Chapman.

A Literary History of India, by R. W. Frazer.

Thomas Carlyle, History of Frederick the Great. Vols. III. and IV.

Poems, by William Ernest Henley.

James Thomson, by William Bayne. Famous Scots Series.

SILVER, BURDETT & Co., New York.

Stepping-Stones to Literature, a Reader for Fifth Grades, by Sarah Louise Arnold and Charles B. Gilbert.

FREDERICK A. STOKES Co., New York.

Andrée's Balloon Expedition in Search of the North Pole, by Henri Lachambre and Alexis Mazuron, with over fifty illustrations.

The Tales of John Oliver Hobbes.

Letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti to William Allingham, 1854-1870, by George Birkbeck Hill, D.C.L., LL.D.

The Barn-Stormers, by Mrs. Harcourt Williamson.

The Son of the Czar, by James Graham.

Bladys of the Stewponey, by S. Baring-Gould.

The Broom of the War God, by Henry Noel Brailsford.

FREDERICK WARNE & Co., New York.

The Flags of the World, Their History, Blazonry, and Associations, by F. Edward Hulme, F.L.S., F.S.A.

John Gilbert, Yeoman, a Romance of the Commonwealth, by R. G. Soans.

THOMAS WHITTAKER, New York.

The Gate Called Beautiful, by Edward A. Warriner.

W. A. WILDE & Co., Boston.

Success, by Orison Swett Marden.

ZIMMERMAN'S, New York.

Love Letters, a Romance in Correspondence, by Harold R. Vynne.

THE BOOKMAN

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VOL. VII.

MAY, 1898.

No. 3.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Editors of THE BOOKMAN cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts, whether stamps are enclosed or not ; and to this rule no exception will be made.

At the corner of a street in an English town a well-known newspaper office recently advertised on a placard a new serial story, "The Price of a Soul." At the opposite corner of the same street the passer-by was confronted with an announcement on the notice-board outside of a fishmonger's shop to this effect, "Soles, 1s. per pound" !

Messrs. E. P. Dutton and Company have just published a little book on *Eugene Field in His Home*, by Ida Comstock Below. The illustrations—there are nineteen of them—make this little biography particularly attractive. The Messrs. Scribner have also published a volume of reminiscences by Francis Wilson, the well-known comedian, which he has called *The Eugene Field I Knew*. Mr. Wilson enjoyed a long and intimate friendship with Mr. Field, and is thus able to recall the poet's moods, not only in moments of relaxation, but in times of more serious thought. On another page will be found an article of interest to Eugene Field's admirers, containing an original contribution from his pen, which is now printed and a fac-simile of the original manuscript given for the first time.

Mr. Bret Harte has recently completed the manuscript of a new short story entitled *Under the Eaves*.

The death of Mr. James Payn, which took place on March 25, though long expected, is deeply regretted. He filled a place which remains at present unsupplied. We hope to give a somewhat full account of Mr. Payn's career in our

next number. The obituary notices, with one or two exceptions, have been very meagre.

In our issue for March we spoke of Captain F. A. Mitchel as "probably the only veteran who is spinning yarns." In so speaking we did great injustice to that very remarkable writer of short stories, Mr. Ambrose Bierce, whose book, *In the Midst of Life*, is reviewed elsewhere. Mr. Bierce is a veteran who served all through the Civil War, attaining the actual rank of Lieutenant, and the brevet rank, we believe, of Major, the latter for distinguished services. We certainly ought not to have temporarily forgotten Mr. Bierce, whom no one can permanently forget after having once become acquainted with his admirable work.

Mr. Andrew Lang has written us in order to defend Mr. William McLennan against the criticism made in our March number by Mr. T. G. Marquis. Mr. Marquis, it will be remembered, took Mr. McLennan to task for having in his *Spanish John* made an over free use of the *Narrative* by Colonel John M'Dowell. Mr. Lang says that Mr. McLennan freely admits his indebtedness to the *Narrative*, and also that the *Narrative*, while not generally known in the United States, is perfectly familiar to Canadians ; and that these facts taken together should have shielded Mr. McLennan from criticism. The real force of what Mr. Marquis says, however, seems to us to be in no way weakened by Mr. Lang's arguments, for Mr. McLennan's acknowledgment by no means impresses the reader as being anything more than

an admission of general obligation for material. It falls far short of suggesting the use of long passages taken almost verbatim, these passages being the most striking and forcible in the whole book. Therefore, we think that Mr. Marquis is quite justified in all that he has said.



In the seventh number of the *Outlook*, the new London literary journal with which Mr. W. E. Henley has been closely identified, there is an article on "A Trio of Scots," which we take to be from the pen of Neil Munro, and in which the charge of plagiarism against Mr. McLennan is very delicately dealt with, and some interesting information about Sir Walter Scott's artistic appropriation imparted by the way. It was a kindly appendix reference to *Spanish John* in Mr. Andrew Lang's trim little volume, *The Highlands of Scotland* in 1750, which attracted Mr. Munro to the novel. Mr. Munro speaks of *Spanish John* as a "marvellously able and entertaining story, stylish in its telling," and refers to its having been described as reminiscent of Stevenson. Its chief character, he says, has some of the temper of Alan Breck, whom he styles "that greatest and most lovable Celt in all fiction." Mr. Munro proceeds: "No, no, Mr. McLennan must be released of any charge of imitation; if he has any weakness, it is actual appropriation—not from Stevenson, but from another. It is a delicate problem how far a novelist may go with justice in applying the facts and phrases of older writers to the patching up of his picture. That it may be done honestly, and with ends magnificent enough to justify the means, has been shown by Shakespeare and by Scott. Dugald Dalgetty would never have existed had not his idiosyncrasies, his history, his actual phrase, been created by Sir James Turner long before Scott wrote *The Legend of Montrose*, and, as Mr. Lang points out (I think for the first time), Bailie Nicol Jarvie's whole speech in *Rob Roy* (Vol. II., chapter ix.), is 'lifted' from the Gartmore manuscript of 1747. One or two modern Scots authors have been charged with conveying in the same way from old chap-books, but to my mind the evidence reflected nothing on their credit. Mr. McLennan's utilisation of old narrative is, however, so astounding

that he reopens the vexed problem of plagiarism in a new way altogether. Probably he never meant it to be inferred by the public that his romance was absolutely original, but he ought, in justice to himself, and to a soldier and writer dead eighty-eight years ago, to have made it more clear that many pages, incidents, and anecdotes in his novel were almost verbatim transcriptions from *The Narrative of the Early Life of Colonel John M'Donell of Scotos, written by himself after he came to Canada*, and published in the now extremely rare *Canadian Magazine* of April and May, 1825. The appropriation is all the more regrettable because Mr. McLennan gives proof that he can create character and drama as good as he borrows."



Mr. William Briggs, of Toronto, has just published a new work by the Rev. R. G. Macbeth, entitled *The Making of the Canadian West*, with portraits and illustrations. His former book, *The Selkirk Settlers in Real Life*, met with a warm reception, and it is in response to many requests to continue the history down to recent date that he has published the new volume. It is claimed for Mr. Macbeth that his book is written from a fresh standpoint and covers new ground. He is a native of the country, and is descended of those who came into close contact with the principal men and incidents of the early days. As student, lawyer, soldier, and clergyman, he is qualified to tell vividly the story of Manitoba's political, educational, and religious progress.



The United States Navy Department, we understand, has recently purchased a supply of Lieutenant Sargent's two books, *The Campaign of Marengo* and *Napoleon Bonaparte's First Campaign*, published by Messrs. A. C. McClurg and Company, for distribution in the navy. This action of the Government must doubtless be very gratifying to Lieutenant Sargent, the more so that some months ago a similar supply of the latter work was purchased by the War Department and distributed throughout the army.



To follow the successive adaptations of a useful idea is always interesting and

often instructive. It is nearly forty years since M. Eugène Crépet published the first of his four invaluable volumes in *Les Poètes Français*, an anthology in which the selections from each author were preceded by a critical study of that poet prepared by a specialist. Among the critics who lent M. Crépet their aid were Gautier, Baudelaire, Banville, Jules Janin, and Philoxène Boyer; the general introduction was written by Sainte-Beuve. Nearly twenty years ago Mr. Humphry Ward applied the same method to the *English Poets*, which he edited in four volumes, aided in special criticisms by Professors Dowden, Minto, and Hales, by Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Andrew Lang, and many other British essayists of the time. Among these other contributors were the editor's wife, then not known as a novelist, his father-in-law, Mr. Thomas Arnold, and his wife's uncle, Matthew Arnold, who contributed the general introduction, in rivalry with that which Sainte-Beuve had written for the earlier French work.



The same method was employed a little later by Messrs. Brander Matthews and Laurence Hutton in their *Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and the United States*, of which the fifth and final volume appeared about ten years ago. Mr. Ward had excluded all American poets from what purported to be an anthology of the best poems in the language common to England and America; and his essayists were all British also. In *Actors and Actresses* both the subjects and the essayists were chosen in a less insular spirit, and Mr. Dobson, Mr. Archer, and other British writers were invited to contribute alongside the leading American critics of the theatre. This example did not benefit Mr. Henry Craik, who published, in 1896, the last of five volumes of *English Prose*, for which no American essayist was asked to write, and in which the prose of only one American author was considered. It is impossible to guess just why Mr. Craik should have included Washington Irving in his fifth volume while excluding Franklin and Emerson, Hawthorne and Lowell. It is true that Mr. Craik made amends for these American omissions by including Dean Church and Dean Mansel, British masters of prose that no American editor would ever have thought of. Fortunately, Mr.

Craik's insular limitations left the way open for a sixth volume of *English Prose*, devoted wholly to American authors. This will be issued in the fall by the Macmillan Company, who are the publishers of Mr. Craik's series. It will be edited by Professor G. R. Carpenter of Columbia, who will contribute the general introductions. Among the American critics whom the editor has enlisted are Mr. Howells ("Curtis"), Professor Charles Eliot Norton ("Lowell"), Professor H. T. Peck ("Lincoln"), Professor Brander Matthews ("Irving"), Mr. Hamlin Garland ("Grant"), Professor Trent ("Jefferson"), and Colonel Higginson ("Thoreau"). It is to be hoped that a fifth volume may in like manner some day be added to Mr. Ward's *English Poets*, in which an American editor with the aid of American critics shall present an anthology of such American verse as is really worthy of comparison with the British verse of the nineteenth century as contained in Mr. Ward's fourth volume. Another series on the same plan, also to be published by the Macmillan Company in the more distant future, is *Representative English Comedies*, edited in five volumes by Professor Charles Mills Gayley of the University of California. The editor expects to include some forty comic plays from Heywood and Sheridan, and he has invited scholars on both sides of the Atlantic to aid him with special essays. Among the British contributors are Mr. A. W. Pollard ("Heywood"), Professor Dowden ("Shakespeare"), Mr. Gollancz ("Dekker"), Mr. Bullen ("Middleton"), Mr. Sidney Lee ("Buckingham"), and Mr. A. W. Ward ("Dryden"). Among the American contributors are Professor G. P. Baker ("Lyly"), Professor Woodberry ("Greene"), Professor Brander Matthews ("Massinger"), Professor Gummere ("Beaumont and Fletcher"), Professor Beers ("Cowley"), Professor G. R. Carpenter ("Steele"), and Professor Gayley ("Sheridan"). The editor has been spending a year of leave in England, making researches at the British Museum. It is not probable that the first volume will be issued before next year.



Arrangements have just been completed with Mr. Will H. Low to illustrate *The Forest of Arden*, which has hitherto formed a part of Mr. Hamil-

Gazette lost no time in replying to this very unfavourable account. The writer, it appears, is a lady who for many years was on close terms of intimacy with George Eliot, and she submits the following interesting description of her :

"How any one—himself looking out of refined eyes—could call George Eliot's features 'coarse,' I cannot for a moment understand. Massive they were, and reminded one in their power of Savonarola ; in their sweetness and thought, of Dante. I have seen her face look perfectly beautiful ; and once I remember—can I forget?—while talking to me with great earnestness and feeling, there was a light and glory on her face that made me think of the transfigured faces on the Mount, and that held me so spellbound with wonder and admiration, that I was never able to recall one word of what she had been saying. I have grieved over this, for she was speaking of what had been nearest her heart in writing her books.

"So very far from being conceited or 'pedantic,' I never knew one more heartfully (*sic*) modest, less self-assertive. Self-knowledge, naturally, she had, and great diffidence—very surprising to me in her. Her wide, kindly tolerance, her lovingness, her maternal compassion for the world's sufferings and wrongs, her readiness to be pleased and amused, were to me most helpful and altogether lovely."

Mr. W. E. Henley recognises in *Dreamers of the Ghetto*, which has just been published by the Messrs. Harper, the work of a man who loves his race, and for his race's sake would like to make literature. He pronounces this new book of Mr. Zangwill's to be a "brave, eloquent, absorbing, and, on the whole, persuasive book, whose author—speaking with a magnanimity and a large and liberal candour not common to his race—tells you as much perhaps as has before been told in modern literature." Mr. Zangwill has himself complained that the Jew has not been adequately represented in literature. In his new book he comes nearer probably to incarnating the essence and substance of the Jew than has any other writer. Yet because of his idealism he is probably not so "reliable," to use his own adjective, as he is convincing. But, as Mr. Henley says, *Dreamers of the Ghetto* "goes far to explain the Jew ; in terms of romance it sets forth not a little of the most romantic, practical, persistent, and immitigable people that the world has known or will ever know. It is, in fact, a Jew of something akin to genius upon Jewry—the unchangeable quantity."

Interesting to collectors of *ex libris* will be the book-plate herewith reproduced, which has recently been designed by Mr. Frank Emanuel for Dr. Hermann Adler, the Chief Rabbi of the Ashkenaz Jewish communities of the British Empire. Dr. Adler, who is in his sixtieth year, is a remarkable man.



He is a ready and fluent public speaker and a gifted conversationalist, whose fund of Talmudical stories is apparently inexhaustible. Dr. Adler is liked and admired by Jews of every shade of thought, notwithstanding the fact that he is opposed to the Zionist movement.

Ibsen's seventieth birthday, which was celebrated on Sunday, March 20th, is satirised, with particular reference to the movement set on foot by Mr. Gosse and Mr. Archer in London, in "A Diary of Progress," published in a recent number of the *Academy*. We give some extracts for the delectation of those who feel that Ibsen-worship is being a little overdone. The drawing reproduced on the next page is also taken from a portrait published by the same periodical.

"*Some time in winter.*—Mr. Gosse remembers that Ibsen's seventieth birthday is imminent, and makes a note of it in his Birthday Presentation memorandum-book.

"*Later.*—Mr. Gosse and Mr. Archer prepare plans for birthday present to the playwright.

"*Later.*—A chosen few are permitted the privilege (*sic*) of subscribing a guinea to the birthday fund.

"*Later.*—An order is given for a silver *ciborium*—a fac-simile of one made for George II.—a silver ladle and a silver cup.

"*Tuesday, March 15th.*—Appearance of the Jubilee Chronological Edition of Ibsen's works at Copenhagen. Introduction by Ibsen, in which he affectionately begs his readers not temporarily to lay aside or skip any single piece, but to master the works—to read and live

your distinction a quarter of a century ago; some of us have but lately come into the range of your genius; but we all alike rejoice in its vital power, and hope for many fresh manifestations of its versatility.' General opinion being that the only English recogniser of Ibsen's force and distinction a quarter of a century ago was Mr. Gosse, readers are disturbed to notice the use of the plural.

"*Sunday, March 20th.*—Ibsen's birthday in Christiania. Arrival of letter from Mr. Archer and Mr. Gosse, accompanied by silver gifts. Ibsen is grateful, but has not the slightest notion what to do with them. Reads letter. Is puzzled. Reads that only £53 11s. could be amassed for him. Is amused, but feels gratitude to Mr. Gosse for discovering him. Special performances of Ibsen's plays on the continent. None in London. Fireworks.

"*Wednesday, March 23d.*—Article by Mr. Gosse in the *Sketch* on the 'Great Norwegian Master.' Reproduction of Ibsen's portrait and Mr. Gosse's autograph. Mr. Gosse tells how one burning summer's day in July, 1871, he entered the principal bookshop in Trondhjem and asked the assistant: 'Have you got such a thing as a living poet in Norway?' In reply

he received a copy of Ibsen's *Digte*. He read it and was deeply moved. It seemed to him that this was a new planet. Hence became the apostle of Ibsen. In 1873 Mr. Archer succeeded him.

"No performance of Ibsen's play in London. No letter from G. B. Shaw. Letters in the *Chronicle* scornful of the Philistinism, inadequacy, and irrelevance of the gifts and letters to Ibsen.

"Reflection 1. Presentations should either be very public or quite private. Reflection 2. Signatures to such presentations should not wander into the daily papers. Reflection 3. Persons prevented from joining in concerted schemes should not write to the papers, but send a private present by parcels post. Reflection 4. Bitter are the abuses of advertisement."



HENRIK IBSEN.

Drawn by Gustav Lerum.

through them—in the order in which they are composed. Readers begin, without skipping, to master the works.

"*Saturday, March 10th.*—The publication in *Chronicle* of letter to subscribers, and letter to Ibsen, both signed by Mr. Archer and Mr. Gosse, and list of subscribers. In the first letter Ibsen is complimented on his executive skill and intellectual intrepidity. 'Some of us,' it continues, 'recognised your force and

Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company will publish in the autumn *Glimpses of Modern German Culture*, by Professor Kuno Francke, of Harvard University, and *Modern French Fiction*, by Professor Benjamin W. Wells, of Sewanee University. Both writers have given evidence of their profound knowledge and thorough grasp of the literary conditions of modern life, and their work is sure to commend itself to the student of literature and to the reader anxious to become conversant with the movements of English and German culture.

An amusing story comes to us from Hungary. It appears that in that coun-

try a ballet was lately produced which was based upon Mr. Rider Haggard's *She*. The author, hearing of the production, wrote asking for some programmes, photographs, etc., and received a reply from the manager of the theatre that he was much shocked at the receipt of this letter, for he, in common with many other citizens of the dual empire, had for months believed that the creator of *She* was dead. Indeed, so the manager said, long obituary notices had appeared in some of their most important papers. Mr. Haggard wrote again that if the obituary notices were in any more translatable language than Magyar, he would be glad to see a few of them, and at the same time he begged that a paragraph might be circulated among the newspapers to the effect that he was very much alive and in the best of health. The last we have heard is that the manager reports that no newspaper will insert the paragraphs, that they decline to credit his statement, and look upon his request as a clever but somewhat unscrupulous attempt to obtain fine advertisements for the ballet



Mr. G. W. Cable has gone to England, where he will stay for some time, and will give readings during his visit. Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will publish immediately his novel, *The Grandisimes*, which many good judges consider his best piece of work. It will contain a short introduction from the pen of Mr. Barrie, between whom and Mr. Cable there is a fast friendship. There is no doubt that English men of letters who have been so hospitably treated in America will do their best to make Mr. Cable's visit agreeable and successful.



There is a prospect of a new and authorised life of Madame Patti being written by a well-known journalist who has for many years been familiar with the musical world.



The report that Mr. Alfred Harmsworth's new monthly magazine is to be sold at six cents is not contradicted, and we now hear that advertisers are to be guaranteed a circulation of the first number of not less than half a million copies.

Mr. Harmsworth has benefited by his journey to Egypt. He has returned full of schemes for new publications, two of which, at least, will see the light this spring. Mr. Harmsworth, in the course of an interview with a novelist the other day, said that competition in newspapers was about to begin in London. He seems to think that there has been no competition hitherto, but that the English newspapers will shortly find themselves obeying the same conditions which govern journalism in New York, where competition is most fierce, and profits are cut down to a minimum. Mr. Harmsworth thinks, by the way, that of all ideal holidays for the literary man, a holiday upon the Nile is the most perfect.



Mr. Steevens, whose *With the Conquering Turk* has just been published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, contemplates two new books upon the Nile this year. He will include in the first his papers which have recently been appearing in the London *Daily Mail*. The second book will deal with Khartoum and his journey there. He, like others who have wandered in Egypt this year, is a firm believer in the country as a camping ground for the literary man.



One of the smartest journalists and most amusing personal writers in London is Mr. W. P. Ryan, whose work is well known not only through his daily notes in the *Sun* (London), but in many of the other papers. Mr. Ryan has published some of his entertaining essays in a volume called *Literary London: Its Lights and Comedies*, which is an inviting title. The best three sketches are, perhaps, "Memories," "Authors I Cannot Take Seriously," and "The New Doom of Narcissus." A great deal of it is intended to be humorous, and it is with this that we are inclined to quarrel. For example, take the following passage, which we choose at random. Is it really funny?

"'Never,' said the spirit above the still wilder din, 'and your face shall be on dusty days even as Paul Dunbar's poetry, and your locks shall be as Walt Whitman's philosophy. Even in the sight of your Golden Girls of all Girls you must be what the Celts call a holy show: in other words, as ugly as the literary morality of George Egerton.'

There is a good deal more of this

kind of matter scattered throughout the volume. A certain timidity also mars Mr. Ryan's impressions. He is perpetually hitting around the nail. Not, you feel, because he cannot hit the head, but because he is afraid to.



Mr. Grant Allen has written an exceedingly interesting *Guide Book* for Americans visiting Europe. This is a new idea, which certainly commends itself as a bright one. A good guide to the European Tour is sadly wanted in America, and no one could write it so well as Mr. Allen.



It is possible that Mr. Phil May's illustrations to *David Copperfield* will be published, first of all, in a portfolio. The idea seems to us an excellent one. Many people do not care for new illustrations to Dickens when they are included in the novelist's works, but a portfolio of drawings, giving us Mr. Phil May's idea of *David Copperfield* and its characters and scenes, should be exceedingly welcome.



We understand that Mr. Mackenzie Bell is collecting materials for a book about Jean Ingelow similar to that which he recently published on Christina Rossetti.



Professor Charles Eliot Norton is to retire from the active duties of the Chair of Fine Arts in Harvard University at the close of the present college year. He is still to continue his lectures on Modern Languages. Notwithstanding his long and varied career, Professor Norton is only in his seventieth year, and is in full vigour. Few men have done better and more unobtrusive service to arts and letters than he, and his personal friendship has been most highly prized by many of the foremost men in Britain and America. The larger public may expect to gain from Professor Norton's leisure what Harvard has lost.



Some years ago Mr. Barrie observed that three writers were using the curiously popular signature "Q." Only one of these has survived—namely, Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch. As Mr. Barrie

prognosticated even then, it seemed as if it were his "to keep," for "Q" is like the competition cups that are only yours for a season, unless you manage to win them three times in succession. It may be said that Mr. Quiller-Couch has been the champion Q since 1890. That Mr. Quiller-Couch has come to stay would seem to be confirmed by the publication, for the first time, of his stories and novels in a uniform edition, now issued in nine volumes by the Messrs. Scribner. The standard excellence of these subscription editions of popular authors of the day is now too well recognised to call for further commendation. The edition, by the way, does not contain his latest story, *Ia*, published two years ago by the same firm in their Ivory Series.



Writing of "Q's" work some half dozen years ago, Mr. Barrie observed that there was evidence in what he had done to believe that he would do for Cornwall what Hardy has done for Dorset, though the methods of the two writers are as unlike as their counties. But, he added, that could only be if in filling his note-book with his little Cornish comedies and tragedies Mr. Quiller-Couch was preparing for more sustained efforts. To be sure, since then we have had from him *The Delectable Duchy*, a book as fine in every way and as deserving of long life as *A Window in Thrums*. We have waited long for the novel which we have been led to understand Mr. Quiller-Couch has been leisurely writing, and now we are told that it is to be finished in July, and may see the light in *Scribner's Magazine*, beginning in January. There is a possibility that Mr. Barrie's new story, *The Celebrated Tommy*, may take this place, but knowing Mr. Barrie's methods to be very slow and uncertain, we think it more likely that "Q's" novel will make its appearance first.



Although the Mr. Quiller-Couch of to-day is the Quiller-Couch of *Dead Man's Rock* (his first book) grown out of recognition, the whole trend of his mind has been evident from the outset. He is a realist, in the sense of being a close observer of the human document. He has none of the pessimistic or cynical tendencies of the age; rather

seems to find that
show the light of
soul burns up-
" even in such an
specimen of hu-
y as "These-an'-
" the subject of
of his *Thoughts and*
s. It is well that
kind of realism
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erature, and in re-
years it has found
uch powerful ex-
it as in the author
ie *Delectable Duchy*.
ate Professor Min-
ho was an ardent
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n, once observed
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ooking back upon
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th of feeling, opu-
of invention, and
ry of expression,
is no man of his
of whom greater
s may more confi-
y be expected.

Recognising "Q's"
ed views of fiction,
y be interesting to
what he once said
lf about the truth
alism. "There is
representation of
said he, "and
presentation. All
evolves an attitude of humility
d nature and the great facts of life.
Hardy, for instance; see how true
In one of his books he tells us that
ows what kind of tree it is he is
ng under at night, merely by the
the wind makes rustling through
aves. There is an indication also of
imble study of nature. But still,
you must *represent*, you cannot get
presentation, as Mr. Howells urges
be done. A writer cannot get
from himself. I believe myself in
neral statement. Each man brings
his own work, and the critics must
his out."



Sincerely yours

A. T. Quiller-Couch

Mr. Quiller-Couch is a young man of thirty-five years of age, and comes of a family whose roots are imbedded through many generations in Cornish soil. Most of his work is true to life, and is founded on present observation and traditions of the past in Cornwall. Especially has he studied the poor people of these parts. He thoroughly agrees with Mr. Thomas Hardy that that class of society is infinitely fresher, more human, and more romantic than the lower middle classes. There is little fear of Mr. Quiller-Couch's being tempted by the story of adventure, as his preference is for the serious novel.



Apropos of the various translations and paraphrases of the *Rubdydyt of Omar Khayyam*, a writer in the *Sketch* has called attention to a curious parallel between a certain well-known passage therein and one of the rarest broadsides illustrated by George Cruikshank. The accompanying illustration is a reduced reproduction of Cruikshank's coloured sheet, which was issued in 1816. Its original price was probably twopence, and what is believed to be the only copy now in existence was sold at the Messrs. Sotheby's last June, with two other song heads, for £26 s. Following are the parallel passages, the first from Edward FitzGerald's translation, the second being the words which accompanied Cruikshank's illustration to "The Brown Jug."

"Well," murmur'd one, "let whoso make or buy,
My Clay with long Oblivion is gone dry:
But fill me with the old familiar juice,
Methinks I might recover by-and-by."

THE BROWN JUG

"Dear Tom, this brown jug that now foams
with mild ale,
Out of which I now drink to sweet Kate of
the vale,
Was once Toby Filpot, a thirsty old soul,
As e'er cracked a bottle or fathomed a bowl;
In boozing about 'twas his pride to excel,
And among jolly toppers he bore off the bell.
It chanced as in dog days he sat at his ease,
In his flower-woven arbour as gay as you
please,
With a friend and a pipe, puffing sorrow
away,
And with honest old stingo was soaking his
clay,

His breath doors of life on
a sudden were shut,
And he died full as big as a
Dorchester butt.
His body when long in the
ground it had lain,
And time unto clay had dis-
solved it again,
A porter found out in his
covert so snug,
And with part of fat Toby he
formed this brown jug.
Now sacred to friendship, to
mirth, and mild ale,
So here's to my lovely sweet
Kate of the vale."

It may be added that
Toby's companion is be-
lieved to be a portrait
of the artist by himself.

⊗

Paris is said to be in
raptures over Ruskin.

It has received *The Stones of Venice* as
a new Apocalypse, and the founda-
tion has been laid for a new cult.
M. Robert de la Sizeranne, French lec-
turer and dilettante in letters, is credited
with discovering the English prophet.
Fifty years seems a long time for Ruskin
to have been on the way to Paris, but,
as one writer has suggested, Ruskin is
not likely to complain, for the prophet
and the people to whom he has come
understand each other marvellously—it
is in Paris that Ruskin's temple will be
built.

⊗

The French are always discovering
something new in the way of popular
amusement, or if they discover some-
thing which is not strictly new, they
give it a novel treatment, which comes
substantially to the same thing. Just
now the Parisians are greatly diverted
by what they call *chansons en crinoline*,
which are being sung at one of the more
frivolous theatres. The songs are the
lackadaisical and sentimental songs
which were popular between 1850 and
1860—that is, in the early years of the
Second Empire, and they are sung in
the costume of that period of immense
hoopskirts and of hair worn low so as to
cover the ears. This in itself would not
be especially amusing, though not devoid
of interest, but Madame Milly Meyer,
who appears in this costume and ren-
ders the songs, carries out the thing in
a fashion that is particularly piquant,
singing the most sentimental passages
with all the nods and shrugs and mean-

ing leers of the modern *gommeuse*, and rendering the most tear-compelling sentiments in a voice breathless with suppressed laughter. The combination is described as being peculiarly incongruous—the *niaiserie* of the past and the *diablerie* of the present. One French journal, in speaking of the manner in which the pathos of one generation becomes the burlesque of the next, expresses the rather improbable wish that the generation after ours might find in the *chanson grise* of the present day nothing worse than what is ludicrous.



Professor Nicholas Murray Butler, whose collected addresses on educational subjects are reviewed on another page, is perhaps at the present time the most conspicuous and influential American specialist in Education. Though still young, he has filled many important offices, and is endowed with a tireless energy which is felt in many and varied departments of intellectual activity. Besides occupying the Chair of Philosophy and Education in Columbia University, and editing the *Educational Review*, he has been President of Teachers' College in this city, President of the National Educational Association, Editor of *Science*, and a member of the New Jersey State Board of Education. He has also found time to interest himself in many important movements of a political nature, some of them indirectly relating to educational matters and some of them looking to general municipal and other reforms. His lectures and addresses before large bodies of educators have had a wide influence in diffusing the most modern views of educational theory; and he has brought out a number of highly valuable works as editor of the Messrs. Scribner's Great Educators Series.



Dr. Butler combines the breadth and liberality of the man of the world with the accurate and scientific training of the most modern scholarship; and the combination is still sufficiently rare to call for especial notice in these days, when knowledge of the world is so often misdirected through lack of special training, and when special training is so often made futile by the narrowness of its provincialism. We are not overfond

ourselves of the high-pressure theories that are getting to be so rife among students of pædagogy and didactics, but we think the reason why these theories, which in themselves often contain so



NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.

much that is good, are nevertheless productive of undoubted harm, is to be found in the fact that they are not controlled and modified by practical knowledge of human nature, and by a saving sense of humour and proportion. It is to men like Dr. Butler that we have to trust to correct the crankiness of those who think that all things can be done by formula, and who narrow both theory and practice down to a vanishing point. The photograph which we here reproduce was taken within the last few weeks by the Messrs. Pach Brothers of this city.



The Gadfly, published last year by Messrs. Henry Holt and Company, has become much talked about both in this country and in England, and its sales are constantly and steadily increasing. During the past month the orders received for it by the publishers have exceeded the previous demand within the same



STEPHEN CRANE IN HIS "DEN" IN ENGLAND.

time, and it is now in its seventh edition here. It has been something of a surprise to learn that the author is a woman, but beyond that fact, and that on account of her husband's ill-health she spends most of her time with him in Italy, nothing definite in the way of information regarding the author can be obtained. Mrs. Voynich is decidedly averse to making public any particulars concerning herself, and no portrait of her can be had. It is said that her husband is a Polish patriot, who was exiled to Siberia, where his health was broken before he made his escape. Mrs. Voynich has certainly written a remarkable book.

A cable despatch from Mr. Stephen Crane, received as we go to press by Mr. Robert Barr, the well-known English novelist, who is at present on a visit to this country, informs us that the author of *The Red Badge of Courage* will sail immediately for New York, so that when this reaches the eye of the reader he will in all probability have reached these shores. Mr. Crane seems to believe that war between Spain and America is inevitable, and notwithstand-

ing his well-nigh fatal expedition as a war correspondent to Cuba on a previous occasion, he is ready for the fray once more. Mr. Crane, by the way, does not live in London, nor is he engaged on a novel of London life, as was stated by a contemporary the other day. He lives in a little Surrey town, about twenty miles out of London, and although he has been hard at work on two novels, neither of them deals with the great English metropolis. Mr. Crane was very despondent about his work for a time, but recently he has regained confidence in himself, and is seriously endeavouring to fulfil his remarkable promise.

A novelty in advertising a play founded on the work of a popular author was recently adopted in Washington during the week of the initial performance of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, dramatised from Ian Maclaren's stories. This was an exhibition in one of the large windows of Messrs. Woodward and Lothrop's store, consisting of the works of the author, photographs and sketches forming the originals of the illustrations, with a background of lithographed playbills.



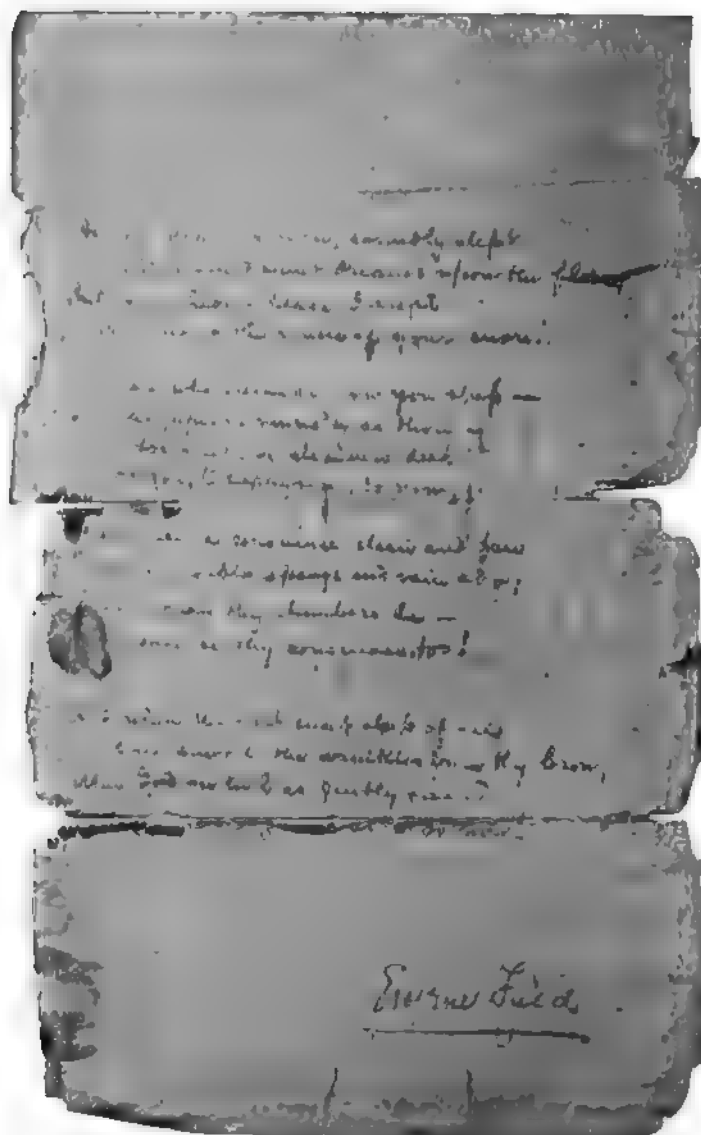
A "BONNIE BRIER BUSH" WINDOW EXHIBIT IN WASHINGTON.

In the centre there was set a model of one of the scenes in the play, made by Mr. Joseph Physioc of this city. The accompanying illustration was taken from a photograph of the window. *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, happily described as a domestic play, was successfully produced at the Lafayette Square Theatre, in Washington, for the first time on March 28th. It was a notable occasion, and the audience present was limited in number only by the dimensions of the house, and in distinction by the people who were not "out of town." One critic describes the play as a picture of *The Old Homestead* framed in Scotch thistle, and with all the purity of treatment, all the simplicity and pathos of that classic of American playwriting, and says that the whole drama is filled to the brim with good influences and earnest work.

It has also been likened to the once popular *Hazel Kirke*, and pronounced in certain respects to be superior in quality to that play.

Mr. J. H. Stoddart, who plays Lachlan Campbell, it is said "does in his old days a bit of acting he has never surpassed in his younger days. He finished an incomplete character sketch, and made it as clear and distinct as a cameo. His emotional work was brilliant, and his quieter scenes perfect in their response. Mr. Charles A. Harbury, too, achieved a triumph. His Dr. Maclure is unequalled as a drawing from book-lore. It is Ian Maclaren's physician to the life, and the nature of the man is clothed in a make-up that makes one forget that pictures do not walk, and look to see if any have escaped

LINCOLN, LAMON, AND EUGENE FIELD.



FAC-SIMILE OF ORIGINAL VERSES BY EUGENE FIELD, NOW PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME.

Three men who loved children, loved them and were beloved by mankind—Abraham Lincoln, Ward Hill Lamon, and Eugene Field.

Eugene Field was a boy when Lincoln was at the height of his greatness. "My recollections of him are reverential and humane and tender," he wrote to Dorothy Lamon, the daughter of

Colonel Lamon, when she announced to him the forthcoming publication of her father's *Recollections** of the martyred President.

Colonel Lamon tells us that, to find relief from the cares of his great office during the most critical periods of the Civil War, Lincoln would call his boys to some quiet spot in the White House, lie down at full length upon the floor, and abandon himself to their fun and frolic as merrily as if he had been of their age.

It was the privilege of the present writer to meet the author of the *Life of Lincoln†* in different parts of the world—in America and in European resorts of health and pleasure. He was a man among men, a gallant admirer of womankind, and the youngsters' fatherly friend. Once, as he spoke of the sad bereavement that befell Lincoln in February, 1862, when the President's son "Willie" died, Colonel Lamon had tears in his eyes, and it was then thirty years since the little one had been laid to rest.

The ancestral log cabins of both Lincoln and Lamon stood in Virginia, but the Lamons did not belong to the "sec-

* *Recollections of Abraham Lincoln (1847-65)*. By Ward Hill Lamon; edited by Dorothy Lamon. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

† *The Life of Abraham Lincoln, from his Birth to his Inauguration as President*. By Ward Hill Lamon. Boston, 1872. James R. Osgood & Co.

ond families," like the Lincolns, according to Old Abe's short autobiography, "written for the benefit of a campaign bookmaker," early in 1860. In 1847 Lamon became the law partner of Lincoln, first at Danville, and afterward at Bloomington. "We rode the circuit together," says Lamon, "travelling by buggy in the dry seasons and on horseback in bad weather, there being no railroads then in that part of the State," . . . "and until the day of Lincoln's death it was my pleasure and good fortune to retain his confidence unshaken, as he retained my affection unbroken." This partnership widened into relations even more confidential when Lincoln became President. "Some days before his departure for Washington (February 11th, 1861), my friend wrote that he desired to see me at once.

"I went to Springfield, and Mr. Lincoln said to me: 'Hill, on the 11th I go to Washington, and I want you to go along with me. Our friends have already asked me to send you as Consul to Paris. You know I would cheerfully give you anything for which our friends may ask or which you may desire, but it looks as if we might have war. In that case I want you with me. In fact, I must have you. So get yourself ready and come along. It will be handy to have you around. If there is to be a fight, I want you to help me to do my share of it, as you have done in times past. You must go, and go to stay.'"

Lamon was made Marshal of the District of Columbia, the rank of Colonel was conferred upon him, but his scope of usefulness was infinitely greater. He not only helped his friend "to do his share in the fight," but more than once risked his life to carry out the President's secret orders. Designated Marshal of the District of Columbia, he was in reality Lincoln's bodyguard—the man who saved the President from his friends and from his enemies from February 11th, 1861, until April 11th, 1865, three days before the bullet of the assassin struck down Lincoln.

Talking to J. P. Usher, his Secretary of the Interior, after giving Colonel Lamon a pass to go to Richmond on business of the administration on that fatal April 11th, Lincoln said: "This boy (meaning Lamon, then thirty-eight years old) is a monomaniac on the subject of my safety. I can hear him, or hear of his being around, at all hours of the night, to prevent somebody from murdering me. He thinks I shall be

killed; he is going crazy." He added: "What does any one want to assassinate me for? If any one wants to do so, he can do it any day or night, if he is ready to give his life for mine. It is nonsense."

Mr. Usher said: "Mr. Lincoln, it is well to listen and give heed to Lamon. He is thrown among people that give him opportunities to know more about such matters than we can know."

Lamon renewed his request. "Promise me, Mr. President," he said, "that you will not go out after night while I am gone, particularly not to the theatre."

"Well," replied Lincoln, "I promise to do the best I can toward it." He then shook his friend cordially by the hand, and said, "Good-bye. God bless you, Hill!"

Colonel Lamon told the writer at Kissingen, in 1892, that on that April 11th, as always when he was away from Lincoln, he felt that the President's life was in imminent danger. "I departed for Richmond, which had been occupied by the Federal troops for a week, with even graver forebodings than I felt at any time during my diplomatic mission to Charleston, at the end of March, 1861, and then, you must know, I was marching into the very belly of death. Indeed, when Mr. Lincoln selected me for this mission to the capital of the State, which had been the pioneer in all the haughty and stupendous work of rebellion, Mr. Seward said, 'But, Mr. President, I greatly fear that you are sending Lamon to his grave—they will kill him in Charleston.' Mr. Lincoln replied, 'I have known Lamon to be in many a close place, and he has never been in one that he didn't get out of. By Jing! I'll risk him. Go, Lamon, and God bless you!'

"In explanation of my feelings of apprehension," continued Colonel Lamon, "I should add that I was one of those intimate friends of Lincoln who believed in his premonition of a violent death. The President felt for many years that he was destined to fall a victim to assassination. He often dreamt of his bloody end, and I know that his life was attempted three times before the fatal April day—on the way to Washington, February, 1861, in August, 1862, and during the ceremonies of his second inauguration,

"The story of Lincoln's clandestine journey from Philadelphia to Washington during the night of February 23d is a matter of historical record. The President-elect yielded to the solicitations of his friends under protest. Neither he nor the country understood at the time the true facts concerning the danger he was running. Here," continued Colonel Lamon, taking a bundle of printer's proofs from his desk, "is Lincoln's own testimony concerning the attempt upon his life in August, 1862. I jotted it down immediately after my conversation with the President, and, as you see, it is about ready to be published."

During those exciting times in Washington, the President often slept at Colonel Lamon's house, and the two men were much in each other's society when Mr. Lincoln was not engaged with members of his Cabinet or other well-known friends—"almost constantly, unless Lincoln gave me the slip," said Lamon to me. "A stranger to fear, he often eluded my vigilance, and before his absence could be noticed would be well on his way to his summer residence, alone and at night." This led to disagreements between the friends, and once, about Christmas, 1864, Lamon tendered his resignation, whereupon Lincoln had a good laugh, invited "Hill" to spend the day with him, and promised "to sit on his lap from sundown to sunset thereafter."

Abraham Lincoln's quondam bosom friend and Eugene Field met in Denver, Col., in the late seventies, and their acquaintance soon ripened into friendship. There was indeed "much in common between the two men," as the poet writes in that beautiful letter here reproduced. All he said about his friend applied with equal truth to him who penned the unconscious eulogy:

"I have in admiring and affectionate remembrance his keen and vigorous intellect, his wide culture, and the cordiality of his generous, thoughtful nature. I recall with pleasure the very many delightful hours we spent together. . . . He was a great, good, and gracious man, God rest him! . . . You are lonely without him; but you should not wish him called back again from that sweet companionship in eternity which he is enjoying now."

And again in another letter:

"(He) had a particularly noble expression, a look of commingled magnanimity, boldness, candour, and high breeding. These portraits

do not convey that serenely noble expression as I recall it; yet how is it possible for any human art to preserve to us the tender, admirable, solacing qualities of those we love?"

Does not this read like a posthumous estimate of the bard of Buena Park?

Besides the harmony of sentiments, there were other bonds of sympathy between the two men. Field was a rising journalist, a man of humour, a poet who promised great things—gifts which no one appreciated more fully than the accomplished Lamon. They were one in their love of "Little Boy Blue," in tender regard for woman, in the appreciation of song. The *Recollections* say that Lamon "often startled Lincoln from his melancholy by striking up a comic air and pushing hilarity to extremes." Small wonder that he was a hearty admirer of Field's muse, perhaps the earliest, surely the most distinguished. Besides, the elder man was a perfect mine of information. Field was a mere boy when this country went through its greatest crisis; it meant much to him, then one of the editors of the *Denver Tribune*, to be informed on the great national question, to study the history of the war, and of the martyred President with one who had seen much of both.

In those Denver days Field used to "drop in" on Lamon whenever he had an hour to spare, and on one of those occasions found his friend asleep on the floor. It was a habit the Colonel had. Most probably he acquired it through his association with Lincoln, who was very fond of taking a nap in that fashion. Lincoln was six feet four in height, and Lamon half an inch taller. Both may have experienced difficulty in finding beds and lounges suited to their length.

Field waited ten, fifteen, twenty minutes. Lamon slept on. He might continue to snore for another hour—longer than the poet-editor could afford to remain away from his office. Finally Field sat down and pencilled these verses on a piece of yellow paper (for fac-simile see page 200) that he found on the table:

"As you, dear Lamon, soundly slept
And dreamed sweet dreams upon the floor,
Into your hiding-place I crept
And heard the music of your snore.

"A man who sleeps as now you sleep—
Who pipes as music'ly as thou—
Who loses self in slumbers deep
As you, O happy man, do now,

Dear Miss Lamon: I have with deep sorrow of the death of your dear father. Ten years have elapsed since I last saw him, but I have in memory and affectionate remembrance his keen and vigorous intellect, his wide culture and the cordiality of his generous, thoughtful nature. I could with pleasure the very many delightful hours we spent together, for there was much in common between us - and I remember very distinctly the afternoon in Cambridge when I wrote those verses which he kept. He was a great, good and generous man - And rest him!

Dear Miss Lamon, you are kindly with him; but you should not with him called back again from that sweet companionship in which he was so engaging now. It seems he is very long before

you and I will go whither he has already gone, meanwhile he is held by the thought of his great happiness. I have a copy of your father's life of Lincoln with a long and most complimentary introduction. I should like a further souvenir - either something that Lincoln gave you father, or some little copy of "Hornet" that your father read and loved. Such things are prized by me. Your letter, which reaches me very deeply, about his minutes at war is the life of Lincoln. With all affectionate sympathy, I am always, sincerely yours,

Eugene Field.

Chicago, May the 14th, 1893.

FAC-SIMILE OF LETTER FROM EUGENE FIELD TO MISS DOROTHY LAMON ON THE DEATH OF HER FATHER.

" Must have a conscience clear and free
From troublous pangs and vain ado;
So ever may thy slumbers be—
So ever be thy conscience, too !

" And when the last, sweet sleep of all
Shall smoothe the wrinkles from thy brow,
May God on high as gently guard
Thy slumbering soul as I do now."

It was the work of ten minutes. He pinned the sheet to the lapel of Colonel Lamon's coat and quietly walked out.

On May 7th, 1893, some fifteen years after this episode, an old man lay dying in a fine old colonial mansion in the little town of Martinsburg, W. Va. Colonel Lamon was bright, happy, and well—"his own cheerful self," as his daughter puts it—up to about sixteen hours before his demise. Then he lost the power of speech, but, says this same chronicler, "I am sure he was conscious to the last moment of his life, for I knelt by his side and looked into his eyes for those sixteen hours, and there was every evidence that his mind was clear. During this long watch I was so stunned that I could not even utter a prayer to comfort my father's soul; but just before the end came the last lines of a lit-

tle poem he loved came to me like an inspiration :

" ' And when the last sweet sleep of all
Shall smoothe the wrinkles from thy brow,
May God on high as gently guard
Thy slumbering soul as I do now.'

" These were the last words my father heard on earth. He died at 11 o'clock on the night of May 7th, 1893."

Before she retired that night Dorothy Lamon wrote to Eugene Field announcing her father's death, and telling him of the good use she had made of his beautiful benediction. The poet's response (reproduced above) is among her dearest treasures.

And well it may be. That letter is a classic, alike dignifying the writer and the friend of whom he wrote.

"It cannot be so very long before you and I will go whither he has already gone," wrote the author of *Songs of Childhood* in this letter dated May 14th, 1893; and on November 5th, 1895, the world of letters lost one of its shining ornaments, humanity its natural champion.

Henry W. Fischer.

THE LONE OF SOUL.

The world has many lovers, but the one
She loves the best is he within whose heart
She but half-reigning queen and mistress is,
Whose lonely soul forever stands apart.

Who from her face will ever turn away,
Who but half-hearing listens to her voice,
Whose heart beats to her passion, but whose soul
Within her presence never will rejoice.

What land has let the dreamer from its gates,
What face beloved hides from him away ?
A dreamer outcast from some world of dreams—
He goes forever lonely on his way.

The wedded body and the single soul,
Beside his mate he shall most mateless stand,
Forever to dream of that unseen face—
Forever to sigh for that enchanted land.

Like a great pine upon some alpine height,
Torn by the winds and bent beneath the snow,
Half overthrown by icy avalanche,
The lone of soul throughout the world must go.

Alone among his kind he stands alone,
Torn by the passions of his own strange heart,
Stoned by continual wreckage of his dreams,
He in the crowd forever is apart.

Like the great pine that rocking no sweet nest,
Swings no young birds to sleep upon the bough,
But where the raven only comes to croak—
“ There lives no man more desolate than thou ! ”

So goes the lone of soul amid the world—
No love upon his breast, with singing, cheers ;
But sorrow builds her home within his heart,
And nesting there will rear her brood of tears.

Dora Sigerson Shorter.

JOHN SPLENDID.

THE TALE OF A POOR GENTLEMAN, AND THE LITTLE WARS OF LORN.*

BY NEIL MUNRO, THE AUTHOR OF "THE LOST PIBROCH."

CHAPTER XII.

"I wish to God!" cried John Splendid, "that I had a drink of Altan-aluin at this minute, or the well of Beallach-an-uarain."

It was my own first thought, or something very like it, when the fighting was by, for a most cruel thirst crisped my palate, and, as ill luck had it, there was not a cup of water in the fort.

"I could be doing with a drop myself," said the English minister; "I'll take a stoup and go down to the well yonder and fetch it."

He spoke of the spout in the gut, a clean little well of hill-water that, winter or summer, kept full to the lip and accessible.

We had gathered into the fort itself (all but a few sentinels), glad for a time to escape the sight of yon shambles of friend and foe that the battle had left us. The air had softened of a sudden from its piercing cold to a mildness balmy by comparison; the sky had leadened over with a menacing vapour, and over the water—in the great glen between Ben lme and Ardnò—a mist hurried to us like driving smoke. A few flakes of snow fell, lingering in the air as feathers from a nest in spring.

"Here's a friend of Argile back again," said an old halberdier, staunching a savage cut on his knee, and mumbling his words because he was chewing as he spoke an herb that's the poultice for every wound.

"Frost and snow might have been Argile's friend when that proverb was made," said John Splendid, "but here are changed times; our last snow did not keep Colkitto on the safe side of Cladich. Still, if this be snow in earnest," he added with a cheerier tone, "it may rid us of these vermin, who'll find provand iller to get every extra day they bide. Where are you going, Master Gordon?"

"To the well," said the minister,

simply, stopping at the port, with a wooden stoup in his hand. "Some of our friends must be burning for a mouthful, poor dears; the wounded flesh is drouthy."

John turned himself round on a keg he sat on, and gave a French shrug he had picked up among foreign cavaliers.

"Put it down, sir," he said; "there's a wheen less precious lives in this hold than a curate's, and for the turn you did us in coming up to alarm us of the back attack, if for nothing else, I would be sorry to see you come to any skaith. Do you not know that between us and the well there might be death half a dozen times? The wood, I'll warrant, is hotching still with those disappointed warriors of Clanranald, who would have no more reverence for your life than for your Geneva bands."

"There's no surer cure for the disease of death in a hind than for the same murrain in a minister of the Gospel—or a landed gentleman," said Gordon, touched in his tone a little by the austerity of his speeches as we heard them at the kirk-session.

John showed some confusion in his face, and the minister had his feet on the steps before he could answer him.

"Stop, stop!" he cried. "Might I have the honour of serving the Kirk for once? I'll get the water from the well, minister, if you'll go in again and see how these poor devils of ours are thriving. I was but joking when I hinted at the risk; our Athole gentry are, like enough, far off by this time."

"I liked you better when you were selfish and told the truth, than now that you're valiant (in a small degree) and excuse it with a lie," quo' the minister, and off he set.

He was beyond the wall, and stepping down the brae before we could be out at the door to look after him.

"Damn his nipped tongue!" fumed John. "But, man! there's a lovable quirk in his character, too. I'll give

twenty pounds (Scots) to his kirk-plate at the first chance if he wins out of this fool's escapade of his without injury."

There was no doubt the minister's task had many hazards in it, for he carried stave nor steel as he jogged on with the stoup, over the frank open brae-side, down to the well. Looking at him going down into the left of the gut as unafraid as he had come up on the right of it, I put myself in his place, and felt the skin of my back pimpling at the instinct of lurking enemies.

But Gordon got safely to the well, through the snow, now falling in a heavy shower, dipped out a stoupful, and turned about to come home. A few yards off his path back, to the right and closer to the wood, lay the only man of all the bodies lying in the valley who seemed to have any life left in him. This fellow lay on his side, and was waving his hands feverishly when the minister went up to him, and—as we saw in a dim way through the snow—gave him a drink of the water from the lip of the stoup.

"Sassenach fool!" said young MacLachlan, parched with thirst, gathering in with a scooped hand the snow as it fell on the wall, and gluttonously sucking it.

"There are many kinds of folly, man," said I; "and I would think twice before I would grudge a cleric's right to give a mouthful of water to a dying man, even if he was a MacDonald on his way to the Pit."

"Tuts, tuts! Elrigmore," cried John, "let the young cock crow; he means no more than that it's hard to be hungry and see your brother feed a foeman. Indeed I could be wishing myself that his reverence was the Good Samaritan on a more fitting occasion."

We were bandying words now, and not so closely watching our friend in the hollow, and it was Sir Donald, standing to a side a little, who called our attention anew, with a cry of alarm.

"Look, lads, look!" he cried, "God help Gordon!"

We looked through the snow—a gray veil—and saw two or three men fall on the minister.

John Splendid but stopped a second to say, "It may be a feint to draw us off the fort; bide where ye are," and then he leaped over the wall, armed with a claymore picked from the haunch

of a halberdier beside him. I was over at his heels, and the pair of us scoured down the brae.

There was some hazard in the enterprise. I'm ashamed to this day to tell I thought that, at every foot of the way as we ran on. Never before nor since have I felt a wood so sinister, so ghastly, so inspired by dreadful airs, and when it was full on our flank, I kept my head half turned to give an eye to where I was going and an eye to what might come out on my rear. People tell you fear takes wings at a stern climax, that a hot passion fills the brain with blood and the danger blurs to the eye. It's a theory that works but poorly on a forlorn hope, with a certainty that the enemy are outnumbering you on the rear. With man and ghost, I have always felt the same; give me my back to the wall, and I could pluck up valour enough for the occasion, but there's a spot between the shoulders that would be coward flesh in Hector himself. That, I'm thinking, is what keeps some armies from turning tail to heavy odds.

Perhaps the terror behind (John swore anon he never thought on't till he learned I had, and then he said he felt it worse than I) gave our approach all the more impetuosity, for we were down in the gut before the MacDonald loiterers (as they proved) were aware of our coming. We must have looked unco numerous and stalwart in the driving snow, for the scamps dashed off into the wood as might children caught in a mischief. We let them go, and bent over our friend, lying with a very gash look by the body of the MacDonald, now in the last throes, a bullet-wound in his neck and the blood frothing at his mouth.

"Ar't hurt, sir?" asked John, bending on a knee, but the minister gave no answer.

We turned him round and found no wound but a bruise on the head, that showed he had been attacked with a cudgel by some camp-followers of the enemy, who had neither swords, nor reverence for a priest who was giving a brotherly sup to one of their own tartan. In that driving snow we rubbed him into life again, cruelly pallid, but with no broken bit about him.

"Where's my stoup?" were his first words; "my poor lads upbye must be wearying for water." He looked

pleased to see the same beside him where he had set it down, with its water untouched, and then he cast a wae glance on the dead man beside him.

"Poor wretch, poor wretch!" said he.

We took the stoup and our minister up to the summit, and had got him but safely set there when he let out what gave me the route again from Dunchuach, and led to divers circumstances that had otherwise never come into this story if story there was, which I doubt there had never been. Often I've thought me since how pregnant was that Christian act of Gordon in giving water to a foe. Had I gone, or had John gone for the stoup of water, none of us, in all likelihood, had stirred a foot to relieve yon enemy's drouth; but he found a godly man, though an austere one too on occasion, and paid for the cup of water with a hint in broken English that was worth all the gold in the world to me. Gordon told us the man's dying confidence whenever he had come to himself a little more in the warmth of the fort fire.

"There's a woman and child," said he, "in the wood of Strongara."

CHAPTER XIII.

When the English minister, in his odd lalland Scots, had told us this tale of the dying MacDonald, I found for the first time my feeling to the daughter of the Provost of Inverara. Before this the thought of her was but a pleasant engagement for the mind at leisure moments; now it flashed on my heart with a stound that yon black eyes were to me the dearest jewels in the world, that lacking her presence these glens and mountains were very cold and empty. I think I gave a gasp that let John Splendid into my secret there and then; but at least I left him no doubt about what I would be at.

"What's the nearer way to Strongara?" I asked, "alongside the river, or through Tombreck?"

He but peered at me oddly a second under his brows—a trifle wistfully, though I might naturally think his mood would be quizzical, then he sobered in a moment. That's what I loved about the man; a fool would have laughed at the bravado of my notion, a

man of thinner sentiment would have marred the moment by pointing out difficulties.

"So that's the airt the wind's in!" he said, and then he added, "I think I could show you, not the shortest, but the safest road."

"I need no guidance," I cried in a hurry, "only—"

"Only a friend who knows every wood in the countryside, and has your interest at heart, Colin," he said softly, putting a hand on my elbow and gripping it in a homely way. It was the first time he gave me my Christian name since I made his acquaintance.

His company was not to be denied.

We made up some bear-meal bannocks, and a collop of boiled venison in a *dorlach* or knapsack that I carried on my back, borrowed plaids from some of the common soldiery, and set out for Strongara at the mouth of the night, with the snow still driving over the land.

MacLachlan was for with us, but John turned on him with a great deal of determination, and dared him to give extra risk to our enterprise by adding another man to the chance of the enemy seeing us.

The lad met the objection ungraciously, and John took to his flattery.

"The fact is, MacLachlan," said he, taking him aside with a hand on his lapel, and a show of great confidence; "the fact is, we can't be leaving this place in charge of a lot of old *bodachs*—Sir Donald the least able of them all—and if there's another attack the guidance of the defence will depend on you. You may relish that or you may not, perhaps, after all, you would be safer with us—"

MacLachlan put up his chest an inch or two, unconscious that he did it, and whistled a stave of music to give evidence of his indifference. Then he knitted his brows to cogitate, as it were, and—

"Very well!" said he. "If you come on my coz, you'll bring her back here, or to the castle, I suppose?"

"I had no thought of running away with the lass, I'll take my oath," cried John, sticking his tongue in the cheek nearest me.

"I wish I could fathom yon fellow's mind," I said to my comrade as we stepped out through the snow and into

the wooded brae-side, keeping a wary eye about for spies of the enemy, whose footprints we came on here and there, but so faint in the fresh snowfall that it was certain they were now in the valley.

"Do you find it difficult?" asked John. "I thought a man of schooling, with Latin at his tongue's-end (though very indifferent Latin in the minister's opinion) would see to the deepest heart of MacLachlan."

"He's crafty."

"So's the polecat till the fox meets him. Tuts, man, you have a singular jealousy of the creature."

"Since the first day I saw him."

John laughed.

"That was in the Provost's," quo' he, and he hummed a French song I caught the meaning of but slightly.

"Wrong, wrong!" said I, striding under the trees as we slanted to the right for Tombreck. "His manner is provoking."

"I've seen him polish it pretty well for the ladies."

"His temper's always on the boil."

"Spirit, man; spirit! I like a fellow of warmth now and then."

"He took it most ungraciously when we put him out of the Provost's house on the night of the squabble in the town."

"It was an awkward position he was in. I'd have been a bit blackbrowed about it myself," said John. "Man! it's easy to pick holes in the character of an unfriend, and you and MacLachlan are not friendly, for one thing that's not his fault any more than yours."

"You're talking of the girl," I said, sharply, and not much caring to show him how hot my face burned at having to mention her.

"That same," said he; "I'll warrant that if it wasn't for the girl (the old tale! the old tale!), you had thought the young sprig not a bad gentleman, after all."

"Oh, damn his soul!" I blurted out. "What is he that he should pester his betters with his attentions?"

"A cousin, I think, a simple cousin-german they tell me," said John, drily; "and in a matter of betters, now—eh?"

My friend coughed on the edge of his plaid, and I could swear he was laughing at me. I said nothing for a while, and with my skin burning, led the way

at a hunter's pace. But John was not done with the subject.

"I'm a bit beyond the age of it myself," he said; "but that's no reason why I shouldn't have eyes in my head. I know how much put about you are to have this young fellow gallivanting round the lady."

"Jealous, you mean," I cried.

"I didn't think of putting it that way."

"No; it's too straightforward a way for you—ever the roundabout way for you. I wish to God you would sometimes let your Campbell tongue come out of the kink, and say what you mean."

With a most astonishing steady voice for a man as livid as the snow on the hair of his brogues, and with his hand on the hilt of his dirk, John cried—

"Stop a bit."

I faced him in a most unrighteous humour, ready to quarrel with my shadow.

"For a man I'm doing a favour to, Elrigmore," he said, "you seem to have a poor notion of politeness. I'm willing to make some allowance for a lover's tirravee about a woman who never made tryst with him; but I'll allow no man to call down the credit of my clan and name."

A pair of gowks, were we not, in that darkening wood, quarrelling on an issue as flimsy as a spider's web, but who will say it was not human nature? I daresay we might have come to hotter words and bloody blows there and then, but for one of the trifles that ever come in the way to change—not fate, for that's changeless, but the semblance of it.

"My mother herself was a Campbell of an older family than yours," I started to say, to show I had some knowledge of the breed, and at the same time a notion of fairness to the clan.

This was fresh heather on the fire.

"Older!" he cried; "she was a MacVicar as far as ever I heard; it was the name she took to kirk with her when she married your father."

"So," said I; "but—"

"And though I allow her grandfather Dol-a-mhonadh (Donald-of-the-Hills) was a Campbell, it was in a roundabout way; he was but the son of one of the Craignish gentry."

"You yourself—"

"Sir!" said he in a new tone, as cold

as steel and as sharp, misjudging my intention.

"You yourself are no more than a M'Iver."

"And what of that?" he cried, cooling down a bit. "The M'Ivers of Ask-nish are in the direct line from Duncan, Lord of Lochow. We had Pennymore, Stronshira, and Glenaray as cadets of Clan Campbell when your Craignish cross-breeds were under the salt."

"Only by the third cousin," said I; "my father has told me over and over again that Duncan's son had no heir."

And so we went into all this perplexity of Highland pedigree like old wives at a waulking, forgetting utterly that what we began to quarrel about was the more serious charge of lying. M'Iver was most frantic about the business, and I think I was cool, for I was never a person that cared a boddle about my history by the second generation. They might be lairds or they might be lackeys for all the differ it made to me. Not that there were any lackeys among them. My grandfather was the grandson of Tormaid Mor, who held the whole east side of Lochow from Ford to Sonachan, and we had at home the four-posted bed that Tormaid slept on when the heads of the house of Argile were lying on white-hay or chaff.

At last John broke into a laugh.

"Aren't you the *amadan* to be biting the tongue between your tēeth?" he said.

"What is it?" I asked, constrained to laugh too.

"You talk about the crook in our Campbell tongue in one breath," said he, "and in the next you would make yourself a Campbell more sib to the chief than I am myself. Don't you think we might put off our little affairs of family history till we find a lady and a child in Strongara?"

"No more of it, then," said I. "Our difference began on my fool's notion that because I had something of what you would call a liking for this girl, no one else should let an eye light on her."

By now we were in a wide glade in the Tombreck wood. On our left we could see lying among the gray snow the house of Tombreck, with no light nor lowe (as the saying goes); and though we knew better than to expect there might be living people in it, we sped down to see the place.

"There's one chance in a million she might have ventured here," I said.

A most melancholy dwelling! Dwelling indeed no more but for the hoodycrow, and for the fawn of the hill that years after I saw treading over the grass-grown lintel of its door. To-night the place was full of empty airs and ghosts of sounds inexplicable, wailing among the cabars that jutted black and scarred mid-way from wall to wall. The byre was in a huddle of damp thatch, and strewn (as God's my judge) by the bones of the cattle the enemy had refused to drive before them in the sauciness of their glut. A desolate garden slept about the place, with bush and tree—once tended by a family of girls, left orphan and desolate for evermore.

We went about on tiptoes as it might be in a house of the dead, and peeped in at the windows at where had been chambers lit by the cheerful cruise or dancing with peat-fire flame—only the dark was there, horrible with the odours of char, or the black joist against the dun sky. And then we went to the front door (for Tombreck was a gentle-house), and found it still on the hinges, but hanging half back to give view to the gloomy interior. It was a spectacle to chill the heart, a house burned in hatred, the hearth of many songs and the chambers of love, merrymaking, death, and the children's feet, robbed of every interest but its ghosts and the memories of them they came to.

"It were useless to look here; she is not here," I said in a whisper to my comrade.

He stood with his bonnet in his hand, dumb for a space, then speaking with a choked utterance.

"Our homes, our homes, Colin!" he cried. "Have I not had the happy nights in those same walls, those harmless hospitable halls, those dead halls?"

And he looked broadcast over the country-side.

"The curse of Conan and the black-stones on the hands that wrought this work," he said. "Poison to their wells; may the brutes die far afield!"

The man was in a tumult of grief and passion, the tears, I knew by his voice, welling to his eyes. And indeed I was not happy myself, had not been happy indeed, by this black home, even if the girl I loved was waiting me at the turn of the road.

"Let us be going," I said at last.

"She might be here; she might be in the little plantation!" he said (and still in the melancholy and quiet of the place we talked in whispers).

"Could you not give a call, a signal?" he asked; and I had mind of the call I had once taught her, the doleful pipe of the curlew.

I gave it with hesitancy to the listening night. It came back an echo from the hills, but brought no other answer.

A wild bird roosting somewhere in the ruined house flapped out by the door and over us. I am not a believer in the ghostly—at least to the extent of some of our people; but I was alarmed, till my reason came to me and the badinage of the professors at college, who had twitted me on my fears of the mischancy. But M'Iver clutched me by the shoulder in a frenzy of terror. I could hear his teeth chattering as if he had come out of the sea.

"Name of God!" he cried. "What was yon?"

"But a night-hag," said I.

He was ashamed of his weakness; but the night, as he said, had too many holes in it for his fancy.

And so we went on again across the hill-face in the sombre gloaming. It was odd that the last time I had been on this hillside had been for a glimpse of that same girl we sought to-night. Years ago, when I was a lad, she had on a summer been sewing with a kinswoman in Carlunan, the mill croft beside a linn of the river, where the salmon plout in a most wonderful profusion, and I had gone at morning to the hill to watch her pass up and down in the garden of the mill, or feed the pigeons at the round doo-cot, content (or well-nigh content) to see her and fancy the wind in her tresses, the song at her lip. In these mornings the animals of the hill and the wood and I were friendly; they guessed somehow, perhaps, no harm was in my heart: the young roes came up unafraid, almost to my presence, and the birds fluttered like comrades about me, and the little animals that flourish in the wild dallied boldly in my path. It was a soft and tranquil atmosphere, it was a world (I think now), very happy and unperplexed. And at evening, after a hurried meal, I was off over the hills to this brae anew, to watch her who gave me

an unrest of the spirit, unappeasable but precious. I think, though the mornings were sweet, 'twas the eve that was sweeter still. All the valley would be lying soundless and sedate, the hills of Salachary and the forest of Creag Dubh purpling in the setting sun, a rich gold tipping Dunchuach like a thimble. Then the eastern woods filled with dark caverns of shade, wherein the tall trunks of the statelier firs stood gray as ghosts. What was it, in that precious time, gave me, in the very heart of my happiness, a foretaste of the melancholy of coming years? My heart would swell, the tune upon my lip would cease, my eyes would blur foolishly, looking on that prospect most magic and fine. Rarely, in that happy age, did I venture to come down and meet the girl, but—so contrary is the nature of man!—the day was happier when I worshipped afar, though I went home fuming at my own lack of spirit.

To-day, my grief! how different the tale! That bygone time loomed upon me like a wave borne down on a mariner on a frail raft, the passion of the past ground me inwardly in a numb pain.

We stumbled through the snow, and my comrade—good heart!—said never a word to mar my meditation. On our right, the hill of Meall Ruadh rose up like a storm-cloud ere the blackest of the night fell; we walked on the edges of the plantations, surmising our way by the aid of the gray snow around us.

It was not till we were in the very heart of Strongara wood that I came to my reason and thought what folly was this to seek the wanderer in such a place in dead of night. To walk that ancient wood, on the coarse and broken ground, among fallen timber, bog, bush, water-pass, and hillock, would have tried a sturdy forester by broad day; it was, to us weary travellers, after a day of sturt, a madness to seek through it at night for a woman and child, whose particular concealment we had no means of guessing.

M'Iver, natheless, let me flounder through that perplexity for a time, fearful, I suppose, to hurt my feelings by showing me how little I knew of it, and finally he hinted at three cairns he was acquaint with, each elevated somewhat over the general run of the country, and if not the harbourage a refugee would

make for, at least the most suitable coign to overlook the Strongara wood.

"Lead me anywhere, for God's sake!" said I; "I'm as helpless as a mowdie on the sea-beach."

He knew the wood as he knew his own pocket, for he had hunted it many times with his cousin, and so he led me briskly, by a kind of natural path, to the first cairn. Neither there nor at the second did I get answer to my whistle.

"We'll go up on the third," said John, "and bide there till morning; scouring a wood in this fashion is like hunting otters in the deep sea."

We reached the third cairn when the hour was long past midnight. I piped again in vain, and having ate part of our collop, we set us down to wait the dawn. The air, for mid-winter, was almost congenial; the snow fell no longer, the north part of the sky was wondrous clear and even jubilant with star.

CHAPTER XIV.

I woke with a shiver at the hour before dawn, that strange hour when the bird turns on the bough to change his dream, when the wild-cat puts out his tongue to taste the air and curls more warmly into his own fur, when the leaf of the willows gives a tremor in the most airless morning. M'Iver breathed heavily beside me, rolled in his plaid to the very eyes; but the dumb cry of the day in travail called him, too, out of the chamber of sleep, and he turned on his back with a snatch of a soldier's drill on his lips, but without opening his eyes.

We were on the edge of a glade of the wood, at the watershed of a small burn that tinkled among its ice along the ridge from Tombreck, dividing close beside us, half of it going to Shira Glen and half to Aora. The tall trees stood over us like sentinels, coated with snow in every bough, a cool crisp air fanned me, with a hint in it, somehow, of a smouldering wood-fire. And I heard close at hand the call of an owl, as like the whimper of a child as ever howlet's vesper mocked. Then to my other side, my plaid closer about me, and to my dreaming anew.

It was the same whimper waked me a second time, now too prolonged to be an owl's complaint, and I sat upright to listen. It was now daybreak. A faint gray light brooded among the tree-tops.

"John! John!" I said in my companion's ear, shaking his shoulder.

He stood to his feet in a blink, wide awake, fumbling at his sword-belt as a man at hurried wakings on foreign shores.

"What is it?" he asked, in a whisper.

I had no need to answer him, for anew the child's cry rose in the wood—sharp, petulant, hungry. It came from a thick clump of undergrowth to the left of our night's lodging, not sixty yards away, and in the half-light of the morning had something of the eerie about it.

John Splendid crossed himself ere he had mind of his present creed, and "God sain us!" he whispered; "have we here banshee or warlock?"

"I'll warrant we have no more than what we seek," said I, with a joyous heart, putting my tartan about me more orderly, and running a hand through my hair.

"I've heard of unco uncanny things assume a wean's cry in a wood," said he, very dubious in his aspect.

I laughed at him, and "Come away, 'ille," I said; "here's the Provost's daughter." And I was hurrying in the direction of the cry.

M'Iver put a hand on my shoulder.

"Canny, man, canny; would ye enter a lady's chamber (even the glade of the wood) without tirling at the pin?"

We stopped, and I softly sounded my curlew-call—once, twice, thrice.

The echo of the third time had not ceased on the hill when out stepped Betty. She looked miraculous tall and thin in the haze of the dawn, with the aspiring firs behind her, pallid at the face, wearied in her carriage, and torn at her kirtle by whin or thorn. The child clung at her coats, a ruddy brat, with astonishment stilling its whimper.

For a little the girl half misdoubted us, for the wood behind us and the still sombre west left us in a shadow, and there was a tremor in her voice as she challenged in English—

"Is that you, Elrigmore?"

I went forward at a bound, in a stupid rapture that made her shrink in alarm; but M'Iver lingered in the rear, with more discretion than my relations to the girl gave occasion for.

"Friends! oh, am not I glad to see you?" she said simply, her wan face lighting up. Then she sat down on a hillock and wept in her hands. I gave

her awkward comfort, my wits for once failing me, my mind in a confusion, my hands, to my own sense, seeming large, coarse, and in the way. Yet to have a finger on her shoulder was a thrill to the heart, to venture a hand on her hair was a passionate indulgence.

The bairn joined in her tears till M'Iver took it in his arms. He had a way with little ones that had much of magic in it, and soon this one was nestling to his breast with its sobs sinking, an arm round his neck.

More at the pair of them than at me did Betty look with interest when her tears were concluded.

"Amn't I like myself this morning?" asked John, jocularly, dandling the bairn in his arms.

Betty turned away without a reply, and when the child was put down and ran to her, she scarcely glanced on it, but took it by the hand and made to go before us, through the underwood she had come from.

"Here's my home, gentlemen," she said, "like the castle of Colin Dubh, with the highest ceiling in the world and the stars for candles."

We might have passed it a score of times in broad daylight and never guessed its secret. It was the bieldy side of the hill. Two fir-trees had fallen at some time in the common fashion of wind-blown pines, with their roots clean out of the earth, and raised up, so that coming together at two edges they made two sides of a triangle. To add to its efficiency as a hiding-place, some young firs grew at the open third side of the triangle.

In this confined little space (secure enough from any hurried search) there was still a *greasach*, as we call it, the ember of a fire that the girl had kindled with a spark from a flint the night before, to warm the child, and she had kept it at the lowest extremity short of letting it die out altogether, lest it should reveal her whereabouts to any searchers in the wood.

We told her our story and she told us hers. She had fled on the morning of the attack, in the direction of the castle; but found her way cut off by a wing of the enemy, a number of whom chased her as she ran with the child on her back up the river-side to the Cairn-baan, where she eluded her pursuers among his lordship's shrubberies, and

found a road to the wood. For a week she found shelter and food in a cow-herd's abandoned bothy among the alders of Tarradubh; then hunger sent her travelling again, and she reached Leacainn Mhor, where she shared the cotter's house with a widow woman who went out to the burn with a kail-pot and returned no more, for the tardy bullet found her. The murderers were ransacking the house when Betty and the child were escaping through the byre. This place of concealment in Strongara she sought by the advice of a Glencoe man well up in years, who came on her suddenly, and, touched by her predicament, told her he and his friends had so well beaten that place, it was likely to escape further search.

"And so I am here with my charge," said the girl, affecting a gaiety it were hard for her to feel. "I could be almost happy and content, if I were assured my father and mother were safe, and the rest of my kinsfolk."

"There's but one of them in all the countryside," I said. "Young Mac-Lachlan, and he's on Dunchuach."

To my critical scanning her cheek gave no flag.

"Oh, my cousin!" she said. "I am pleased that he is safe, though I would sooner hear he was in Cowal than in Campbell country."

"He's honoured in your interest, madam," I could not refrain from saying, my attempt at raillery I fear a rather forlorn one.

She flushed at this, but said never a word, only biting her nether lip and fondling the child.

I think we put together a cautious little fire and cooked some oats from my *dorlach*, though the ecstasy of the meeting with the girl left me no great recollection of all that happened. But in a quiet part of the afternoon we sat snugly in our triangle of fir roots and discoursed of trifles that had no reasonable relation to our precarious state. Betty had almost an easy heart, the child slept on my comrade's plaid, and I was content to be in her company and hear the little turns and accents of her voice, and watch the light come and go in her face, and the smile hover, a little wae, on her lips at some pleasant tale of M'Iver's.

"How came you round about these parts?" she asked—for our brief account

of our doings held no explanation of our presence in the wood of Strongara.

"Ask himself here," said John, cocking a thumb over his shoulder at me; "I have the poorest of scents on the track of a woman."

Betty turned to me with less interest in the question than she had shown when she addressed it first to my friend.

I told her what the Glencoe man had told the parson, and she sighed. "Poor man!" said she " (blessing with him!), it was he that sent me here to Strongara, and gave me tinder and flint."

"We could better have spared any of his friends, then," said I. "But you would expect some of us to come in search of you?"

"I did," she said in a hesitancy, and crimsoning in a way that tingled me to the heart with the thought that she meant no other than myself. She gave a caressing touch to the head of the sleeping child, and turned to M'Iver, who lay on his side with his head propped on an elbow, looking out on the hill-face.

"Do you know the bairn?" she asked.

"No," he said, with a careless look where it lay as peaceful as in a cradle rocked by a mother's foot.

"It's the oe of Peggie Mhor," she said.

"So," said he; "poor dear!" and he turned and looked out again at the snow.

We were, in spite of our dead Glencoe man's assurance, in as wicked a piece of country as well might be. No snow had fallen since we left Tombreck, and from that dolorous ruin almost to our present retreat was the patent track of our march.

"I'm here, and I'm making a fair show at an easy mind," said M'Iver; "but I've been in cheerier circumstances ere now."

"So have I, for that part of it," said Betty with spirit, half humorously, half in an obvious punctilio.

"Mistress," said he, sitting up gravely; "I beg your pardon. Do you wonder if I'm not in a mood for saying dainty things? Our state's precarious (it's needless to delude ourselves otherwise), and our friend Sandy and his bloody gang may be at a javelin's throw from us as we sit here. I wish—"

He saw the girl's face betray her natu-

ral alarm, and amended his words almost too quickly for the sake of the illusion.

"Tuts, tuts!" he cried. "I forgot the wood was searched before, and here I'm putting a dismal black face on a drab business. We might be a thousand times worse. I might be a clay-cold corp with my last week's wage unspent in my sporran, as it happens to be, and here I'm to the fore with a four or five MacDonalds to my credit. If I've lost my mercantile office as mine-manager (curse your trades and callings!) my sword is left me; you have equal fortune, Elrigmore; and you, Mistress Brown, have them you love spared to you."

Again the girl blushed most fiercely. "Thank God! Thank God!" she cried in a stifled ecstasy, "and O! but I'm grateful." And anew she fondled the little bye-blow as it lay with its sunny hair on the soldier's plaid.

John glanced at her from the corners of his eyes with a new expression, and asked her if she was fond of bairns.

"Need you ask that of a woman?" she said. "But for the company of this one on my wanderings, my heart had failed me a hundred times a day. It was seeing it so helpless that gave me my courage: the dark at night in the bothy and the cot and the moaning wind of this lone spot had sent me crazy if I had not this little one's hand in mine, and its breath in my hair as we lay together."

"To me," said John, "they're like flowers, and that's the long and the short of it."

"You're like most men, I suppose," said Betty, archly; "fond of them in the abstract, and with small patience for the individuals of them. This one now—you would not take half the trouble with him I found a delight in. But the nursing of bairns—even their own—is not a soldier's business."

"No, perhaps not," said M'Iver, surveying her gravely; "and yet I've seen a soldier, a rough hired cavalier, take a wonderful degree of trouble about a duddy little bairn of the enemy in the enemy's country. He was struck—as he told me after—by the gash look of it sitting in a scene of carnage, orphaned, without the sense of it, and he carried it before him on the saddle for a many leagues' march till he found a peaceful

wayside cottage, where he gave it in the charge of as honest a woman, to all appearance, as these parts could boast. He might even—for all I know to the contrary—have fairly bought her attention for it by a season's paying of the kreutzers, and I know it cost him a duel with a fool who mocked the sentiment of the deed."

"I hope so brave and good a man was none the worse for his duel in a cause so noble," said the girl, softly.

"Neither greatly brave nor middling good," said John, laughing, "at least to my way of thinking, and I know him well. But he was no poorer but by the kreutzers for his advocacy of an orphan bairn."

"I think I know the man," said I, innocently, "and his name would be John."

"And John or George," said the girl, "I could love him for his story."

M'Iver lifted a tress of the sleeping child's hair and toyed with it between his fingers.

"My dear, my dear!" said he; "it's a foolish thing to judge a man's character by a trifle like yon: he's a poor creature who has not his fine impulse now and then; and the man I speak of, as like as not, was dirling a wanton flagon (or maybe waur) ere nightfall, or slaying with cruelty and zest the bairn's uncles in the next walled town he came to. At another mood he would perhaps balance this lock of hair against a company of burghers but fighting for their own fire end."

"The hair is not unlike your own," said Betty, comparing with quick eyes the curl he held and the curls that escaped from under the edge of his flat blue bonnet.

"May every hair of his be a candle to light him safely through a mirk and dangerous world," said he, and he began to whittle assiduously at a stick, with a little black oxter-knife he lugged from his coat.

"Amen!" said the girl, bravely, "but he were better with the guidance of a good father, and that there seems small likelihood of his enjoying—poor thing!"

A constraint fell on us; it may have been there before, but only now I felt it myself. I changed the conversation, thinking that perhaps the child's case was too delicate a subject, but unhap-

pily made the plundering of our glens my dolorous text, and gloom fell like a mort-cloth on our little company. If my friend was easily uplifted, made buoyantly cheerful by the least accident of life, he was as prone to a hellish melancholy when fate lay low. For the rest of the afternoon he was ever staving with a gloomy brow about the neighbourhood, keeping an eye, as he said, to the possible chance of the enemy.

Left thus for long spaces in the company of Betty and the child, that daffed and croddled about her, and even became warmly friendly with me for the sake of my Paris watch and my glittering waistcoat buttons, I made many gallant attempts to get on my old easy footing. That was the wonder of it: when my interest in her was at the lukewarm, I could face her repartee with as good as she gave; now that I loved her (to say the word and be done with it), my words must be picked and chosen and my tongue must stammer in a contemptible awkwardness. Nor was she, apparently, quite at her ease, for when our talk came at any point too close on her own person, she was at great pains adroitly to change it to other directions.

I never, in all my life, saw a child so muckle made use of. It seemed, by the most wonderful of chances, to be ever needing soothing or scolding or kissing or running after in the snow, when I had a word to say upon the human affections, or a compliment to pay upon some grace of its most assiduous nurse.

"I'm afraid," said Betty at last, "you learned some courtiers' flatteries and coquetries in your travels. You should have taken the lesson like your friend and fellow-cavalier M'Iver, and got the trick of keeping a calm heart."

"M'Iver!" I cried. "He's an old hand at the business."

She put her lips to the child's neck and kissed it tumultuously.

"Not—not at the trade of lovier?" she asked after a while, carelessly keeping up the crack.

"Oh no!" I said laughing. "He's a most religious man."

"I would hardly say so much," she answered coldly; "for there have been tales—some idle, some otherwise—about him, but I think his friend should be last to hint at any scandal."

Good heavens! here was a surprise for one who had no more notion of tra-

ducing his friend than of miscalling the Shorter Catechism. The charge stuck in my gizzard. I fumed and sweat, speechless at the injustice of it, while the girl held herself more aloof than ever, busy preparing for our evening meal.

I had no time to put myself right in her estimate of me before M'Iver came back from his airing with an alarming story.

"It's time we were taking our feet from here," he cried, running up to us. "I've been up on Meall Ruadh there, and I see the whole country-side's in a confusion. Pipers are blowing away down the Glen and guns are firing; if it's not a muster of the enemy preparatory to their quitting the country, it's a call to a more particular search in the hills and woods. Anyway we must be bundling."

He hurriedly stamped out the fire, that smoked a faint blue reek which might have advertised our whereabouts, and Betty clutched the child to her arms, her face again taking the hue of hunt and fear she wore when we first set eyes on her in the morning.

"Where is safety?" she asked, hopelessly. "Is there a sheep-fank or a sheiling-bothy in Argile that is not at the mercy of those bloodhounds?"

"If it wasn't for the snow on the ground," said M'Iver, "I could find a score of safe enough hidings between here and Beannan." "Heavens!" he added, "when I think on it, the Beannan itself is the place for us; it's the one safe spot we can reach by going through the woods without leaving any trace, if we keep under the trees and in the bed of the burn."

We took the bairn in turns, M'Iver and I, and the four of us set out for the opposite side of Glenaora for the *cas* or gully called the Beannan, that lay out of any route likely to be followed by the enemy, whether their object was a retreat or a hunting. But we were never to reach this place of refuge, as it happened; for M'Iver, leading down the burn by a yard or two, had put his foot on the path running through the pass beside the three bridges, when he pulled back, blenching more in chagrin than apprehension.

"Here they are," he said. "We're too late; there's a band of them on the march up this way."

At our back was the burned ruin of a house that had belonged to a shepherd, who was the first to flee to the town when the invaders came. Its byre was almost intact, and we ran to it up the burn as fast as we could, and concealed ourselves in the dark interior. Birds came chirping under the eaves of thatch and by the vent-holes, and made so much bickering to find us in their sanctuary that we feared the bye-passers, who were within a whisper of our hiding, would be surely attracted. Band after band of the enemy passed, laden in the most extraordinary degree with the spoil of war. They had only a rough sort of discipline in their retirement: the captains or chieftains marched together, leaving the companies to straggle as they might, for was not the country deserted by every living body but themselves? In van of them they drove several hundreds of black and red cattle, and with the aid of some rough ponies, that pulled such sledges (called *carns*) as are used for the hauling home of peat on hilly land, they were conveying huge quantities of household plenishing and the merchandise of the burgh town.

In the mien of these savage chiefs there was great elation that Montrose had little share in, to all appearance. He rode moodily, and when fair opposite our place of concealment he stopped his horse as if to quit the sell, but more likely to get, for a little, out of the immediate company of his lawless troops. None of those home-returning Gaels paid heed to his pause, for they were more Alasdair MacDonald's men than his; MacDonald brought them to the lair of the boar, MacDonald glutted their Highland thirst for Campbell blood, MacDonald had compelled this raid in spite of the protests of the noble man who held the King's Commission and seal.

For some minutes his lordship stood alone on the pathway. The house where we lay was but one, and the meanest, among a numerous cluster of such drear memorials of a black business, and it was easy to believe this generalissimo had some gloomy thoughts as he gazed on the work he had lent consent to. He looked at the ruins and he looked up the pass at his barbarians, and shrugged his shoulders with a contempt there was no mistaking.

"I could bring him down like a capercailzie," said M'Iver coolly, running his eye along his pistol and cocking it through his keek-hole.

"For God's sake don't shoot!" I said, and he laughed quietly.

"Is there anything in my general deportment, Colin, that makes ye think me an assassin or an idiot? I never wantonly shot an unsuspecting enemy, and I'm little likely to shoot Montrose and have a woman and bairn suffer the worst for a stupid moment of glory."

As ill luck would have it, the bairn, that had been playing peacefully in the dusk, at this critical minute let up a cry Montrose plainly heard.

"We're lost, we're lost," said Betty, trembling till the crisp dry bracken rustled about her, and she was for instant flight.

"If we're lost, there's a marquis will go travelling with us," said M'Iver, covering his lordship's heart with his pistol.

Had Montrose given the slightest sign that he intended to call back his men to tread out this last flicker of life in Aora Glen he would never have died on the gibbet at the Grassmarket of Dunedin. Years after, when Grahame met his doom (with much more courtliness and dignity than I could have given him credit for), M'Iver would hark back on his narrow escape at the end of the raiding.

"I had his life in the crook of my finger," he would say; "had I acted on my first thought, Clan Campbell would never have lost Inverlochy, but *bha e air an dàn*, what will be will be, and Grahame's fate was not in the crook of my finger, though so I might think it. Aren't we the fools to fancy sometimes our human wills decide the course of fate and the conclusions of circumstances? From the beginning of time, my Lord Marquis of Montrose was meant for the scaffold."

Montrose, when he heard the child's cry, only looked to either hand to see that none of his friends heard it, and finding there was no one near him, took off his Highland bonnet, lightly, to the house where he jaloused there was a woman with the wean, and passed slowly on his way,

"It's so honest an act," said John, pulling in his pistol, "that I would be a knave to advantage myself of the occasion."

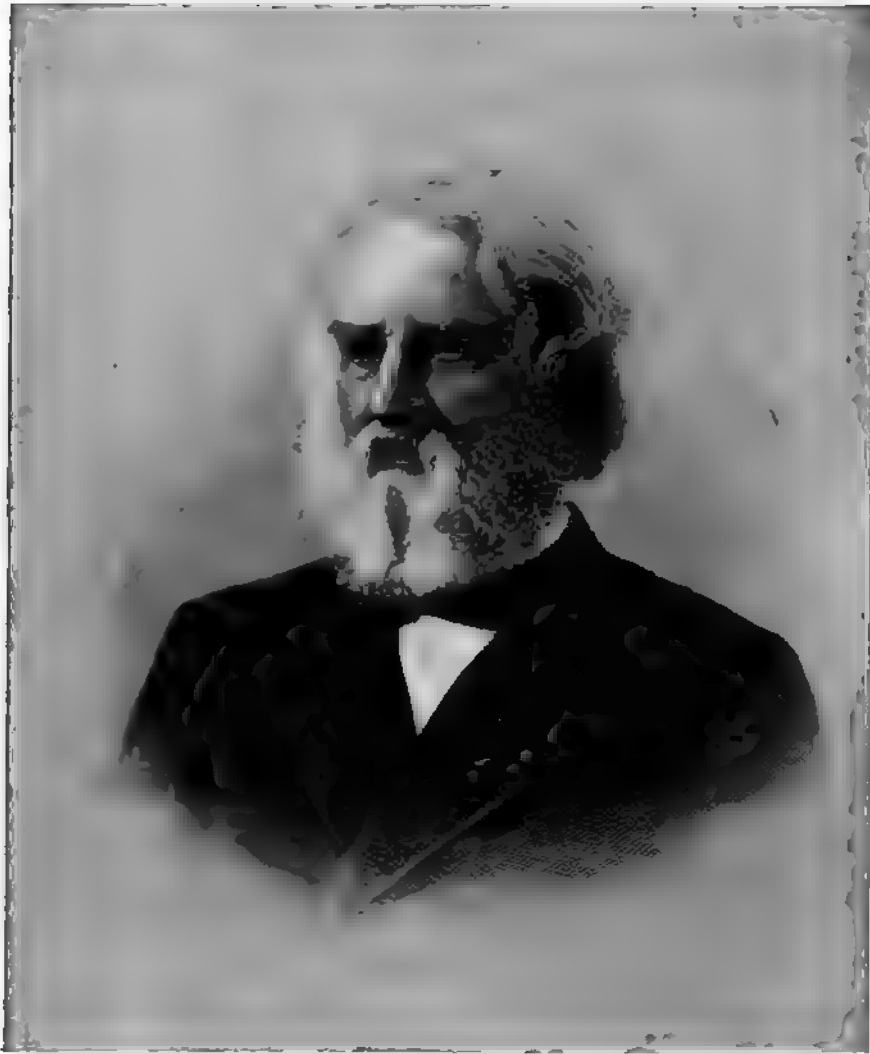
A generous act enough. I daresay there were few in the following of James Grahame would have borne such a humane part at the end of a bloody business; and I never heard our people cry down the name of Montrose (bitter foe to me and mine) but I minded to his credit that he had a compassionate ear for a child's cry in the ruined hut of Aora Glen.

Montrose gave no hint to his staff of what he had heard, for when he joined them, he nor they turned round to look behind. Before us now, free and open, lay the way to Inneraora. We got down before the dusk fell, and were the first of its returning inhabitants to behold what a scandal of charred houses and robbed chests the Athole and Antrim caterans had left us.

In the gray light the place lay tenantless and melancholy, the snow of the silent street and lane trodden to a slush, the evening star peeping between the black roof-timbers, the windows lozengeless, the doors burned out or hanging off their hinges. Before the better houses were piles of goods and gear turned out on the causeway. They had been turned about by pike-handles and trodden upon with contemptuous heels, and the pick of the plenishing was gone. Though upon the rear of the kirk there were two great mounds, that showed us where friend and foe had been buried, that solemn memorial was not so poignant to the heart as the poor relics of the homes gutted and sacked. The Provost's tenement, of all the lesser houses in the burgh, was the only one that stood in its outer entirety, its arched ceils proof against the malevolent fire. Yet its windows gaped black and empty. The tide was in close on the breast-wall behind, and the sound of it came up and moaned in the close like the sough of a sea-shell held against the ear.

We stood in the close, the three of us (the bairn clinging in wonder to the girl's gown), with never a word for a space, and that sough of the sea was almost a coronach.

(To be continued.)



Henry W. Longfellow.
1879.

AMERICAN BOOKMEN.

XII.—LONGFELLOW AND HOLMES.

Few of us know at first hand the music of shepherds, sailors, and gipsies; yet certain strains and cadences unfailingly bring before the mind, even without the visual aid which opera provides, the images of these persons. The notes by which we recognise them have be-

come a part of musical tradition. The qualities commonly ascribed to shepherds and gipsies, to say nothing of sailors, were, of course, conspicuously lacking in Longfellow and Holmes. By their long and fully known lives, however, their personalities, no less than



LONGFELLOW IN YOUTH.

the notes of their music, have become virtually traditional. Their habits of thought and expression entered long ago into the common stock of accepted knowledge. It has been said by Andrew Lang of Longfellow, and the words may be applied with hardly less of accuracy to Dr. Holmes, that his "qualities are so mixed with what the reader brings, with so many kindest associations of memory, that one cannot easily criticise him in cold blood." Happily there is no need here of such a proceeding. When it comes to recalling the personal traits of the two writers, one is confronted with the double difficulty, that their lives are at once singularly well known and singularly uneventful. It is almost like reciting certain of their own most familiar lines to relate anew the incidents of their careers. The knowledge of them must be well-nigh universal, so that the narrator can do little more than to refrain, if possible, from such traditional phrases as "the genial autocrat" and "the beloved poet of Cambridge," and to be content with saying again what

many of his readers must know already.

The contrast between the volumes containing the complete works of Longfellow and of Holmes is strong enough to speak for the contrast between their native endowments. Indeed, there would be scanty reason for placing their names side by side were it not that the backgrounds of their lives present resemblances many and marked. In modern American life there can hardly be a social unit so distinct and indivisible as that which stood for "society" in Boston in the days when these two men were in their long-continued prime. Their background, to a striking degree, was the background of this social unit, their Boston, of course, being that which stretches toward Cambridge and Harvard College, rather than toward State Street and the wharves. If for stricter accuracy it must be said that for Longfellow it was Cambridge, on the contrary, that stretched itself toward Boston, it is necessary only

to remember that the best intellectual and social interests of the two places were one. It was not for the persons identified most strongly with these conservative interests to be found in the front ranks of such "movements" as abolition and transcendentalism. Emerson and Lowell took greater liberties in being laws unto themselves. Lowell could undoubtedly see the truth and humour of his wife's remark about Abolitionists: "They do not modulate their words and voices. They are like people who live with the deaf, or near waterfalls, and whose voices become high and harsh." At the same time Lowell could become early and heartily an Abolitionist, Longfellow less promptly and completely, and Holmes not at all. Perhaps this is but another way of saying that Holmes and Longfellow stood supreme among their brotherhood of writers in their identification with the social world in which they found themselves. It was a world which cared not a whit whether Bohemia was bounded by the sea or by mountains, which was sufficient unto itself, which restricted its

travels to foreign lands—unless now and then an individual should make a lecturing tour in America—and withal it was a world from which sordidness and low ideals were excluded with rare success. It is no more difficult to discover its limitations in certain directions than it is to be entertained by the unfailing appearance of one member of its group of writers with a copy of verses whenever another member was about to sail for Europe; yet this larger world of "society" and its smaller *imperium in imperio* of letters, were fruits of American life which one would be only too glad to see still ripening in any quarter of the land. That the fruitage should take two such different forms as those presented by the work of Longfellow and Holmes is not the least significant point in placing them together against their background.

It was not until the year 1836, when Longfellow was but little short of thirty years old, that he found himself before this background. He had ancestral rights to being there. His father and great-grandfather were graduates of Harvard College, and through his mother's family his descent from John Alden and Priscilla Mullins was as direct as Bryant's. But the Boston and Cambridge surroundings were not those of his earlier years. He was born on February 27th, 1807, in Portland, Me., where his father was a distinguished lawyer, and in 1825 he was graduated from Bowdoin College, in the class with Hawthorne. During his college years the tendency toward books and verse-making, which had begun early in his well-conditioned boyhood, was clearly enough marked to reveal unmistakable signs of his future both to himself and to his elders. "The fact is," he wrote



LONGFELLOW AT FORTY-FOUR.

to his father before his graduation, "I most eagerly aspire after future eminence in literature; my whole soul burns most ardently for it, and every earthly thought centres in it." That his elders were not without hopes of this future may be inferred from the encouragement given him by the editors of the day to send them his productions in prose and verse. Still more encouraging to him must have been the proffer, immediately upon his graduation, of the newly established Professorship of Modern Languages at Bowdoin College, with the opportunity of studying in Europe before his duties should begin.

In yet another of his college letters to his father Longfellow declared: "I have resolutely determined to enjoy myself heartily wherever I am. I find it most profitable to form such plans as are least liable to failure." These statements might almost be taken from a *credo* of optimism. They were the words



LOWELL AT FIFTY-FIVE.

of a boy, but of the very boy who became the Lowell of later years. In the letters which he wrote from Europe, between the ages of nineteen and twenty-two, the connecting links between the boy and the man are clearly apparent. A shrewdness of observation, a kindliness of humour hardly consistent with its utmost keenness, and a thorough good feeling for those about him and at home are constantly manifested. What strikes one, perhaps, even more forcibly is the fact that this boy from a quiet New England town and college was so excellently well qualified to travel. His mind was already well enough trained to tell his eye what it needed most to see, and his serious study of the literatures of France, Spain, Italy, and Germany, carried on for three years in their

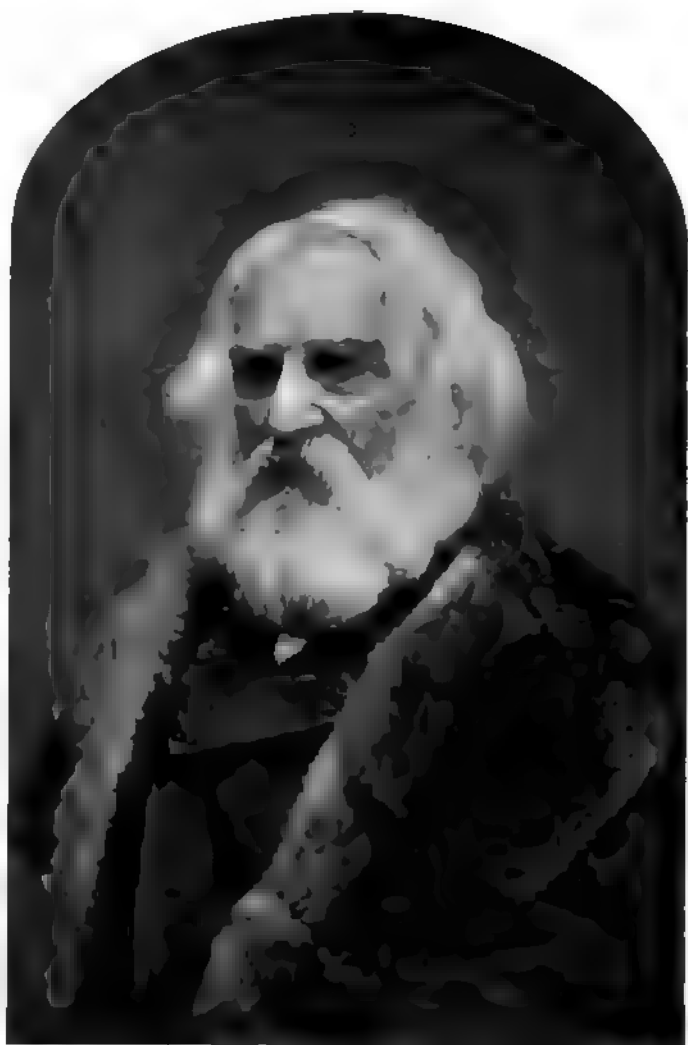
own countries, rendered this mind indeed a well-tempered instrument for the work it had to do when he returned to Bowdoin College in 1829.

Early in 1829 he had written from Göttingen to one of his sisters, "My poetic career is finished," and for some years nobody would have questioned the truth of the statement. Except for the poetical translation of *Coplas de Manrique*, the writings of the five years of his Bowdoin professorship were in prose—magazine articles, text-books of French, Spanish, and Italian, and the sketches of travel brought together in 1835 in the two volumes of *Outre Mer*. The kinship of this first original production of his with Irving's *Sketch-Book* is almost invariably pointed out; and when this is done, it is worth while to re-

mind one's self that Lowell, in his later years, is reported to have spoken of the *Sketch-Book* as the first book that fascinated his boyish imagination. It was less as a poet, then, than as a scholar and a writer of good prose that he was asked, in 1834, to undertake the Professorship of Modern Languages at Harvard, in which his predecessor was George Ticknor, and his successor Lowell. There was again an opportunity to go abroad for further study, and he eagerly accepted it. With him went his wife (Mary Storer Potter), whom he had married in Portland in 1831. In Sweden and Denmark and Germany he applied himself to study as in his earlier days. Before the end of 1835 the first great sorrow of his life befell him in the death of his wife at Rotterdam. In the Paul

Flemming of *Hyperion*, published four years later, the Longfellow of this heavy-hearted time revealed himself with tolerable clearness. One need but compare the book with his journal and letters to see how much of real life was reproduced in the form of fiction. Even at the time it must have been a palpably open secret that the heroine of the story was the heroine of the real and longer romance of Longfellow's second marriage. It was not only through study, therefore, but also through vital experience that Longfellow's second sojourn abroad had its telling effect upon him, both as a professor and as a poet. At the end of 1836 he established himself in Cambridge. "This was no broken-winded minister," as Dr. Hale has said, "who had been made professor;" and Longfellow and the place in which he found himself seemed from that time forth inalienably fitted to each other.

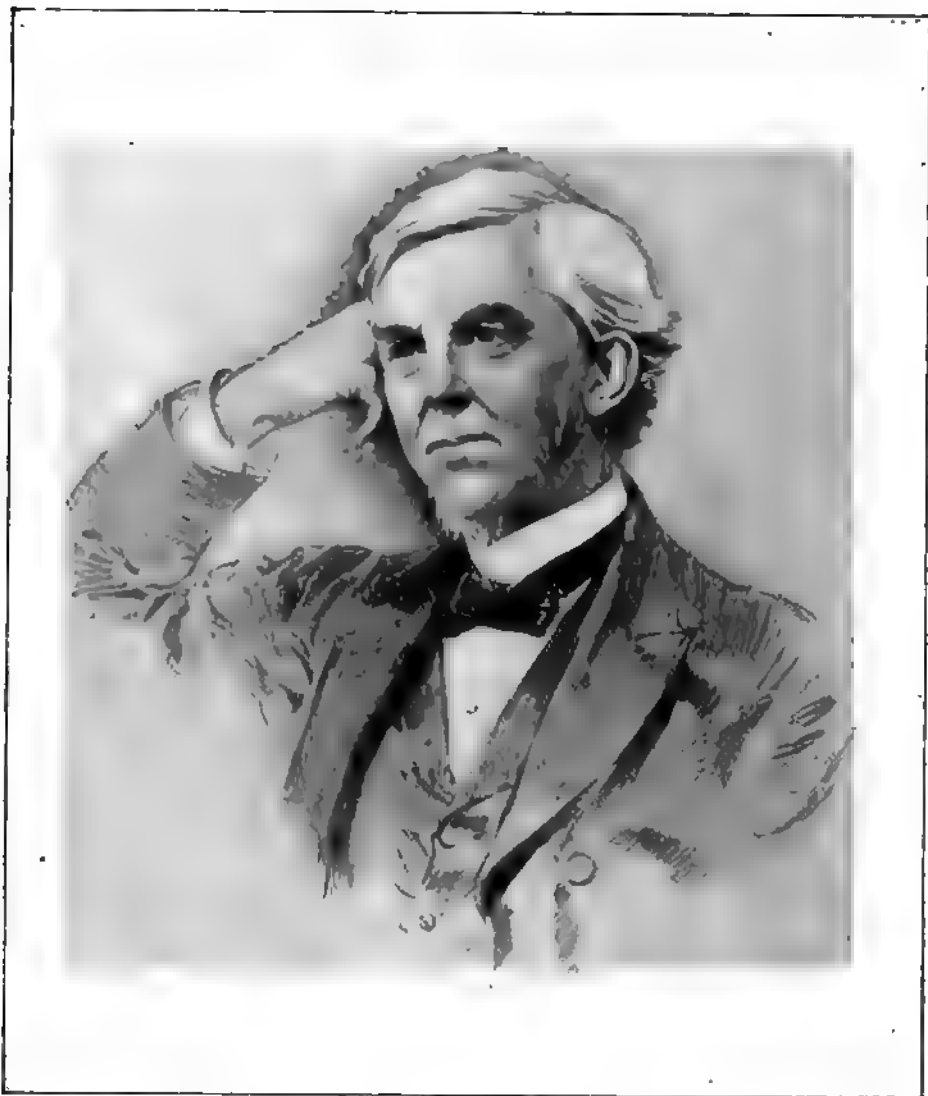
This very year of 1836 was marked by the appearance of Dr. Holmes's first volume of *Poems*; but to the surroundings into which Longfellow had just come, Dr. Holmes, like another St. Paul, was born free. It gave him evident pleasure to relate how his entry into the world at Cambridge, Mass., was marked by the simple record in his father's almanac of *son b.* against the date August 29th, 1809. As one who declared his preference politically for equality, but socially for *the* quality, it must have given him constant satisfaction to reflect upon his ancestry, for it was about as good as any which New England could afford, and gave him an unquestioned place in the caste well



Henry W. Longfellow

From his last photograph taken shortly before his death.

named by himself, Brahmin. His early training at home, at Andover, and at Harvard College, where he was graduated in the year which his verses for the "Class of '29" rendered famous, differed from that of his contemporaries born to circumstances like his own, mainly in its larger infusion of Calvinism. He began early to rebel against the doctrines which his orthodox father, the Rev. Abiel Holmes, would have had him accept, and never quite ceased to resent the attempt to force them upon



*Yours very truly,
Oliver Wendell Holmes*

such help as might come to it through the medium of a new magazine. From 1839, when *Hyperion* and his first volume of poems, *Voices of the Night*, appeared, he had gone on year by year bringing out the poems, short and long, that carried his name and the love for the books which bore it through most of the world. It is needless to recite the list of these works, for they are still house-

hold words. As early as 1847 came *Evangeline*, raising among the critics the interminable question of the possibility of English hexameters, a question which the unnumbered thousands did not take time to answer, except by buying the book and reading it with delight. Hawthorne had given him the story, and when the book won its immediate recognition, Longfellow modestly wrote to

Cambridge, Nov. 9.
1873.

Dear Madam,

I have had the pleasure
of receiving your note,
and the poems you were
kind enough to send me,
and beg you to accept
my thanks for this
mark of your considera-
tion..

These poems I have
read with interest and
sympathy, and feel how
great a comfort it must
be to you to be able
to occupy the leisure,
which advancing years
bring with them, with
the exercise of your
talent. If, as you say,

him: "This success I owe entirely to you, for being willing to forego the pleasure of writing a prose tale which many people would have taken for poetry, that I might write a poem which many people take for prose." In 1855 *Hiawatha*, which may not unfairly be considered as Longfellow's most individual production, took its separate place in American literature. From time to time, throughout the entire period ending with 1857, a great number of the shorter poems by which Longfellow is best known made their appearance. For him the chief effect of the establishment of the *Atlantic Monthly* was external, in that it provided, virtually at his door, a medium for almost anything he might write.

It has become a truism to say that the serenity of Longfellow's poetry was merely a reflection from his own life. It is no less a threadbare story to tell of the young professor's applying to Madam Craigie for rooms in the house which had been Washington's headquarters at Cambridge, and of her informing him that she could take no more students as

you cannot hear the singing
of the birds, you will
enjoy all the more the
sound of the voice that
sing within.

Hoping that this con-
solation may never fail
you, I am, Dear
Madam

Yours truly

Henry W. Longfellow.

lodgers. But her lodger he became, and in 1843, when he married Miss Frances E. Appleton, of Boston, her father bought the Craigie house and gave it to the young professor and his wife. The daily life encompassed by its walls is set forth with sufficient detail in Longfellow's published journals. It was a scholarly, placid life, filled with domestic content, varied within its own limits by constant, gracious hospitality, and by journeyings in the summer, for many years no farther than to Nahant. There were few occasions for rebelling against circumstances in such a life as Longfellow's, and the notes of complaint in the journals are rare. Illness, troublesome eyesight, the inroads of impertinent admirers and seekers after autographs and advice, whom he treated with the tender kindness shown in the letter here reproduced—these sometimes gave him fair occasion for protest. But most of all were his college duties irksome—"the working in the crypts of life, the underground labour," as he defined his teaching. The longing for greater freedom for literary production was gratified in 1855, when he gave up his professorship. Through all the ensuing period, in which Dr. Holmes began to win his universal fame, Longfellow, already a firmly established "figure," was merely fixing more securely the fame he had won. "I do not see why a successful book," says one of the characters in *Hyperion*, "is not as great an event as a successful campaign." The remainder of Longfellow's life was for the most part eventful only in this way.

The tragic exception from the smoothness of these years was the death of Mrs. Longfellow in the summer of 1861. Her dress took fire from a match on the floor, and the next day she died from the shock of the burning. Longfellow, some weeks later, defined himself as "outwardly calm, but inwardly bleeding to death." What the loss of his wife was to him we know best from the fact that the only reference to it in his writings is found in the sonnet, "The Cross of Snow," written eighteen years after her death, and kept from the world until after his own. As Bryant undertook the translation of Homer, so Longfellow in his sorrow turned to Dante, jocosely calling translation in general "the last infirmity of noble minds."

The evenings devoted to the criticism of this work by Lowell, Mr. Norton, and others whose opinion was worth getting, showed Longfellow at his best, in the midst of friends. His letters constantly tell us how much his friendships were to him, even from the almost boyish days, when Charles Sumner, George W. Greene, and Samuel Ward first took their important places in his life. It is not without a certain significance to find Mr. Howells saying that "he was Longfellow to friends who were James and Charles and Wendell to one another." For somewhat the same reason, perhaps, it is easier for everybody to speak of him merely as "Longfellow," than it is to drop the "Dr." from before the name of Holmes. The contrast between the men in the relations of friendship is brought clearly to mind by comparing the quality and frequency of Dr. Holmes's class poems with Longfellow's single production of the kind, his "Morituri Salutamus," written fifty years after graduation. "Just before leaving for our respective homes," writes one of those who heard him read it, "we gathered in a retired college-room for the last time, talked together a half hour as of old, agreed to exchange photographs, and prayed together." The seriousness of this picture undoubtedly had its counterpart in some of the last meetings of Dr. Holmes's class; but it would be impossible to imagine Longfellow as the singer of some of the earlier rollicking verses of Holmes. What the one said of the other is this: "I find Longfellow peculiarly sweet in disposition, gentle, soothing to be with, not commonly brilliant in conversation, but at times very agreeable, and saying excellent things with a singular modesty." Such expressions as these help one to understand why the word "benignant" has so often been applied to him. In the personal quality of the man there must have been much of the temper which prompted him to write of Poe: "The harshness of his criticisms I have never attributed to anything but the irritation of a sensitive nature chafed by some indefinite sense of wrong." And many years later he wrote in his journal, as if in gentle protest: "Poets who cannot write long poems think that no long poems should be written." In Poe's passionate charge of plagiarism there undoubtedly was as much truth as

Mr. Stedman expresses in calling Longfellow "a good borrower," and as any one may see by looking at the obvious connection between what Longfellow read and what he wrote. But there was never any attempt to conceal this obviousness, any more than there was to refrain from making nearly the same entry in his journal year by year against the date of October 1st. The obviousness of another sort which characterises much of his work may well be mentioned in the same breath with Mr. Stedman's just remark about the later fashion of slighting him "for the very qualities which had made him beloved and famous," and with his own saying that authors, of all men, must come at the right time. Longfellow surely did this, and if the singers that have followed him are not permitted to deal so freely in the obvious, may it not be in part because his unerring craftsmanship has imposed upon them the need of doing simple things extremely well if they are to be done at all? So many gifts, not of craftsmanship only, were his, and such was the spell of his personal presence, that Howells could truly write of a chance meeting with him in a Cambridge street, "You felt that the encounter made you a part of literary history." This feeling rendered it impossible for his contemporaries and their immediate successors to give him his true place. Whether he is held above it to-day, or has sunk below it, can hardly be told with complete certainty, for the Longfellow tradition is still potent to attract some minds and to repel others. When he died on March 24th, 1882, there were few voices of dissent from the opinion that the clearest and best-beloved light of American letters was extinguished.

The year of Longfellow's death was the very year in which Dr. Holmes gave up his medical professorship, and became more than ever such a "figure" as Longfellow had been for many years. Fame had come with extraordinary swiftness as soon as the "Autocrat" papers, begun in the first number of the

*I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here.
But the old three-cornered hat
And the breeches, and all that
Are so queer!
And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the Spring,
Let them smile as I do now
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.*

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

FAC-SIMILE OF PART OF MS. OF DR. HOLMES'S "LAST LEAF."

From *Life and Letters*, by Mr. John T. Morse, Jr.

Atlantic Monthly, November, 1857, were known to be his. It would be so strange at this day to think of ascribing their manner and method to anybody else, that one is amused to find in the December, 1857, number of the *Knickerbocker Magazine* the statement: "If John Sanderson, author of 'The American in Paris,' were alive, we should unhesitatingly attribute 'The Autocrat at the Breakfast Table' to his facile pen." The open secret in Boston that Dr. Holmes was its author soon became open everywhere; and particularly when the second series, "The Professor at the Breakfast Table," dealing somewhat more freely with religious beliefs, began to appear, the name of Holmes associated itself in many minds with everything that was dangerous and iconoclastic. The mildness to modern ears of many of the passages that seemed most shocking forty years ago is more eloquent than any words could be about that general tempering of rigorous beliefs in which Dr. Holmes was undoubtedly one of the strongest influences. As his habit of mind in this regard extended itself to others, so did his more

personal habits of thought and phrase—shrewd, whimsical, and kindly—become year by year more familiar. In verse, in fiction, not wholly clear of the charge of being "medicated," in the memoirs of his friends, Motley and Emerson, in the volume written to acknowledge the overpowering attentions that filled his hundred days of 1886 in Europe, and in later returns to what Mr. Howells has excellently called "the form of dramatised essay which he invented in the Autocrat"—in all these writings the personal Dr. Holmes is eminently present, "a Boswell writing out himself." It is no wonder that the regard in which Lowell and his own circle had long held him in Boston communicated itself, almost without modification, to an entire world of readers.

Dr. Holmes died on October 7th, 1894. Of all the company of men who kept so much of our literary history of the nineteenth century within and near Boston, it was for him to walk farthest with the new generation. But with his death a period which had virtually ended some years before was brought to an outward close. The work of what came as nearly as anything we have had to being a "school" of writers was definitely completed. What variety within its general uniformity was possible the two names of Longfellow and Holmes abundantly

suggest. Yet diverse as they were, it is well worth while to think of them together as representatives in literature of all the good things that come of the best birth and breeding, and of the scholarly high-mindedness that should be implied by those terms. "There is a little plant called *Reverence* in the corner of my soul's garden which I love to have watered about once a week;" so Dr. Holmes once said of his church-going habits. Not only would Longfellow have spoken a hearty Amen to these words, but their meaning for both might be so extended as to include their general attitude of men who are conservatives at heart. Such they both were in spite of occasional demonstrations to the contrary. To aid in the foundation of a national literature which should stand entirely apart from our inheritance of letters was obviously not the work for which such men were made. What they received from their past and reflected from their present may not have been largely typical of the thing we call "Americanism," but they both transmitted faithfully what came to them, and apart from all the delight they communicated to others by this process, the background they cannot help revealing is one which the best Americans will do well to remember and revere.

M. A. De Wolfe Howe.

NIGHTFALL.

Silver to gold is the lake to the sky ;
 And the blackened bar of the hills between
 Is an ebon screen where the flames may die ;
 While high when the blue melts into the green,
 The gleaming scythe of the night is seen.

A voice through the woods is calling far—
 Through the gossiping branches all astir ;
 For the night-wind pines for the evening star,
 And sighs, "Are you waking, Love?" to her.

Thomas Walsh.

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX.

Unanswered letters have been accumulating with such rapidity of late, that we shall waste no time this month on any preliminary remarks of our own, but shall devote all the space at our disposal to a partial clearing of the file.

I.

In the last Letter-Box we inadvertently spoke of "the verb *duc*," and seventeen energetic souls have since then written to ask whether we don't know a verb from an adjective. Yes, we do; but we made a slip of the pen that time. We are sorry for it. Now please let up on us.

II.

Some one in Poughkeepsie wants to know whether it is not "a descent from authorship to journalism to use the pronoun 'I' in a story told in the third person." Thus, Mr. Henry James, in *What Maisie Knew*, and Miss Pool, in *The Red Bridge Neighbourhood*, both speak in their own proper persons now and then. Well, for our part, we don't see why they shouldn't. Thackeray did it. And why does it suggest journalism?

III.

C. M. R., Jr., of Dover, New Jersey, asks why we don't publish from time to time a necrology of authors as a matter of contemporaneous record. We think the idea rather a good one, and perhaps we shall adopt it in the future. Thanks.

IV.

An American residing in Louvain, Belgium, who has written us on a topic already discussed in the Letter-Box begins by addressing us as "Dear Sir (or Madam)." Please not "Madam."

V.

Here is an old misunderstanding which we have several times corrected. A gentleman sends us a Whist Club circular with this sentence in it:

"If you cannot get a partner, come anyhow and one will be assigned you."

Then he asks:

"Is 'you' the 'retained object' with a passive verb?"

No. "You" is the indirect object—the dative and not the accusative case. Hence the sentence is correct.

VI.

A lady wishes to know whether Mr. Marshall P. Wilder is still alive, and where he can be addressed. We answer that he is still very much alive, and that he can be addressed in the care of Major J. B. Pond, Everett House, New York City.

VII.

A long time ago we used this sentence:

"The problem novel may interest the few who have ulterior aims than mere entertainment," etc.

A correspondent asks us whether it is good English to say "ulterior than." We fear not. Our mind must have been working on a Latin basis at the time when the sentence passed us.

VIII.

A lady in Worcester, Massachusetts, wishes to know who wrote the poem of which she remembers these two stanzas:

"No man hath sighed, nor woman wept,
To go their way without him;
So, lying here, he still will have
His truest friends about him.

"Then ope thy mantle fringed with green,
Bordered with bud and blossom,
And take him tenderly to rest,
Dear Earth, upon thy bosom."

We don't know who wrote it, but it is not first class whoever did it. A poet who will make "blossom" rhyme with "bosom" is himself the sort of person over whom no man ever sighed nor woman wept to go their way without him.

IX.

A query from Greencastle, Indiana :

"DEAR SIRs : Until recently I was ignorant of the fact that THE BOOKMAN is a magazine 'noted for its classical and pure English.' Since I have it on no less authority than its own columns that it is of such a character, I have tried to justify its use of the word 'bang' as it is used in comment XIII. in the Letter-Box of the March number. My Dictionary, the *American Encyclopædia*, tells me that the word 'bang' in the sense in which it is used by THE BOOKMAN is vulgar. Must I accuse THE BOOKMAN of using vulgar English, or must I adopt a new dictionary ?

"Very courteously,
"QUIBBLER."

Adopt a new dictionary. Nothing that appears in THE BOOKMAN is ever vulgar, except perhaps things that we quote from some Fonetik Refawrmer.

X.

From Strathroy, Ontario :

"Is it correct to use 'trust' with the future tense? See S. R. Crockett's letter on p. 14, March BOOKMAN.

"IGNORAMUS."

The sentence is as follows :

"I trust, indeed I am sure, the volumes will meet with a warm welcome."

Yes, this is correct enough ; though Mr. Crockett, like most Scotchmen, leaves out the conjunction "that."

XI.

We have had so many unkind things said to us about our rule not to return rejected manuscripts, that we must print the following. It is the first paragraph of a letter which accompanies a short story ; and it embodies a point of view which we commend to our esteemed contributors as having a certain originality about it :

"Editors of THE BOOKMAN :

"I notice that you do not return rejected manuscripts. Now that will be better for me than the return, as I do not like my family to know that I am doing any writing."

XII.

A sensible letter :

"ENGLEWOOD, N. J., March 21, 1898.

"Editors of THE BOOKMAN :

"Will you kindly give your readers some information regarding the pronunciation of the word 'Celt'? It seems to be the fad now to pronounce it 'Kelt' even when written with a 'C,' though I can find no dictionary that authorises this pronunciation. I know that 'C' in the Latin of the Romans was hard, but if

that is reason enough for making it hard in this case, why not make it hard in the numberless other cases in which Latin words have been introduced into English? It seems to me, for instance, that if this rule is to prevail we shall have to say Per kent and Perkentage, instead of Per cent and Percentage.

"Yours very truly,
"C. H."

The word is to be pronounced "Kelt" only when it is so written. There is no reason for pronouncing it in this way when it is written with a C.

XIII.

A gentleman in Washington asks us to define a "dialect" as distinguished from a *patois*. We reply that a dialect is a definite form of speech differing from the language of the main branch of the race by reason of usages due to separation and special conditions. Historically, a dialect is generally one of several forms of a language standing at first upon an equal footing with the rest, but gradually becoming subordinate to another when the people who speak the latter get to be the dominating section of the race by reason of their greater political power, wealth, and refinement. Thus, originally, Northern English, Middle English, and Southern English were equally important ; but as the Middle English was used by the literary masters, it became the standard, and the other two forms of speech sank to the position of mere dialects. But *patois* is properly nothing but an ignorant corruption of a standard form of speech.

XIV.

Our readers will remember that some time ago we printed a communication from a gentleman whose address is Ellis Avenue, Chicago, and offered a prize for its elucidation if sent in within thirty days. We fear that our readers misunderstood the nature of the question, for all the answers that were sent within the time to which the offer was limited have had to do wholly with that gentleman's state of mind. Now we did not ask to have the gentleman himself elucidated, but only his remarks, and this our correspondents have failed to do. Hence we cannot conscientiously award the prize, especially as we have no means of knowing whether the answers are correct. For the sake of the gentleman in Ellis Avenue, we hope they are not.

LONDON LETTER.

There is still an almost feverish activity among us in the production of new periodicals. The great limited companies of Newnes, Pearson, Harmsworth, and Cassell are competing with each other even unto the death. Sir George Newnes has started a new monthly called *The World Wide Magazine*, and a six-penny weekly entitled *The Ladies' Field*. He is also to start a weekly religious journal at a penny, thirty-two pages, with a wrapper. The first numbers of the *World Wide Magazine* and the *Ladies' Field* are somewhat disappointing. They have great merits, but hardly promise continuous life. The *World Wide Magazine* is devoted to stories of adventure—true stories they are called—and it excludes fiction. It is no less than wonderful if a popular periodical without fiction has come to stay, and the exclusion seems to be a great mistake. Adventures are necessarily limited. You can have an adventure with a tiger, an adventure on a mountain, an adventure with the North Pole, an adventure on the sea, and there you are. The rest are mere variations; so while it is possible to publish one or two good collections, it is not possible to go on indefinitely. The *Strand Musical Magazine* was an example of the same thing. People may buy two or three numbers of such a magazine, but they do not want it monthly. At one time not very long ago the *Strand Musical Magazine* had a circulation of 150,000, and now it seems to have disappeared, though I understand it is still published for copy-right purposes. The *Ladies' Field* was taken to be a sporting periodical for ladies, but, as a matter of fact, it is just an ordinary ladies' weekly on very good paper, and with the illustrations well produced, but not properly arranged, and with the fatal defect of containing next to no news. Of course it may be pulled into shape and made to thrive, but this will not be easy. Messrs. Pearson's magazine, *Melody*, which was to do great things, is, I believe, still in existence. Messrs. Cassell have reported this year considerably reduced profits, and the lowest dividend they have paid— $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. This falling off they attribute partly to the Jubilee year, and

partly to the great competition in serials. As I write, the question whether Messrs. Harmsworth will produce a new magazine at threepence is still undecided. Mr. David Williamson has resigned the editorship of the *Windsor Magazine*. Under his care it has made great progress, and boasts a circulation approaching 200,000. Mr. Williamson has received various offers of work, but I understand has not accepted any up to the present. His father is the head of the famous old furniture firm at Guildford in Surrey, a firm which I believe is well known in America.

Turning to books, we have had no striking success this spring. The new stories of Anthony Hope and Stanley Weyman have had a very mixed reception, and it is generally agreed that the latter, at least, has fallen far below his previous mark. In fact, the spring season this year has not been very satisfactory. Many people are inclined to attribute this fact to the preoccupation of the public mind with rumours of war. We have managed to get into trouble all over the world, and whether it will be possible to find a peaceful and honourable extrication from all of these quarrels appears doubtful. It is needless to say that war would kill for the time the publishing trade.

The prospects for the autumn are, however, satisfactory so far as I can hear. It is too soon to reveal the various plans being actively prosecuted by different houses, but a few facts may be mentioned. In the first place, Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, the eminent poet and critic of the *Athenæum*, has resolved to give to the public his novel, *Aylwin*, which was written and put into print, though not published, more than twenty years ago. The main reason for its postponement was that Mr. Watts-Dunton introduced persons then living. They are now nearly all of them dead. Chief of these is Mr. Watts-Dunton's great friend, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, of whom a vivid sketch is given, bringing out a noble and chivalrous element in his character—an element almost buried out of sight in the trivial and painful recollections of many biographers. The story deals mainly with out-of-doors

life, and the plot is said to be of absorbing interest. The volume will be published in this country by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett. Mr. Watts-Dunton still lives at Putney with Mr. Swinburne, who has been his companion for many years. I am glad to say that Mr. Swinburne is in excellent health and spirits. He looks many years younger than his age, keeps himself well in touch with current literature, and is, as always, a lover of the open air. Mr. Watts-Dunton is being much urged by his friends to publish a collection of his remarkable criticisms.

Mr. W. Hale White, the author of *Mark Rutherford*, is still living at Hastings, though he has changed his house. I do not hear of any new work from his pen, but he is busy on his minute and elaborate studies of English literature, and has been giving particular attention to the poetry of Wordsworth and Coleridge. He has just published a suggestive little book defending Wordsworth from the charge of apostasy. Mr. White takes up in these pages a somewhat conservative position. They are brightly written with the fullest possible knowledge of the whole subject, but it may be doubted whether any one now would brand Wordsworth with the apostate's name.

We are anticipating with pleasure Mr. G. W. Cable's visit to London. Arrangements are being made for his readings, and he will be entertained at a literary dinner. An edition of *The Grandissimes* is to be published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, with a preface by Mr. J. M. Barrie. Mr. Cable proposes to come over at the end of April, and to bring his work with him, so that he may be free to stay for a considerable time. He will see England at its best, and it is confidently expected that his visit will strengthen the ties between American and English men of letters. An interesting proof of Mr. Cable's popularity in this country was given the other day. The *Times* is to publish a reissue of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* at a reduced price, the publishers, Messrs. A. and C. Black, having exhausted their stock. In their advertisement, which occupies a whole page, they lay special stress on Mr. Cable's contributions.

Maarten Maartens, the Dutch novelist, who writes in English, has gone for a tour in the East. He expects to spend Holy Week in Jerusalem. He has com-

pleted a short novel of English life—his first adventure in this field. He hopes to be back in Holland by the end of May.

Mr. Quiller-Couch is busy with the new novel he is to contribute to *Scribner's Magazine*. It is to be finished by July 1st, but it is uncertain whether it will appear before or after Mr. J. M. Barrie's story. Mr. Barrie receives his LL.D. degree at St. Andrews this week. Another Scotch university offered him the degree, but he accepted the St. Andrews degree because it was the first offered. The University of Edinburgh is his Alma Mater, but that university has always been slow to recognise literary merit. It would have been wise and generous to have given the degree to Robert Louis Stevenson. The exile would have felt real pleasure in such a compliment, and the university would have been highly honoured in conferring it. But the thing was not done. The Robert Louis Stevenson memorial fund is now completed, and amounts, I believe, to something like £1000—much less than was expected. This, however, does not show any want of loyalty to Stevenson's memory. The fact is, these memorial funds are greatly overdone. When a man who has deserved well leaves those dependent upon him in poor circumstances, there is never the slightest difficulty in raising money, but many people object to busts and medallions and bursaries and the like. They think there are too many of them in the world already. I understand that it is not yet quite settled that the biography of Stevenson, prepared by Mr. Sidney Colvin, will appear in October. It ought to appear, however, for these things should not be too long delayed. The materials are immense and valuable, but there is no chance of their being fully used. Mr. Stevenson's representatives are strictly inhibiting the publication of all letters.

By far the most important literary book of the spring is the correspondence between Burns and Mrs. Dunlop, edited by Mr. William Wallace. It is a book of intense interest, and throws a strong and fresh light on the life and character of Burns. This is the last light, in fact, that will ever fall on the subject, for the known manuscripts are now exhausted. Mr. Wallace has done his work with great skill and care, and the book must

be in the library of every true student of the poet. At the Burns celebrations in Scotland Mr. Henley's essay was vigorously denounced. The publishers took advantage of the opportunity to issue the essay in a shilling pamphlet, and managed to sell a certain number. One speaker at Glasgow excused the

"almost inhuman bitterness" of the essay by detailing Mr. Henley's many trials, but I do not know that that is a kind of defence Mr. Henley would welcome.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

LONDON, March 26, 1898.

PARIS LETTER.

Zola's "martyrdom" is over, even before it had really begun. The unexpected has happened. The Court of Cassation has quashed all the proceedings, not even ordering that a new trial should take place before some court outside the jurisdiction of the Paris Court of Appeals. It has decided not that Zola had not been properly tried, but that he had not been tried at all, inasmuch as the Minister of War, on whose complaint he was prosecuted, had no action whatever in the matter. Of course it is open to the libelled Council of War to now begin proceedings on its own account; but the general opinion is that nothing of the kind will be done, as the government has no desire of complicating the campaign which is just opening for the election of a new Chamber of Deputies with such an exciting topic as a new Dreyfus trial. I understand that the members of the Council of War are to be called together, and that they will adopt a finely worded resolution, stating that they are *audessus des insultes d'un Zola*, and that whatever vindication they might have needed has been given them by the verdict of a Paris jury and by the support of public opinion all over the land. And thus the whole thing will end, and Zola will have no chance of competing with Silvio Pellico and giving us a new version of *My Prisons*.*

The elections always somewhat stir up literary circles, as French men of letters are generally fond of political life. It is said that Maurice Barrès is quite anxious to be a candidate in Nancy, and that his last novel, *Les Déracinés*, was partly written for the purpose of paving the way for his candidacy. But another man of letters is just about to retire from the House. It is Viscount Melchior de Vogüé, who sadly

announces to his constituents that he is just now disgusted with things generally, and that he is not anxious to represent them any more. Rumour has it that they are no more anxious to be represented by him than he is to represent them, so there will be no quarrel. It must be admitted, moreover, that the Viscount's tenure has not been especially brilliant. He shines better in the salons or in the Academy, where, however, he has just managed, quite unexpectedly and uselessly, it seems, to run foul of nearly the whole Parisian public. On the 24th of last month, while answering the *discours de réception* of M. Hanotaux, he suddenly launched into quite a eulogy of the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon in 1851 and of the late imperial government. The performance seemed the stranger in that among the guests of the Academy figured not only all the Cabinet ministers, but the President of the Republic himself, who had come to hear the maiden Academic speech of his young Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Interesting as the session was, it did not compare in literary brilliancy with the treat that had been offered by the Academy to its visitors two weeks earlier, where the Comte de Mun had come to occupy the seat formerly filled by Jules Simon, and had been received by Count d'Haussonville. Both speeches were among the finest ever heard under *la coupole de l'Institut*, as the phrase goes. Two literary allusions were very much commented upon. Count de Mun ended his speech with two lines of poetry, taken from Edmond Rostand's sacred drama, *La Samaritaine*. To be quoted at the Academy is almost as great an honour as to be elected to a seat, so the fortunate author of *Cyrano de Bergerac* may already consider himself almost an Immortal. The other allusion belongs

* This of course was written before the new prosecution of Zola had been instituted.—Ed.

to the first paragraphs of Comte d'Haussonville, where, speaking of the French defeats of 1870, he called them "*Un désastre et non pas une débâcle.*"

While the Academy is thus adding to its membership young or comparatively young men, its older members pursue even to the most advanced age their literary labours. The Duke de Broglie, who will soon be eighty, has just completed in the *Correspondant*, the favourite periodical of the liberal Catholics, an important series of articles on Voltaire, not very eulogistic, of course, which is soon to be reissued in book-form; and in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* he has given to a larger public a masterly paper on his predecessor in the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, Victor Duruy. But he is almost put to shame by the *doyen* of the Academy, the venerable Ernest Legouvé, whose last book, *Dernier Travail, Derniers Souvenirs*, which is a reproduction of his lectures before the young ladies in the École Normale de Sèvres, was published a few weeks after its author completed his ninety-first year.

In the *Revue* I find still a few things to mention; first, a very keen article by Brunetière in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the title of which is *Après le Procès*. I suppose I need not tell you what trial is here mentioned. Brunetière takes very high ground against Zola, and very searchingly analyses some of the causes of the anti-Semitic feeling which has come to the surface in France since the Dreyfus trial. The same number (March 15th) contains an interesting literary article on the poet André Chénier; no signature to the article, except three stars. It is not difficult, though, to discover that the three stars represent the signature of the editor of the *Revue* himself. Why did he not sign this article as well as the article on Zola? Simply in order clearly to show that René Doumic remains the literary critic of the *Revue*, and that he, Brunetière, is simply now acting, or writing, as a substitute during his younger associate's American trip.

In the *Revue de Paris* I wish to call attention to the first instalment of Léon Daudet's souvenirs of his father. They are mainly of a sentimental nature, as was to be expected such a short time after Daudet's death. The same periodical publishes a series of translations

from Gabriele d'Annunzio's poems. The translator gives his name as Jean Dornis. In reality Jean Dornis is a woman of Italian birth, Madame Guillaume Beer, who has just published under the same name a very interesting volume on *La Poésie Italienne Contemporaine*.

Paris cannot be without Italians now, it seems, in spite of the *Triplice*, or rather the Italians cannot keep away from Paris. D'Annunzio is gone, but he was soon succeeded by Antonio Fogazzari, the author of *Daniele Cortis* and *Piccolo Mondo Antico*. He has been received even more cordially than his younger rival, and has given, in French, a very interesting lecture on *Le Grand Poète de l'Avenir*. He did not say who this great poet is, but he stated what he must be. He is awaiting his coming with absolute faith.

Is Edmond Rostand that poet? Who knows? It has just been discovered that poetical talent comes to him by heredity; his father, Eugène Rostand, who is well known as a writer on subjects of social reform, is also the author of a charming volume of verse. As for the son, he has just been offered, and he improved it, a very touching occasion to show that there was a good deal of poetry left in him, even after the lavish expenditure caused to him by the composition of his *Cyrano de Bergerac*. The authorities of his old college, the Collège Stanislas, invited him to a special *matinée* of his play, given for the boys of the college. After the close of the play he was addressed, in verse of course, by one of his teachers, and he replied in the same idiom. His poem is full of charm, of wholesome tenderness and encouragement and wit. You will appreciate the following stanza when you know that it was addressed to boys whose ages range from nine to eighteen:

"Et c'est pourquoi je vous demande du panache!
Cambrez-vous, poitrinez, marchez, marquez le pas:
Tout ce que vous pensez, soyez fiers qu'on le sache,
Et retroussiez votre moustache,
Même si vous n'en avez pas."

The month has not been very prolific, either from a dramatic or literary standpoint. The only dramatic event that had any literary significance was the performance at the Odéon of *Don Juan*

de Manara, by Edmond Harancourt. Harancourt is a poet; his best work thus far has been his adaptation of Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*. It will remain his best work even after the performance of his *Don Juan*. There are beautiful lines in the play, though, and some beautiful situations, too. His *Don Juan* is somewhat different from the traditional seducers. He experiences real love, and carries in his heart remorse for his misdeeds. At the end of the play he enters a convent. The play is very interesting reading, but it is not likely to occupy the stage very long.

The indefatigable Gyp gives us another book this month, but it does not bear the imprint of her usual publisher, and no wonder. Her usual publisher is Calman Lévy, and her last book, *Israël*, is a story of merciless conversations of a decidedly anti-Semitic flavour. Of course Lévy likes the element described in the book just as little as Gyp herself, but he considered it wiser to let some *confrère* shoulder whatever responsibility belongs to the publisher in such a

case, and the book was published by Flammarion.

Another echo of the *Affaire Dreyfus*, the publication by John Grand-Carteret of a very curious volume, *L'Affaire Dreyfus par l'Image*, which consists of a reproduction of no less than two hundred and sixty-six cartoons relating to that celebrated case.

In pure literature all I see worth mentioning is a new volume of dramatic criticism by Émile Faguet, *Drame Ancien, Drame Moderne*. It is a reproduction of some of his articles in the *Journal des Débats*.

We are to have in a few months a new book by Loti. The book is not yet begun though, for the celebrated writer is just planning a new trip to Asia, just where he does not quite know, perhaps Afghanistan, perhaps India. But one thing is sure, he will write his impressions and publish them.

Alfred Manière.

PARIS, April 2, 1898.

THE CLOSED WAY.

Dear, I have dreamed—but the night is done,
Look where the shadows flee;
A gleaming fabric the dawn has spun—
Open thy heart for me!
The love-light shines in thy glorious eyes
As if they knew my plea;
Ah, Love, let me enter that Paradise—
Open thy heart for me!

Dear, it is Spring, and love is all.
Behold, on bended knee
I pray, as the mating robins call,
Open thy soul for me!
Let my pleading go not astray,
Through life I will follow thee;
Yea, and more—ah, Love, it is May—
Open thy soul for me!

* * * * *

Dear, it is night, and grieving, I wait
For you, wherever you be;
Love is not all—its Master is Fate—
Open your grave for me.
The love-light shines in your eyes no more
Down under the cypress-tree;
I will wait—O Love, but my heart is sore—
Open your grave for me!

Myrtle Reed.

NEW BOOKS.

HENRY GEORGE AND HIS FOES.*

A man who believed in himself, fought hard, and died in the harness, Henry George compels the respect even of his *ex-officio* enemies, the college professors. In his lifetime he attacked these gentry again and again. Sometimes they retaliated by ripping up his doctrines in their class-room lectures. Sometimes, as in the case of the late Francis A. Walker, they rejoined in print, bringing on a controversy from which neither party emerged with entire dignity, for in science as well as in theology polemics are apt to bespatter and ruffle the feathers of the combatants. And while these wordy conflicts were going on, the on-looker could not help wondering why the contestants took so little pains to understand each other, and why they struck so many hard blows in the air. Yet it is a thing to be thankful for that disputants do not understand each other, for otherwise they would not dispute, and this world would be a less amusing place for the rest of us. George's controversies—and he was never long out of one—have given an emotional interest to topics usually regarded as dry. They have made many a lively page of reading amid what he would call the arid waste of current economic discussion, for according to him almost all economic discussion has been an arid waste for a hundred years. They have made the authorities look to their halos and the worshippers to their hallelujahs—both excellent results, for which all praise to him, whatever be our economic faith.

To be sure, he was not always quite polite in his moments of imagined victory. He was rather apt to stand on his enemy's head and chuckle over the completeness of the overthrow. But this is pardonable in view of the early days when he was merely a dangerous agitator, not to be reasoned with, but only stormed at—in the days when the good and the wise threw stones and called names. He has dealt with his adversaries unfairly, but how unfairly have they dealt with him! Each side has condemned the other for the wrong

reasons, has neglected the essentials and refuted the irrelevant, and has taken that high triumphant tone of superior logic with which the polemist is wont to reassure himself and exasperate his antagonist. Mark how his argument crumbles to pieces at a touch! See how a plain tale puts him down! These little swaggering accompaniments have their uses, if the way to obtain success is to claim it.

In his long battle with the recognised teachers of "what is reputed to be political economy," Henry George has been far more persistent and uncompromising than they. He accepts nothing of theirs, while they accept some things of his. For instance, he was among the first to point out that wages came from products, not from capital—a theory now generally accepted. If he read their works, he must have done so with a determination not to be convinced. This was natural in view of his success. He took himself seriously in the manner of reformers, and his numerous converts encouraged him in the belief that he was one of the prophets. As his cause gained strength and became a factor in practical politics, partisanship was intensified. The economists were said to have obscured economic laws partly from native stupidity, partly because they were allied by self-interest with the rich. It was a waste of time to read them, and, in fact, economic training in general was a waste of time, for the laws of the science were simple, and Henry George knew all about them. His theory offered a remedy for the evils of our industrial system, and if that theory were not accepted, it was because the recusant did not want them remedied. The economists regarded him as a fanatic; and he retorted that they were either dishonest or the unconscious dupes of the money power.

Minor reformers such as he do not believe in the intellectual conscience. If a man does not think as they do they grind out motives for him. They confound a bad heart with a good head. They demand a sweeping redress of wrongs and that at once. They cannot understand why any one should hesitate about the means when the wrongs are so cruel, so obvious. The line is as

* The Science of Political Economy. By Henry George. New York: Doubleday & McClure Company. \$2.50.

sharply drawn between the emotional and the critical man, and the impossibility of mutual understanding is as absolute as between men and women. The controversy is eternal. In its essence it is absurd, for the difference lies in the facts of temperament, not in the processes of logic.

In Mr. George's last work, *The Science of Political Economy*, his aggressiveness is increased by the success of his earlier book. In *Progress and Poverty*, he says, he recast political economy in the points which most needed recasting. In the present work he has aimed to reconstruct the entire science. The need of it, he found, was great, for the best known teachers of political economy were afraid to tell the truth, lest it should be dangerous to the wealthy classes. Whatever be the cause of the injustice in the present distribution of wealth, "colleges and universities as at present constituted are by the very law of their being precluded from discovering or revealing it." Economists since Adam Smith's time have added nothing to knowledge, but have merely confused what was known before. This book is intended not merely as a corrective of some things which they have written, but as a substitute for everything which they have written. Ricardo, Mill, Senior, Say, Roscher, Wagner, Marshall, etc., all must go. As to the hirelings who occupy chairs of political economy in the capitalistic colleges and universities of to-day, their wickedness or dullness figures on almost every page. Such is his attitude throughout the book. It is ill suited to his purpose, for it needlessly arouses antagonism. It would be pleasanter to hear those things from his followers than from himself, and so many of his followers are ready to say them, that he might have spared his modesty without danger to his cause. This, of course, has nothing to do with the merits of his claims. It is criticism merely from the lay point of view; but the book is designed to convert laymen to the Single Tax and other doctrines of the author, and it is worth while to inquire whether that object would not be more surely gained by a more moderate tone. There is a demand for modesty even in the very great, and the egotism of an author is apt to make one forget the merits of his cause. Nor is it wise of the present author to allow

his pride over the fact that the "forecastle and the press-room" were his *alma mater*, and that he escaped a university training to betray him into intolerance toward those who through no fault of their own have passed through a college course. He should have had all the more respect for those whose virtues survived the evil influences of higher education and made them Single Taxers in the end.

Bearing in mind that Mr. George claims to have derived nothing from the writings of the nineteenth-century economists, we are surprised to find many points of agreement between him and them. In the first part of the book he outlines his views on the relation of man to the universe, the meaning of civilisation, the growth of knowledge, and the laws of nature. Here he owes nothing to the economists, for he discusses matters which are not usually included in economic treatises; for instance, Paley's argument from design and the nature of a final cause. On this latter point the following passage illustrates the somewhat elementary character of this part of the work. He is speaking of the use of the terms "ultimate cause" and "final cause" to express the same idea.

"This use of seemingly opposite names for the same thing may at first puzzle others as at first it puzzled me. But it is explained when we remember that what is first and what last in a chain of series depends upon which end we start from. Thus when we proceed from cause to effect, the beginning cause comes first, and is styled the 'primary cause.' But when we start from effect to seek cause, as is usually the case—for we can know cause as cause only when it lies in our own consciousness—the cause nearest the result comes first, and we call it 'proximate cause;' and what we apprehend as the beginning cause is found last, and we call it the 'ultimate' or 'efficient' cause." . . .

Then follow several chapters which are more properly a preparation for the study of political economy. Among the truths which he declares as if for the first time is the principle that men always seek to satisfy their desires with the least exertion. "The failure clearly to apprehend this as the fundamental law of political economy has led to very serious and widespread mistakes as to the nature of the science." Yet for years the "scholastic economists," as he calls them, have dwelt on this so insistently that it has become a tiresome commonplace. Again, the most minute

philosopher could not detect any difference between his view of the relation between the inductive and deductive methods in economic science and that set forth in fifty elementary text-books, nor between his explanation of natural law in distribution and that given by recent writers. Yet here as always the combative tone of the propagandist. On the relation of land to the other factors of production he differs of course, for this is the starting-point of his single-tax philosophy, but nothing is here added to what has been given in *Progress and Poverty*.

No subject in political economy has been more tortured than that of value, and Mr. George has good reason to complain of the incoherency of many recent writers on this point. It is disappointing that his own explanation not only does not explain, but adds one of the mistiest chapters to be found in the whole literature of the subject.

Much the same sort of disappointment accompanies the study of all Mr. George's works. He leads one to expect more than it is in his power to give. It is true that political economy suffers from the lack of unanimity among its teachers. It is true that a student can find "no consistent body of doctrine that he may safely accept." There is no doubt that it might be more clearly expounded than it is. And when Mr. George, pointing to these facts, says he will clear away the rubbish and substitute a simple and consistent body of doctrine, he offers a very agreeable prospect to the student; but it remains only a prospect. There is neither simplicity nor consistency in his own explanation of economic laws. As a reconstructor of political economy he failed completely, although he may have "recast it" in some points. What he did was merely to found a political party, and this fact only emphasises the more his failure as an economist; for the man who shall really reconstruct economic science will not found a political party in his own lifetime. He will be a very lonely man. The mere number of believers offers no proof of the soundness of an economic doctrine. The truth of a theory of value will never be settled by a majority vote. It is a mathematical axiom that where the greatest number of persons are gathered

together, there also are to be found the greatest number of fools.

But is the complexity of the accepted political economy inherent in the science itself, or due, as Mr. George has said, to the dulness or wickedness of its professors? The view that all the recognised authorities in the nineteenth century have been the dupes or slaves of capital is not to be taken seriously. As to their dulness, De Quincey said long ago that he could brew their fungus heads to powder in a mortar with a lady's fan; and much that has been written since reads like mere diaries of the authors' perplexities. But it is doubtful if an economic treatise can ever be really popular. Adam Smith's was not, nor was John Stuart Mill's. The difficulty of understanding some of the laws and concepts of the science is apparent from Mr. George's own books. But that much of what is now written is needlessly involved and shows indifference to the human bearings of the subject is equally clear. A genius would find a way to carry the truth further and let it lose nothing in the telling.

And in some points Mr. George has the advantage of his more sober and scholarly opponents. His enthusiasm is delightful; his writings are full of vigour and of human sympathy. There is no doubt that his whole heart was in what he wrote and said. And these things make his occasional slips in the matter of correct English and good taste seem too trifling to mention. One forgives even his naïve joy over his supposed discovery of all economic truths.

Frank Moore Colby.

THE MEANING OF EDUCATION.*

Persons possessed with one dominant idea are singularly uninteresting nowadays. Perhaps their prepossessions do not mount to the level of belief, the conditions of which are, if I remember aright, that one must "leave oneself by or with a person or thing" until conduct is saturated with a new influence. Propagandists take pains not to be seriously mad. Otherwise M. Brunetière, who idealises military authority to the exclu-

* The Meaning of Education. By Nicholas Murray Buttle. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.00.

sion of circumstantial evidence, would find his views of literature, no less than of politics and religion, so warped as to be deficient in individuality and insight, and Brother Azarias would have made even more mistakes than he did in estimating Emerson. Again, to cite an illustration with which readers of *THE BOOKMAN* are already familiar, one might reasonably suppose that a spelling reformer, who for purposes of utility reduced to their bare bones so many well clothed and cushioned words of respectable pedigree, would himself make shift to get along, at the very least, without a pair of cuffs; and that the pædagogical crank, leaning heavily upon Herbart, would inject endless "flub-dub" into the simplicities of every-day life, and be unrecognisable by his children. But none of these things occur.

The upshot of this long-winded exordium is that Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, who maintains that the teacher acquiring knowledge of his "art" from experience has no closer relation to education than a motorman has to the science of electricity, who asserts that the pure empiricist never can *have* any genuine experience, who earnestly commends to every pædagogue the study of these two principles, Apperception and Interest, convinced that if for them a hearing can be secured "all this will be changed," has published a half dozen sensible, practical, and exceedingly broad essays, which reveal only here and there, in an occasional air-tight compartment, as it were, that he is inoculated with a dominant idea. Indeed, if he did not, in so many words, specify his love for "interest" and "apperception," and vent his spleen against those who do not on an imaginary teacher of inaccurate speech, whom on that account he would remove from her position, and exhibit a slight impatience with the United States Senate and the present methods of municipal government, and, last but not least, evince a certain fine carelessness in referring marginally to *Literature and Dogma and Phases of Thought and Criticism* without the amenity of capitals, I should never know that he was more of a theorist than Matthew Arnold himself. No doubt Dr. Butler's equilibrium is largely due to his admirable candour in conceding, at the outset, that scientific educational formulæ are

at best only working hypotheses, with no pretence to exactness.

Viewing the book as a whole, it is surprising and gratifying to see how closely his observations and recommendations agree with the mental results attainable by the empiricist, although Dr. Butler would probably never admit that anything so stimulating could just crystallise in the laboratory of adjustment to human nature, or appear in any guise but that of clouds of glory trailing in the wake of a big idea. Happily the New World never tires of big ideas, however familiar, provided they are spoken by big men. In reading such a book, the public are even more eager to say, "How good this is—that's exactly what I think," than what Mr. Ruskin contended the right feeling would prompt them to say, "How strange that is! I never thought of that before."

Believing that each generation is the trustee of civilisation, Dr. Butler states that the child, after he has come to the enjoyment of his physical inheritance, is entitled to receive his scientific, his literary, his æsthetic, and his religious inheritance. In other words, he should be permitted to love and understand nature, books, and art, and in the family and church rather than in the school be taught to revere spiritual realities. That is what education means. On the last analysis it is "spiritual growth toward intellectual and moral perfection." Again, there are three avenues of approach to the study of education—the physiological, the psychological, and the sociological. The first involves a discussion of school hours and recesses, of programmes and tasks, of school furniture, of text-books and blackboards, of light, heat, and fresh air, no less than the question of athletics. The second requires that no class should be treated *en bloc*, forbids the doing of difficult and distasteful things simply because they are difficult and distasteful, and gives an ethical underpinning to instruction in civil government, the inculcation of patriotism, and "the flag upon the schoolhouse." The sociological aspect of education, with each study, raises the question, "Does it lead to a knowledge of our contemporary civilisation?" Subjected to such a test, it is intimated that the subjects of production and exchange, monetary policy and taxation, demand as serious attention from the

college undergraduate as Greek and the higher mathematics. In the interest of an increased college attendance, and the principle of gradual educational development which informs all his utterances, Dr. Butler advocates a more easy and natural transition from the secondary school to the college. The formal tests at entrance should be reduced to a minimum, and the superstition forever banished that "a great gulf" is fixed between successive years of youthful progress.

As to the functions and reform of secondary schools, Dr. Butler submits that the school day should never be less than five full hours; that vacations are now unduly long, and not sufficiently distributed through the year; that no more than five "book" subjects should be carried on at once; that English deserves a leading place, and "compositions" should be written at least once a week; that no two languages should be begun at the same time, and that one foreign language should be essayed at about the age of eleven and studied continuously for several years, French especially deserving attention "before the pupil has acquired very fixed notions of grammatical and rhetorical canons." Dr. Butler curiously ascribes the woeful neglect of the mother tongue, which has prevailed in the past, to the great preponderance of classical instruction. Although the Committee of Ten mournfully admitted that the improvements they had suggested, which in many respects coincide with Dr. Butler's, could not be realised without improvement in the training of teachers, Dr. Butler avers that the facilities for educating teachers far surpass those of a decade ago, and pays a warm tribute to the normal schools. His rejoinder to Professor von Holst, who likened the American college to the German *Gymnasium*, is also tinged with optimism, though he seems to me to dodge the point at issue in postulating that *Lehrfreiheit*, *Lernfreiheit*, and the pursuit of science for its own sake are merely "recognised" in American universities.

No one is going to quarrel with these results. Perhaps if Dr. Butler would explain his processes of thought more fully, the average teacher would see how like a keystone to the arch is his German formalism. I fancy, however, that even if he could make out a per-

fectly clear case for himself, the majority of teachers would shrink from lumbering up their own minds with any more pædagogical theory than they could comfortably assimilate, claiming with exasperating pertinacity that the American solvent, common sense, reinforced with an intimate and enthusiastic acquaintance with human nature and the subjects taught, is good enough for them. And, bless their souls! they are not far wrong; for psychology, like literature, can enter into the fibre of comparatively few minds. The greatest novels are, of course, true to the laws of psychology, and yet one has only to mention the psychological novel, with which no technical treatise on education or mental philosophy can for a single moment compare in interest or profit, to discover that the majority of people look outward rather than inward and prefer things. One might as well expect experimental psychology to be generally appreciated by teachers as the psychology of buying and selling by tradesmen. The American teacher, like the American boy, is a special case, and must be approached in a very practical way.

George Merriam Hyde.

THE GLOBE EDITION OF CHAUCER.*

The preface to the Globe edition of Chaucer gives some interesting history of the way in which the edition began, of many eminent scholars who were called upon to take part in it, and of the influences that have led, on the one hand, to Mr. Skeat's great work, the Oxford edition of Chaucer, and, on the other, to this present book. The story is not without dignity; it touches upon the life of Mr. Henry Bradshaw, the great scholar, who was so ready to help in the work of others, and completed so little of his own; and it has a special and personal interest in its dedication, as a tribute from younger men to the indomitable courage of Dr. Furnivall, the pioneer who says "ley hond to, every man," and who has shown the way into so many uncleared and profitable countries, and taken his mariners into many a pleasant haven.

* The Works of Geoffrey Chaucer. Edited by Alfred W. Pollard, H. Frank Heath, Mark H. Liddell, and W. S. McCormick. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

The editors, with Mr. Pollard as their foreman, pay their respects also to the Oxford Chaucer, the elder half-brother of the Globe edition, and salute the work of Mr. Skeat with the honour it deserves, and with some apology for their rivalry with his *Student's Chaucer*. As to that, there is no reason for anxiety; the two books bring out the merits of one another, and those who read Chaucer will find themselves happy in the possession of both. It is natural to compare the two books. The Globe edition has the advantage of larger type, which, however, is somewhat impaired by the use of points to mark the *e's* that are to be sounded, in the verse; these dots are irritating. Apart from that, the Globe page is neat enough; the lines are generally well fitted in their columns, and the headings are lighter than in the somewhat top-heavy Oxford pages, especially in the *Canterbury Tales*, where the Oxford edition has given undue emphasis to the A's and B's that mark the "Groups" of the *Tales*. The Globe edition gives notes at the foot of the page, both critical and explanatory; the principle on which they are given is not always clear, but though they are not numerous, it is surprising how many real difficulties they clear away. Mr. Skeat gives no commentary in his *Student's* edition, except some notes on readings at the end of the book, and such explanations as there is room for in his Glossary.

The Globe edition is based on an independent examination of the texts, and it is in this that its merit chiefly lies. Probably the most interesting parts of the work, for critics of the text, will be found to be Mr. McCormick's *Troilus and Criseyde*, and Mr. Liddell's *Romaunt of the Rose*. In *Troilus and Criseyde* the editor has a plausible theory of the relations of the manuscripts, and he has been able to bring out some valuable results from a fresh comparison of these with the Italian poem which Chaucer had before him. In the *Romaunt of the Rose* a number of certain emendations have been introduced by means of the French original.

The introductions by the different editors are not all on the same plan, but they are alike in being succinct and full of matter. Mr. Pollard contributes the general Introduction, including a life of Chaucer, much the same as that in his

admirable little book, the *Chaucer Primer*. Mr. Pollard agrees with Mr. Skeat in thinking that there is nothing to be added to the praise of Chaucer; it is perhaps to be regretted that in his self-restraint and avoidance of rhetoric he has permitted himself too much of that form of Truth which, according to the Philosopher, is a vice. "*The Legend of Good Women* was perforce abandoned because of its deadly and inevitable monotony," says Mr. Pollard. Even if this were correct (which is uncertain) this was not the place to say it, because there are many innocent people who have never discovered the monotony of that *Legend*. Monotony, if you please; but why deadly? And why inevitable? The stories, it is true, are all of the same kind, stories of false lovers such as Theseus and Jason ("a twenty devel way the wynde hem dryve!"), but Chaucer could get over the monotony of that. Read his battle of Actium (in the *Legend of Cleopatra, Queen and Martyr*), the great sea-piece, with the ships yard-arm to yard-arm, the great stones crashing down from the tops, the peas scattered on the hatches, the pots full of lime (cf. *Shannon v. Chesapeake*):

"Up goth the trumpe, and for to shoute and shete,

And paynen hem to sette on with the sonne."

While in less extravagant ways there were many other modes of escape from monotony open to Chaucer—invention of rhythms, incidental touches, as in the wedding of Tereus:

"The owle al nyght aboute the balkes wond,"
or the pathetic simplicity of the end of Pyramus:

"And thus ar Tisbe and Piramus ago.
Of trewe men I finde but fewe mo
In alle my bokes, save this Piramus."

If Mr. Pollard's work were less excellent there would be no need to raise a debate on this point, but, as it is, it is perplexing to come upon this exaggerated phrase in the middle of so much sound and temperate exposition.

Mr. Liddell's appreciation of the *Romaunt of the Rose* will perhaps be thought by some to err on the other side, but it is attractive criticism, and encouraging to young pilgrims.

The Globe edition is published under good augury; it is certain of a long career. It seems probable that the text

will be published in a different size, in a set of volumes; will the editors listen to a humble petition: reconsider those dotted *e*'s and give us Chaucer unpainted?

IV. P. Ker.

MR. ZANGWILL'S NEW BOOK.*

Mr. Zangwill's Jewish work has widened in scope since the days when he treated with kindly irony the follies of the community from week to week in a newspaper now defunct. His first artistic presentment of Jewish life was in the *Ghetto Tragedies*, in which he illuminated as by lightning flashes the deeper aspects of the sordid life of the Ghetto. The *Tragedies* were written before, though they were published after, *The Children of the Ghetto*, which absolutely made Mr. Zangwill's reputation as a masterly delineator of a certain *couche sociale*. He attempted to do in that book what George Eliot had tried to do in *Middlemarch*, describe a whole section of society through the art form of fiction. In his present work he aspires to these higher flights, and has attempted in a series of *contes* to display the inmost feeling of a whole race, of a whole creed.

In one sense there can be no doubt of the success of his very ambitious scheme. With marvellous industry and with no small amount of erudition he has packed together into the scenes dealing with the Uriela Acosta, Sabbatai Zevi, Spinoza, the Baal Shem, Maimon, Heine, Lassalle, and Beaconsfield, just those incidents and sayings of their careers which bring out most clearly their Jewish aspects. Those who are familiar with Heine will recognise the ingenuity with which Mr. Zangwill has woven into the monologue attributed to him almost all the characteristic things he said about Judaism and about his own relations to it. So, too, in the account of Spinoza, almost all the incidents of his career are brought into the picture, though it must be owned few of them in relation to his ancestral creed. Somewhat the same might be said of the description of Lassalle, where Mr. Zangwill has been obliged to put himself in competition with Mr. Meredith. Perhaps the most perfect of these studies is that contained in the three or four pages devoted to

Lord Beaconsfield. Never before, so far as I am aware, have the secret springs of that curious personality been so suggestively laid bare. The detachment from English life which gave him so much leverage, the mixture of reticence and display, are all traced back to the Jewish element.

Mr. Zangwill has been equally successful with the other remarkable Jews of the past, with whose names the world is less familiar. The meteoric career of Sabbatai Zevi, who was accepted by the Jews as their Messiah as late as 1666, has never yet been adequately presented in art form, and would have deserved even fuller treatment than that given to it in this book. The almost equally remarkable personality of Baal Shem will come perhaps as even a greater surprise to the outside world, who little know the depths of mysticism which exist among a people generally credited with excessive adherence to practical aims. His followers still exist in large numbers in Poland and Galicia, and form in modern Judaism a sect which may perhaps best be described as a combination of the Quakers and the Shakers.

Now, these historic Dreamers of the Ghetto are possibly only introduced in order to serve as *pièces justificatifs* to prove the existence of the Ghetto Dream, which occurs in so many various forms. Remarkable movements for the recovery of the Holy Land as a national centre for Jews led last summer to the meeting of a congress at Basle, attended by representatives from all the Jewries of Europe. Mr. Zangwill has here a vivid account of these Dreamers in congress, and shows at the same time that he is not unaware of the practical difficulties and inconsistencies involved in the underlying suggestions. Indeed, it appears to have been Mr. Zangwill's plan to hint at the unreal nature of Israel's Dream in all its forms. The last sentence of his Preface runs, "This book is the story of a Dream that has not come true." The same idea is vividly expressed in the penultimate chapter of the book, which, to a Jew at least, comes home with the greatest force of all. This imagines another Jew endowed with all the culture of his time returning after many years to the ancestral home in the Venetian Ghetto on the night of Passover, when, according to immemorial custom, the family gather

* The Dreamers of the Ghetto. By I. Zangwill. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.50

together. While the paterfamilias is going through an old Volkslied, which winds up the service, his prodigal son goes through the course of his spiritual history up to the moment when he recognises that all ideals—national, religious, and individual—are illusions, and he glides out to drown himself in the canal. Having given up the riddle of life, he gives up life itself. Mr. Zangwill here puts in the most picturesque form the problem that meets all moderns—the worth of the individual life, which is complicated in the case of the Jewish individual by further doubts as to the worth of the communal life of which he forms part. Yet this counsel of despair is characteristically followed by an epilogue in which a modern scribe in Jerusalem looks forward to the time when a new expression shall be given to the religious life which shall recognise the modern spirit and the ancient ideals, and the book concludes with a remarkable hymn to the Yahweh, giving expression to all his new ideals. Yes, Mr. Zangwill is himself a Dreamer of the Ghetto.

Whether the particular form in which Mr. Zangwill presents his own and other Jews' dreams is that most suitable for bringing them home to the outside world, it is difficult for one who views them from the inside to judge. As is usual with him, he puts so much into each of his sections that it is doubtful whether the resultant impression can be a clear one. It is somewhat difficult even from the inside to gather the exact nature of the Dream which occurs in so many forms throughout the book. Is it the reconciliation of God and Man through the Jew? Then one does not quite see what Lassalle and Beaconsfield, not to mention Spinoza and Heine, are doing in this particular galley. Is it the triumph of Jewish ideals in general that is the Dream? Then, again, the persons of Spinoza and Lassalle have to be accounted for. But it is perhaps the many-sidedness of the Dream that Mr. Zangwill desires to bring out, that many-sidedness which makes the figure of the Jew so enigmatic yet so interesting, whether by way of attraction or repulsion. At any rate, Mr. Zangwill has sufficiently indicated the existence of ideals in the modern Jewry, and that by itself is a novel idea enough to the outer world to justify the exist-

ence of his book. The financier, the sweater, and the pedlar do not exhaust the possibilities of the Ghetto; it has always included its dreamers as well.

Joseph Jacobs.

MR. LIONEL JOHNSON'S POEMS.*

Arthur Hallam distinguishes in the opening of his essay on Tennyson between what he calls "the æsthetic school of poetry," founded by Keats and Shelley, and the various popular schools. "The æsthetic school" is, he says, the work of men whose fine organs have "trembled with emotion, at colours and sounds and movements unperceived by duller temperaments," "a poetry of sensation rather than of reflection," "a sort of magic producing a number of impressions too multiplied, too minute, and too diversified to allow of our tracing them to their causes, because just such was the effect, even so boundless and so bewildering, produced on their imaginations by the real appearance of nature." Because this school demands the most close attention from readers whose organs are less fine, it will always, he says, be unpopular compared to the schools that "mix up" with poetry all manner of anecdotes and opinions and moral maxims. This little known and profound essay defines more perfectly than any other criticism in English the issues in that war of schools which is troubling all the arts, and gradually teaching us to rank such "reflections" of the mind as rhetorical and didactic verse, painted anecdotes, pictures "complicated with ideas" that are not pictorial ideas, below poetry and painting that mirror the "multiplied" and "minute" and "diversified" "sensation" of the body and the soul. Mr. Johnson, like Wordsworth and Coleridge, has sometimes written in the manner of the "popular schools," and "mixed up" with poetry religious and political opinions, and though such poetry has its uses everywhere, and in Ireland, for which Mr. Johnson has written many verses, and where opinion is still unformed, its great uses, one must leave it out when one measures the poetical importance of his poetry. I find poetry that is "a sort of magic," in

* Ireland, with *Other Poems*. By Lionel Johnson. Boston: Copeland & Day. \$1.50.

Poems, published in 1895, and in the present book, *Ireland*, and the most unpopular "sort of magic," for it mirrors a temperament so cold, so austere, so indifferent to our pains and pleasures, so wrapped up in one lonely and monotonous mood that one comes from it wearied and exalted, as though one had posed for some noble action, in a strange *tableau vivant*, that casts its painful stillness upon the mind instead of upon the body. Had I not got Mr. Johnson's first book when I was far from books, I might have laid it down scarcely begun, I found the beginning so hard, and have lost much high pleasure, many fine exaltations; and though I have kept his new book as long as I could before reviewing it, I do not know if I admire the first book more merely because I have had longer to make its sensations my own sensations. In a poem that changes a didactic opinion to a sensation of the soul, Mr. Johnson sings the ideal of his imagination and his verse.

"White clouds embrace the dewy fields
Storms lingering mist and breath :
And hottest heavens to hot earth yield
Drops from the fire of death.

"Come ! sigh the shrouding airs of earth :
Be with the burning night ;
Learn what her heart of flame is worth,
And eyes of glowing light.

"I come not. Off, odorous airs !
Rose-scented winds, away !
Let passion garnish her wild lairs,
Hold her fierce holiday.

"I will not feel her dreamy toils
Glide over heart and eyes :
My thought shall never be her spoils,
Nor grow sad memories.

"Mine be all proud and lonely scorn,
Keeping the crystal law
And pure air of the eternal morn :
And passion, but of awe."

Poetry written out of this ideal can never be easy to read, and Mr. Johnson never forgets his ideal. He utters the sensations of souls too ascetic with a Christian asceticism to know strong passions, violent sensations, too stoical with a pagan stoicism to wholly lose them selves in any Christian ecstasy. He has made for himself a twilight world where all the colours are like the colours in the rainbow, that is cast by the moon, and all the people as far from modern tumults as the people upon fading and

dropping tapestries. His delight is in "the courtesy of saints," "the courtesy of knights," "the courtesy of love," in "saints in golden vesture," in the "murmuring" of "holy Latin immemorial," in "black armour, falling lace, and altar lights at dawn," in "rosaries blanched in Alban air," in all "memorial melancholy" things. He is the poet of those peaceful, unhappy souls who, in the symbolism of a living Irish visionary, are compelled to inhabit when they die a shadowy island paradise in the West, where the moon always shines, and a mist is always on the face of the moon, and a music of many sighs always in the air, because they renounced the joy of the world without accepting the joy of God.

The poems, which are not pure poetry according to Arthur Hallam's definition, will, I think, have their uses in Catholic anthologies, and in those Irish paper-covered books of more or less political poetry which are the only imaginative reading of so many young men in Ireland. "Parnell," "Ways of War," "Ireland's Dead," "The Red Wind," "Ireland," "Christmas and Ireland," "Ninety-Eight," "To the Dead of '98," and "Right and Might," even when they are not, as they are sometimes, sensations of the body and the soul, will become part of the ritual of that revolt of Celtic Ireland which is, according to one's point of view, the Celt's futile revolt against the despotism of fact or his necessary revolt against a political and moral materialism. The very ignorance of literature, among their Irish readers, will make the formal nobility of their style seem the more impressive, the more miraculous.

W. B. Yeats.

MODERN ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

In the House of Literary History there are many mansions, and though some of them may be more imposing and grandiose, few are so pleasant to dwell in, so well furnished for the needs of civil life, so full of light and colour and perfume and all manner of gracious decoration, as that which we enter under the escort of Mr. Gosse. His new book is a kind of Farnesina among

* Modern English Literature. By Edmund Gosse. New York : D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

histories of Modern English Literature. Immense knowledge is obvious on every page; but it is so deftly wrought, and with so persistent a sense of artistic values, that it escapes that air of vassalage to the bare fact which the hand-book of literature, particularly when it covers a vast period, so hardly avoids. Mr. Gosse, however, has been his own editor, and his book may be taken to reflect his own idiosyncrasies and tastes without the intrusion of any alien ideal. He has been free to tell the story of Modern English Literature in his own way, emphasising the elements that appealed to him, passing lightly by what he cared less for. Thus, notwithstanding the enormous field covered, he has been able to give fairly untrammelled scope to the two kindred gifts which form, perhaps, his most signal endowment as a literary historian—the æsthetic and the historic appreciation of style. Personal portraiture, biography, characterisation, are necessarily slight; but hardly any writer is dismissed without the passing gift of an epigram or an epithet which stamps his quality with more or less of curious precision or piquant suggestiveness.

Sometimes the delicate organ of the literary gourmet is more perceptible in these dicta; at other times rather the comparative and discriminating instinct of a scholar who is at home in the highways and the byways of three centuries, and alert to trace the echoes and reverberations, the stubborn persistencies and recalcitrances of old taste. This, for instance, taken from a striking criticism on Swift, is excellent in both kinds:

"That such a tract as the *Sentiments of a Church of England Man*, with its gusts of irony, its white heat of preposterous moderation, led on toward Junius, is obvious; but Swift is really the creator of the whole school of eighteenth-century rhetorical diatribe on its better side, whenever it is not leaden and conventional. It may be said that he invented a vital polemical system, which was used throughout the remainder of the century by every one who dealt in that kind of literature, and who was at the same time strong enough to wield such thunderbolts."

Interesting, in a different domain, is the paragraph which traces the connection of the sudden outburst of Elizabethan lyric faculty with the rise of the lute-melodies of Tallis, Bird, and Dowland.

"It was necessary to find words for these airs, and the poems so employed were obliged

to be lucid, liquid, brief, and of a temper suited to the gaiety and sadness of the instrument. The demand created the supply, and from having been heavy and dissonant to a painful degree, English lyrics suddenly took a perfect art and sweetness. . . . The trick of this light and brilliant sensuous verse once learned, it took forms the most various and the most delightful. In the hands of the best poets it rapidly developed from an extreme naïveté and artless jiggling to the fullest splendour of song. . . . But the old simplicity remained awhile side by side with this gorgeous and sonorous art, and to the combination we owe the songs of Shakespeare and Campion, the delicate mysteries of 'England's Helicon,' the marvellous short flights of verbal melody that star the music books down to 1615 and even later. But then the flowers of English lyric began to wither, and the jewels took their place; a harder, less lucid, less spontaneous method of song-writing succeeded."

The evolution of the lyric of Elizabeth or James could hardly be presented with more precision or effect in so few words. The last sentence is a specimen of those trenchant, picturesque images which one instinctively shrinks from applying to the subtle distinctions of poetry and art, but which in Mr. Gosse's hands are often, as here, really luminous and informing.

The gist of the book lies, naturally, in the chapters from Elizabeth onward. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Mr. Gosse is a past master; and his delineation of the changing phases of literary forms shows a technical accomplishment which tempts us at times to wish for a less hasty dismissal of the intellectual matter of literature. If Berkeley's philosophy, for instance, was to be referred to at all, it was hardly needful to deliver him over into the hands of the Philistine by substituting for his *esse est percipi* the formula "that nothing is but only seems to be." When we come to the nineteenth century, however, the method of the book seems to grow larger; a greater compass of intellectual interest is admitted, and Herbert Spencer, notwithstanding exceptions justly enough taken to his style, is favoured with a surprisingly copious exposition of his speculative principles, which are evidently congenial to Mr. Gosse himself. We do not touch upon these apparent discrepancies of method for any other purpose than to suggest that the same many-sided appreciation of life in literature, which is so difficult to avoid when dealing with the literature of our own time, informed and penetrated as it is with

reflections of the thoughts we live by, is equally a part of the task of the historian of the literature of the past. An interesting epilogue throws some light on the emphasis given to Mr. Spencer. In admirably chosen phrases Mr. Gosse does battle with the "individualist" critics who swear to the exclusive merits of a single writer or a single school, and ignore the discovery that the history of literature is the history of "a vast living organism," in which there is room for Pope and Wordsworth, for Boileau and Keats. Do these critics, we cannot help asking, as theorists, exist? And is not the theory of literature for which Mr. Gosse contends as a discovery of Mr. Spencer's, as old as Goethe? Was it not proclaimed seventy years ago by Carlyle? All honour to our veteran thinker, but one dare be known to suspect that more of the philosophy of criticism is to be found in Goethe and Carlyle than in all his score of volumes. Mr. Gosse's book will serve a purpose which none of his predecessors in this field altogether fulfils. In sustained force and freshness of criticism it has no rival on a similar scale but the admirable *Primer* of Mr. Brooke; and the tone and temper of the two minds are so diverse, and yet so penetrated, in each case, with critical instinct, that the joint study of both books would form no contemptible introduction to whatever is not incommunicable in the art of criticism.

C. H. Herford.

MR. WELLS'S "WAR OF THE WORLDS."*

"A gun which shoots electricity is the latest invention of an enterprising American, and Mr. John Hartman, the inventor of the automatic carbine socket, which has been used in the United States Army for sixteen years, and who himself served in the Civil War, is the inventor of this new device. It is said that he has discovered conditions by which the rays of a search-light can be charged with electricity, the beam of light thus taking the place of an ordinary wire. The individual coming within the light rays completes the circuit and falls dead. Experiments have been tried on rabbits, and with a current from a lamp of only fifty voltage he succeeded in killing a rabbit at fifty feet. We shall certainly await the details of this remarkable invention with curiosity."

I cut the above from a copy of the *Westminster Gazette* the other day, when engaged in reading Mr. Wells's new

* *The War of the Worlds*. By H. G. Wells. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.

story. It set me thinking that if the Martians did not war on the world some human enemy armed with those heat-rays might, and instead of killing rabbits might kill men, until London became the silent, empty city that Mr. Wells's imagination has pictured with so much force.

That is one of the most striking points about Mr. Wells's work, that he always kindles the imagination. The thief who behind every hedge sees a constable is in a better plight than the average reader of *The War of the Worlds*, who, in every thunderstorm or convulsion of nature, will, for long years to come, think of those grim and impressive creatures from another world. There is an enormous gulf between Mr. Wells's wild imaginings and the imaginings of the men who are by some described roughly as his predecessors. The travels of Baron Munchausen and the adventures which we owe to Jules Verne are on an entirely separate plane. With these writers we are simply in fairyland; it is no disparagement that our delight in their adventure stories does not in the least disturb our sense of the fitness of things in our daily humdrum life. But Mr. Wells has set our minds agog; I do not say he has done it with that perfection of sanity which so great a subject might have called forth. A war of the worlds, if it really came, would bring us face to face with noble aspects of heroism, with infinite depths of terror, with a mingling of exquisite pathos, and—in spite of the horrors afforded—of grim humour, of a kind which do not come into the ken of Mr. Wells. I do not even deny that in *The War of the Worlds* there are certain small numbers of pages over which many readers may be excused for yawning, whereas to thoroughly convince us of so dire a catastrophe of nature as is here presented an inferior writer, equipped with some of Mr. Wells's material, would have prevented our interest from waning for a moment.

Personally, I confess to being frankly sorry that here, as in other of Mr. Wells's books, he is so little of an optimist. It has been a dream of good men for countless ages that swords shall be beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning-hooks, and although Tennyson in our own day has talked of "the canker of peace," and told us roundly that the

wars of armies are not more deadly than the wars of capitalists, he also has filled two or three generations with an aspiration for the time "when the war-drum throbs no longer." And yet Mr. Wells, the first novelist to turn to account for purposes of fiction the great revival of science—the New Learning—which we owe to Darwin and Lyell, to Huxley and Tyndall, unlike his masters, who were all optimists, has painted, and continues to paint, developments where life is more full of pitfalls than in our own time, and where great convulsions of nature find us morally not one whit better prepared than the eruption of Vesuvius found the people of Pompeii nearly two thousand years ago. None the less do I count the work of Mr. Wells as one of the most distinctly individual achievements of our time, on a lower literary plane, it may be, but as distinctly an individual achievement as the work of Swift in the eighteenth century, with which it has much in common.

I note in passing as an interesting fact, that Mr. Wells, among the many interpolations that he has made since his book appeared in the pages of a popular magazine, has expressed his distaste for the impossible illustrations with which the magazine serial was adorned. "I recall particularly," he says, "the illustration of one of the first pamphlets to give a consecutive account of the war. The artist had evidently made a hasty study of one of the fighting machines, and there his knowledge ended. He presented them as tilted, stiff tripods, without either flexibility or subtlety, and with an altogether misleading monotony of effect. The pamphlet containing these renderings had a considerable vogue, and I mention them here simply to warn the reader against the impression they may have created. They were no more like the machines I saw in action than a Dutch doll is like a human being. To my mind, the pamphlet would have been much better without them." In wishing for the absence of the illustrations, Mr. Wells only expresses the feeling of most readers concerning the illustrations to stories by their favourite authors. Who is there, since Fred Barnard illustrated Dickens's novels, and Mr. Tenniel *Alice in Wonderland*, that has entirely satisfied us in the illustration of our most approved authors? But all this is to digress from

my main point, which is to reiterate the conviction that among the younger writers of the day Mr. Wells is the most distinctly original, and the least indebted to predecessors. *The War of the Worlds* is a very strong and a very powerful book.

Clement Shorter.

MR. HENLEY'S POEMS.*

In this volume we have Mr. Henley's poems as Mr. Henley wishes us to read them. He has revised a little, cast out a few, reprinted two or three from scattered journals. It is timely, then, to consider what his verse is worth to us. Time will rank it in the great lists, or blot it. Time cannot rank it for us; our gratitude is overdue for the kindling of his robust, romantic, most friendly muse. His robustness is not very accurately suggested by the "Song of the Sword" and its brothers, poems sincerely inspired, I do not doubt, but more artificial than the others in utterance, manifest rather in the stalwart value he puts on life and his proud resignation before the evil day.

The ways of fame are inscrutable, and Mr. Henley has not come to his kingdom. But, at least, his friends are triumphantly out of proportion to his mere admirers, and it should not be difficult to snatch from the indifferent such as will join the warmer band. He has written little to alarm or to perplex. Of those strong living etchings, the pictures of life in hospital, the case of two or three may be poetically disputable. But there is no sense in either claiming or branding Mr. Henley as a pioneer. He is a revivifier of the poetical stuff alike accepted by artist and bourgeois, a romantic poet, concerned most with the joy of life "common and divine," a poet of the North, haunted by the mystery of the deep waters lapping the human margin, a man of exuberant sentiment. In his erring moments he is even sentimental, and his emotional use of the Almighty's name for emphasis is a strange feminine weakness; one recalls how the charming lines, "O Time and Change," are marred by the unforgivable Ingelowism, "God's own chosen weather." Poetry is with him much more a matter of the heart than of the

* Poems. By William Ernest Henley. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.75.

head. It is for men of to-day he writes, but "modernity" has not affected the fibres of him, passages in "London Voluntaries" and "In Hospital" notwithstanding. When he is reminiscent to us of other poets, it is now of some moments of Heine sans acidity, now of Arnold with the chill off, one might dare to say of Whitman, were Whitman conceivable as a lyricist of style. Of the new world are these, but singers of the universal, who would outrage the conventions of any literary coterie. Of all the poets of to-day worth considering he is the least exotic. Life is justified to him of its fulness and its strong colour, and this is as much a banishment of the morbid as of the prudish.

In the light of these obvious commonplaces about Mr. Henley's verse, it is puzzling that so many of his contemporaries have still to discover even his noble hymn of the conquering sufferer :

"I am the master of my fate ;
I am the captain of my soul,"

even his *revel* to all romance, "Over the hills and far away," and his rich reflection of the glorious East, the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." Everywhere human, the light and shade of his fine landscapes are reflections from an inner vision :

"The wistful stars
Shine like good memories. The young morning wind
Blows full of unforgotten hours
As over a region of roses. Life and Death
Sound on—sound on. . . . And the night
magical,
Troubled yet comforting, thrills
As if the Enchanted Castle at the heart
Of the wood's dark wonderment
Swung wide his valves, and filled the dim
sea-banks
With exquisite visitants."

There can be no general reproach hurled at him for his human reading of Nature. His matter is for all of us, because chiefly it is of the lust of active living and loving. "Life—give me life until the end" is his constant theme, and the complement is the glad acceptance of Death the Friend. There is no touch of the charnel-house in Mr. Henley's mind :

"So be my passing !
My task accomplished and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing ;
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death."

A. M.

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN OPINION OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

It would be difficult to find a completer demonstration of the superficiality and one-sidedness of the opinions men usually hold of events going on before their eyes than that which Dr. Charles Downer Hazen gives in a recent study of *Contemporary American Opinion of the French Revolution*. One would expect the Americans of that period to be rather expert in judging of revolutions. They had just passed through an extended and sharp experience of their own, and ought to have been qualified to recognise the folly and the strength of such upheavals. Yet this study of Dr. Hazen's shows that with few exceptions contemporary Americans were blind to the meaning of the events which passed in France during the last two decades of the eighteenth century. It was not only those at home who were blind, our representatives abroad judged the false and the true quite as superficially. To begin with, they overlooked entirely what seems to the students of the present day very evident—the signs of revolution which preceded the fall of the Bastille. Franklin, who left France in 1785, after a sojourn of nine years, went home unsuspecting of the elements of disorder at work around him. Jay and Adams were equally undiscerning. Jefferson, who was sent to France in 1785, while criticising the French severely for many things, saw few alarming symptoms. He even journeyed for weeks through the country in 1787, and noted nothing foreboding in the situation of the people. He saw the Assembly of Notables and the States Generals, and watched the rapid changes which those bodies made in the fundamental principle of French government, all without alarm. In short, as Dr. Hazen says :

"Jefferson before he left France had no idea that a revolution of appalling violence was impending. In the outbreaks that had occurred before he left he saw no premonition of a most disastrous future. He sailed for home with the conviction that within a year one of the greatest of recorded revolutions would have been effected without bloodshed."

This is the opinion which Dr. Hazen

* *Contemporary American Opinion of the French Revolution*. By Charles Downer Hazen, Ph.D., Professor of History in Smith College. Baltimore : The Johns Hopkins Press

draws from a study of Jefferson's letters and journal written in France. The impression one gets from Jefferson's autobiography, written long after his return, is rather different. One curious and interesting case, brought out by Dr. Hazen to show the contrast between Jefferson's contemporary opinion and that of his later autobiography, relates to Marie Antoinette. When in France Jefferson found the Queen weak and frivolous, but he evidently attached but little weight to her acts, yet in his autobiography he advances the astonishing opinion that "had there been no queen there would have been no revolution"—a judgment which falls utterly before our present knowledge.

Our one representative in France in the Revolutionary period who saw affairs in their true light was Gouverneur Morris. It has long been the fashion to abuse Morris as an aristocrat. His crime was his belief that a government should be made to fit a people, and not a people to fit a government. He did not believe the French ready for a republic. He said so bluntly, and he pricked mercilessly the soap-bubble constitutions which the confident young statesmen of the day blew so readily. Time has proved how wise his criticisms on the French situation were. This book proves, too, by ample citations from his works, how far Morris was from being merely an ill-natured and captious opponent of democracy and reform, seeing nothing good in the efforts of the French and thoroughly out of sympathy with them. Morris really was profoundly interested in the experiment going on around him, he noted accurately the elements of strength in the revolution, and he declared even at the time he criticised most severely that forces were at work which would eventually bring about a free and stable government in France.

It was not our representatives abroad, however, that got farthest from the truth in regard to the French Revolution. It was the people who stayed at home. The first three years of the upheaval did not cause undue excitement. Events were watched with keenest interest, but there was little hysteria over the reforms instituted so rapidly. It was not until the beginning of 1793, weeks after August 10th, the September Massacres, and the beginning of govern-

ment by terror, that opinion in the United States began its glorification of the Revolution. The excesses which followed read like stories from the records of the French patriots of 1793. Ça ira, the liberty cap, the pike, became the emblems of the hour. Civic feasts were held in all the cities, and in many of the towns from Maine to Georgia, where "an ox with suitable liquors," a street parade, the tricolour, free bread, "Liberty and Equality," and rivers of eloquence drew the entire population into the streets and heated them to a point where they accused Washington of aristocracy and talked of the need of another revolution in America.

Democratic societies whose objects were to purify American government of all the restraining and conservative inferences were formed. A campaign against titles began, and esquire, Mr., Mrs., Dr., Rev., were declared anti-republican and servile. Men were simply citizens, women *citess*. Streets were re-baptized, and literature teemed with the new enthusiasms. In short, for many months the people of the United States utterly ignored the violence and excesses which the French were suffering from the most terrible tyrants who ever ruled them, and united in a chorus of laudations of the glorious emancipation.

This strange story of national hysteria is well told by Dr. Hazen. While his narrative has all the thumb-marks of the trained scholar, it is evident that the scholar is not blind to the dramatic or the humorous qualities of the material he has gone to so much hard work to unearth and classify. His comments are discriminating, his style easy, and there is much keen characteristic in the book, as, for instance, his remark on Moncure Conway's "genial biographical method," "the simple one of creating your hero by generating a suspicion that every one else is a rogue," or the parallel he draws between Jefferson and Morris:

"These men differed widely in most important essentials. The one was what was termed in the parlance of the day a 'philosopher,' an advanced thinker along new lines, an undoubted doctrinaire, an optimist, enamoured of democracy with a love that did not pass. The other was first and last a conservative by nature, a man to whom doctrinaires were abhorrent, especially when they left the quiet and obscurity of their closets to mingle in the fray

of public life ; a man who held that academicians were made for academies and not for parliaments ; a man of vivacity and pungency and wit, rather Gallic than English, somewhat of a cynic, too. These men differed temperamentally. Their political ideas were also sharply at variance, and when their temperaments and their intellectual likings and dislikes interject themselves into their descriptions, we perceive in each a distinctly personal note. But this is not always the case, for while these men had strongly individual traits, they had traits in common as well. Both were intelligent, facile, acute, and penetrating. Both were strongly prejudiced men, though in inverse senses, but both were thoughtful and possessed discernment. Both were flexible, pliant, easily appreciative of different conditions than those to which they were accustomed at home."

Ida M. Tarbell.

SOUTHERN SOLDIER STORIES.*

Despite the countless war stories which have appeared since 1865, there is always room in the apparently overcrowded field for another set of interesting tales well told ; and when these exhibit the bravery of the Southerners and their devotion to the cause they espoused, they should not be less welcome to us than "Yankee yarns ;" but rather more so, since they remind us—and we Northerners sometimes have forgotten it—that our opponents in that terrible struggle were, and are, our brothers.

Southern Soldier Stories, by George Cary Eggleston, are of this order, and are worthy of attention. The book is a collection of nearly fifty sketches, many of them very short, and most of them of unusual excellence, demonstrating as they do the reckless courage, the laxity of military discipline, the hardships uncomplainingly endured, the devotion, the honour, the hot temper—in a word, the conglomerate mass of characteristics, good and bad, which make the Southern gentleman, even to-day, the most fascinating of men.

To those who lived through the Civil War these stories will come like a comrade's diary, a reminder of their own, for the veteran loves tales of army life. To those of the younger generation they will be more than merely entertaining narrative, for they will furnish a deeper insight into the personal side of the terrible business of war, and give a juster

and more catholic view of the situations of the contending hosts, for no opportunity is lost which affords the author a possibility of paying tribute to the Northern generals and armies. As a gentleman holding views diametrically opposed to theirs, he shows withal a perfectly frank and just appreciation of their achievements. This is done incidentally, the stories dealing entirely with the deeds of "boys in gray."

Boys—whose approbation is to be coveted by a writer in this field—will keenly enjoy Mr. Eggleston's terse, incisive style and the dramatic situations he presents ; and, added to this, they will value the fact that only one or two are love stories.

Every line of the book rings true. It is good work, honestly done ; and while youthful readers will revel in it from the standpoint of the story, their elders will enjoy the gleams of dry humour which follow so closely upon the pathos as to make the whole, as life is, a mixture of smiles and tears, with this difference, that life in our blessed time of peace produces no sudden and startling events, dramatic situations, like great upheavals of the earth's crust, being the result of tremendous cataclysms. The valour of war lies in deeds, the heroism of peace in endurance.

The women of the Confederacy receive at the author's hands no elaborate eulogy, but the stories entitled "A Plantation Heroine" and "The Women of Petersburg" will prove to the most indifferent reader that the narrator speaks from his heart when he says of them, "Their deeds of mercy will never be adequately recorded until the angels report."

The chief character, or rather the person spoken of most lovingly and intimately, is Joe, the author's brother, to whom the book is dedicated, and who was, at the time of the war, "not quite seventeen years old, an enthusiastic soldier, and as hot-headed as a boy can well be." He was, his biographer says, "as brave a fellow as is made, and as cantankerous and self-assertive as a brave boy is apt to be," so that he caused his brother, of the mature age of twenty-one, considerable anxiety, which—since Joe came out of it alive—is now remembered with much pleasure. He didn't realise it then, perhaps ; but isn't it Vergil who makes one of the Trojans

* *Southern Soldier Stories*. By George Cary Eggleston. New York : The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

in a particularly uncomfortable situation say, "*Forsan et hæc olim meminisse iuvabit*"?

All these stories end with equal abruptness, but so does life on the battlefield. They are clean, wholesome, mental food, preaching no moral save morality, and that only by inference, for nothing is said about it; but they will surely make their way, as Colonel Eggleston's earlier works, and those of his brother, Edward Eggleston, have done, into the hands and thence to the hearts of the most desirable class of readers—the children—the men and women of the nation that shall be.

Louie K. Heller.

AMERICAN WIVES AND ENGLISH HUSBANDS.*

The title of the bigger book covers the main incident of the lesser; but *His Fortunate Grace* is evidently not a study for, nor a pendant to, *American Wives and English Husbands*. The scene of the shorter story is laid in New York, and mostly among Easterners, whom, we gather, Mrs. Atherton does not like, and whose vices and weaknesses she presents, let us hope, slanderously. She speaks for the American of the South and the West, and is almost as sensitive over the European lumping of the New World racial differences as a Scot when he is looked on as a mere Englishman. The passages in the history of Miss Augusta Forbes, heiress to millions, are presented to show how cold-blooded, business-like and determined a young New York maiden can be in her pursuit of social position in England. True, the heiress's mother, a Southerner, is nearly as keen in the matter; but she is otherwise an agreeable and very affectionate person. The longer book is a love-story. The villainess is an American, to be sure, bred in Chicago; but though she is powerful enough to bring on the catastrophe, she cannot divert our attention from the heroine, Lee, the Western beauty, and not too much of an heiress. For Lee let us be grateful, since she means a much pleasanter atmosphere than can be breathed in any other of the

books of this talented writer. Not too much of an heiress, we have said; but Mrs. Atherton's heroines demand a thick luxury for their graces and forces to develop in. Patience Sparhawk and Lee both know hardship in their childhood. But that poverty can mean anything but starvation of the mind, the soul, the senses, never seems to occur to this observer of life; and Lee is rescued from it at the age of eleven that her conquest of the highest circles may be assured. We like her, without much believing in her, while she is a precocious child. We like her heartily and know her intimately at the end. But we never admire her. We have no desire that her temperament and attitude to life should rule. A self-controlled, well-conducted, dignified young woman, she has no gross faults at all. But if she be a type of her country, then the Western women are the frankest materialists to be met with anywhere. Comfort, luxury, social position being assured, she can be generous, helpful, and a charming comrade. But the externals of life are real and even solemn to her in a degree that surprises old democratic Europe. It is more profitable to regard her not in herself, but in relation to her English husband. It is useless for male English readers to say that Cecil is a caricature. The earnest-minded, undemonstrative husband, who respects his wife, and takes the stability of her devotion for granted, as he does that of the British constitution, has never been so cleverly drawn before. The incapacity of the intelligent man to understand that he has duties to his wife beyond faithful affection and courteous manners, his well-bred surprise at her farther claim, are inimitably reflected. The refined and virtuous Grand Turk has sat at last for his portrait to a shrewd, but also a merciful painter. When we come to the real business of the book, which is expressed in the title, we have nothing but admiration for it. It is well written—there are few such slips as "he would have gone down as others of his gilded ilk had gone down." There is real observation and there is sympathy in it; while the best scenes of the catastrophe, and Lee's refusal to hinder a proud man from the shelter of death, are of remarkable vigour, showing a restrained power *Patience Sparhawk* did not promise.

* *American Wives and English Husbands*. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

His Fortunate Grace. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.00.

MADAME DARMESTETER'S LIFE OF RENAN.*

Just in these proportions would Renan, we imagine, have liked the story of his life and work to be written, and even after some such style. Madame Darmesteter has caught something of the grace of the master to whose spirit she does homage, and instinctively she gives, as that great artist in bookmaking was wont to do, only the essential results of a hidden study, patient, detailed, and profound. For without a doubt she speaks out of a full knowledge both of the man and his services to learning and literature. In English there has been till now no such summing up of Renan's worth. We have Grant Duff's book, it is true. But it is so formless as to be nearly unreadable. It is altogether uncritical, and, with some interesting pages, contains much trifling.

The first few chapters of her monograph we judged less favourably. They were charmingly written, but they contained only what was perfectly familiar to every ordinary cultivated reader—the story of his life as told by him in the *Souvenirs*. Probably there is nothing else to tell. Certainly we desire no more. But his later years Madame Darmesteter lights up by information of her own, and by admirable exposition and independent criticism, too. The glimpses she gives of him as traveller, as professor, as politician, as *savant*, as Parisian favourite, are delightful, while his aims, his methods, his attainments, and his failures are touched on with a knowledge made the more reliable by sympathy. The style of the narrative and the expository portions is only surpassed by the perfection of the translations, which are true renderings even to the very rhythms. And yet Madame Darmesteter, who can write such excellent English, says (of two lists), "Renan's name headed either," and repeats the blunder, too.

But there is a more serious mistake. She talks of "the nation to which Renan owed all that was best in him—the nation of Goethe, etc." This is a fundamental error. Sometimes she seems to be aware of it, and to contradict her-

self; but realising the whole spirit of her book, we come to the conclusion she would stand by the sentence we have quoted. This points us to the source of weakness in the monograph. Something is wanting. She makes the usual biographer's mistake, and slurs over what she would fain call an accidental weakness. And, lo, it is of the very essence of the man. His Gallicism, his Celtic nature she speaks of (especially the latter, when it spells ideality), but she will not face what these mean. She plays the part of Henriette, and omits the part in him that "Henriette had not loved." And so Renan the saint, the unworldly scholar, the enthusiastic Liberal, Renan the poet and the artist, even Renan the temporary pessimist, are here portrayed with sympathy and with art; but from his exquisite, far-reaching irony, from his witty, mocking smile that melted systems and traditions, from the wholesome Gallic "frivolity" that saved this man of so much seriousness and sentiment from joining the terrible band of the solemn, she turns away, gently shocked; she keeps silence, and of her charity would fain deny this part in him.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.*

A series of Lives of the Builders of Greater Britain, which will include such diversely characteristic worthies as Raleigh, Maitland, Raffles, Gibbon Wakefield, Rajah Brooke, and the Cabots, promises well. And it is launched by Mr. Martin Hume while the praise of his *Year after the Armada* is still upon our lips, and our attention complacently directed to an antiquarian who had so rare a gift of ferreting out the charming curios of history, and the still rarer gift of restoring, furbishing, and mounting them attractively and with good taste. Raleigh's life has been often written, and more than once well written, so that his last biographer cannot stray far from the path marked out by Oldys, Edwards, and Gardiner. He has, however, brought to bear much new matter from Gondomar's letters at Simancas and in the Palace Library at Madrid, by which he clears up the mys-

* The Life of Ernest Renan. By Madame James Darmesteter (A. Mary F. Robinson). Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

* Sir Walter Raleigh. By Martin A. S. Hume. Builders of Greater Britain Series. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.50.

tery as to Raleigh's fall. It would seem that spite or revenge for injuries received did not influence Spain, which acted solely from motives of high policy to secure a practical sanction of her exclusive jurisdiction over South America, and that before Raleigh sailed, James had bargained to sacrifice him in return for the delusive favour of the Spanish king. We may perhaps add that Raleigh was still personally a danger to Spain, as an experienced adventurer who on some revolution of politics might exchange his prison for the command of a formidable expedition, and so he was best out of the way. As for James, his crime was as diabolical as it was stupid.

We need not say more of the life than that it is carefully, temperately, and artistically told. Mr. Hume does not glorify his hero. His closing remarks are remarkably just and weighty. He points out that we who judge by his writings, place Raleigh higher than those who witnessed his life, which was a series of failures, and rightly observes that, like Elizabeth and some others of her time who thought and planned and spoke so greatly and acted so poorly, he failed because his vast and versatile intellectual gifts were discounted by the moral nature of the savage—and that too by no means the noble savage. Alas, the more the historical researchers and restorers scrape these Great Elizabethans, the blacker they look. England was ruled by a gang of thieves, sons of the old church-robbers, and the Queen was captain of the band. She and all of them lived by plunder without shame or remorse. It was the note of the age. From splendid piracy and gallant buccaneering, through every grade of murderous robbery, embezzlement and false pretences down to petty theft, dishonesty was rampant. But though the Elizabethans were desperate rogues, they were great men, and Raleigh about the greatest.

Y. Y.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.*

Canon Knox Little confesses frankly that his volume is "based" upon cer-

tain Lenten lectures which he delivered at Worcester last year. He goes on to say "the book bears, I fear, the inevitable marks of its first form." It certainly does exhibit the defects, as well as some of the merits of this origin. There are telling bits of eloquent description, like the picture of autumn in Umbria. And throughout, the preacher's voice can be heard enforcing the spiritual lessons of his theme. But the Canon's pulpit rhetoric reads poorly as literature. We grow weary of a style so verbose, and sometimes so slipshod. The frequent repetitions were not "inevitable" in a work of this size and pretension, any more than the uncorrected mistakes in syntax (*cf.* pp. 26, 38, and 81), or sentences like "Dropsy supervened on other things" (p. 261), or "There was a celebrated Duns Scotus" (p. 312). Canon Knox Little is sufficiently master of English when he chooses; but on the style of this book he has unfortunately not chosen to bestow much pains.

We are obliged to add that the matter of the work is equally unsatisfactory. The author claims to have formed an independent judgment from original authorities. But he shows no just sense of the relative value of his various sources, and relies constantly on works so uncritical as Wadding's *Annals of the Minorites*, which is two centuries old, and Suysken's Commentary in the *Acta Sanctorum*. Indeed, we have the amazing admission that while M. Sabatier is "far the best modern biographer of St. Francis," Canon Knox Little only became acquainted with his "invaluable" Life when his own sheets were almost through the press this summer. M. Sabatier's *Vie de S. François* was published at the end of 1893, was widely reviewed in England within a few months, and has since been translated into English. It is difficult to realise how any serious student of St. Francis could go ignorant of that work of monumental research, which is simply indispensable to a right understanding of the saint. After this we are not surprised that Canon Knox Little's chapter on the influence of St. Francis upon Literature and Art makes no reference to Dr. Thode's learned treatise *Franz von Assisi, und der Anfang der Kunst der Renaissance in Italien*. But he cannot seriously mean to endorse the absurd dictum "Without Francis, no

* St. Francis of Assisi, his Times, Life, and Work. By J. W. Knox Little, M.A., Canon Residentiary of Worcester. New York: Thomas Whittaker. \$2.50.

Dante" (p. 292). Though Dante has a special veneration for Francis, he himself shows few traces of the characteristic Franciscan temper and impulse. Except for some half-casual, half-contemptuous allusions to common people, the *Divina Commedia* hardly so much as refers to the poor.

Nevertheless we predict that this volume, with all its faults, will obtain considerable popularity, and even prove of

real service. The charm of Francis refuses to be effaced by the eloquent proximity of his panegyrist. Ordinary readers, who care more for edification than for accuracy, will catch the ardours of Canon Knox Little's genuine devotion to a beautiful and saintly life, and will learn for themselves to admire one of the rarest and noblest characters which the world has seen.

T. H. Darlow.

NOVEL NOTES.

LIN MCLEAN. By Owen Wister. New York: Harper Brothers. \$1.50.

It is to be regretted that ability like Mr. Wister's should continue to be devoted almost exclusively to the celebration of the ordinary. When his work first came into the magazines—some five or six years ago—there were indications that he would "find himself" ere long, for an appreciation of the extraordinary seemed to show between the bold strokes of these early, rough, strong pictures. The signs appeared to point unerringly toward that increasing perception of the difference between coarseness and strength, and between weakness and gentleness, which is one of the firstfruits of art. It seemed indeed reasonably certain that the author of *La Tinaja Bonita* must gradually inform his work with nobler motives and loftier ideals. There were also disclosures of a poetic quality more uplifting than all else, which prophesied pleasant possibilities through the studies of *Red Men and White*. One or two of these looked above the dust and the dung-hills of the plains, and beyond the common, squalid types of the environment to the further heights and the finer few.

It was, therefore, with almost assured expectation that this new volume was taken up with eagerness, to be laid down with disappointment. The anticipated advancement is not to be found. The models and the methods are the same. The biscuit-shooter, the cow-puncher, and the vigilants have developed no new characteristics better entitling them to interest and sympathy. The things that they say and the things that they do are probably true to the life, but the truthful presentation of coarse commonplaces scarcely constitutes a rightful claim to admiration in literature—or elsewhere—though a good many so-called realistic writers seem to think so. Even the poetic touches are now fewer and fainter than in the author's earlier work, and the paragraph in which Lin "wound out of the magic valley of Wind River through the bastioned gullies and the gnome-like mystery of dry water-courses, upward and up to the level of the sagebrush plain," is one of the few reminders of the beautiful early promises. "Behind lay the deep valley they had been climbing from;" the

description goes on, "mighty, expanding, its trees like bushes, its cattle like pebbles, its opposite side towering also to the edge of this upper plain. There it lay, another world. One step farther away from its rim, and the two edges of the plain had flowed together over it, like a closing sea, covering without a sign or a ripple the great country which lay sunk beneath." A single sentence so completely revealing the author's feeling of the greatness of his *milieu* creates new wonder that he should be willing to people it with ignoble humanity. The complaint is not that the biscuit-shooter and the cow-puncher are poor and uncultured. The greatest have been both. The complaint is that their aims are low, their walk and conversation gross, and their minds mean. Exception may possibly be urged, especially in the case of Lin himself, and it should be at once conceded that he has some of the savage's virtues. He is economical in lying, he fights whenever it is necessary or even convenient, he is generous in a careless way, kind to children, and not notably selfish—but then selfishness is a vice of civilisation. Taken all around, Lin McLean is a fair specimen of his kind. But why his *kind*? Why not some nobler kind equally true to life? For, these so-called realists to the contrary notwithstanding, the noble, the sweet, and the beautiful *are* as true, though unhappily not as common, as the degraded, the bitter, and the repulsive. There are, unfortunately, those who are unable sometimes to tell the one from the other, but there can never be any difficulty in discrimination in the case of Mr. Owen Wister. His appreciation of the finest breaks in sunbeams between the iron bands of his earlier work and his latest merely goes to prove greater strife between natural inclination and adopted theory.

THE CELEBRITY. By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

There is one danger against which the wariest reviewer is never entirely safe. The most experienced cannot always discriminate between what a book is and what it purports to be. For with books, as with people, air and manner—a sort of consciousness of importance—make an impression out of all proportion to real

merits of the case. Books as well as men and women are more often accepted upon their own valuation than might be suspected.

And so it may have been with *The Celebrity*. There is something imposing in the very cover, with its double-headed figure, which "looks one way and rows another," like the diplomat in *The Pilgrim's Progress*. As has just been said, the outside appearance of a book and the manner of its bow go further than they should with the critic, and being misled by appearances seems particularly pardonable in the present instance, since it is very difficult, if not absolutely impossible, to believe without actual knowledge that anything that looks so solid could be so hollow.

Moreover, when the work first came from the press, a rumour went abroad saying it was a satire unmistakably pointed at a well-known American writer. That made something of a *buzz*—for a minute or so—and forgetting all the usual standards of criticism, there was a rush to see whether or not this were true. There appears to have been a temporary impression that it was. It was decided that the personal description was correct in every respect: "tall and dark and broad-shouldered, with a very firm chin and a straight nose," apparently fixing the identity beyond all doubt. It was also conceded that only one well-known American author possessed the gift of Paris, and needs must break female hearts wherever he goes. But the most conclusive testimony to the truth of this portrait from life is said to have been found in the Celebrity's shrinking from the social pedestal upon which fame has placed him. It was argued that while many of the famous may have felt as the Celebrity felt, only he would have expressed it as he does in the book, and as he is said to have done in life. Yet it is surely an awful thing to be "hounded by people who have read one's books," and to have them wanting to dine and wine one for the sake of showing one off at their houses. No wonder the Celebrity grows tired and sick of it all. He cannot go upon the street but what he is stared at and pointed out. He is worried out of his life by attentions—"nothing but attention," he bemoans himself. Yes, there is certainly a familiar ring about all this, and it has assuredly been said before.

But recently it has been announced almost with authority that *The Celebrity* is not a portrait from life, which seems to deprive it of its sole *raison d'être*. As a work of fiction it is not remarkable, and much dullness masquerades through its pages as dignity. We learn that Mr. Churchill is to try his pen in a more ambitious direction; it will be wise therefore to reserve judgment on his literary gifts until he has proved them a little further.

A BORN ARISTOCRAT. By Matthew White, Jr.
New York: Frank A. Munsey.

There is something in this pleasant story that revives memories of *Little Women*, although it would be difficult to say just what it is. Barbara Van Dyke certainly recalls Joe in various ways, mainly, perhaps, in her relation to the family, in which she holds the place of son and brother. There are also resemblances in the brave, united effort of the girls to keep the wolf from the door. But Barbara is a much

more sophisticated person than Joe was or ever could be. Barbara is distinctly the product of New York, while Joe belonged exclusively to New England. When, therefore, Barbara becomes the breadwinner for those who are dependent upon her, she naturally develops resources that could never by any possibility have been at Joe's command. Barbara has a fine and a well-trained voice, and to her it seems quite a matter of course that she should utilise it by going on the stage, notwithstanding the alarmed remonstrance of her mother and sister. She begins, however, at the very foot of the ladder as a chorus girl, and the details of her struggle upward make the story. The title of the book is not, as might be supposed, descriptive of the heroine's high birth, but, instead, the name of the play in which she wins histrionic recognition. How true the descriptions of a theatrical career are only the initiated can say, but they are, at all events, interesting, and given with unflinching spirit. This freshness constitutes, indeed, the principal attraction of the unpretentious work, and it is as singular as delightful to find the feeling so close to the footlights. It is restful to be shown, even from an inexperienced and trustful point of view, that arcadian romances can live amid limelight, and that an actress even as young as Barbara Van Dyke can give up the applause of the stage for love in a cottage with but a pang of regret. An unexpected turn is given to the story toward the close by the accident which compels Freda, the younger sister, to take Barbara's place in the play, and which leads to her adoption of the profession. The close bond between the sisters, the atmosphere of fine domesticity, the kindness and delicacy prevailing the whole story—all bringing up *Little Women*—are particularly notable, and all the more effective because they are so strikingly at variance with the theme.

AN ELUSIVE LOVER. By Verna Woods. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.

This story is distinctly one of the many results of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, but it is better than most of its kind. There is admirable concentration upon the motive, the writing is notably even throughout, and the quality of the whole work is above the average. It seems so good upon critical examination and reveals such practical use of the pen, that one wonders why the other novels by the author—listed on the title-page—have never been heard of. But the most careful copy fails somehow to satisfy, and this, fine and faithful as it is, comes as a small water-color sketch of a large painting in oil. The dual nature, abiding more or less distinctly divided in every human creature, is in this instance a young man, alternately a rich reprobate and a poor saint. The reprobacy and the saintliness are both from a young woman's point of view. There are no stirrings of the great black depths, no soarings toward the mighty heights, as in the famous originals. Rex Carrington is the average American fast young man about town, and his double, Gottfried Jäger, is hardly more than the mediocre German artist—a girl of the upper class would be likely to know the two types. Yet the feeling of the work is not of the ordinary. Indeed, the impression produced by the story appears singularly out of proportion to its strength.

Perhaps it may really come largely from the vivid, everlasting, universal interest in that wild beast, chained more or less insecurely in the most completely tamed human heart. At all events, the effect of the work is mainly through suggestion. On approaching the conclusion the work loses the sure, if superficial, touch of the earlier pages. The author turns aside from her model, and consequently from the great fundamental facts of life. In the rapid and complete and permanent absorption of the bad in the good, she offends not only against art, but against possibility. For neither in the greatest story of this universal duality, nor in the deepest, wildest experience and observation of its sad truths, has the strongest human heart ever cast out the weakest wild beast at once and forever.

THE VINTAGE. A Romance of the Greek War of Independence. By E. F. Benson. With a map and eleven illustrations by G. P. Jacomb-Hood. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.50.

The story of the freeing of the Peloponnesus, from Corinth to Maina, is here told in spirited and romantic style. So much historical study and so close an acquaintance with the Greek people and the face of their country have gone to the making of Mr. Benson's latest book that it must be a matter of regret to some that he has not chosen rather to write a straightforward history of the War of Independence. But then we should have lost Nicholas, and never known Mitsos and Suleima, heroic and charming figures. If the frivolous taint of *Dodo* still linger about Mr. Benson's name, surely *The Vintage* will cleanse him from it. It is a very serious and a very simple-minded book—conventional in tone, but obeying healthy and pleasing conventions. The peasant life of Greece is treated in idyllic fashion; the generous efforts to cast off the Turkish yoke are recorded with a warm enthusiasm which is attractive and contagious; while there are passages of adventure that are fresh and stirring as the heart of the reader could desire. Mr. Benson has given us a little too much of everything; but it is ungrateful to complain of length in connection with this, his least sophisticated and his ablest novel.

A DESERT DRAMA; OR, THE TRAGEDY OF THE KOROSKO. By A. Conan Doyle. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.50.

This is a delightful book, and one of the most pleasing pieces of work that has come from Dr. Conan Doyle's versatile pen. There is not a jarring note sounded in the whole story, there is not a single character introduced that is not sympathetically pictured, that does not make immediate and successful appeal to the imagination of the reader. The plot is full of dramatic power, and it does not flag for an instant. Even the political discussions are lively and entertaining reading. *A Desert Drama* may not take rank as literature with *Micah Clarke* or *The White Company*, but it is most emphatically a book to be read and enjoyed by thousands. It offers one of the best excuses for the present campaign in Egypt, for if there had been no such war and no war correspondents Dr. Conan Doyle would probably not have visited Egypt, and there would have been no

"tragedy of the Korosko." Her Majesty's Government is at perfect liberty to make use of the suggestion. We feel sure that an argument would be appreciated in the House and throughout all England.

JOHN GILBERT, YEOMAN. A Romance of the Commonwealth. By R. G. Soan. New York: F. Warne & Co. \$1.50.

If you are not very young, it will seem as if you had read this worthy story at least two hundred and fifty times already. That there are so many of its kind, ready and eager for our perusal, is no doubt a very good sign of the times. This one is neither better nor worse than the others you confuse it with, save that it loses rather in the race by its inordinate length. The sound of "Master Humphrey" and "Mistress Anne," and of a mild oath or two like "marry!" give the pleasing and expected sense of archaism; the kidnapping of a lovely maiden is the sensational *pièce de résistance*; and in the love-story of a Cavalier youth and a Roundhead girl we have the romance no self-respecting story of the period would think of omitting. The introduction of Cromwell is hardly a success. Mr. Soan there errs with his betters; but at least they did not make the grim Protector a heavy-fatherly person, eager to bless and even to be present at two very dull and unimportant young people's wedding.

BY STROKE OF SWORD. A Romance, taken from the Chronicles of Sir Jeremy Clephane, King's Justice and Knight of the Shire of Fife, overlooked by Master Judas Fraser, Dominie of the Parish of Kirk-toun, and rendered into a more modern English by Andrew Balfour. New York: Truslove & Combs. \$1.25.

There are writers with a genius for inventing titles whose pleasing or mysterious sound sells their books by the thousand before the worth or worthlessness of the inside be ever discovered. Mr. Balfour's genius lies rather in the framing of chapter-headings. Who would not set to the reading of a story in the most sympathetic mood, finding in its table of contents such items as these: "Of the hollow Tree and the Eyes which Moved;" "Of what I heard in the Chimney, and the Man in the Archway;" "Of Our Lady the Virgin and the Gathering of the Sharks"? And there is something to be found if we follow the leading of these signposts. Mr. Balfour has a tender conscience about giving full measure to his readers. Indeed his measures run over; his stuff is squeezed and wasted. It must have been a grinding task to write *By Stroke of Sword*, something like that of the variety entertainer with numerous rivals in the field, who will starve him out unless he cut a few capers more and cut them more boldly. He capers with difficulty, but with tremendous perseverance, belabouring his hero with cudgel and sword and every weapon of evil fortune for over three hundred pages. We are a poor, weak-nerved generation to-day, it is said. What wonder, if Master Jeremy Clephane's career be similar to those of our fathers? Such prodigality in adventure was more of a strain than the deep drinking of the last century. But there, that is to take a boy's play book seriously, and as a real thing; while from first to last this one proclaims itself entirely artificial, made for the market, neverthe-

less displaying a fastidious conscience on the writer's part, if only a commercial one, in its strict adherence to the expected traditions of a story of the Elizabethan Age, and in the generous amount of material it piles up at the doors of purchasers. Typical of the faults of its class—of the lifelessness of the string-pulled puppet heroes, of the strange mixture of old half-understood points of view, and the prejudices of the day—just because it excels most of them in the quantity of incident and the honest but nervous and restless efforts to amuse, *By Stroke of Sword* must seek its audience among boys whose gnawing hunger for the world of wonder outside the schoolroom is unappeasable by anything fine or subtle or merely true, which good gear is found, alas, in smaller parcels than suit their appetites.

It is noticeable that the illustrator of the story, Mr. Cubitt Cooke, has ignored the description of the hero so strongly insisted on by Mr. Balfour. The squat little dominie is turned out in the pictures as an elegant, well-formed youth.

SECRETARY TO BAYNE, M.P. By W. Pett Ridge. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.25.

This is a new departure for Mr. Pett Ridge, if we are not mistaken. The love-story is a quite serious one, so much so that for light entertainment we fall back on the minor romance of an amusing couple, a hard-working barrister who plays the idler with grace, and a young writer of fiction who snubs him till she makes up her mind she is in love, and then, being a clear-brained girl, never snubs him any more at all. The hero is a trifle disappointing from the amusement point of view. The fact is, we have got spoiled by Prince Florizel, and the idea of a prince incognito for serious philanthropic purposes, was not to our light mind of the moment. It is only just to say that his fiancée's dealings with Nihilists and other suspect persons give to his romance exciting moments. Though not consistently comic, like the rest of Mr. Ridge's work as we know it, there is abundance of quick wit and humorous characterisation in his latest story.

FANTASIAS. By George Egerton. New York: John Lane. \$1.25.

Whatever was bold or naughty in *Keynotes* and its successors has vanished, and in its place we see nothing but insignificance. The

sketches in George Egerton's latest book are mild and dull allegories, such as young persons of much vague sentiment and little knowledge of life find their easiest expression in, the gospel behind being that of the Pioneer Club, somewhat weakened. The symbolism is not always very successful. The woman with an inordinate love of porridge standing for the Philistine, and the huntsman who hunted butterflies on horseback for Don Juan, are unhappily chosen, we think. There is less extravagance of language than formerly, but we come across such doubtful phrases as "eyes filled with luminous speering and inborn sadness." Is "speering" English or Scots? Either way, it is misspelt. Her old habit of coining words is not yet successful. "Advertisive" is surely a bad shot; and what is one to say of any one who pretends to style, and makes use of the vulgarism "common or garden"? As for the matter of it all, it is old and trite and true—the loneliness of genius, the grossness of the world, the love of lying. Great themes, but feeble sentimental grumblings will not wake us up anew to the truth of the charge, and the pity of it.

IN THE MIDST OF LIFE. By Ambrose Bierce. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

Under this new title appears a volume containing those stories by Mr. Bierce formerly published as *Tales of Stories and Civilians*, with the addition of several more. Mr. Bierce's reputation is so well established with lovers of good literature, that we can do little more than note the fact of this book's appearance. We think it very safe to say that with the single exception of Poe, no American writer has ever written any short stories that can compare with these. Intensely dramatic, condensed in such a way as to make their very brevity heighten the effect which they produce, the construction and development of each of these tales is a model of literary art. They are as striking as Kipling's, they are as powerfully unpleasant as some of the best of Maupassant's. We like most the stories whose scene is laid on or near the battle-field, and the more so as they are not purely and simply "war stories," but bring into the web of the plot those threads of love and hate, of ambition and intrigue and disgrace that display the intensely human man under the soldier's garb. Nowhere can the art of how and when to end a story be more perfectly exemplified than in some of these remarkable tales.



THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

HOW TO PLAY GOLF. By H. J. Whigham. Illustrated. Chicago: Herbert Stone & Co. \$1.50.

The author of this book, though not an American, is probably the best living exponent in America of the game of golf. He has for two successive years won the amateur championship, and is, perhaps, the most consistent performer on the links that we have. While it is true that Mr. McDonald (to whom, by the way, the book is dedicated) and Mr. Fenn have, on rare occasions, excelled him in brilliancy, there can be no question but that he is the greatest tournament player in this country. His form is both correct and natural, and is the perfection of golf.

In golfers, good writing and sound advice are not necessarily coupled with brilliant playing, but Mr. Whigham is certainly master in all three departments. The book is full of invaluable counsel to every lover of golf, and is in reality the most practical contribution to the literature of the game that we have come across. The *Badminton Book* is a delightful bundle of papers dealing with the history and development of the ancient and royal game, but Mr. Whigham's book is a complete manual for those learning to play.

Golfers have humorously been divided into four classes—"sharks," "cunners," "lobsters," and "flounders." It is to be feared that the "flounder" class will not listen to Mr. Whigham's counsel; but to the three remaining classes, especially the "cunners," the book should prove invaluable. The kinetoscopic illustrations in the book are especially interesting, and deserving of the most careful study; particularly that of Mr. Whigham driving, probably the most interesting golf photograph ever taken.

What Mr. Whigham says about training and tournament playing is much to the point, and his opinion of American courses, while not highly complimentary, is of inestimable value. The book is genial, pleasantly written, authoritative, and full of illuminating suggestions and sound advice.

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF SPORT. Edited by the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, Hedley Peak and F. G. Añalo; to be completed in two volumes. Volume I. A-Leo. With twenty full-page photographs, and many illustrations in the text; gilt top. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$10.00. net

While there have been published from time to time exhaustive treatises on the various branches of British and American sport, we do not remember ever having seen between covers an encyclopædia of sport that includes so much or treats the matter in hand so admirably as this remarkable work edited by the Earl of Suffolk, the first volume of which has just been published. To the manufacture and appearance of the book too much praise cannot be given. The paper and type are good, the photogravure illustrations remarkably fine, and the cuts in the text applicable to the point at issue.

The public appealed to in America by this work is not so large as in Great Britain. Such

articles, for instance, as those on Hawking, Elephant Tracking, Rugby Football, Deerstalking, Badminton, Coursing, etc., while interesting as literature, can have but a limited application in the United States. The work should be, however, for an avowedly English publication, of great interest and value to American sportsmen. The editors have, in many places, secured the best American authorities on American sport (witness Theodore Roosevelt on Bison, Caribou, and Rocky Mountain Goat), and concessions to American readers have everywhere been made, though there still breathes through its pages a comfortable sense of English sportsmanship, tweed suits, and roast beef. The book is certainly "up-to-date," most of last year's events being correctly indexed and described. For example, Miss Orr is given as the winner of the ladies' amateur championship (1897) in England, and R. D. Wrenn as the winner of the Lawn Tennis Championship (1897) in America.

Among the articles that really add to our knowledge of the sports, considered, we note: Angling (John Bickerdyke), Kangaroos (H. R. Francis), Leopards and Panthers (Captain H. G. C. Swain), Falconry (Hon. Gerald Lascelles), Elephant Tracking (F. T. Pollock), Crocodile Shooting (H. R. P. Carter), Golf for Ladies (Mrs. Mackern), Broadwords (Captain A. Hutton), Big Game Measurements (Montague Brown), and Dogs (R. B. Lee). The book should find its way into every country club in America.

PEARLS STRUNG BY ELLA WEED. New York: Roy & Nicholls.

This little book is a collection of quotations, one for each day in the year, made by Miss Ella Weed, whose name will always be associated with the foundation and early years of Barnard College, as it will also live in the memory of so many women to whom her guiding influence, as well as the sweetness of her nature, endeared her during her lifetime and perpetuate her influence now that she is dead. The quotations thus gathered were never intended by her for publication, but were chosen for her own pleasure, and therefore represent her own taste and her own intellectual atmosphere. For this reason the book is very different from those of a superficially similar character which are put together by literary hacks for commercial purposes. It contains the marks of a definite personality and a definite taste, and as such will interest many more than those to whom Miss Weed herself was very dear. The object in publishing it is to help complete the \$3000 fund intended to endow a scholarship in Barnard College in memory of Miss Weed. The selections have been edited for publication by Miss Anne Brown, with whom Miss Weed was associated in educational work.

SCHOOLBOY LIFE IN ENGLAND. By John Corbin. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.25

This book gives an excellently written account of the three English public schools whose life is especially typical—Winchester, Eton, and

Rugby—and it blends admirably the historical with the educational, besides setting forth the conditions of every-day life in each. There are also chapters on the public schools in general, and on these schools as contrasted with the best known American preparatory schools, such as

Exeter and Andover. Mr. Corbin, being himself an American, tells just the things which an American is most eager to know, and supplements description with anecdote in a very pleasing and instructive manner. The book contains eighteen admirably executed illustrations.

THE BOOK HUNTER.

THE WORKS OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

Mr. Arber, in editing a collected edition of John Smith's works in 1884, said that Mr. Charles Deane had "done more than any man living to perpetuate the name and fame of Captain John Smith," President of Virginia and Admiral of New England. The Deane collection alone, among the great collections of Americana dispersed at auction, included a complete set of Smith's works, though unfortunately two were not first editions, and the condition of one or two others was not what the fastidious collector would desire.

Captain Smith's name is, and must always, in the popular mind, be associated with that of the Indian "princess," Pocahontas (she would be called a squaw in modern times), daughter of "King" or chief Powhatan. But few, except special students of our colonial history, realise that Smith was actually the founder of the first permanent English settlement on these shores (the previous adventure under Raleigh having failed utterly), the author of the first description in print of the Jamestown colony, the first man to give the name New England to the section with which it is still associated, and the author of the first book with New England on its title-page.

Before he came to America Smith had been, apparently, a professional fighter, and had served under various banners, in most of the countries of Continental Europe, including Turkey and Hungary, as well as in Asia and Africa. Europe being at peace, and the new western world holding out attractions to his adventurous spirit, he took command of the expedition sent out by the London Virginia Company, and came to Virginia in 1605. From that time until his death, in 1632, his time, money, and thought seems to have been spent in encouraging the development of the infant colonies founded on the James River and on Massachusetts Bay.

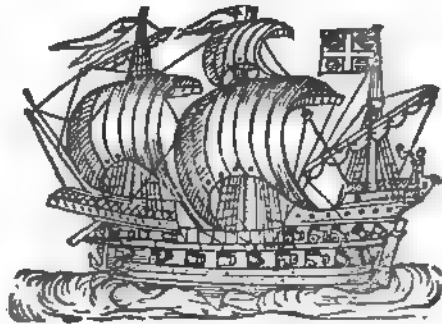
Smith's first effort as an author, and the earliest printed account of the Jamestown colony, was issued in 1608, with the title *A true Relation of such occurrences and accidents of noate as hath hapned in Virginia since the first planting of that Collony*. This is a book of great rarity, and it is a curious fact that among the known copies there are four varieties. These do not represent four editions, but only denote that the title was four times printed. What seems to be the first issue states that the Relation was "Written by a Gentleman of the said Collony;" the second variety states that it was "Written by Thos. Watson, Gent.;" the third that it was "Written by Captaine Smith one of the Said Collony;" and the fourth that

it was "Written by Captaine Smith Coronell of the said Collony." Some copies have two pages of Preface lacking in others. This Preface "To the Courteous Reader" is signed with the Editor's initials I. H. In it he says that "some of the bookes were printed vnder the name of Thomas Watson, by whose occasion I know not vnlesse it were the ouer rashnesse, or

A TRUE RELATION of such occur-

rences and accidents of noateas
hath hapned in Virginia since the first
planting of that Collony, which is now
resident in the South part thereof, till
the last retorne from
thence.

*Written by Captaine Smith Coronell of the said Collony, to a
worshipfull friend of his in England.*



LONDON

Printed for Iohn Tapp, and at the beecfolde at the Greys
hound in Paules-Church yard, by W.W.

1608

mistaking of the workemen, but since hauing learned that the saide discourse was written by Captaine Smith, who is one of the Counsell there in Virginia: I thought good to make the like Apologie."

We know of only three sales at auction of this work in recent years, all having one of the "Smith" title-pages, and the two pages of Preface. These were the Ouvry copy, which sold,

A MAP OF VIRGINIA.

VVITH A DESCRIPTI- ON OF THE COVNTREY, THE Commodities, People, Govern- ment and Religion.

*Written by Capitaine SMITH, sometimes Go-
vernor of the Countrey.*

WHEREVNTO IS ANNEXED THE
proceedings of thoe Colonies, since their first
departure from England, with the discourses,
Orations, and relations of the Salvages,
and the accidents that befall
them in all their Journies
and discoveries.

TAKEN FAITHFULLY AS THEY
were written out of the writings of

DOCTOR RUSSELL
THO. STODLEY.
ANAS TODKILL.
JEFFREY ABOT.

RICHARD WISFIR.
WILL. PHETTIPLACE.
NATHANIEL POWELL.
RICHARD POTS.

And the relations of divers other diligent observers there
present then, and now many of them in England.

By VV. S.



AT OXFORD,

Printed by Joseph Barnes. 1612.

in 1882, in London for £57; the Barlow copy, which sold for \$570 in 1890, and was bought by the Boston Public Library, and the Deane copy, sold at Libbie's on March 31st for \$1425. This latter copy was not uncut, as the catalogue described, but had been trimmed, and, moreover, three pages had been cut into a trifle at the bottom by the binder's knife. It had, however, the leaf preceding the title-page, having on it a large "A," which was not in the Barlow copy. The British Museum has two copies, both with the "Watson" title, and the Lenox Library has three copies, one with the title of the first issue, "Written by a Gentleman," and the others with the two varieties of the "Smith" title.

In 1612 Joseph Barnes printed, at the University Press in Oxford, Smith's second book, *A Map of Virginia. With a Description of the Countrey*. This is in two parts, the first by Smith himself, which had been, as the editor T. A[bbay] says in his Preface, "penned in the land it treateth of." It includes a short vocabulary of Indian words, "because many doe desire to knowe the maner of their language." The second part, with a separate title, "The Proceedings of the English Colony in Virginia," was edited from the accounts of several adventurers by W. S[trachey].

This book should have a folding map, which, unfortunately, is usually lacking. It was the first issue of the map of Virginia, which was afterward used in Smith's *Generall Historie* and in

other books, and has in the upper left-hand corner an engraving of Powhatan's council house, with the inscription, "Powhatan Held this state & fashion when Capt Smith was deliuered to him prisoner, 1607." Murphy's copy, with the map, sold for \$180 in 1884. Copies lacking the map have sold, Ives's, \$36; Barlow's, \$65; Deane's, \$101. The Lenox Library has two perfect copies, one having a leaf of Dedication not in any of the other known copies.

In 1616 was published his *Description of New England*, and this is the first book in which the country is called New England, it having been previously called North Virginia. Among printed narratives of travels of Englishmen to the coast of New England, this stands third, having been preceded only by Brereton's *Brief and True Relation*, 1602, and Rosier's *True Relation*, of 1605. John Smith, then, was the author of the name New England. In his *New England's Trialls* he says, speaking of the colony, "This Virgins sister, now called New England, an. 1616. at my humble suit by our most gracious Prince Charles. . . ." The book was dedicated to "The High and Hopefull Charles, Prince of Great Britaine," and after it was printed, but before the map was engraved, Charles altered some of the names given to places by Smith, and these old and new names were printed on a separate leaf, which is found inserted in a very few copies.

The book is prefaced by complimentary verses by John Davies, George Wither, and others. It should contain a map of New England, and this map is a bibliographical puzzle. It was used in several of Smith's books, and the copper plate was often touched up, new names being added and corrections made. At least ten states of the map are known. It was engraved for this book in 1616 by Simon Pass, and contains in the upper left-hand corner a portrait of Smith in armor, beneath which are engraved the following verses by John Davies:

"These are the Lines that shew thy Face; but those
That shew thy Grace and Glory, brighter bee:
Thy Faire-Discoveries and Fowle-Overthrowes
Of Salvages, much Civiliz'd by thee
Best shew thy Spirit; and to it Glory Wyn;
So, thou art Brasse without, but Golde within.
If so; in Brasse, two soft Smiths Acts to beare
I fix thy Fame, to make Brasse Steele out weare."

Mr. Brinley's two copies sold for \$110 and \$100; Mr. Ives's, which was one of the Brinley copies, for \$192.50; the Deane copy sold for \$350. All of these had the map, but none of them the rare leaf of names. Copies with the leaf of names are in the Boston Public Library and the Library of Congress. It is interesting to note that when this book was translated into German and published by Hulsius, in 1617, the reprint had one of the copies with the leaf of names, and also with the first issue of the map, of which only one copy is now known, and that imperfect. For the German edition the map was re-engraved with text in German.

In 1620 Smith published his *New Englands Trialls*, a book which seems to be of the highest degree of rarity. As we are unable to facsimile the title, we give a transcript taken from Mr. Arber's work.

*New | Englands | Trialls. | Declaring the
successe of 26. Ships | employed thither within
these sixe yeares: | with the benefit of that
Country by Sea and | land: and how to build*

threescore sayle | of good Ships, to make a little Navie Royall. Written by Captaine | John Smith. | London, | Printed by VVilliam Jones. | 1620.

Curious to note, the two described copies differ in the leaf of Dedication. The Bodleian copy is dedicated to the "Aduenters to all discoueries and Plantations, espetially to New England," and the British Museum copy to "The Maister, the Wardens, and the Companie of the Fishmongers." The tract was intended primarily to encourage emigration to New England, and to secure funds for establishing a colony. Smith wrote in 1624: "Now all these proofes and this relation I now call New-Englands triall. I caused two or three thousand of them to be printed: one thousand with a great many Maps both of Virginia and New England I presented to thirty of the chiefe Companies in London at their Halls desiring either generally or particularly (them that would) to imbrace it." And again, in 1630, he wrote: "Yet for all this, in all this time [1616-1621], though I had divulged to my great labour, cost and losse, more than seven thousand Bookes and Maps, and moved the particular Companies in London, as also Noblemen, Gentlemen, and Merchants for a Plantation, all availed no more than to hew Rocks with Oister-shells."

In 1621 the second edition was published, much re-written, and the narrative expanded and "declaring the successe of 80 Ships employed thither within these eight yeares," and also giving an account of the "present estate of that happie Plantation [of Plymouth] begun but by 60 weake men in the yeare 1620." This second edition is also extremely rare. The Brinley copy was bought by the Lenox Library for \$110, and the Deane copy, with five (out of thirteen) leaves in fac-simile, sold for \$195. None of the other great collections of Americana dispersed at auction seem to have had it. There is a copy in the Carter Brown collection, from which Mr. Brown reprinted an edition of fifty copies in 1867.

Smith's next book, and his most important, was his *Generall Historie of Virginia, New England and the Summer Isles*, published in 1624. This is a handsome folio, with engraved title-page and four folding maps, those of Virginia and New England used before, and two new ones engraved for this work, one a map of "Ould Virginia," with views of events in Smith's career, the other a map of the Summer Isles, or Bermudas, with views of buildings, etc., there.

It is partly a reprint with considerable alteration of Smith's previously printed works, with the exception of his first book, which is not included, and partly made up from material compiled by him from other narratives. The book is dedicated to the Duchess of Richmond and Lenox, who probably furnished funds to enable Smith to print it. There were a few copies printed on large and thick paper; one of these, the dedication copy, specially bound, with the arms of the Duchess of Richmond on one side and those of James I. on the other, sold for £605 in the Beckford sale in 1883, and again for \$1800 in the Brinley sale. It is now in the Lenox Library. The Duke of Warwick's large-paper copy sold for \$1900 in the Barlow sale.

There seems to have been but one edition,

A DESCRIPTION of New England:

OR

THE OBSERVATIONS, AND
discoueries; of Captain *John Smith* (Admirall
of that Country) in the North of *America*, in the year
of our Lord 1614: with the successe of *six* Ships,
that went the next yeare 1615; and the
accidents befell him among the
French men of warre.

With the prooffe of the present benefit this
Country affords: whither this present yeare,
1616, eight voluntary Ships are gone
to make further tryall.



At LONDON.

Printed by *Humphrey Lowne*, for *Robert Clarke*; and
are to be fould at his house called the Lodge,
in Chancery lane, ouer against Lin-
colnes Inne. 1616.

though there were several issues, the title-page only having been reprinted. The engraved title, which appears in all issues, changes having been made in the copper plate, is too intricate to be reduced for use in these pages. We are able, however, to reproduce the printed title of a, so far as known, unique copy of the second issue, dated 1625. This copy, now in a private collection in New York City, is the only one known with a title-page printed from type. The earliest issue is dated 1624; the enterprising publisher, to give the book an appearance of newness, probably, printed the next year this title from type, which was inserted in some copies. In later years, instead of setting up his type again for a new title-page, he altered the date on the copper plate, which was otherwise changed slightly more than once, and issued his "latest edition" of the History. There are issues known with the engraved title-pages dated 1624, 1626, 1627, 1631, and 1632. Of the edition of 1631 only a single copy is known.

In addition to the four folding maps some copies contain contemporary engraved portraits of the Duchess of Richmond, by William Pass, and of Matoaka, or Pocahontas, by Simon Pass. It is generally admitted that they do not necessarily belong with the book, at least not with the edition of 1624, but they are extremely rare and very desirable. Both were re-engraved toward the end of the last century, and the

ADVERTISEMENTS

For the unexperienced Planters of
New-England, or any where.

OR,
The Path-way to experience to erect a
PLANTATION.

With the yearly proceedings of this Country in Fishing
and Planting, since the year 1614. to the year 1630.
and their present estate.

Also how to prevent the greatest inconveniences, by their
proceedings in Virginia, and other Plantations,
by approved examples.

With the Countries Armes, a description of the Coast,
Harbours, Habitations, Land-markes, Latitude and
Longitude: with the Map, allowed by our Royall
King CHARLES.

By CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH, sometimes Governour of
VIRGINIA, and Admirall of NEW-ENGLAND.

LONDON.

Printed by Iohn HAVILAND, and are to be sold by
ROBERT MILLS, at the Greyhound
in Pauls Church-yard. 1631.

copies are difficult to detect without comparison
with one known to be genuine.

The book, in one or the other of its issues, is
common enough, though it always brings a
good price if in good condition. But, as the
late Mr. Winsor says, "it has long been the
delight of the discriminating collector who
hunts down varieties with the zest of a botanist
in an untried field." The Lenox Library has
more than a dozen copies, each representing
some variation. The Deane copy, 1624, without
the portraits, sold for \$330, and the Ives copy,
1627, with the portraits and with the errata,
usually lacking, for \$330. The same copy had
sold for \$140 in the Menzies sale.

In 1626 Smith published the first edition of a
book on seamanship, naval gunnery, etc. This
first edition has the title, *An | Accidence | or
| The Path-way to | Experience. | Necessary
for all Young Sea-men, or those | that are
desirous to goe to Sea, . . . | . . . London:*
*| Printed for Jonas Man, and Benjamin
Fisher, . . . 1626. |* It is very rare, but
the second, printed the next year, with the
altered title, *A Sea Grammar, | With | The
Plaine Exposition | of Smiths Accidence for
young | Sea-men, enlarged. | . . . London, |*
| Printed by Iohn Haviland, | 1627. | comes up
oftener in sales. Copies have sold as follows:
Brinley, \$50; Ives, \$52.50; Deane, \$170. It
was afterward several times reprinted.

In 1625 the Rev. Samuel Purchas, in his great
compilation of Voyages and Travels, with the
title of *Purchas, His Pilgrimes*, gave a history
of Smith's travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa,
as well as of his doings in America. Smith
took this account of his early life, revised it,
and added to it a continuation of his History of
Virginia from 1624 to 1629, and published it in
1630 as *The | True Travels, | Adventures,
| and | Observations | of | Captaine Iohn*

*Smith, | In Europe, Asia, Affrica, and Ameri-
ca, from Anno | Domini 1593. to 1629. | . . .
London, | Printed by J. H. for Thomas
Slater . . . | 1630. |* There is inserted a large
folding plate in nine compartments with the
title, "Part of the Travels of Capt. Iohn Smith
amongst the Turkes, Tartars, and others ex-
tracted out of the History by Iohn Fayn."

Smith's last work was published in 1631.
This was a small quarto, with the title, *Adver-
tisements for the Unexperienced Planters of
New England or Anywhere*. It was written to
stimulate emigration to the then newly founded
Colony of Massachusetts Bay, of which John
Winthrop was Governor, and should contain a
folding map, the same map of New England
which was first used in the *Description of New
England*, 1616. It is a very rare volume, hav-
ing sold in the Murphy sale for \$125, in the Bar-
low sale for \$310, and in the Deane sale for \$630.

The bibliography of the various issues and
editions of Smith's books has not yet been well
worked out, or rather the result of such investi-
gations has not yet been printed. Mr. Wilber-
force Eames, to whom we are indebted for in-
formation, has the material ready for such a
bibliography, which will appear in the next
part of Sabin's *Bibliotheca Americana*, which
he contemplates carrying to completion.

L. S. Livingston.

THE GENERALL HISTORY

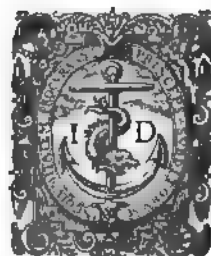
OF
VIRGINIA, NEW-ENGLAND, and the SEVERALL
ISLES: with the names of the Adventurers, Plan-
ters, and Governours, from their first beginning,
A.D. 1584. to this present 1625.

With the Proceedings of those
SEVERALL COLONIES, and the Accidents
that befall them in all their Voyages and
Discoveries.

The Maps and Descriptions of all those Countries,
their Commodities, People, Government, Customs,
and Religion yet knowne.

DIVIDED INTO SIX BOOKES.

By CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH, sometimes Governour in those
Countries, and Admirall of NEW-ENGLAND.



LONDON,
Printed by I. D. and J. H. for Michael Sparke.
1632.

AMONG THE LIBRARIES.

The Young Men's Christian Association of the City of New York in its new building in Fifty-sixth Street, near Eighth Avenue, opened to the public this library by a series of exhibitions and addresses, extending from March 27th to April 1st. Contrary to the character of most libraries belonging to these associations, the New York City branch has a very valuable collection of early printed and illustrated books. Among these are included many galleries, books on architecture and a noble collection of portraits mounted in volumes.

The library exercise consisted of addresses running through several evenings, by Mr. George Haven Putnam, Mr. W. L. Frazer, of the art department of the *Century Magazine*, and others on making and illustration of the books. The Librarian of this collection is Mr. Silas H. Berry.

The Public Library at Helena, Mont., now twelve years old, reports the possession of 21,000 volumes, and a circulation for home use, during the past year, of over 83,000 volumes against 55,000 four years ago, and 5000 for the first year of the library's existence. The space given to the news from the library in the newspapers of Helena manifests the general interest taken in the institution.

An illustration of the wide interests which may be associated with the Public Library is given in the exhibition recently held in the Case Library, in Cleveland, Ohio. A large collection of plants illustrating the flora of the country was shown.

Following in the line in the statements made in the last number of *THE BOOKMAN* concerning the great interests now felt in early printed books, comes the announcement of an Index to the Early Printed Books in the British Museum to the year 1500. In this list no attempt is to be made to give a full collation of the books, but only brief title with reference to the printed catalogue, and to bibliographies like that of Hain. It is estimated that this book will make a volume of between eight and nine hundred pages. It will be interesting to compare the resources of the British Museum in this field with those in France as shown in the catalogue now being issued by Mlle. Pellechet. Considering how many works must be contained in the university and other old libraries in Great Britain, it would seem as if a general catalogue covering the whole country similar to this one in France would be more satisfactory and serviceable.

One of the oldest collections of books in New York City has practically ceased to exist as a separate institution. The New York hospital corporation in the earliest years of its existence, at the beginning of the century, started the creation of what was then the only medical library in New York, which it has maintained and developed to the present time. It has now turned over this collection substantially to the Academy of Medicine, to be incorporated with the excellent library of that institution. This seems a sensible course, and is one step further in the consolidation and re-organisation on a

business basis of the libraries of New York. The 23,000 volumes thus transferred increase the library of the New York Academy of Medicine to over 60,000 volumes.

The natural course of the development of libraries in the three or four great intellectual and commercial centres in the country would seem to be the creation of one or two great general storehouses of books on all scientific and literary subjects, together with certain technical or professional libraries on special subjects, like law and medicine. Along with these libraries of research there will be the necessary libraries for the free distribution of reading matter among the people, and usually one or more proprietary libraries, which will furnish their patrons, on payment of a fee, with special facilities for getting at the last novel or volume of essays.

The Public or Municipal Library, as in the case of the Boston Public Library, may undertake to be a repository of books for the scholar, and at the same time to distribute popular reading matter to the people at large, but the two functions are essentially distinct. The Proprietary Library, the business' of which is to cater to a privileged class, but which gives out to its readers substantially the same books as the Popular Circulating Library, seems often to misunderstand its position. When these Proprietary libraries were first started, they did more for scholars than any other institutions. They have now been outstripped by the great municipal libraries and by the universities. They still cling to their old collections of books, and often subject themselves to much expense in maintaining themselves on their old lines. Some of them have outgrown their old quarters, and must spend large sums for new storage space for books, nine tenths of which are rarely used, and the proper place for which is the nearest and best library for scientific scholarly research.

The Library of Columbia University has received a gift through the munificence of the Duc de Loubat which will be of vast importance when it becomes available. He has deeded to the University real estate in New York City appraised at \$1,100,000, subject, however, to an annuity of \$60,000 during his life. This gift is surpassed in extent by two or three given for libraries in this country, but is the largest yet made to a university library, most of which are very poor and have developed their collections from scanty resources. Columbia has been obliged always to work with limited resources, and has been dependent upon occasional gifts and money for its largest growth.

Many American libraries have been indebted to Duc de Loubat for gifts of interesting books. There have just been distributed to about thirty libraries, by direction of the Duc, copies of Hamy, *Galérie Américaine du Musée d'Ethnographie du Trocadéro*, containing sixty large plates with text.

A New York paper informs us that Mr. E. C. Richardson, Librarian at Princeton, arrived at Naples, early in April, to begin a quest for old

illuminated manuscripts, missals, palimpsests, etc., for the College Library. More palimpsests will fill a longfelt want in our American libraries. Many institutions are still but ill provided with these useful articles.

The Boston Public Library has just issued a list of the collection of books on the History of Woman, given to that institution by Mr. T. W. Higginson, and called by him the "Galatea" collection. The collection is said to number about 1084 volumes. The list appears not to contain the works on the same subjects already in the library, which must have increased it materially. Perhaps the high reputation of the scholar who collected these books had led us to expect too much, but it is hard to repress a certain feeling of disappointment at the fragmentary and miscellaneous character of the collection. The shelves of the Boston Public Library must contain very much more on this subject than is here catalogued.

One feature of this collection, which seems to be out of place, is a section entitled "Women as Editors and Authors." This does not contain, as might be expected, a list of books dealing with the subject, but a very meagre collection of titles of books by women. The Boston Public Library must contain twenty entries of works by women to one here entered. If it shall be thought necessary, in gathering and arranging in a library a collection of books on the history of woman, to include all books written by women, it would seem that it is possible to carry the making of special collections to the point of absurdity. The next step must be a collection of books by or about man.

It may not be amiss to call the attention of those who are interested in the new Chicago Public Library building to the fact that the supplement of the *Inland Architect* for January is devoted to the illustration of that building.

The Denver, Col., City Library reports for the year 1890 the issuing for home use of 163,124 volumes, with the addition of 2558 vol-

umes, and a total strength of the library 31,806 volumes.

The Gloversville, N. Y., Free Library is to receive by the will of the late Mrs. Electa A. Fay the sum of \$25,000 as an endowment. The energetic and industrious librarian of this institution, Mr. Peck, has always emphasised the limited resources with which he was able to accomplish considerable, and it is to be hoped this bequest will not interfere with his useful work.

In connection with the efforts which have been made by the coterie of bibliographers at Brussels to introduce the decimal system of classed subject catalogues in Europe, it is interesting to note that a very marked tendency in favour of the alphabetical or dictionary catalogues has found recent expression in a number of conferences of librarians in Europe, and in articles by bibliographers and librarians of high standing. This sentiment found especial approval at the recent meeting of the library section of the association of German philologists, held in Dresden.

The well-known librarian of the University Library at Halle, Dr. Otto Hartwig, who is now in his sixty-eighth year, has received a leave of absence for six months on account of serious trouble with his eyes. Dr. Hartwig has been since its beginning the editor of the *Centralblatt für Bibliothekswesen*, which with the possible exception of the *Library Journal* is by far the most important and useful of all periodicals devoted to the library.

The Rt. Rev. Mgr. De Concilio, late rector of St. Michael's Church in Jersey City, has bequeathed his library to Seton Hall College, South Orange, N. J. It is said to be a large and valuable collection of works on theology and philosophy.

The New York State Library School and the Pratt Institute Library School devote to Boston his year their tour of library inspection, and were the guests of the Massachusetts Library Club at its meeting, April 11th.

George H. Baker.

THE BOOK MART.

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

THE DEANE SALE.

The second part of the American library of the late Charles Deane was sold by Messrs. Libbie and Company, in Boston, from March 29th to April 1st. It included some rare and interesting items, and prices in general ran high. The highest price was \$1425, which was paid for a copy of John Smith's first book, the title of which is herewith reproduced.

A few interesting autographs were offered at the end of the sale, including some valuable American specimens. One was a very interesting autograph letter, signed, of William Bradford, President of the Plymouth Colony, to John Winthrop, Deputy-Governor of Massachusetts Colony, asking him to keep an agreement made with some Indians who had been catching sturgeon for him. This was the letter which

was sent to England for comparison with the manuscript *Log Book* in the Fulham Library. It was a very fine specimen, and brought \$1030. An autograph letter, signed, of Edward Winslow, Governor of Plymouth Colony, sold for \$140, and one of Governor John Winthrop sold for \$145.

The following books were of especial interest and brought high prices:

Lechford's Plain Dealing; or, News from New England, London, 1642. \$71.

A Relation of Maryland, 1635, with the map and four pages in fac-simile. \$75.

Mason's *Brief History of the Pequot War*, Boston, 1736, lacking the half title. \$120.

A complete set of the collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, including the original volumes, as well as the reprints, 64 vols. \$360.

Mather's Brief History of the War with the Indians in New England, London, 1676, with the very rare half title, a fine copy. \$130.

Mather's Relation of the Troubles which have Happened in New England, by reason of the Indians there, Boston, 1677, with the last leaf damaged and mended, and some words in fac-simile, but with the autographs of Increase Mather and Jorusha Mather, his daughter, on the title-page. \$170.

Mather's Collection of Offensive Matters contained in The Order of the Gospel Revived, Boston, 1701. \$40.

Mitchell's Defence of the Answer and Arguments of the Synod met at Boston in the year 1662, against the reply made thereto, by the Rev. John Davenport, Cambridge, 1664. \$78.

Commissions du Roy et de Monseigneur l'Admiral, au Sieur de Montes pour l'habitation es terres de Lacadie Canada, Paris, 1605. \$40.

More's Utopia, first edition, London, 1551, a very fine and large copy. \$137.50.

Morton's New England's Memorial, Boston, 1669, with many marginal notes cut into. \$125.

Morton's New English Canaan, Amsterdam, 1637, a fair copy. \$110.

Mourt's Relation or Journal of the beginning and proceedings of the English Plantation settled at Plimoth in New England, London, 1622, title and some leaves remargined, but a good copy. \$320.

A Brief Relation of the Discovery and Plantation of New England, London, 1622, with seven leaves and part of title in fac-simile. \$80. A perfect copy sold in the first sale for \$450.

The Humble Petition and Address of the General Court at Boston unto the High and mighty Prince Charles the Second, 1660. \$45.

A True Account of the Most Considerable Occurrences that have hapned in the Warre between the English and the Indians in New England, London, 1676. \$41.

New and Further Narrative of the State of New England, being a continued account of the Bloody Indian War, London, 1676. \$51.

The Book of General Laws of the Inhabitants of the Jurisdiction of New Plimouth, Cambridge, 1672, with the title-page and last leaf in fac-simile. \$130.

Purchas' Collection of Voyages, including the best edition, in 5 vols., with three earlier editions of Vol. I., and a duplicate of Vol. IV., the latter being Thomas Prince's own copy, with manuscript notes. \$382.50.

Pyncheon's Covenant of Nature made with Adam, described and cleared from sundry great Mistakes, London, 1662. \$75.

Raleigh's Discoverie of the Large, rich and beautiful Empire of Guinea, London, 1596. \$76.

Robinson's Several Epistles given forth by two of the Lord's faithful Servants whom he sent to New England, to bear Witness to his everlasting Truth, London, 1669. \$85.

True History of the Captivity and Restoration of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson, London, 1682. \$80.

Royal American Magazine, Vol. I., and two

numbers of Vol. II., with scarce portraits and copper plates engraved by Paul Revere. \$160.

Sandys' Relation of the State of Religion, London, 1605, John Robinson's copy, with his autograph on the title-page. \$455.

Saybrook Confession and Platform, New London, 1710, the first book printed in Connecticut. \$140.

Smith's True Relation of such Occurrences and Accidents of noate as hath hapned in Virginia, London, 1608. \$1425.

Smith's Map of Virginia, Oxford, 1612. Map in fac-simile. \$101.

Smith's Description of New England, London, 1616. \$350.

Smith's New England's Trials, second edition, London, 1622, five leaves in fac-simile. \$195.

Smith's Sea Grammar, second edition, London, 1627. \$170.

Smith's General Historie of Virginia, New England, and the Summer Isles, London, first edition, 1624, with fac-similes of the two scarce portraits inserted. \$330.

Smith's True Travels, Adventures, and Observations, London, 1630, with the folding plate cut up. \$160.

Smith's Advertisements for the Unexperienced Planters of New England, or anywhere, London, 1631, a fine copy. \$630.

Stevenson's Call from Death to Life, London, 1660. \$75.

Underhill's News from America; or, a new and experimental discoverie of New England, London, 1638, plan in fac-simile and some leaves cut into. \$180.

Cosmographia. [St. Die], Septembris, 1507, a very fine copy. \$210.

Vincent's True Relation of the Late Battell fought in New England between the English and the Pequot Salvages, London, 1637, a fine copy. \$240.

True Declaration of the Estate of the Colonie in Virginia, London, 1610, cut into at top and bottom. \$230.

White's Planter's Plea, London, 1630, a fair copy. \$75.

Williams' Key into the Language of America, London, 1643, headlines cut into. \$86.

Williams', G., Fox digg'd out of his Burrowes, Boston, 1676, title-page and next three leaves in fac-simile. \$70.

Winslow's Good News from New England, London, 1624, a fine copy of the first issue. \$800.

Winslow's Hypocrisie Unmasked, London, 1646, six pages in fac-simile. \$70.

Wood's New England's Prospect, London, first edition, 1634, a fine copy. \$330.

Woodnoth's Short Collection of the most Remarkable Passages from the Original to the Dissolution of the Virginia Company, London, 1651, a fine copy. \$100.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, April 1, 1898.

Notwithstanding the rumours of war the book trade continues fair for this season of the year, owing, perhaps, to the fact that it is not a time for the purchase of considerable stock, but only of such goods as are in immediate demand.

The publications have been about as numerous as usual for the month, but have included few of special note. Those likely to reach the best sales are *Dreamers of the Ghetto*, by I. Zangwill; *The Romance of Zion Chapel*, by Richard Le Gallienne, and *The Vintage*, by E. F. Benson. *The Science of Political Economy*, by Henry George, and *The Twentieth Century City*, by Josiah Strong, are also included in the month's publications. The latter book has been particularly well received by the trade wherever shown, and the demand for it is already good, so that it bids fair to equal in popularity Dr. Strong's previous works, which have reached a combined sale of over two hundred thousand copies.

The issuing of a popular edition of *With Fire and Sword*, by Sienkiewicz, which the publishers claim to be a stronger work than *Quo Vadis*, has proved a successful venture, as the book is already in great demand. The publication in serial form of *Rupert of Hentzau* has created a considerable advance call for the book, but the publishers say it will not be ready before August. Of the popular publications since the first of the year still selling largely may be mentioned *Simon Dale*, *Shrewsbury*, *A Desert Drama*, and *The War of the Worlds*, while of longer standing are *The Honourable Peter Stirling*, *Quo Vadis*, and *The Choir Invisible*, continuing in almost unabated demand.

The annually revised editions of Cassell's *Pocket Guide to Europe* and the *Satchel Guide* are ready, and together with the various works on flowers, birds, sports, and out-door subjects generally are meeting with the customary sales accorded to this class of literature at this time of the year.

Easter literature as a whole, outside of booklets and cards, is having a very limited sale. Religious books generally, however, have sold well, particularly *In His Steps*, *The Ideal Life*, and *Christianity the World-Religion*. Library trade has continued good, and textbooks received an impetus in filling the demands for the new studies to be taken up after the spring vacations. In connection with this may be mentioned the placing on the market of *The Students' Standard Dictionary*, which is a very attractive abridgment of *The Standard Dictionary*, a now thoroughly established authority.

Miscellaneous subjects, such as travel, history, biography, etc., while selling steadily, have shown no marked increase, nor has there been any title of special prominence.

Paper-bound books, while increasing in sale as the season advances, show no particular activity with the exception of *Billy Hamilton*, by Gunter, and Anna Katherine Green's new book, *Lost Man's Lane*.

The leading sellers of the month in their order of popularity are as follows:

Quo Vadis. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

In His Steps. By Charles M. Sheldon. Paper, 25 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

Simon Dale. By Anthony Hope. \$1.50.

Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell. 2 vols. \$2.00.

The Honourable Peter Stirling. By P. L. Ford. \$1.60.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cents.

Shrewsbury. By Stanley J. Weyman. \$1.50.

The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen. \$1.50.

A Desert Drama. By A. Conan Doyle. \$1.50.

The Story of an Untold Love. By P. L. Ford. \$1.25.

Billy Hamilton. By A. C. Gunter. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.25.

The Christian. By Hall Caine. \$1.50.

Captains Courageous. By Rudyard Kipling. \$1.50.

Soldiers of Fortune. By R. H. Davis. \$1.50.

The Ideal Life. By Henry Drummond. \$1.75.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, April 1, 1898.

Business was remarkably even, as a whole, last month. The thickening of the war cloud possibly accounted for a falling off toward the close, for in times of public excitement, when sensational newspaper reports are being eagerly read, regular fiction in particular and literature in general suffers considerably.

War books are more popular than anything else just now. Everything in this line is going well. Manuals of tactics, works on strategy, treatises on famous campaigns and battles, lives of great generals, novels of the fighting kind—anything, in fact, with a battle in it is being called for.

Judging from its success as a serial, which is almost without parallel, Anthony Hope's *Rupert of Hentzau* may be expected to have an immense sale when it appears in book form this summer. Kipling's *Just-So Stories* have also met with astonishing success in *St. Nicholas*.

A new and cheaper edition of Sienkiewicz's *With Fire and Sword* was issued last month, and is being very well taken up by the trade. *Quo Vadis* still leads the van in the sales of popular books, a position which it has now kept for more than a year. Few books make so good a record as this, and what is more remarkable, the demand shows no sign of abatement.

The Celebrity, by Winston Churchill, made a decided "hit" last month, and the run upon the book soon exhausted the first edition. It is not unlikely to sell well during the summer months, as it belongs to the type of book usually preferred for vacation reading.

Zola's *Paris* was the most successful of last month's publications, the demand for it profiting not a little from the public prominence the author recently attained.

Several publishers are using the word *impression* instead of *edition* to designate the times a book goes to press. The new term may or may not be the better one, but it will be a long time before it is generally used, for it is hard to change trade expressions of long standing.

Books on gold mining and Alaskan guide-books are selling at a lively rate now, which shows that public interest in the Klondike is far from over.

Spanish histories are, as might be expected, very frequently called for now. Mrs. Latimer's

Spain in the Nineteenth Century leads the demand, on account of its being undoubtedly the best work on Spain to recommend to customers eager for information.

Stephen Phillips's *Poems* and *The Habitant*, by Drummond, are among the most salable of the spring crop of poets. What is the matter with our own singers in these days? As a nation we certainly are not unmusical, but the dearth of good national poetry is really deplorable.

Following Zola's *Paris*, the most successful of the books published last month were *From the Other Side*, by H. B. Fuller; *The War of the Worlds*, by H. G. Wells; *Dreamers of the Ghetto*, by I. Zangwill; *The Children of the Sea*, by Joseph Conrad; *A Voyage of Consolation*, by Mrs. Cotes, and *The Science of Political Economy*, by Henry George.

The publication of the American edition of Joseph Conrad's last book (called *The Nigger of the Narcissus* in England) under the more suitable title of *The Children of the Sea* brings before one's notice the apparent desire on the part of American publishers to fit appropriate titles to books. Too much care cannot be given to the choice of a title, for from a mercantile point of view a good title, suggestive of the matter inside, is an important factor in a book's success.

Sales of last month's leading books were very good, such books as *The Choir Invisible*, *Simon Dale*, *An Imperial Lover*, *The Gadfly*, and *Shrewsbury* selling in large quantities. The order of popularity as determined by the numbers sold was:

Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz. \$1.00 and \$2.00.

The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen. \$1.50.

Fire and Sword. By H. Sienkiewicz. \$1.00.

Simon Dale. By Anthony Hope. \$1.50.

The Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Thomas J. Hudson. \$1.50.

Paris. By Emile Zola. 2 vols. \$2.00.

An Imperial Lover. By M. Imlay Taylor. \$1.25.

Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell. 2 vols. \$2.00.

Shrewsbury. By Stanley J. Weyman. \$1.50.

Spain in the Nineteenth Century. By Mrs. Latimer. \$2.50.

The Gadfly. By E. Voynich. \$1.25.

The Story of an Untold Love. By Paul Leicester Ford. \$1.25.

The Christian. By Hall Caine. \$1.50.

The Hon. Peter Stirling. By Paul Leicester Ford. \$1.50.

A Desert Drama. By Conan Doyle. \$1.50.

The War of the World. By H. G. Wells. \$1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, February 21 to March 19, 1898.

Business during the period above indicated has shown a certain amount of activity for the season. No doubt the late winter is in some degree responsible for this, for the bookseller recognises that "stay-at-home" weather is the most favourable kind for his calling. Foreign and colonial business continues steady, and does not fluctuate from time to time, as was

formerly the case. The increased facilities for the quick transit of goods may, in some measure, tend to equalise the buying.

On all sides the decreased demand for Lenten literature has called for remark. There does not appear to be a single work in this class for which there has been a sufficient demand to call for notice, and the more ready selling ones have been 6d. or 1s. publications only.

The 6s. novel is still a splendid item of business, and in fiction generally there have not been the lessened sales usually so noticeable at this season of the year. The favourite novel is *Simon Dale*, *The King with Two Faces* being also popular.

The spring publishing season is a very busy one, the number of 6s. novels being very large. About one hundred and fifty new books per week have been issued for some time past. This statement will give some idea of the difficulty the bookseller of to-day has to encounter in selecting his stock.

Several accounts of the Frontier War in India have been published, and have been met by a moderate demand. Fincastle's *Frontier Campaign* is the favourite in this class at present.

There is still a small demand only for theological works, and the falling off of late in the sale of this class of publication is very marked. No modern writers take the places formerly occupied by Goulburn, Oxenden, and Macduff.

With the approach of spring there is a movement in works on gardening and outdoor pursuits generally, such as butterfly, bird, and flower-collecting and the like. Sandow's book on Strength continues to be asked for from all quarters. What a muscular generation is growing around us!

The usual list of the most popular books is appended, and the only remark called for is to direct attention to the fact of the continuity of the sale of some of those named. The arrangement has no significance.

Simon Dale. By Anthony Hope. 6s. (Methuen.)

The King with Two Faces. By M. E. Cole-ridge. 6s. (Arnold.)

Rough Justice. By M. E. Braddon. 6s. (Simpkin.)

Poor Max. By Rita. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

At the Cross Roads. By F. F. Montresor. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The Scourge-Stick. By Mrs. C. Praed. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The Dreamers of the Ghetto. By I. Zangwill. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Hugh Wynne. By W. Mitchell. 6s. (Unwin)

Shrewsbury. By Stanley J. Weyman. 6s. (Longmans.)

The War of the Worlds. By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The Triumph of Death. By D'Annunzio. 6s. (Heinemann.)

In Kedar's Tents. By H. S. Merriman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

The Beetle. By R. Marsh. 6s. (Skeffington.)

The Gadfly. By E. L. Voynich. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Paris, Rome, and Lourdes. By É. Zola. 3s. 6d. each. (Chatto.)

More Tramps Abroad. By Mark Twain. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)

Many Cargoes. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d. (Lawrence and Bullen.)

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 3s. 6d. (Simpkin.)

The Epistle to the Ephesians. By Canon Gore. 3s. 6d. (J. Murray.)

Cassock and Comedy. By Athol Forbes. 3s. 6d. (Skeffington.)

Rosa Nouchette Carey's Novels. 3s. 6d. edition. (Bentley.)

Ribstone Pippins. By Maxwell Gray. 3s. 6d. (Harper.)

Miss Betty. By Bram Stoker. 2s. 6d. (Pearson.)

Strength. By E. Sandow. 2s. 6d. net. (Gale and Polden.)

A Frontier Campaign. By Viscount Fincastle and P. C. E. Lockhart. 6s. (Methuen.)

A Ballad of Reading Gaol. By C.3.3. 2s. 6d. net. (Smithers.)

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between March 1, 1898, and April 1, 1898.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

2. Simon Dale. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)

3. A Desert Drama. By Doyle. \$1.50. (Lippincott.)

4. By Right of Sword. By Marchmont. \$1.25. (New Amsterdam Book Co.)

5. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)

6. The Celebrity. By Churchill. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Simon Dale. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)

2. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

3. A Desert Drama. By Doyle. \$1.50. (Lippincott.)

4. The Celebrity. By Churchill. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)

5. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)

6. Son of the Czar. By Graham. \$1.25. (Stokes.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Paris. By Zola. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)

2. The Gadfly. By Voynich. \$1.25. (Holt.)

3. Simon Dale. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)

4. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)

5. Young Blood. By Hornung. \$1.25. (Scribner.)

6. Voyage of Consolation. By Duncan. \$1.50. (Appleton.)

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Simon Dale. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)

2. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)

4. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)

5. A Desert Drama. By Doyle. \$1.50. (Lippincott & Co.)

6. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Lorraine. By Chambers. \$1.25. (Harper.)

2. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

3. Daughters of Two Nations. By McClelland. \$1.25. (McClurg.)

4. In the Crucible. By Litchfield. 50 cts. (Putnam.)

5. Sunset. By Whitby. 50 cts. (Appleton.)

6. Guavas, the Tinner. By Baring-Gould. 50 cts. (Lippincott.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. At the Sign of the Silver Crescent. By Prince. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

2. Marching with Gomez. By Flint. \$1.50. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)

3. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

4. Simon Dale. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)

5. A Desert Drama. By Doyle. \$1.50. (Lippincott Co.)

6. The Workers. By Wyckoff. \$1.25. (Scribner.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Marching with Gomez. By Flint. \$1.50. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)

2. Free to Serve. By Rayner. \$1.50. (Cope land & Day.)

3. Simon Dale. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)

4. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

5. The Gadfly. By Voynich. \$1.25. (Holt.)

6. A Desert Drama. By Doyle. \$1.50. (Lippincott & Co.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Simon Dale. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)

2. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)

3. For Love of Country. By Brady. \$1.25. (Scribner.)

4. Paris. By Zola. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)

5. Menticulture. By Fletcher. \$1.00. (Stone.)

6. In Tune with the Infinite. By Trine. \$1.25. (Crowell.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Paris. By Zola. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)

2. The Gadfly. By Voynich. \$1.25. (Holt.)

3. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

4. Golf. By Whigham. \$1.50. (Stone.)

5. Simon Dale. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)

6. A Desert Drama. By Doyle. \$1.50. (Lippincott.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00 and \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)

2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)

3. Simon Dale. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)

4. Paris. By Zola. \$2.00. 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

5. An Imperial Lover. By Taylor. \$1.25. (McClurg & Co.)

6. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. \$2.00. 2 vols. (Century Co.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. *With Fire and Sword.* By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00 and \$1.00 edition. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. *Quo Vadis.* By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00, \$1.00, and 25 cts. edition. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. *Simon Dale.* By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
4. *Paris.* By Zola. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
5. *The Descendant.* By Glasgow. \$1.25. (Harper.)
6. *The Philopolist.* By Goss. \$1.00. (Clarke.)

CLEVELAND, O.

1. *Simon Dale.* By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
2. *War of the Worlds.* By Wells. \$1.50. (Harper.)
3. *Madam of Ivies.* By Train. \$1.25. (Lippincott.)
4. *Dreamers of the Ghetto.* By Zangwill. \$1.50. (Harper.)
5. *Shrewsbury.* By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
6. *With Fire and Sword.* By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)

DETROIT, MICH.

1. *A Desert Drama.* By Doyle. \$1.50. (Lippincott.)
2. *Shrewsbury.* By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
3. *Simon Dale.* By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
4. *Auld Lang Syne.* By Müller. \$2.00. (Scribner.)
5. *Red Bridge Neighbourhood.* By Pool. \$1.50. (Harper.)
6. *Paris.* By Zola. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. *Hugh Wynne.* By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
2. *Simon Dale.* By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
3. *A Desert Drama.* By Doyle. \$1.50. (Lippincott Co.)
4. *In His Steps.* By Sheldon. 75 cts. (Advance Pub. Co.)
5. *The Choir Invisible.* By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. *Free to Serve.* By Rayner. \$1.50. (Cope-land & Day.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. *Quo Vadis.* By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. *Shrewsbury.* By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
3. *Simon Dale.* By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
4. *Hugh Wynne.* By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
5. *A Desert Drama.* By Doyle. \$1.50. (Lippincott & Co.)
6. *The Story of an Untold Love.* By Ford. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. *Simon Dale.* By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
2. *Shrewsbury.* By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
3. *A Desert Drama.* By Doyle. \$1.50. (Lippincott & Co.)
4. *Paris.* By Zola. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
5. *By Right of Sword.* By Marchmont. \$1.25. (New Amsterdam Book Co.)
6. *The Gadfly.* By Voynich. \$1.25. (Holt & Co.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. *The Kentuckians.* By Fox. \$1.25. (Harper.)
2. *Quo Vadis.* By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. *Story of an Untold Love.* By Ford. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. *The Choir Invisible.* By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. *The Christian.* By Caine. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
6. *School for Saints.* By Hobbes. \$1.50. (Stokes.)

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. *Marching with Gomez.* By Flint. \$1.50. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
2. *In His Steps.* By Sheldon. Paper, 25 cts. (Advance Pub. Co.)
3. *Select Documents of United States History.* By MacDonald. Net, \$2.25. (Macmillan.)
4. *Eighty Years and More.* By Stanton. \$2.00. (European Pub. Co.)
5. *Science of Political Economy.* By George. \$2.50. (Doubleday, McClure & Co.)
6. *Cheerful Yesterdays.* By Higginson. \$2.00. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. *Hugh Wynne.* By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
2. *The Choir Invisible.* By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. *The Story of an Untold Love.* By Ford. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. *Simon Dale.* By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
5. *Shrewsbury.* By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
6. *The Celebrity.* By Churchill. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. *Simon Dale.* By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
2. *Hugh Wynne.* By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
3. *Paris.* By Zola. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
4. *Lion of Janina.* By Jokai. \$1.25. (Harper.)
5. *A Desert Drama.* By Doyle. \$1.50. (Lippincott.)
6. *Shrewsbury.* By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. *Quo Vadis.* By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. *Hugh Wynne.* By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
3. *Menticulture.* By Fletcher. \$1.25. (Stone.)
4. *Simon Dale.* By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
5. *The Choir Invisible.* By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. *Alaska, the New Eldorado.* By Wells. 50 cts. (J. K. Gill Co.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. *Quo Vadis.* By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. *Simon Dale.* By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
3. *Shrewsbury.* By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
4. *Story of an Untold Love.* By Ford. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. *A Desert Drama.* By Doyle. \$1.50. (Lippincott.)
6. *Hugh Wynne.* By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. Paper, 25 cts. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Checkers. By Blossom. Paper, 50 cts. (Stone & Co.)
3. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
4. Simon Dale. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes)
5. A Realised Ideal. By Magruder. \$1.25. (Stone & Co.)
6. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
3. Simon Dale. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
4. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. \$2.00. 2 vols. (Century Co.)
5. Idle Hours in a Library. By Hudson. \$1.25. (Doxey.)
6. The Lark. Books 1 and 2. \$3.00 each. (Doxey.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Celebrity. By Churchill. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. The Gadfly. By Voynich. \$1.25. (Holt.)
3. Simon Dale. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
6. A Desert Drama. By Doyle. \$1.50. (Lippincott.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
3. The Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Simon Dale. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
5. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
6. A Desert Drama. By Doyle. \$1.50. (Harper.)

TOLEDO, O.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Simon Dale. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
3. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
4. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Red Bridge Neighbourhood. By Pool. \$1.50. (Harper & Bros.)
6. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. \$1.25. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. David Lyall's Love Story. By the author of "The Land o' the Leal." Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, \$1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co.)
2. A Desert Drama. By Doyle. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, \$1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co.)
3. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, \$1.25. (Longmans' Colonial Library.)
4. The Pride of Jennico. By Castle. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, \$1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co.)

5. The Story of Al. By Waterloo. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, \$1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co.)
6. Deeds that Won the Empire. By Fitchett. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, \$1.25. (Bell's Colonial Library.)

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. * Simon Dale. By Hope. 75 cts. and \$1.50. (Morang.)
2. * Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. 75 cts. and \$1.50. (Morang.)
3. * Judith Moore. By Wood. \$1.00. (Ontario Publishing Co.)
4. * A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. 75 cts. and \$1.25. (Copp-Clark Co.)
5. † Shrewsbury. By Weyman. 75 cts. and \$1.25. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
6. * A Desert Drama. By Doyle. 75 cts. and \$1.25. (Copp-Clark Co.)

WACO, TEX.

1. Simon Dale. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
2. Paris. By Zola. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
3. A Little Sister to the Wilderness. By Bell. \$1.25. (Harper.)
4. The Vintage. By Benson. \$1.50. (Harper.)
5. A Year from a Reporter's Note-Book. By Davis. \$1.50. (Harper.)
6. Billy Hamilton. By Gunter. 50 cts. (Home Pub. Co.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Paris. By Zola. \$2.00. 2 vols. (Macmillan.)
2. Simon Dale. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
3. Free to Serve. By Rayner. \$1.50. (Cope-land & Day.)
4. Bladys of the Stewponey. By Baring-Gould. \$1.25. (Stokes.)
5. Old Santa Fé Trail. By Inman. \$3.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Gondola Days. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in order of demand during the month are—

1. Simon Dale. By Hope.
2. Shrewsbury. By Weyman.
3. A Desert Drama. By Doyle.
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz.
5. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell.
6. Paris. By Zola.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

D. APPLETON & Co., New York.

This Little World, by David Christie Murray.
 Eastern Journeys, by Charles A. Dana.
 The Animal World, compiled and edited by Frank Vincent, M.A.
 A Forgotten Sin, by Dorothea Gerard.

THE BAKER & TAYLOR Co., New York.

The Twentieth Century City, by Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D.

* Canadian edition.

† Colonial edition.

GEORGE BELL & SONS, London.
The Cathedral Church of Hereford, by A. Hugh Fisher.

A. L. BRADLEY & Co., Boston.
Unequally Yoked, by Mrs. J. H. Needell.

THE BURROWS BROS. Co., Cleveland.
The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents, edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites, Vol. XV.

T. S. DENISON, Chicago.
Scrap-Book Recitations, by H. M. Soper.

DODD, MEAD & Co., New York.
Tonkin to India, by Prince Henri D'Orléans.
Forty Days of the Risen Life, by Boyd Carpenter.

The Holy Father and the Living Christ, by Peter Taylor Forsyth.

The Children of the Sea, by Joseph Conrad.
The Diplomatic History of America, by Henry Harris.

The Mystery of Life, by Harry E. Richards.
The Clerical Life, by Rev. John Watson, D.D., and others.

Charles Dickens, by George Gissing.
With the Conquering Turk, by G. W. Stevens.

DOUBLEDAY & MCCLURE Co., New York.
Little Masterpieces, edited by Bliss Perry, Benjamin Franklin.

The Spirit of Sweetwater, by Hamlin Garland.

A Minister of the World, by Caroline Atwater Mason.

Little Masterpieces, Daniel Webster.

E. P. DUTTON Co., New York.
Eugene Field in His Home, by Ida Comstock Below.

EATON & MAINS, New York.
Schwester Anna, by Felicia Buttz Clark.
The Best of Browning, by James Mudge.
Heroic Personalities, by Louis Albert Banks, D.D.

P. ECKLER, New York.
The Life of Jesus, by Ernest Renan.

THE EQUITABLE PUBLISHING Co., New York.
The Labourer and the Capitalist, by Freeman Otis Willey.

FORDS, HOWARD & HULBERT, New York.
The Man who Outlived Himself, by Albion W. Tourgée.

FUNK & WAGNALLS, New York.
The Christian Gentleman, by Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D.

GINN & Co., Boston.
The Story-Teller's Art, by Charity Dyc.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.
The Awakening of a Nation, by Charles F. Lummis.

International Monetary Conferences, by Henry B. Russell.

Dreamers of the Ghetto, by I. Zangwill.
The War of the Worlds, by H. G. Wells.

Spun-Yarn, by Morgan Robertson.
Wonder Tales from Wagner, by Anna Alice Chapin.

D. C. HEATH & Co., Boston.
Voltaire's Prose.

THE HELMAN-TAYLOR Co., Cleveland.
Weh Down Souf, by Daniel Webster Davis.

B. HERDER, St. Louis.
New Rubáiyát, by Conde Benoist Pallen.

E. R. HERRICK & Co., New York.
The Herods, by F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S.
The Earnest Communicant, originally compiled by the Most Rev. Ashton Oxenden, D.D.
Crossing the Bar, by Alfred Lord Tennyson.

HENRY HOLT & Co., New York.
King Circumstance, by Edwin Pugh.
Fighting for Favour, by W. G. Tarbet.
The Durket Sperret, by Sarah Barnwell Elliott.
Religious Pamphlets, Selected and Arranged by the Rev. Percy Dearmer, M.A.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.
Poems, by Florence Earle Coates.
Cheerful Yesterdays, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson.
The Pilgrims in their Three Homes, by William Elliot Griffis.
At the Sign of the Silver Crescent, by Helen Choate Prince.

WILLIAM R. JENKINS, New York.
The Complete Pocket-Guide to Europe, edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman.

LAMSON, WOLFFE & Co., Boston.
Marching with Gomez, by Grover Flint.

JOHN LANE, New York.
Fantasias, by George Egerton.
The Making of Matthias, by J. S. Fletcher.
Admirals All, and Other Verses, by Henry Newbolt.

LEE & SHEPARD, Boston.
Progress of Art in English Church Architecture, illustrated, by T. S. Robertson.
Victor Serenus, by Henry Wood.
History of our Country, by Edward S. Ellis.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia.
A Desert Drama, being the Tragedy of the Korosko, by A. Conan Doyle.
Chambers's Biographical Dictionary, edited by David Patrick, LL.D., and Francis Hindes Groome.
Madam of the Ivies, by Elizabeth Phipps Train.
Ray's Recruit, by Captain Charles King.
Heirlooms in Miniature, by Annie Hollingsworth Wharton.

LITTLE, BROWN & Co., New York.
Memoirs and Letters of Chancellor Kent, 1763-1847, by his Great-grandson, William Kent.
Parkman's Works, The Oregon Trail, I. and II. Vol. XIX. and XX. Champlain Edition. Illustrated.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York.
The Sundering Flood, by William Morris.

THE LOTHROP PUBLISHING CO., Boston.

The Pansy Books, Reuben's Hindrances :
A Story for Boys, by Mrs. G. R. Alden.
Bilberry Boys and Girls, by Sophie Swett.

THE MACMILLAN CO., New York.

Through Finland in Carts, by Mrs. Alec Tweedie.

Social Hours with Celebrities, being the Third and Fourth Volumes of "Gossip of the Century," by the late Mrs. W. Pitt Byrne, edited by her sister, Miss R. H. Busk. Illustrated. 2 vols.

Aristocracy and Evolution, by W. H. Mallock.

Told in the Coffee House, Turkish Tales, collected and done into English by Cyrus Adler and Allan Ramsay.

The Bremen Lectures on Great Religious Questions of To-day, by Various European Divines, translated from the original German by David Heagle, D.D.

The Meaning of Education, by Nicholas Murray Butler.

Plain Living, A Bush Idyll, by Rolf Boldrewood.

Mirabeau, by P. F. Willert.

A. C. McCLURG & Co., Chicago.

Dynamic Idealism, by Alfred H. Lloyd, Ph.D.

F. TENNYSON NEELY, New York.

So Runs the World, by Henryk Sienkiewicz.

The Girl from Hong Kong, by St. George Rathbone.

Sarita, by Captain Allen Smith.

The Sword of the Pyramids, by Edward Lyman Bill.

Musings of Morn, by Junius L. Hempstead.

The Girl from Paris, by Roland Oswell Rankin.

The Madness of Love, by Leonard Gill.

Cheiro's Language of the Hand.

Though Your Sins be as Scarlet, by Marie Florence Giles.

How to Right a Wrong, by Moses Samelson.

The Senator's Wife, by Melville Philips.

THE PETER PAUL BOOK CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

In the Depths of the First Degree, a Romance, of the Battle of Bull Run, by James Doran.

The Gotham of Yasmar : A Satire, by N. J. Clodfelter.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York.

Some Common Errors of Speech, by Alfred G. Compton.

In the Midst of Life, Tales of Soldiers and Civilians, by Ambrose Bierce.

A History of the English Poor Law, by Sir George Nicholls, K.C.B. 2 vols.

RAND, McNALLY & Co., Chicago.

For Love of a Bedouin Maid, by Le Voleur.

Half Round the World to Find a Husband, by May Crommelin.

Alaska, History, Climate, and Natural Resources, by A. P. Swineford.

Her Promise True, by Dora Russell.

Whoso Findeth a Wife, by William Le Queux.

GEORGE H. RICHMOND & Co., New York.

Autumn Manceuvres, Stories, and Sketches, by Ludovic Halévy.

A. M. ROBERTSON, San Francisco.

The New Life (La Vita Nuova), translated from the Italian of Dante Alighieri, by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

WALTER SCOTT, London.

Criticisms, Reflections, and Maxims of Goethe, translated with an Introduction, by W. B. Rönnefeldt.

Essays of Schopenhauer, translated by Mrs. Rudolf Dircks. With an Introduction.

Renan's Life of Jesus, translated, with an Introduction, by William G. Hutchinson.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York.

Napoleon III. and his Court, by Imbert de Saint-Amand, translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin.

Tales of the City Room, by Elizabeth G. Jordan.

The Heart of Midlothian, by Sir Walter Scott. 2 vols.

The Works of James Whitcomb Riley : Rhymes of Childhood.

Music, How it Came to be What it Is, by Hannah Smith, Illustrated.

Tales of Unrest, by Joseph Conrad.

Port Royal Education, by Felix Cadet.

SILVER, BURDETT & Co., New York.

Stepping-Stones to Literature, a Reader for Sixth Grades, by Sarah Louise Arnold and Charles B. Gilbert.

SMALL, MAYNARD & Co, Boston.

Complete Prose Works, Specimen Days and Collect, November Boughs and Good-Bye My Fancy, by Walt Whitman.

HERBERT S. STONE & Co., Chicago.

How to Play Golf, by H. J. Whigham.

Across the Salt Seas, by John Bloundelle-Burton.

BENJAMIN R. TUCKER, New York.

The Trial of Émile Zola.

VAN VECHTEN & ELLIS, Wausau, Wis.

An American Mother, and Other Stories, by Mary Lanman Underwood.

THOMAS WHITTAKER, New York.

The Spring of the Day, by Hugh Macmillan, D.D.

Sanitary Engineering, by William Paul Gerhard, C.E., published by the Author.

The Mortarboard, Published by the Junior Class of Barnard College.

THE BOOKMAN

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No. 4.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Editors of THE BOOKMAN cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts, whether stamps are enclosed or not; and to this rule no exception will be made.

The Lorryit



ETR
This queer little Animal has got himself smothered in with sorrels and he doesn't hardly ever show - there has been too much rime outside for him I expect. He is always hearing voices what nobody else can. Once it was like women and children screaming out for help. Now it sounds like Hammercan. It says it wants to have done with its worn-out tail the tail of a dunghill worm (It doesn't seem to mean much does it). When there is Royal babies going on he has to peppy the Royal family with nice fresh odes and poetry of a jolly cavetto - That is what he is for - it must be a cheifull life.

The Thrums



This delightful little creature is very witty and knows a latterure directly by his skeletal treed. When he hears one he rups like listening and gets under the sofa cushions or under the pyakno or crawls in under the stairs till it is all over. He us to live in a old litch-house once. He is a marvelous mixture of the most comical humour and the most beautiful psychosis. He is a regular Ramsplit singer at cricket. He was to have gone to Ostralia with Mr. Slodert but they thought it was better for the Empire that he should not. You should see him snuck them among the slippers (I hope that is right). When he does in to bat the felders all come close up to him just to take hints in batting.

Mr. J. M. Barrie and Mr. Alfred Austin are the latest victims of Mr. E. T. Reed, the clever artist and nonsense writer who has been enlivening the pages of *Punch* by his funny contributions to "Mr. Punch's 'Animal Land.'" We reproduce them with acknowledgments to *Punch* and apologies to the "animals."

Mr. Barrie has written his introduction to the English edition of Mr. Cable's novel, *The Grandissimes*, which will be published shortly by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. Mr. Barrie visited New

Orleans while on his American trip, in the autumn of 1896, and the introduction contains an amusing account of his experiences in that city. He has also written an introduction for a forthcoming book by the late Mrs. Oliphant. It will be remembered by some that Mrs. Oliphant from the first exempted Mr. Barrie from her almost wholesale contempt of the new school of writers, and recognised his genius with unwonted warmth. One of her latest and most appreciative criticisms was contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine* on *Margaret Ogilvy*.

A gentleman in Washington has sent us a clipping from the *Paris Figaro*, giving an account of a recent trial that has considerable interest for contributors to newspapers and magazines. It appears that the plaintiff had sent some manuscript to the editor of the *Correspondance*; and after waiting for two years, and asking several times for its return, he brought suit against the editor for its recovery. The editor's case was conducted by M. Zola's now celebrated advocate, M. Labori, who showed that the *Correspondance* regularly announced that it never returned rejected manuscripts, and that the particular manuscript in question had not been solicited, but was sent by the author at his own risk. The point was made by the other side, however, that the editor had written and formally acknowledged the receipt of the manuscript, and that in consequence he had assumed a sort of liability for its safe keeping and return. The court sustained this view, and, as a matter of fact, the manuscript was then and there handed over to the author.



We always view with interest any efforts on the part of modern men and women to keep classical Latin in its place among the living languages. Therefore, we always gladly read the periodical published by a gentleman of Hungarian extraction who issues it in Philadelphia under the title *Præco Latinus*. It contains news items, editorials, book reviews, and now and then a story, all of very excellent Latinity, and it is very well worth reading. The editor is not averse, perhaps, to getting a little notice by pitching into his American contemporaries, and into some of our classical scholars, though in doing so his zeal sometimes leads him a little astray, as when a year or two ago he spoke rather severely of a book which we had written, letting his remarks appear in print several weeks before the volume in question was off the press, and therefore before the *Præco* could by any possibility have seen it. He has also said some pretty unpleasant things about us in various ways, and has applied to us a formidable string of adjectives, all ending in *-issimus*; but to tell the truth, we never minded this; for it made us feel as though we were Catiline or

some other ancient reprobate, and so tickled our archæological fancy as to be rather pleasant than otherwise. To show that we bear no malice, we mention here that the *Præco Latinus* will be sent to any one for the very reasonable sum of one dollar per annum.



Interesting in quite a different way is an alleged Latin poem which has just been sent us. It is entitled *Novum Eboracum Maius Consolidatum*, and is a rhapsody on the birth of Greater New York. The author, who lives in Brooklyn, has divided his *carmen* into three parts, each part being composed in a different metre, and carefully labelled, so that the reader will know just which is which. This is a wise and rather necessary precaution, as there is a wild Williamsburg flavour both to the Latin and to the prosody, that might perplex the ordinary student of the classics if left to the sole guidance of his wonted manuals. The poet is evidently too anxious. When he is looking after his quantities he forgets his elisions, and when he is busy eliding, the bottom drops out of his quantities. Here is a small chunk from his dactylic hexameters:

Trans fluvium cives portant laresque penates,
Exoritur burgum nitidissimum Brooklynense.
Paullatim coloni montesque vallesque colebant
Quos comitatum Queens, burgum spatiosum
vocabant.

Here is seen his conception of trochaic verse:

Virgo Brooklyn gemuit
Multa mala timuit

* * * *

Virgo Brooklyn, desine
Hunc vagitum. Accipe
Fidum Knickerbockerum.

We should like to print some of his iambics, but the lines are too long to go into this column unbroken, and they are (in their way) too beautiful to break. Greater New York has been grumbling a good deal ever since it came into existence; but after this Latin poem has been widely circulated, we think that one of its prophetic lines will come true—as translated by a non-classical friend of ours:

Urbs nova cursus dabit novos.
"The new city will utter new curses."

We note that the author of this posterous "poem" inscribes after his name the letters that show him to be a Doctor of Philosophy. Now this is the one degree that is supposed to be given for serious work and to competent scholars. What we want to know is what institution is responsible for giving it to this person, and in what department it was given. A pamphlet like this usually gets into the hands of some Englishman or German, and then American scholarship generally has to suffer.



Mr. Sidney Colvin's biography of Stevenson in the *Dictionary of National Biography* will be read with great interest, both for its own sake and because it indicates the lines upon which the great work that Mr. Colvin is engaged will proceed. Everybody who knows anything about Stevenson knows that there were passages in his life which will be difficult for his biographer. We gather that Mr. Colvin will not shrink from facing them. Referring to Stevenson's youth, he says significantly: "Amid the biting winds and rigid social conventions of Edinburgh he craved for Bohemian freedom and the joy of life, and for a while seemed in danger of a fate like that of the boy poet, Robert Fergusson, with whom he always owned a sense of spiritual affinity." Dealing with Stevenson's marriage, he says: "The year 1879 was a critical one in Stevenson's life. In France he had met an American lady, Mrs. Osbourne, whose domestic circumstances were not fortunate, and who was living with her daughter and her young son in the art student circles of Paris and Fontainebleau. In the beginning of 1879 she returned to California. In June Stevenson determined to follow, and in the spring of 1880 he was married to Mrs. Osbourne, who had obtained some months before a divorce from her husband." He brought his wife home in August, 1880. "She was to him a perfect companion, taking part keenly and critically in his work, sharing all his gipsy tastes and love of primitive and natural modes of life, and being, in spite of her own precarious health, the most devoted and efficient of nurses in the anxious times which now ensued."

Mr. Andrew Lang is collaborating with Mr. A. E. W. Mason, the author of *The Courtship of Morrice Buckler* and *Lawrence Clavering*, in a new romance which is to be ready for serial publication in the autumn. Mr. Lang has some reputation as a collaborator, among his joint efforts being *He*, which he wrote, we believe, with Mr. W. H. Pollock, *Pictures at Play* with Mr. W. E. Henley, and *The World's Desire* with Mr. Rider Haggard, not to go beyond fiction. Mr. Lang's versatility was once very cleverly parodied in the *Oxford Magazine* of February 7th, 1883. The following is a copy of the ballad as it subsequently appeared in *Echoes from the Oxford Magazine*, published in 1890:

BALLADE OF ANDREW LANG.

ANSWER, IN FORM OF BALLADE, TO A FRESHMAN OF MERTON COLLEGE.

You ask me, Fresher, who it is
Who rhymes, researches, and reviews,
Who sometimes writes like Genesis,
And sometimes for the Daily News.
Who jests in words that angels use,
And is most solemn with most slang;
Who's who—who's which—and which is whose?
Who can it be but Andrew Lang?

Quips, Quirks are his, and Quiddities,
The epic and the teacup Muse,
Bookbindings, Aborigines,
Ballades that banish all the Blues,
Young Married Life among Yahoos,
An Iliad, an Orang-outang,
Triolets, Totems, and Tattoos—
Who can it be but Andrew Lang?

Ah, Ballade makers! tell me this.
When did the hardest rhymes refuse
The guile that filled that book of his
With multiplying X's and II's?
You see me shuffle in his shoes,
You hear me stammer where he sang,
Who cannot charm you as I choose,
Who cannot be an Andrew Lang.

ENVOY.

Fresher! he dwelt with Torpid Crews,
And once, like you, he knew the pang
Of Mods, of Greats, of Weekly Dues,
And yet he is an Andrew Lang!



A few weeks ago alarming stories were being circulated in London about Mr. H. G. Wells, the author of *The War of the Worlds*. It was reported that he was dying of consumption. If so, he is a very untrustworthy person, for only recently he wrote from Naples saying that he never felt better in his life. Rumour has evidently been very busy

also with Mr. Jerome K. Jerome. The following letter was received by him, dated Budapest, April 19th :

"DEAR SIR : I must ask your pardon for thus addressing you, but it has been commonly reported in Budapest that you are dead, which report has been lately contradicted, and we all hope the latter news to be true. We Hungarians are very interested in reading your charming books in English, all of which have an enormous circulation. May I ask that you will accede to my request and kindly send a reply to this shortly, which I can then insert in my paper? Again apologising for taking up your valuable time, etc."

Mr. Jerome replied to his correspondent that he was not dead, and never had been, though what might be his intention as regarded the future he was not at this period prepared to state. It is a curious coincidence that only last month we reported an incident of the same kind as happening in Hungary to Mr. Rider Haggard, who was also believed to be dead.



Mr. Jerome has a new book in preparation on the lines of his most successful work, *The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow*, which will be published in October by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. It will bear the title *The Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow*, being "a book of essays on things in general." The bulk of the volume will consist of hitherto unpublished work, and what little is taken from matter already published has been altered or elaborated. The chapter headings are suggestive of Mr. Jerome's peculiar humour, for example, "On the Art of Making Up One's Mind," "On the Motherliness of Man," "On the Time Wasted in Looking Before One Leaps," and "On the Care and Management of Women."



The same firm will publish in the autumn a new novel by Mr. J. A. Steuart, a writer whose work has already elicited high praise from the English reviewers, and which has not altogether lacked appreciation in this country. It is claimed for him that this new novel, *The Minister of State*, puts him in line with the foremost writers of the younger school. Published recently by Mr. William Heinemann in England, it has been most cordially received and generally accepted as a great advance on anything he has previously done. Mr.

Steuart has the knack of clever dialogue, and his style is vigorous and characteristic. His descriptive faculty is striking, and the pictures of Highland scenery, as well as of London political and legal life in this book are well defined and convincing. Mr. Steuart has received many congratulations from brother authors upon his latest achievement, but perhaps the compliment he values most came from Mr. George Meredith. Several reviewers have especially remarked the well-drawn portrait of Dominic Proudfoot; Mr. Meredith calls the Dominic "the best of his kind I know." Mr. W. E. Henley, also writing of *The Minister of State*, says : "Mr. Steuart writes the English tongue with real distinction. He has temperament, brains, style, an ideal, a strong sense of his duty to the public and to art. His characters, too—his Dominic, his Fiddler, his Highland Uncle, his Highland Aunt, his Hero—all these are observed (or created) and presented with a really admirable felicity. And their environment is so well done as to be convincing as themselves. You read him, and read him eagerly, right to his last page." Without doubt, therefore, it would seem that *The Minister of State* is one of the noteworthy novels to be looked forward to with expectation among the forthcoming books of the year.



On April 23d, the publication of *Penelope's Progress* by Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin (Mrs. Riggs) was quietly celebrated at the home of the author in this city in a manner that brought to mind the traditions of old, when publisher and author commingled and toasted each other in behalf of the literary offspring given anew to the world through their combined efforts. It was a Gaelic dinner, and the tartan was everywhere, in honour of Penelope's latest divagation. There were tartan buttons, tartan bows, tartan ribbons, tartan lamp-shades, and autographed copies of *Penelope's Progress* for Mrs. Riggs's guests and friends uniquely bound in tartan gingham, especially made for the binding in Scotland. The atmosphere was charged with Scott and Burns and Auld Reekie, and the few Scots present at the festive board rose in their native supremacy and made the Americans sorry they were not born with a burr on their tongue. The toast of the evening was

that made by Mrs. Riggs to her publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, to which Mr. Mifflin replied in what he declared was his maiden speech. Mrs. Riggs must be congratulated on Mr. Mifflin's *debut*. We have asked Mrs. Riggs's permission to print the toast. It should be said that some of the authors present were on the lists of the Messrs. Harper, Scribner, and Dodd, Mead and Company.

"Publication dinners now are somewhat out of style ;

The publishers themselves believe it's hardly worth the while

To feed a man whose books don't sell with food he cannot earn,

And as for the successful man, they plausibly affirm

That when they've paid a fortune, down, they really do not feel

As though an author, gorged with gold, deserved an extra meal !

And so the jubilant young scribe who loves his latest book

And longs to celebrate its birth by some means, hook or crook,

Invites his friends, leaves out his foes, and spreads the festal board

With flowers fair and viands rare, (the which he can't afford !)

And nothing does he grudge of this expenditure of wealth,

Because it titillates his pride to have you drink his health.

But it is not my health to-night that I would have you drink,—

Though 'twould be sweetest flattery to hear your glasses clink ;—

I toast the best of publishers an author ever had !

Their royalties are always good, when sales are not too bad ;

They never grow too rich themselves, nor fail, and sell your plates,

They always settle with you at the highest (author's) rates !

Their manner is as cordial when your last book fell below

The fifty-thousand-copy-mark as if it were not so ;

And if perchance a hundred thousand volumes have been sold,

They never gush ; are not surprised ; your triumph they'd foretold.

So fill your glasses, raise them high, 'tis not a usual toast ;

Poor publishers ! the dish *they* get is commonly a 'roast' !

Be true to Harper's, Scribner's too, to Dodd and Mead also,

But for the moment pledge with me the Houghton, Mifflin Co. !"

⊙

It will be difficult, perhaps, for the numerous admirers of Mrs. Riggs's earlier work to grant our claim that in her latest book she has done the best bit of writing that has come

from her pen, but it is so, nevertheless. Her keen observation, her innate tact and sympathy, her ready wit and contagious fun, the sparkle and charm of her narrative, have reached a maturity of power and expression unattained as a whole in any of her previous books. Penelope, Francesca, and Salemina, whose English experiences gave us so much delight, have gathered a richer store at Mrs. Riggs's hands, while on a similar tour of peregrinations, as Carlyle would say, in Scotland. Mrs. Riggs spent a large part of last year in the land of brown heath and shaggy wood, and the amount of information that she has insinuated into her story is remarkable. The sub-title speaks of "extracts from the commonplace book of Penelope," but she is never commonplace ; her imagination is too sunny and her sense of humour too keen to be crushed even when "shrouded in the heart of that opaque, mysterious grayness," which so frequently hid the beauty of Auld Scotia from her eyes. *Penelope's Progress* will be followed with delight by numerous readers on steamboat and rail, on hill and beach, and under the trees during the coming summer months, but best of all when we resume with chill November our fireside travels. The initials "G. C. R." on the dedicatory page belong to Mrs. Riggs's husband.

⊙

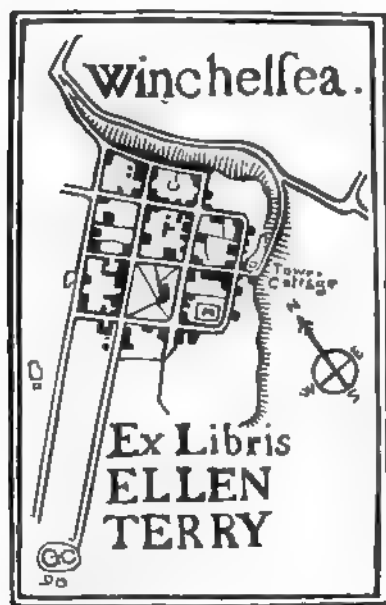
The admirers of Mr. Howells's excellent novel *The Rise of Silas Lapham* may have an opportunity to view it on the stage next season. Mr. Paul Kester is now at work with Mr. Howells on a dramatisation of this novel, to be presented by a well-known and popular actor.

⊙

Many rumours and reports come to us of projected dramatisations of novels by popular authors, but two of them stand out as of especial interest. Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske having refused Mr. Lorimer Stoddard's stage version of Thackeray's masterpiece, has, we understand, accepted one made by Mr. Langdon E. Mitchell, the son of Dr. Weir Mitchell. The play is called *Becky Sharp*, and the title rôle will, of course, be enacted by Mrs. Fiske. The other interesting announcement must have presented an equally difficult task to the dramatist. Mr. George Meredith's

novel *The Egoist* has been dramatised, and Mr. Forbes Robertson is to produce it in London. Mr. Meredith intends personally to supervise the rehearsal.

We reproduce Miss Ellen Terry's book-plate from the *Sketch*. The quaint design was drawn for her by her son, Mr. Gordon Craig. Miss Ellen Terry has a



charming cottage at Winchelsea, and when she is at home this book-plate will readily enable visitors to find her.

This is a time when theatres appeal to the patriotism of their audiences by introducing numerous features that relate to the war with Spain. The orchestra usually renders a selection of national airs during the waits between the acts, and these never fail to receive applause, often of a most enthusiastic character. We are glad to note that *The Star Spangled Banner* is always selected as the *pièce de résistance*, and that it is always accepted as such by the audience, who rise and sing it. We are still more glad that the hybrid fake known as *America* is distinctly not accepted as national, many of the listeners remaining seated, as they ought to do. If it were frankly played as *God Save the Queen*, then we might well rise and sing its real words and applaud it, in recognition of the sympathy which England

is freely giving us in the present crisis; but there is no reason on earth for stealing the English anthem and calling it our own just because a certain Mr. Smith once wrote some mushy balderdash to its sonorous music, and called the incongruous compound *America*.

A parallel to the Dutch novelist, Maarten Maartens, who writes in English, is presented in the case of a young Italian, Miss Kassandra Vivaria, who has mastered the same language as a medium for her first novel, *Via Lucis*, about to be published by Messrs. George H. Richmond and Son. To carry the similarity still further, it may be added that both writers assume a *nom de plume*, in order to disguise their identity among their own people. The following extract from a letter which accompanied her manuscript might serve as a preface to the book; it will, at least, introduce her very pleasantly to her American readers:

"I can, of course, have nothing to say of the literary merits of my tale, but I have this one advantage over many writers who have put Italian personages in motion. Though peculiar circumstances and personal taste have led me to choose English for the clothing of what ideas I may possess, I am by birth an Italian, having lived and worked all my life among the elements I describe. Up till now many hands have dealt with our nobility and our costumed country folk; but however acclimated, they have been foreign hands always. Up till now only two classes have been studied—the highest, which is everywhere the most featureless, and the lowest, which in this country is still merely picturesque. Of the far-extending, fluctuating, heterogeneous bourgeoisie, in which the real differences of a nation lie—not a word. This I have often thought might give the particular Italian story I have written some little interest of its own, and perhaps make it worthy of being taken into consideration by a foreign public."

The publication of this book has been brought about under peculiar circumstances. Some months ago Gabriele d'Annunzio wrote to Mr. Richmond, his authorised publisher in America, soliciting his interest in a young Italian writer, "with whose excellent poems and criticisms I am already familiar." "She has just finished a novel," he went on to say, "which, it seems to me, is destined to have great success with the Anglo-American public. In it there are pages of surprising beauty when the youth of the writer is considered. . . . In my opinion, Miss Vivaria has a mag-

nificent future before her, and I am sure you will never regret having opened the way for her." Shortly afterward the manuscript of *Via Lucis* came into Mr. Richmond's hands with D'Annunzio's "most sincere recommendation," and a perusal of it satisfied him that he had secured a work of unusual merit and unmistakable power, and a reading of the advance sheets leads us to the same conclusion. The author's command of English is remarkable, her style is wonderfully lucid, and gains in piquancy by occasional idiomatic traces of her origin. The book is, as it purports to be, a study of the life and manners of the Italian bourgeoisie of the present day. Aside from the main movement of the story, there is given, we believe, the most searching analysis of the convent system that is likely to be met with, along with a constructive portrayal of what might be accomplished by united and persistent efforts toward high ideals. And it may be said at once that *Via Lucis*, although it might be called a realistic romance, and has won the admiration of D'Annunzio, lies far from the school and influences of the eminent Italian realist. We do not wish to be understood as comparing it with *Middlemarch* when we say that it reminds us of that novel more than of any other; but the impression left on the mind is very similar. We are, indeed, inclined to share Gabriele d'Annunzio's presaged conviction regarding its future.



There is a certain air of mystery about the author of *Via Lucis* which surrounds her with romance. *Kassandra Vivaria*, as this beautiful young writer chooses to call herself, is not yet twenty-one, and belongs to a family which ranks high among the nobility of her land. She has had to make severe sacrifices in order to follow her literary passion. Her family furnishes her with a bare support for existence so long as she fulfils the condition of writing only under a pseudonym. She lives by herself in "a tumble-down



"KASSANDRA VIVARIA."

place in Umbria," and is hard put to it sometimes to make both ends meet, for she does not seem to have the money-making talent for turning journalistic and magazine articles into bread. "All I can do," she says naively, "is to think out a bit of a soul's life and unfold it." We hope to commend her first work, which is certainly a remarkable literary achievement for so young a writer, more fully in a future number.



Mr. Norman Hapgood, whose *Literary Statesmen and Others* is reviewed on another page, is a recent graduate of Harvard University (in the class of '90), who has already made himself felt in several departments of literary effort. He is the dramatic critic of the *Commercial Advertiser*, and his work there embodies the most serious and intelligent criticism that can be found in the dramatic columns of any New York journal, being frank, outspoken, and honest in its



NORMAN HAPGOOD.

castigation of the flimsy stuff that goes to the making of most of our modern plays. As a literary critic, pure and simple, he has been exceptionally fortunate in having already won a hearing from the British public, which usually turns a deaf ear to Americans, especially if they be still young. The *Contemporary Review* is the English periodical in which Mr. Hapgood's foreign contributions appear, and several of the chapters in this book were originally published in the pages of that magazine. Mr. Hapgood was very much averse to publishing his work in book-form so soon, but the enterprise of his publishers, Messrs. H. S. Stone and Company, is justified by the contents of this volume. Mr. Hapgood has no need to be ashamed of his first book. We hope that he will follow it up some day soon with a volume of essays on the drama, a task for which he has shown unusual critical ability and imaginative insight.

•

We present our readers with a portrait of Mr. Egerton Castle, who in collaboration with his wife is the author of one of the most delightful love stories of the season. We should be inclined to say, indeed, that *The Pride of Jennico* is the best of its kind since *The Prisoner*

of *Zenda*. When you have read the book through at a breathless pace, you will turn back to the chapter in which Basil Jennico introduces himself to the princess to enjoy that delicious scene at leisure. The princess is a charming creation, one of the most picturesque and attractive figures we have met for a long time in fiction or out of it. In fact, *The Pride of Jennico*, which is reviewed on another page, stands quite apart from the ordinary run of novels as a book which no one in search of a few hours' entertaining reading should neglect. The authors are to be congratulated on a most successful piece of work, which is sure of a wide popularity. It is published by the Macmillan Company. Mrs. Egerton Castle, by the way, is a sister of Mrs. Francis Blundell (M. E. Francis), whose novels, *The Story of Dan* and *A Daughter of the Soil*, and her delightful Lancashire sketches, *In a North Country Village*, have made her familiar to the reading world. Messrs. Little, Brown and Company have just published a new story by her, entitled *The Duenna of a Genius*, which relates the career of a young Hungarian violinist, and is graced by that sympathetic touch which is the charm of all her writing.



EGERTON CASTLE.



*Ever yours sincerely,
Robert Herrick*

Mr. Robert Herrick, whose new book, *The Gospel of Freedom*, is reviewed on another page, was born in Massachusetts about thirty years ago. He was graduated at Harvard, and became an instructor in the English Department at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology under Professor George R. Carpenter in 1890. In 1893 he entered on his present appointment in the University of Chicago as Assistant Professor of Rhetoric and English Composition. His work has become well known, and his criticisms in class are said to be severe, but original, keen, and witty. In 1894 he married his cousin, then resident in Chicago, and since that time has spent eighteen months in Europe. He has published two books in the Messrs. Scribner's Ivory Series, *The Man Who Wins* and *Literary Love Letters and Other Stories*. His new book is published by the Macmillan Company.

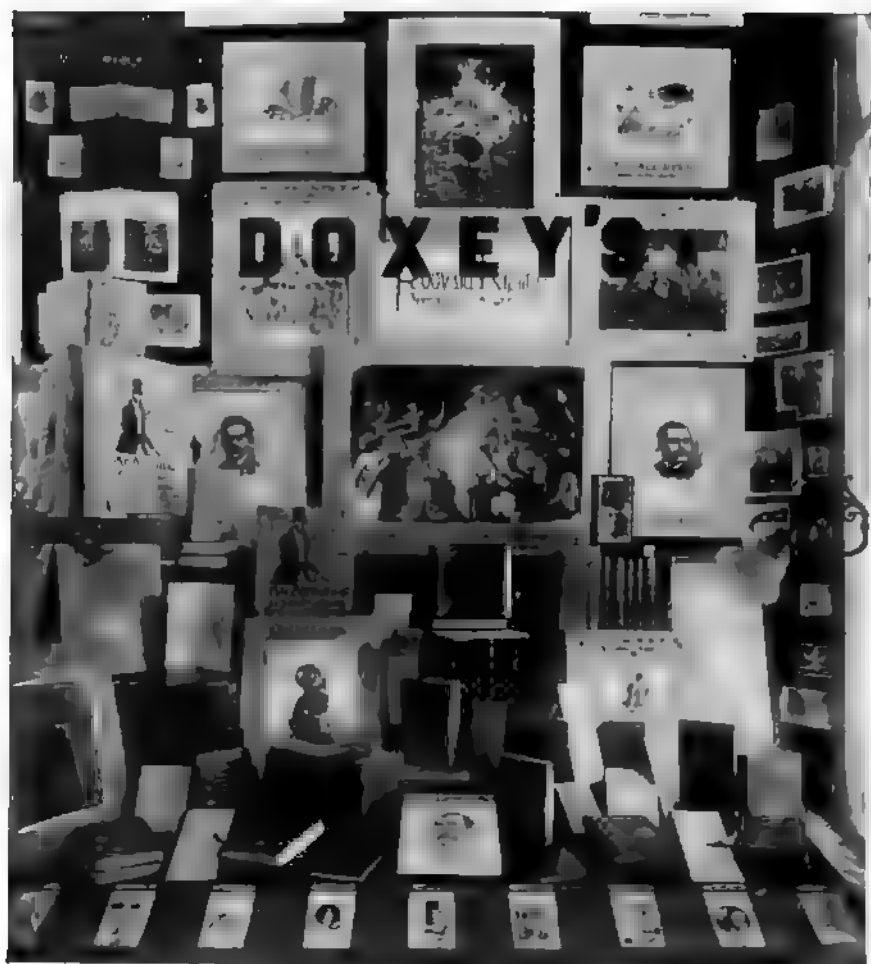
®

Mr. Grover Flint, whose record of actual service with the Cuban insurgents, published by Messrs. Lamson, Wolfe and Company under the title

— *Marching With Gomez*, has met with notable and deserved success, is to-day swinging a sabre in the regular army of the United States, and by the time this paragraph is printed may be invading Cuba again. He has every reason to be a follower of arms. His father was General Cuvier Grover of the United States Army, the boy changing his name from Flint Grover to its present form after the death of his father and his adoption by his maternal grandfather, the late Austin Flint, of New York. Born in an ambulance on the Western plains, a graduate of the class of '88 at Harvard, an attaché for a time of the United States legation at Madrid, a war correspondent for the *New York Journal*, and a major on the staff of Gomez, young Flint has filled his few days full of action. He had every opportunity to return to the Cuban service with a high rank, but he preferred to fight for Free Cuba under the Stars and Stripes, and enlisted again as a private in the United States cavalry, a post he had held once before.



GROVER FLINT.



A KIPLING WINDOW EXHIBIT IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Though of proved courage, Mr Flint has the gentlest demeanour imaginable. He is a son-in-law of Professor John Fiske of Cambridge.

⊙

Sir Walter Besant's papers on South London, now running in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, will probably be completed in time to be published in book-form during the autumn season. They will make a companion volume to his *London and Westminster*. Sir Walter's new novel, *The Changling*, will be published in the autumn by the Frederick A. Stokes Company.

⊙

Mr. William Doxey, of San Francisco, has added a Kipling window to his famous window exhibitions. The window was composed of all the editions of Kip-

ling, together with the original drawings for the first *Jungle Book*, which form the background of the exhibit. The pictures seen at the base of the window illustrating Kipling's books were drawn by a local artist for this occasion. There are also two large caricatures in the shape of a tiger with Kipling's head, labelled "King of the Jungle," and the other, "Kipling conceiving the Jungle stories." These drawings and caricatures, we understand, have created a great deal of talk in San Francisco.

⊙

Mr. Henry Seton Merriman, whose successful novel *In Kedar's Tents* ran serially through these pages last year, is now travelling in Russia with a view to writing another novel of Russian life in the vein of *The Sowers*. The strange fascina-

tion of Muscovy for the novelist is apparently as strong as ever. We hear that Mr. Steevens, the brilliant correspondent of the London *Daily Mail*, may possibly go to Russia soon. He has only recently returned from his travels in Egypt, out of which he has found material for two books; one dealing with Cairo and Egypt proper, the other with the Sudan and the English campaign there. He has already contributed two books of keen observation and travel to this field of literature—namely, *The Land of the Dollar* and *With the Conquering Turk*, both published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. This firm will also control Mr. Merriman's new Russian novel.

Mr. Merriman's *In Kedar's Tents* has a timely interest for those who have an eye on Spain's internal movements. Not only are the scenes of the story laid in Spain, but the hero himself is involved in the court intrigues and in the uprising of the Carlists, which took place there some fifty years ago. Mrs. Craigie's *School for Saints*, published by the F. A. Stokes Company, is of especial interest just now for the same reason.

The second volume of *A History of the Royal Navy*, edited by Mr. W. L. Clowes, Captain Mahan, Theodore Roosevelt, and others, has just made its timely appearance. The work will be completed in five volumes, and is being issued on a grand scale by Messrs. Little, Brown and Company. This firm has also brought out a new edition (the fifth) of *Ironclads in Action*, which, by the way, contains the only complete description by a naval expert of the naval actions at the Yalu and Wei-Hai-Wei, where for the first time modern ironclads were tested in actual warfare.

The illustration herewith given of Charles Dickens and Little Nell is taken from the frontispiece of a catalogue of Dickens literature in the li-



CHARLES DICKENS AND LITTLE NELL.

brary of Mr. E. S. Williamson, of Toronto. Under the title *Glimpses of Charles Dickens* Mr. Williamson has gathered a number of interesting facts, fac-similes, and illustrations, together with a catalogue of his library. Not the least interesting illustration by any means is the one which we have reproduced, the original photograph having been furnished by Mr. Elwell, the sculptor. This sculptured memorial to Charles Dickens figured prominently among the Art exhibits of America at the World's Fair. It has also been exhibited in England, where the family of Dickens pronounced it an excellent portrait of the great novelist. Mr. Williamson's Dickensiana is the result of five or six years' collecting. A catalogue which he issued two years ago, of which one hundred copies were printed for private circulation, is the



A WINDOW EXHIBIT IN A NEW YORK BOOK SHOP OF MR. F. HOPKINSON SMITH'S WORKS.

basis of the present amplified edition, which is expanded and made more interesting in every way. Only 250 copies have been printed, and half of this number was subscribed for in advance of publication. The price for the remainder is \$1.00 per copy.

⊗

Mr. Hopkinson Smith's new novel, *Caleb West—Master Diver*, which was published about the end of April, is undeniably an excellent story, and promises to outsell its predecessor, *Tom Grogan*. A first edition of ten thousand was exhausted on the day of publication, and a second edition, which was immediately printed, has been rapidly taken up. The story appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* during the winter, but it has been thoroughly revised and rewritten, some five thousand words having been taken out and about ten thousand added, and a new introduction given to the opening chapter.

⊗

It must have been over six years ago that we read the story of "Captain

Joe" in the pages of the *Century*, for the volume which contains it was published, we notice, in 1892. The memory of the story always recalls one of those supreme moments in one's life when a deed of heroism burns its impression into the soul, and is never forgotten. When, therefore, about two years ago, the author communicated to the writer his intention of developing this character, and making him the central figure in a longer story of sustained action, it was with mingled feelings of curious wonder and anticipated delight that we awaited the materialisation of the scheme. Nor have we been disappointed. Whoever has read the short story in *A Day at Laguerre's and other Days* must have wanted to know more of Captain Joe—tough, sturdy, tender-eyed, fearless—the man who "one memorable winter's day saved the lives of the passengers on the sinking ferry-boat, near Hoboken, by calking with his own body the gash left in her side by a colliding tug." And our interest in the character is intensified by learning that his portrait has been drawn life-size from one who stands as his prototype, and who actu-

ally lived and worked among the surroundings thinly disguised by fiction. "Captain Joe," a New London paper tells us, "is no less a personage than Captain T. A. Scott of this city, for whom Mr. Hopkinson Smith has the highest regard, and whose experiences need no exaggeration to read like a romance." New London is identified by the same authority with Keyport in the book, and the description of the harbour, the proximity of Noank, Stonington, and Norwich to the Keyport of the story at once verify its location. We have been successful in securing a photograph of Captain T. A. Scott, the alleged original of "Captain Joe," which, it seems to us, is strikingly characteristic of the man throughout as he is portrayed in *Caleb West*.



It will be surmised at a glance that Captain Joe is the real hero of the book, and that his ought to have been the name that gave it its title. The difficulty lay in the fact that a story with that name already existed. "The Building of the Light" was, we believe, for some time contemplated as a probable title, but that had an unfortunate technical sound that scarcely fitted a work of fiction. There is no need to cavil; the present title is peculiarly happy and classifies the book, conveying the sort of life you expect to meet with in its pages, and that, after all, is the main thing. Mr. Smith's method of searching for names that shall fit his characters to a nicety reminds one of Dickens, who, however, allowed his method to become bizarre and to run

into caricature. Caleb West is a composite—the Christian name was taken from a tailor's sign somewhere in New York, after some months' research, and the surname was purloined after the same fashion. But "The Building of the Light" would have described the main action of the story, which is concerned with the erection of Shark's Ledge Light-house. It is not straining fact to say that this can be no other than Race Rock Light-house, erected by the author in his capacity of marine engineer and architect in 1871-77, and



"CAPTAIN JOE."

situated about eight miles out from New London, right in the jaws of the Atlantic. There is a strong coincidence in Mr. Smith's own work besides the likeness in description which confirms this. In the short story already alluded to, Captain Joe secures a position as submarine engineer on "a light-house to be built in the 'Race' off Fisher's Island—the foundation of rough stone protected by granite blocks weighing ten tons each. These blocks were to be laid by a diver, as an enrockment, their edges touching. The current in the Race ran six miles an hour." Moreover, the accompanying designs of Race Rock Light, taken from an official report made to the government by Mr. Smith at the time, correspond with the description of the building of Shark's Ledge. We reproduce them on the following page, in the belief that they will not only prove interesting, but will

illustrate very effectively many of the pages in *Caleb West—Master Diver*.



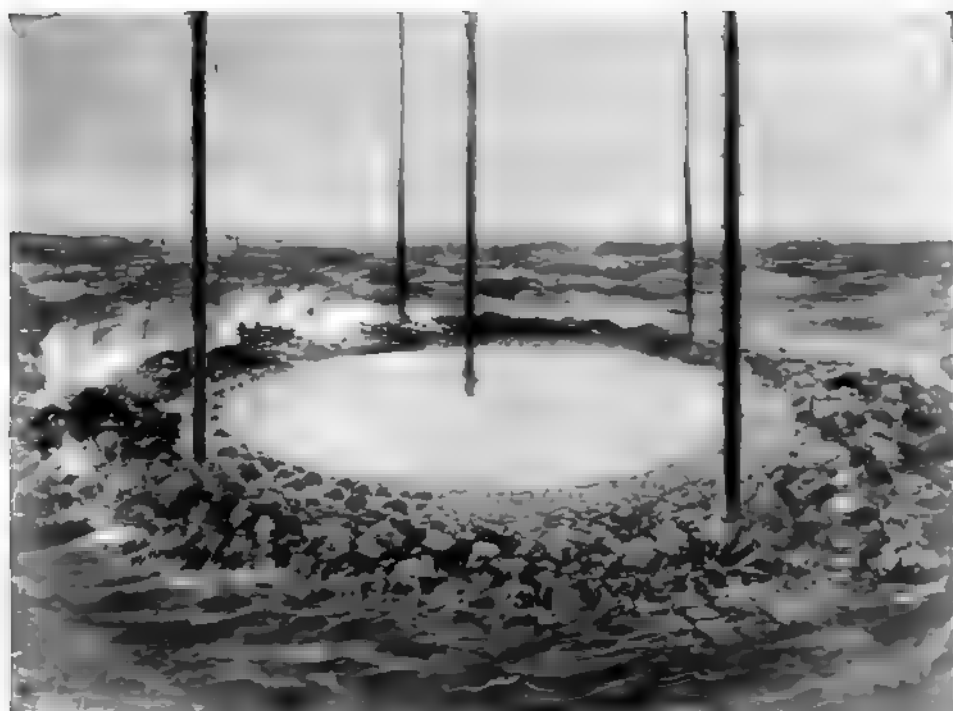
There is a certain fascination in tracing fiction to fact, and yet in *Caleb West* the building of the Light would in itself be merely a narrative of daring incident, were it not for other qualities that enter into its telling and make it live as an intensely human book. It is a stirring tale, wherein the buffeting of strong spirits with wind and waves is wonderfully realised; but that which pierces the imagination to the very heart of life is the buffeting of human spirits with the tempest of evil. This is what will give the book its wide appeal—this and its concomitant factor that the consequences of evil-doing are not dodged and the reality of suffering is recognised. The note of compassion, of a wise, patient charity, is its strongest char-

acteristic. "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more"—that was Captain Joe's creed, we are told. The following letter, written by a prominent bishop in the Episcopal Church, which we are permitted to quote, demonstrates the true significance of Mr. Smith's latest work:

"It is a strong, clean, wholesome story. So far as it is nature, it is the best nature. And so far as it is creation and character painting, it is a noble creation. And Captain Joe is 'in the image and likeness of God.' The mystery of the origin of evil is impenetrable. But the problem of the purpose is plain enough that we may resist temptation and forgive sin, and the book is built on this purpose.

"Details are minor matters in a book like *Caleb West*, but I am not unmindful of the humour and the pathos; of the ingenuity of the situations and the vividness of the scenes, of the restraint of what is left to be imagined, and the richness of what is 'writ large'.

"He is a 'master diver' who can go so deep into human experience and bring up, bring back, such life."



THOMAS SERGEANT PERRY.

Mr. Thomas Sergeant Perry, the author of *Eighteenth Century Literature*, *History of Greek Literature*, *From Opitz to Lessing*, *The Evolution of a Snob*, and half a dozen other books, original and translated, has been appointed Professor of



J. W. W.
T. S. Perry.

English Language and Literature in the College Keiogijuku, in Tokio, and has gone to Japan, where he will be joined in the autumn by his family, now in Boston. Mrs. Perry is the portrait painter, Lilla Cabot Perry, whose second volume of poetry, *Impressions: A Book of Verse*, is one of the spring publications of Messrs. Copeland and Day.

Mr. Perry is a grandnephew of the Commodore Perry whose expedition to Japan, in 1853, resulted in the opening of that kingdom to the world, and a grandson of Commodore Perry of Lake Erie fame. By the maternal side he is a great-great-grandson of Benjamin Franklin. This distinctively American critic has enjoyed the culture of four residences in Europe since his graduation at Harvard in the Class of 1866. He has spent nine years at two differing periods in

the service of Harvard University, as tutor in German, instructor in English, and in a year's lectureship, which resulted in the standard volume on *Eighteenth Century Literature*. Of this book and of the *History of Greek Literature* it may well be said that they are "good reading," in the sense of entertainment and pleasure, as well as for the immense reserve fund of scholarship which they show. Readers of the *Life of John Addington Symonds*, by Horatio Brown, have come upon this, in a letter of Symonds to Edmund Gosse: "When you go to Boston you will see Perry, one of the brightest-souled students of literature, the biggest *heluo librorum* in America. Salute him from me." Mr. Perry's own private library in his Boston house numbers about three thousand volumes, but he knows the Public Library of Boston and the Harvard Library as few men have ever known them, while the *bibliothèques* of Paris, Madrid, Florence, Rome, and Berlin are familiar places. As an author his characteristics are profound scholarship, the expression of a lively conviction of the organic relation of literature to life, a clear, simple, pellucid style, with strong and forcible diction, often an incisive, sympathetic humour and keen wit. These latter qualities made careless readers misunderstand *The Evolution of a Snob* when that book first appeared. It was supposed by the unthinking to be a satire, while it is really a serious scientific study of a social condition, and the being who represents that condition in our modern world. When a new edition makes this notable little book again accessible, it will doubtless be found that the years have raised up lovers of literature and of life who will care for it as it deserves. It has had so far the fate of being cared for very much by "the few who know," even as Robert Louis Stevenson's early essays were cherished for years until the publication of his stories called popular attention to his work. There is no doubt that in Thomas Sergeant Perry this country has an essayist, a critic of life and of literature of exceptional and original power, and one destined to increasing popular appreciation. This "bookman," friend of Lowell and Holmes and Symonds, among those who are gone,

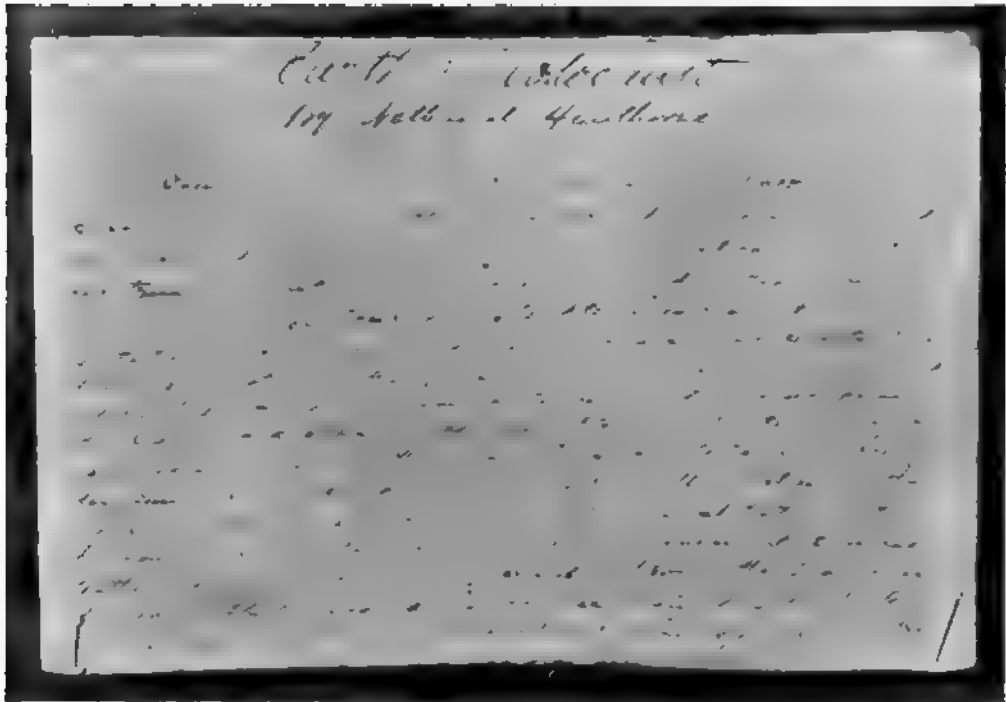
of John Fiske and Dr. Holmes's biographer, John T. Morse, and of many another of those at home and abroad who care for the best in books, is now not in the United States; otherwise, so strong is his inherent native disbelief in being "written up," that it would scarcely be safe for one who is indebted to him for in-

struction and for illumination in the love of literature to let this manuscript venture forth. As Mark Twain—a favourite with this scholar and critic—said of his eulogy of his wife, had that lady seen it in advance of its publication, it would have been "edited into the stove."

M. C. S.

AN INTERESTING MANUSCRIPT FIND:

WITH FAC-SIMILES OF SOME OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS.

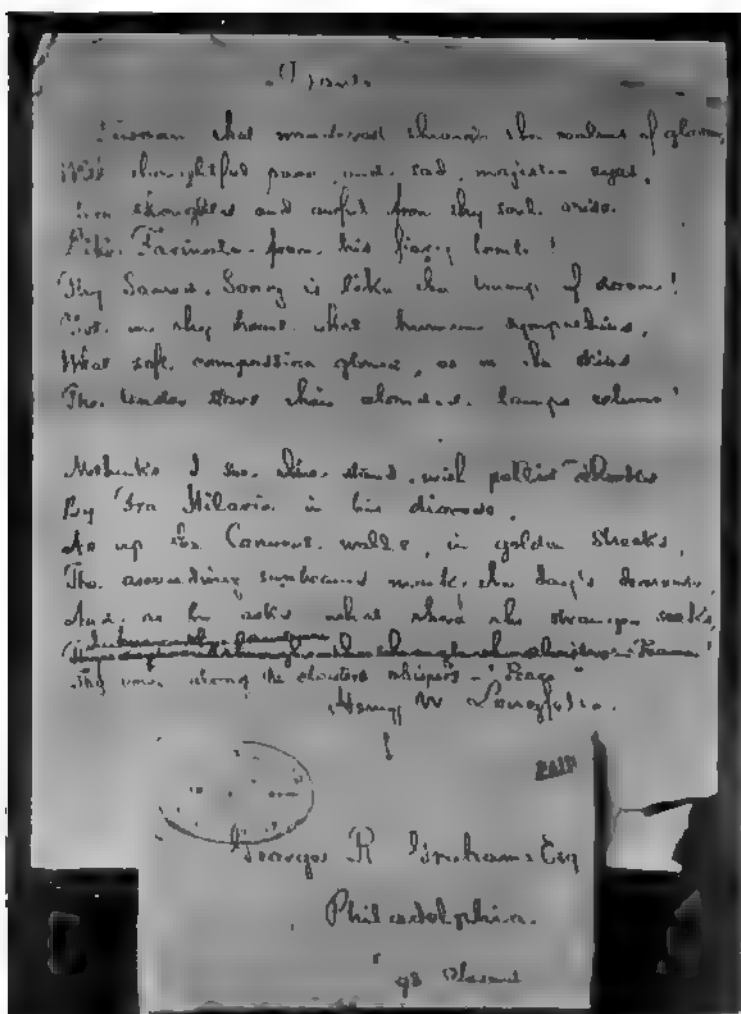


The literary world will be interested in the disclosure of a collection of old manuscripts—now in the possession of Mr. Robert C. McKelly, of Upper Sandusky, O.—which, I am informed, the Ohio Historical Society is anxious to secure in order that the manuscripts may be preserved intact. It is doubtful whether a similar collection of manuscripts exists elsewhere in America. This valuable collection is the more remarkable because of its peculiar existence in an obscure corner of the country, and because the manuscripts mark in a way the beginning of our literary era, and represent the keystones of our literary Arcadia.

There are upwards of one hundred

manuscripts in the collection. All of them are over fifty years old, many of them were written by authors who have won distinction in the world of letters; indeed, there is scarcely an American author of contemporary interest during the forties who is not represented by one or more manuscripts.

Fifty years ago *Graham's Magazine* was the foremost literary journal of America, and it made Philadelphia, the place of its publication, the Mecca for literary contributions of all degrees of excellence, merit, and ambition. It was the avenue through which the literary product of American authors reached the eyes of the public at that time, and it goes without saying that *Graham's*



himself popular with the "boys." His engagement with Mr. Graham was the longest in his career. Before attaching himself to *Graham's Magazine* he had worked in New York for a while on the *American Review*, where he made the acquaintance of Edgar Allan Poe. They became fast friends, and it was through Poe's instrumentality that Uncle Alex was transferred to *Graham's Magazine* in Philadelphia. This was early in the forties, about the time that Poe himself became associated with the magazine.

The intimacy between Poe and Uncle Alex increased. Many an evening they passed together, and in after years Uncle Alex used to tell tale after tale reminiscent of his friend "Eddie," as

Magazine as, in point of literary excellence, the equal of almost any magazine published to-day. This marked excellence was due, in a great measure, to the fact that it was the only journal of its kind then in existence, and naturally had the field to itself, and thus secured the cream of literary creations. And it was from the office of this magazine that virtually all of these rare manuscripts came. The story is interesting.

The publisher of *Graham's Magazine* was Mr. George R. Graham, and for sixteen years his foreman was a Mr. Alexander McKelly, known as "Uncle Alex." Uncle Alex was a journeyman printer, a compositor of considerable skill, also a proof reader. He was a jovial, take-the-world-easy sort of fellow, with a peculiar knack of making

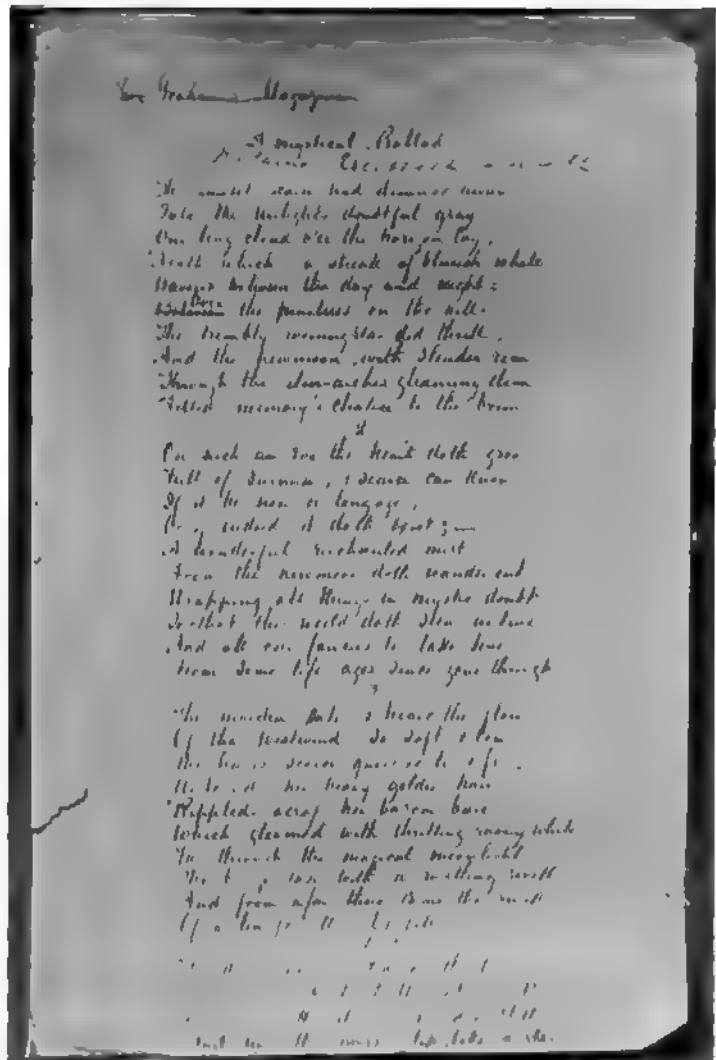
he invariably called Poe. Nothing so incensed him as to hear Poe alluded to as a drunkard; he always insisted that Poe was far from deserving the epithet. He would admit that the worst he ever did was to get on an occasional spree, more for fun than anything else.

Uncle Alex was working on the *American Review* at the time "The Raven" was first published, and it fell to his lot to set up the poem in type. Perceiving its merit and that it was destined to become famous, he secured possession of the manuscript—how, no one knows—and under similar circumstances he secured, one after another, the manuscripts of which I write—for it was through him that they came to be deposited at Upper Sandusky.

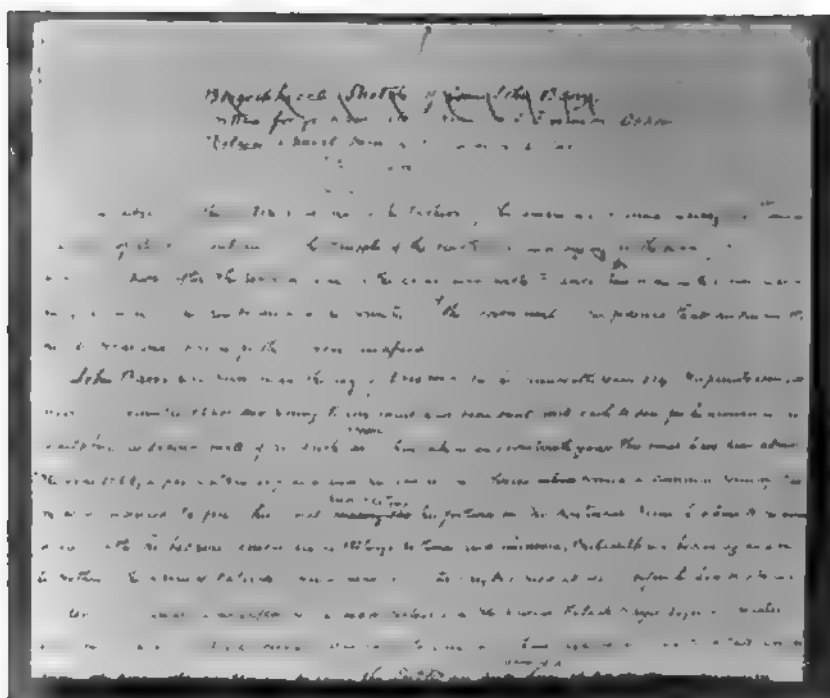
Severing his connection with *Graham's*

Magazine, Uncle Alex came to Upper Sandusky and spent his remaining days with his brother, the Honourable Robert McKelly, a State senator. One day, some thirty years ago, he remarked to the editor of one of the local papers that he had "quite a collection of manuscripts," and later brought them in a basket to the editor's office and told him to "look them over." The editor was amazed at the importance of the collection, and when Uncle Alex granted him the privilege of taking one of the manuscripts, his choice fell on "The Raven." Uncle Alex, however, manifested a reluctance to part with "The Raven," and the editor took instead Poe's "Imp of the Perverse." Besides these two the manuscript of "The System of Doctor Tarr and Professor Fether," by Poe, was in the collection, and the editor says that Uncle Alex told him that he had had several other manuscripts of Poe, but had given them away.

"The System of Doctor Tarr and Professor Fether" is still in the collection, but "The Raven" is missing. Uncle Alex but once vaguely revealed how he disposed of it. Mr. John Henderson, superintendent of the Upper Sandusky water-works, says that he vividly recalls how Uncle Alex came to his place of business clad in a new suit of clothes, and rather near the brink of a spree. Mr. Henderson asked him if he had come by some money; and Uncle Alex replied, "Yes," that he had sold "The Raven." To whom he sold it or whether he had really sold it at all was never learned.



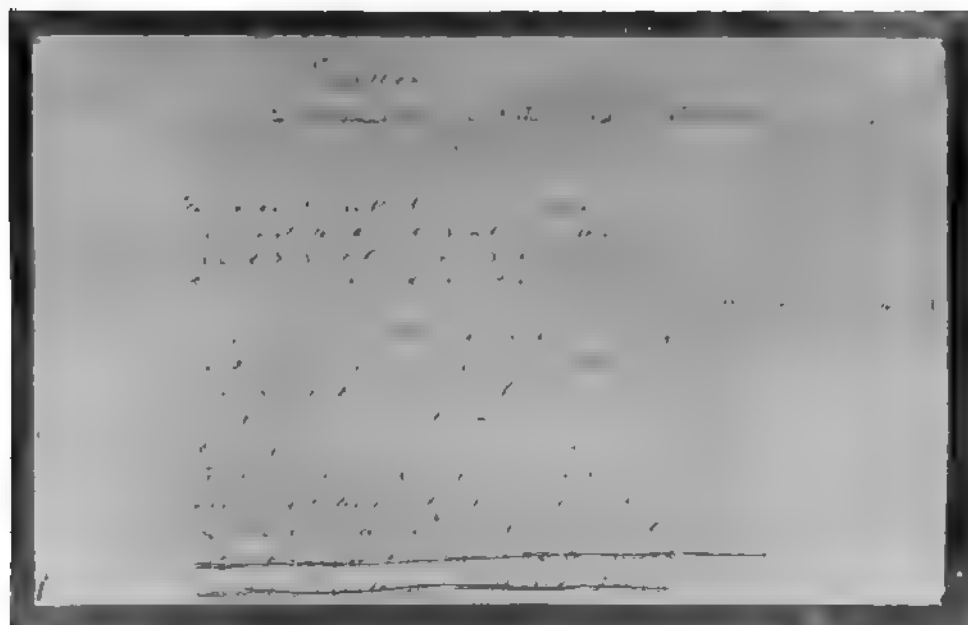
Uncle Alex seldom permitted any one to see the manuscripts, and after discovering once that some one had cut an autograph out of one of the manuscripts he refused to show them to any one. When he died—about twenty years ago—his brother's wife took charge of them and treasured them secretly, keeping them constantly guarded. One day a few years since a reporter on a local paper conceived a desire to look them over for a descriptive "write up," and obtained Mr. McKelly's permission to do so. Mr. McKelly took the reporter to his home, and introducing him to his wife, said: "Hannah, here is a young man who would like to see those old papers." With fire in her eye and in an excited manner she replied: "No,



sir! I know what he wants; he wants to steal them." Her husband endeavoured to convince her that no harm would come to the manuscripts, but without avail, and the reporter reluctantly gave up the attempt.

Recently, however, to the surprise of

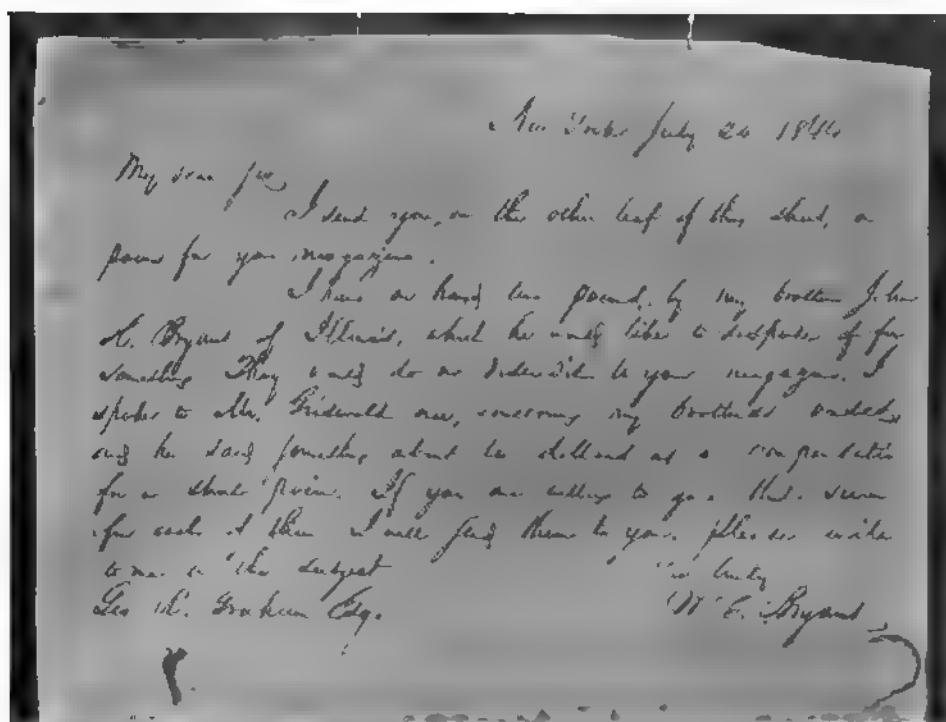
all those aware of her peculiar position regarding the manuscripts, she presented the entire collection to her grandson, Mr. Robert C. McKelly, and for the first time for over a quarter of a century they were unrolled and subjected to a thorough examination. They are still



in good condition. Indeed, only in mouldy colour and mouldy odour do they show age. The fact that they have seldom been unrolled accounts, no doubt, for the splendid preservation of the writing. Almost every manuscript or the last sheet of those manuscripts of more than one sheet are addressed on the reverse side to Mr. George R. Graham, personally, or to the *Graham Magazine*. The manuscripts were sent by private postal companies, and with the address is the postmark of the private postal company, as shown in facsimile. The manuscripts in those days

inches wide pasted together in one continuous roll.

Perhaps the most valuable manuscripts besides Poe's are the following: "The Occultation of the Orient" and "Dante," by Longfellow; "Song" and "Paradise of Tears," by Bryant; "Biographical Sketch of John Barry," by Fenimore Cooper; "Earth's Holocaust," by Hawthorne; "Terpsichore," by Oliver Wendell Holmes; "The Icy Veil," by N. P. Willis; "Mystical Ballad," by James Russell Lowell; "Talk with Time at the Closing of the Year," by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney; "Mrs. Watt's



were folded and wax-sealed, then addressed on outside fold and mailed without envelopes.

Most of the manuscripts are written on foolscap paper, old-style linen, and with few exceptions the chirography is small, extremely so—in one instance there are over fifteen hundred words to a page. This small writing, it is natural to perceive, was prompted by a desire to economise on paper and postage.

The manuscript of "The System of Doctor Tarr and Professor Fether" is, like all of Poe's manuscripts, written in a small, steel-plate hand, without erasure or correction, and on slips about five

Dream," by Hon. John A. Dix; "Flora" and "Half a Loaf Worse than No Bread," by Hon. J. Kirk Paulding; "Washington Allston," by Richard H. Dana; "A Eulogy on the Great Unknown, Mr. John Frost," by Elizur Wright; a translation, "Lappe's Sonnet on the Portrait of Raffaele," by George W. Bethune; "My Binchow Barque," "Ho-To-Ma; or, the Horse Tamer," and "Waller to Sacharissa," by C. F. Hoffman; "The Minstrel's Curse" and "The Waterman," by C. P. Cranch; "Hucknall Torkard," by W. H. E. Hosmer; "The Chieftain of the Lake," "The Revenge," "An

Tuckerman, M. Y. C. Mitchell, G. Hill, Ernest Helfenstein, Alice Hervey, E. J. Eames, P. Benson De Lang, A. F. Huston, Henry W. Rockwell, R. Penn Smith, Jane Taylor Worthington, Harry Franco, Fanny Forrester, A. N. C. Edmond, Alice S. Lee, Mrs. R. S. Nichols, Helen Berkley, Mrs. M. N. McDonald, Mary L. Lowson, Cora Holden, M. Toppan Evans, Edward F. Weld, Mrs. E. C. Kinney, Mrs. C. H. Butler, and S. D. Patterson.

Among the manuscripts and as footnotes to some are several private letters addressed to Mr. Graham. All such letters are autograph save one. This exception is a letter by Longfellow. It is written in a lady's hand on blue-tinted folding paper, and is signed in autograph by Longfellow. The letter is self-explanatory, and is sufficiently interesting to bear reproduction complete :

CAMBRIDGE, February 19, 1845.

DEAR SIR : Perhaps you may remember that a year or two ago I published in your magazine a translation from the German of V. L. B. Wolf entitled "The Good George Campbell." Within a few days I have seen a paragraph in a newspaper asserting, in very discourteous language, that this was not a translation from the German, but a plagiarism from a Scotch ballad published in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*. My object in writing you is to deny this charge, and to show that the poem I sent you is what it pretended to be.

As I was passing up the Rhine in the summer of 1842 a gentleman with whom I had become acquainted on board the steamer put into my hands a collection of German poems entitled *Deutscher Sanger-Saal*, edited by Gollmich. In this collection I found "The Good George Campbell." It there appeared as an original poem by Wolf, and I was so much struck with its simplicity and beauty that I immediately wrote a translation of it with a pencil in my pocketbook, and the same evening at Mayence made a copy of the German, which I enclose.

Soon after my return to this country my version was published in your magazine. At that time I had not the slightest suspicion that the German poem was itself a translation, nor was I aware of the fact till Mr. Griswold, then one of the editors of the magazine, wrote me upon the subject, and sent me a copy of the Scotch ballad. I had never before seen it, and I could but smile at my own ignorance, which had thus led me to retranslate a translation. I immediately answered Mr. Griswold's note, but as he did not publish the information I gave him I thought no more of the matter.

Since I have seen the Scotch ballad I have detected, by means of it, a misprint in the German poem. The last word of the second line is "Tag" (day) instead of "Fag," the name of the river. I translated the word as it stood, and thus the accidental misprint of a single letter has become an unimpeachable witness of the falsity of the charge brought against me.

Will you have the goodness to publish this letter and the three versions of the poems enclosed ?

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

A sheet accompanying the above letter has the printed copy of the Motherwell poem pasted to the left, a similar copy of Longfellow's version to the right, and between the two and below, the German version written in Longfellow's own hand ; there is also a proof sheet of the above letter, with pencil correction and lengthy pen additions thereto by Longfellow, as shown in the fac-similes on the preceding page.

Accompanying Frances S. Osgood's poem, "Caprice," is a note by her, in which she asks Mr. Graham not to publish a certain sketch she had previously contributed—"something about a literary soirée in New York." "If possible, dear Mr. Graham," she insists, "do prevent its publication, for there is something in it which, it has just struck me, might be misinterpreted." The note was written from Providence, R. I., but not dated.

At the bottom of Alfred B. Street's poem, "An Autumn Landscape," is a note by him acknowledging receipt of "money for my two former pieces." The note is dated "Albany, October 9th, 1843."

Accompanying Bryant's poem, "A Paradise of Tears," is a note by him, dated New York, July 26th, 1844, in which he informs Mr. Graham that his brother, John H. Bryant, has two poems "which he would like to dispose of for something," and that if Mr. Graham would give \$10 each for them, he would send them to him. (See fac-simile on page 293.)

On the reverse side of one of the sheets of Fenimore Cooper's sketch of Mr. Barry is the following, written in Mr. Cooper's own hand : "Entered according to an act of Congress, in the year 1839, by J. Fenimore Cooper, in the clerk's office, of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Northern District of New York." An autograph note by Cooper, in connection, says : "Mr. Cooper will thank Mr. Graham to put this in print and give a proof sheet, if possible, to-morrow. The rest will be sent as soon as possible. We will save much trouble by so doing. Mr. C. will leave P. Wednesday."

Besides four poems by Bayard Taylor

there is one of his foreign letters to *Graham's Magazine*, containing about five thousand words, and a private letter to Mr. Graham, offering the above mentioned poems, stating that he is obliged to depend in a great measure on his pen for means to enable him to study at Heidelberg, where the letter was written. He requests that the money for the poems be paid to his brother, Joseph Taylor, Kennet Square, Philadelphia.

A letter from George D. Prentice, dated Louisville, March 20th, 1844, is among the collection, and carries a request to Mr. Graham to publish a poem written by his "favourite correspondent, 'Amelia.'" "Her contributions," he

says, "will materially promote the success of your periodical here in the West."

There are also private notes from W. H. C. Hosmer, Mrs. A. M. F. Annan, and others, and some of the manuscripts bear evidence of having originally had private footnotes, which are now missing, having been cut or torn off.

Whether any of these manuscripts ever escaped publication the writer cannot say, but inasmuch as Uncle Alex could not very well have come by them until after they were sent to the composing-room or proof-reader, it is very probable that all were printed in *Graham's Magazine*.

Sherman A. Cunco.

THE FICKLE LOVER.

"Abide with me ! Abide ! Abide !"

The sea-beach called to the ebbing tide ;

But the tide—an arrant, faithless knave—

Stole away into ripple and wave,

Wandered away and laughed and was free,

Lost in the lovelier leagues of sea—

With never a thought for the barren strand,

With never a moan for the lonely land !

"Abide with me ! Abide ! Abide !"

The mid-sea called to the rising tide ;

But the tide—alas ! that it turned so soon—

Wandered away with the magnet moon—

Drew from out of the bed of the deep

When winds and waves awoke from sleep—

Crept again to the barren strand,

Kissed and caressed the lonely land—

With never a thought for the middle sea,

With never a moan for the slighted sea !

And what think you that this false tide swore

To sea and land and to wave and shore ?

"Think well ere you fix the blame too soon—

'Twas all the fault of the magnet moon !"

Edwin D. Lambright.

JOHN SPLENDID.

THE TALE OF A POOR GENTLEMAN, AND THE LITTLE WARS OF LORN.*

BY NEIL MUNRO, THE AUTHOR OF "THE LOST PIBROCH."

CHAPTER XV.

In a few hours, as it were, the news that the enemy had left the country was put about the shire, and people returned to pick up the loose ends of the threads of family and affairs. Next day my lord the Marquis came round Lochlong and Glencroe in a huge chariot with four wheels, the first we had ever seen in these parts, a manner of travel incumbent upon him because of a raxed shoulder he had met with at Dunbarton. He came back to a poor reception: the vestiges of his country's most bitter extremity were on every hand, and, what was bound to be embarrassing to any nobleman of spirit, there was that in the looks and comportment of his clansmen that must have given MacCaillein some unpleasant thought.

Behind his lordship came eleven hundred Lowland levies that had been with Baillie in England, and to command them came his cousin, Sir Duncan Campbell of Auchinbreac, luckily new over from Ireland, and in the spirit for campaigning. A fiery cross was sent round the clan, that in better times should easily have mustered five thousand of the prettiest lads ever trod heather; but it brought only a remnant of a thousand, and the very best that would have been welcome under the galley flag were too far afield for the summons to reach them in time. But every well-affected branch of Clan Campbell sent its gentlemen to officer our brigade.

A parley of war held in the castle determined on immediate pursuit of Montrose to Lochaber, keeping within easy distance, but without attacking till he was checked in front by troops that had gone up to flank him by way of Stirling. I was at the council, but had little to do with its decision, though the word of M'Iver and myself (as was due to cavaliers of experience) was invited with respect.

We were to march in two days; and as I had neither house nor ha' to shelter

me, seeing the old place up the glen was even more of a ruin than in Donald Gorm's troubles, when the very roof-tree was thrown in Dhuloch, I shared quarters with M'Iver in the castle, where every available corner was occupied by his lordship's guests.

When these other guests were bedded, and the house in all our wing of it was still, my comrade and I sat down to a tasse of brandy in our chamber, almost blythe, as you would say, at the prospect of coming to blows with our country's spoilers. We were in the midst of a most genial crack when came a faint rap at the door, and in steps the goodman, as solemn as a thunder-cloud, in spite of the wan smile he fixed upon his countenance. He bore his arm out of his sleeve in a sling, and his hair was untrim, and for once a most fastidious nobleman was anything but perjink.

"I cry pardon, gentlemen!" he said in Gaelic, "for breaking in on my guests' privacy; but I'm in no humour for sleeping, and I thought you might have a spare glass for a friend."

"It's your welcome, Argile," said I, putting a wand chair to the front for him. He sat himself down in it with a sigh of utter weariness, and nervously poking the logs on the fire with a purring-iron, looked sadly about the chamber.

It was his wife's tiring-room, or closet, or something of that nature, fitted up hastily for our accommodation, and there were signs of a woman's dainty hand and occupation about it. The floor was carpeted, the wall was hung with arras; a varnish 'scrutoire, some sweet-wood boxes, two little statues of marble, two raised silver candlesticks with snuffers conform, broidery-work unfinished, and my lord's picture, in a little gilded frame hanging over a dressing-table, were among its womanly plenishing.

"Well, coz," said his lordship, breaking an awkward silence, "we have an enormous and dastardly deed here to avenge."

"We have that!" said M'Iver. "It's

a consolation that we are in the mood and in the position to set about paying the debt. Before the glad news came of your return, I was half afraid that our quarry would be too far gone ere we set loose the dogs on him. Luckily he can be little farther than Glenurchy now. Elrigmore and I had the honour to see the visitors make their departure. They carried so much stolen gear, and drove so big a prize of cattle, that I would not give them more than a twenty miles' march to the day."

"Will they hang together, do you think?" asked his lordship, fingering a crystal bottle for essence that lay on the 'scrutoire.

"I misdoubt it," said M'Iver. "You know the stuff, MacCailein? He may have his Irish still; but I'll wager the MacDonalds, the Stewarts, and all the rest of that reiving crowd are off to their holds, like the banditti they are, with their booty. A company of pikes on the rear of him, as like as not, would settle his business."

The Marquis, besides his dishevelment, was looking very lean and pale. I am wrong if I had not before me a man who had not slept a sound night's sleep in his naked bed since the point of war beat under his castle window.

"Your arm, my lord," I said in a pause of his conversation with M'Iver, "is it a fashious injury? You look off your ordinary."

"I do," he said. "I daresay I do, and I wish to God it was only this raxed arm that was the worst of my ailment."

His face burned up red in the candle-light, his nostrils swelled, and he rose in his chair. A small table was between us. He put his uninjured hand on it to steady himself, and leaned over to me to make his words more weighty for my ear.

"Do you know," he added, "I'm Archibald, Marquis of Argile, and under the cope and canopy of heaven this January night there's not a creature of God's making more down in the heart and degraded than I? If the humblest servant in my house pointed a scornful finger at me and cried *Gioltar!* (coward) I would bow my head. Ay, ay! it's good of you, sir, to shake a dissenting head; but I'm a chief discredited. I know it, man. I see it in the faces about me. I saw it at Roseneath, when my very gardener fumbled, and refused to touch his bonnet when I left. I saw it to-night at my own table, when the

company talked of what they should do, and what my men should do, and said never a word of what was to be expected of MacCailein Mor."

"I think, my lord," I cried, "that you're exaggerating a very small affair."

"Small affair!" he said (and he wetted his lips with his tongue before the words came). "Small affair! Hell's flame! is there anything smaller than the self-esteem of a man who by some infernal quirk of his nature turns his back on his most manifest duty—leaves the blood of his blood and the skin of his skin to perish for want of his guidance and encouragement, and wakens at morning to find it no black nightmare but the horrible fact? Answer me that, Elrigmore!"

"Tut, tut," said M'Iver, pouring his cousin a glass; "you're in the vapours, and need a good night's sleep. There's no one in Argile dare question your spirit, whatever they may think of your policy."

Argile relapsed into his chair, and looked with a pitiful eye at his kinsman.

"My good Iain," he said, "do you ken the old Lochow wife's story of the two daws? 'Thou didst well,' said the one, 'though thy wings are cut; thou didst well to do as I told thee.' I'm not blaming you; you are a brave man of your own hands, and a middling honest man too, as honesty goes among mercenaries; but your tongue's plausible, plausible, and you are the devil's counsellor to any other man who slackens his will by so much as a finger-length."

M'Iver took on a set stern jaw, and looked his chief very dourly in the face.

"My Lord of Argile," he said, "you're my cousin-german, and you're in a despondent key, and small blame to you with your lands smoking about you from Cruachan to Kilmartin; but if you were King Tearlach himself, I would take no insult from you. Do you charge me with any of your misfortunes?"

"I charge you with nothing, John," said Argile, wearily. "I'm only saying that at a time of stress, when there's a conflict in a man's mind between ease and exertion, you're not the best of consciences. Are we two going to quarrel about a phrase while our clansmen's blood is crying from the sod? Sit down, sir; sit down, if it please you," he said more sternly, the scowl that gave him the *gruamach* reputation com-

ing on his face ; " sit down, if it please you, and instead of ruffling up like the bubbly-jock over words, tell me if you can how to save a reputation from the gutter. If it was not that I know I have your love, do you think I should be laying my heart bare here and now ? You have known me some time now, M'Iver—did you ever find me without some reserve in my most intimate speech ? Did you ever hear me say two words that I had not a third in the background to bring forward if the policy of the moment called for it ?"

M'Iver laughed slyly, and hesitated to make any answer.

"It's a simple question," said the Marquis ; " am I to think it needs too straightforward an answer for John Splendid to give it ?"

"I'm as frank as my neighbours," said M'Iver.

"Well, sir, do not check the current of my candour by any picking and choosing of words. I ask if you have ever found me with the babbling and unbridled tongue of a fool in my mouth, giving my bottom-most thought to the wind and the street ?"

"You were no Gael if you did, my lord. That's the sin of the shallow wit. I aye kept a bit thought of my own in the corner of my vest."

MacCaillein sighed, and the stem of the beaker he was fingering broke in his nervous fingers. He threw the fragments with an impatient cry into the fireplace.

"It's the only weakness of our religion (God pardon the sin of hinting at any want in that same !) that we have no chance of laying the heart bare to mortal man. Many a time I could wish for the salving influence of the confessional, even without the absolution to follow."

"I think," said John Splendid, "it would be a strange day when MacCaillein Mor, Marquis of Argile, would ask or need shriving from anything or any one. There was never a priest or vicar in the shire you couldn't twist the neck of."

The Marquis turned to me with a vexed toss of his shoulder. "It's a hopeless task to look for a pagan's backbone," said he. "Come, I'll confess. I dare not hint at my truant thought to Auchinbreac or before any of these fiery officers of mine, who fear perhaps more than they love me. At the black tale of my weakness they would make no

allowance for my courage as the same was shown before."

"Your courage, sir," said I, "has been proved ; it is the inheritance of your race. But I dare not strain my conscience, my lord, much as I love and honour your house, to say I could comprehend or concur in the extraordinary retirement you made from these parts when our need for your presence was the sorest."

"I thank you for that, Elrigmore," said his lordship, cordially. "You say no more now than you showed by your face (and perhaps said too) on the night the beacon flamed on Dunchuach. To show that I value your frankness—that my kinsman here seems to fancy a flaw of character—I'll be explicit on the cause of my curious behaviour in this crisis. When I was a boy I was brought up loyally to our savage Highland tradition, that feuds were to carry on, enemies to confound, and that no logic under heaven should keep the claymore in its sheath while an old grudge was to wipe out in blood or a wrong to right."

"A most sensible and laudable doctrine !" cried M'Iver. "With that and no more of a principle in life—except paying your way among friends—a good man of his hands could make a very snug and reputable progress through the world."

"Some men might," said Argile, calmly ; "I do not know whether to envy or pity their kind. But they are not my kind. I think I bore myself not ungracefully in the Cabinet, in the field too, so long as I took my father's logic without question. But I have read, I have pondered—"

"Just so," whispered M'Iver, not a bit abashed that a sneer was in his interjection and his master could behold it.

"—And I have my doubts about the righteousness of much of our warfare, either before my day or now. I have brought the matter to my closet. I have prayed—"

"Pshaw !" exclaimed M'Iver, but at once he asked pardon.

"—I am a man come—or well-nigh come—to the conclusion that his life was never designed by the Creator to be spent in the turmoil of faction and field. There is, I allow, a kind of man whom strife sets off, a middling good man in his way, perhaps, with a call to the sword whose justice he has never questioned. I have studied the philo-

phies ; I have reflected on life—this unfathomable problem—and 'fore God I begin to doubt my very right to wear a breastplate against the poignard of fate : Dubiety plays on me like a flute."

To all this I listened soberly, at the time comprehending that this was a gentleman suffering from the disease of being unable to make up his mind. I would have let him go on in that key while he pleased it, for it's a vein there's no remedy for at the time being ; but M'Iver was not of such tolerant stuff as I. He sat with an amazed face till his passion simmered over into a torrent of words.

"MacCailein !" said he, "I'll never call you coward, but I'll call you mad, book mad, closet mad ! Was this strong fabric your house of Argile (John M'Iver the humblest of its members) built up on doubt and whim and shilly-shally hither and yond ? Was't that made notable the name of your ancestor Caillein Mor na Sringe, now in the clods of Kilchrenan, or Caillein Iongataich that cooled his iron hide in Linne-na-luràich ; or your father himself (peace with him !), who did so gallantly at Glenlivet ?"

"And taught me a little of the trade of slaughter at the Western Isles thirty years ago come Candlemas," said the Marquis. "How a man ages ! Then—then I had a heart like the bird of spring."

"He could have taught you worse ! I'm your cousin and cummer, and I'll say it to your beard, sir ! Your glens and howes are ruined, your cattle are houghed and herried, your clan's name is a bye-word this wae day in all Albainn, and you sit there like a chemist weighing the wind on your stomach."

"You see no farther than your nose, John," said the Marquis, petulantly, the candle-light turning his eyes blood-red.

"Thank God for that same !" said M'Iver, "if it gives me the wit to keep an enemy from striking the same. If the nose was Argile's, it might be twisted off his face while he debated upon his right to guard it."

"You're in some ways a lucky man," said the Marquis, still in the most sad and tolerant humour. "Did you never have a second's doubt about the right of your side in battle ?"

"Here's to the doubt, sir," said M'Iver. "I'm like yourself and every other man in a quandary of that kind, that think-
on it rarely brought me a better an-

swer to the guess than I got from my instinct to start with."

Argile put his fingers through his hair, clearing the temples, and shutting wearied eyes on a perplexing world.

"I have a good deal of sympathy with John's philosophy," I said, modestly. "I hold with my father that the sword is as much God's scheme as the cassock. What are we in this expedition about to start but the instruments of Heaven's vengeance on murderers and unbelievers ?"

"I could scarcely put it more to the point myself," cried M'Iver. "A soldier's singular and essential duty is to do the task set him with such art and accomplishment as he can—in approach, siege, trench, or stronghold."

"Ay, ay ! here we are into our dialectics again," said his lordship, laughing, with no particular surrender in his merriment. "You gentlemen make no allowance for the likelihood that James Grahame, too, may be swearing himself Heaven's chosen weapon. 'Who gave Jacob to the spoil and Israel to the robbers—did not I, the Lord ?' Oh, it's a confusing world !"

"Even so, MacCailein ; I'm a plain man," said M'Iver, "though of a good family, brought up roughly among men, with more regard to my strength and skill of arm than to book-learning ; but I think I can say that here and in this crisis I am a man more fit, express, and appropriate than yourself. In the common passions of life, in hate, in love, it is the simple and confident act that quicker achieves its purpose than the cunning ingenuity. A man in a swither is a man half absent, as poor a fighter as he is indifferent a lover ; the enemy and the girl will escape him ere he has throttled the doubt at his heart. There's one test to my mind for all the enterprises of man—are they well contrived and carried to a good conclusion ? There may be some unco quirks to be performed, and some sore hearts to confer at the doing of them, but Heaven itself, for all its puissance, must shorten the pigeon's wing that the gled of the wood may have food to live on."

"Upon my word, M'Iver," said Argile, "you beat me at my own trade of debate, and—have you ever heard of a fellow Machiavelli ?"

"I kent a man of that name in a corps we foregathered with at Mentz—a 'provient schriever,' as they called him. A rogue, with a hand in the sporran

of every soldier he helped pay wage to."

"This was a different person; but no matter. Let us back to the beginning of our argument—why did you favour my leaving for Dunbarton when Montrose came down the Glen?"

The blood swept to M'Iver's face, and his eye quailed.

"I favoured no such impolitic act," said he, slowly; "I saw you were bent on going, and I but backed you up, to leave you some rags of illusion to cover your naked sin."

"I thought no less," said Argile, sadly, "and yet, do you know, Iain, you did me a bad turn yonder. You made mention of my family's safety, and it was the last straw that broke the back of my resolution. One word of honest duty from you at that time had kept me in Inneraora though Abijah's array and Jeroboam's horse and foot were coming down the glens."

For a little M'Iver gave no answer, but sat in a chair of torture.

"I am sorry for it," he said at last, in a voice that was scarce his own; "I'm in an agony for it now; and your horse was not round Stron before I could have bit out the tongue that flattered you folly."

MacCailein smiled with a solemn pity that sat oddly on the sinister face that was a mask to a complex and pliable soul.

"I have no doubt," said he, "and that's why I said you were a devil's counsellor. Man, cousin! have we not played together as boys on the shore, and looked at each other on many a night across a candid bowl? I know you like the open book; you and your kind are the weak, strong men of our Highland race. The soft tongue and the dour heart; the good man at most things but at your word!"

CHAPTER XVI.

The essence of all human melancholy is in the sentiment of farewells. There are people roving about the world, to-day here, to-morrow afar, who cheat fate and avoid the most poignant wrench of this common experience by letting no root of their affection strike into a home or a heart. Self-contained, aloof, unloved, and unloving, they make their campaign through life in movable tents that they strike as gaily as they pitch, and, beholding them thus evading the one touch of sorrow that is most inevita-

ble and bitter to every sensitive soul, I have sometimes felt an envy of their fortune. To me the world was almost mirthful if its good-byes came less frequent. Cold and heat, the contumely of the slanderer, the insult of the tyrant, the agues and fevers of the flesh, the upheavals of personal fortune, were events a robust man might face with calm valiancy if he could be spared the cheering influence of the homely scene or the unchanged presence of his familiars and friends. I have sat in companies and put on an affected mirth, and laughed and sung with the most buoyant of all around, and yet ever and anon I chilled at the intruding notion of life's brevity.

Thus my leaving town Inneraora—its frozen hearths, its smokeless vents, its desecrated doorways, and the few of my friends who were back to it—was a stupendous grief. My father and my kinspeople were safe; we had heard of them by the returners from Lennox; but a girl with dark tresses gave me a closer passion for my native burgh than ever I felt for the same before. If love of his lady had been Argile's reason for retreat (thought I), there was no great mystery in his act.

What enhanced my trouble was that Clan MacLachlan, as Catholics, always safe to a degree from the meddling of the invaders, had re-established themselves some weeks before in their own territory down the loch, and that young Lachlan, as his father's proxy, was already manifesting a guardian's interest in his cousin. The fact came to my knowledge in a way rather odd, but characteristic of John Splendid's anxiety to save his friends the faintest breeze of ill-tidings.

We were up early betimes in the morning of our departure for Lorn, though our march was fixed for the afternoon, as we had to await the arrival of some officers from Ceanntyre; and John and I, preparing our accoutrements, began to talk of the business that lay heaviest at my heart—the leaving of the girl we had found in Strongara wood.

"The oddest thing that ever happened to me," he said, after a while, "is that in the matter of this child she mothers so finely she should be under the delusion that I have the closest of all interests in its paternity. Did you catch her meaning when she spoke of its antecedents as we sat, the four of us, behind the fir-roots?"

"No, I can't say that I did," said I, wonderingly.

"You're not very gleg at some things, Elrigmore," he said, smiling. "Your Latin gave you no clue, did it, to the fact that she thought John M'Iver a vagabond of the deepest dye?"

"If she thought that," I cried, "she baffles me; for a hint I let drop in a mere careless badinage of your gallanting reputation made her perilously near angry."

John stroked his chin with pursed lips, musing on my words. I was afraid for a little he resented my indiscretion; but resentment was apparently not in his mind, for his speech found no fault with me.

"Man, Colin," he said, "you could scarcely have played a more cunning card if you had had myself to advise you. But no matter about that."

"If she thinks so badly of you, then," I said, "why not clear yourself from her suspicions, that I am willing to swear (less because of your general character than because of your conduct since she and you and the child met) are without foundation?"

"I could scarcely meet her womanly innuendo with a coarse and abrupt denial," said he. "There are some shreds of common decency left in me yet."

"And you prefer to let her think the worst?"

He looked at me with a heightened colour, and he laughed shortly.

"You'll be no loser by that, perhaps," he said; and before I could answer he added, "Pardon a foolish speech, Colin; I learned the trick of fanfaron among foreign gentry who claimed a *conquete d'amour* for every woman who dropped an eye to their bold scrutiny. Do not give me any share of your jealousy for Lachlan MacLachlan of that ilk; I'm not deserving the honour. And that reminds me—"

He checked himself abruptly.

"Come, come," said I, "finish your story; what about MacLachlan and the lady?"

"The lady's out of the tale this time," he said, shortly; "I met him stravaiging the vacant street last night; that was all."

"Then I can guess his mission without another word from you," I cried, after a little dumfounderment. "He would be on the track of his cousin."

"Not at all," said John, with a bland front; "he told me he was looking

for a boatman to ferry him over the loch."

This story was so plainly fabricated to ease my apprehension that down I went, incontinent, and sought the right tale in the burgh.

Indeed it was not difficult to learn the true particulars, for the place rang all the worse for its comparative emptiness with the scandal of M'Iver's encounter with MacLachlan, whom, it appeared, he had found laying a gallant's siege to the upper window of Askaig's house, whose almost unharmed condition had made it a convenient temporary shelter for such as had returned to the town. In the chamber behind the window that MacLachlan threw his pebbles at, were his cousin and the child, as M'Iver speedily learned, and he trounced him from the neighbourhood with indignities.

"What set you on the man?" I asked John when I came back after learning this.

"What do you think?" said he.

"You could have done no more if you had an eye on the girl yourself," I said, "and that, you assure me, is out of the question."

"The reason was very simple," he answered. "I have a sort of elder man's mischievous pleasure in spoiling a young buck's ploy, and—and—there might be an extra interest in my entertainment in remembering that you had some jealous regard for the lady."

All I had that was precious to bring with me when we left Inneraora to follow the track of Montrose was the friendly wave of Mistress Betty's hand as we marched out below the Arches on our Way to the North.

Argile and Auchinbreac rode at our head—his lordship on a black horse called Lepanto, a spirited beast that had been trained to active exercises and field-practice; Auchinbreac on a smaller animal, but of great spirit and beauty. M'Iver and I walked, as did all the officers. We had for every one of our corps twelve shot apiece, and in the rear a sufficiency of centners of powder, with ball and match. But we depended more on the prick of pike and the slash of sword than on our culverins. Our Lowland levies looked fairly well disciplined and smart, but there was apparent among them no great gusto about our expedition, and we had more hope of our vengeance at the hands of our uncouth, but eager clansmen, who

panted to be at the necks of their spoilers and old enemies.

M'Iver confided to me more than once his own doubts about the mettle of the companies from Dunbarton.

"I could do well with them on a foreign strand," he said, "fighting for the bawbees against half-hearted soldiery like themselves; but I have my doubts about their valour or their stomach for this broil with a kind of enemy who's like to surprise them terribly when the time comes. This affair's decision must depend, I'm afraid, for the most part on our own lads, and I wish there were more of them."

We went up the Glen at a good pace, an east wind behind us, and the road made a little easier for us since the snow had been trodden by the folks we were after. To-day you will find Aora Glen smiling—happy with crop and herd on either hand and houses at every turn of the road, with children playing below the mountain-ash that stands before each door. You cannot go a step but human life's in sight. Our march was in a desolate valley—the winds with the cold odour (one might almost think) of ruin and death.

Beyond Lecknamban, where the time by the shadow on Tom-an-Uarader was three hours of the afternoon, a crazy old *cailleach*, spared by some miracle from starvation and doom, ran out before us wringing her hands, and crying a sort of coronach for a family of sons of whom not one had been spared to her. A gaunt, dark woman, with a frenzied eye, her cheeks collapsed, her neck and temples like crinkled parchment, her clothes dropping off her in strips, and her bare feet bleeding in the snow.

Argile scoffed at the superstition, as he called it, and the Lowland levies looked on it as a jocular game, when we took a few drops of her blood from her forehead for luck, a piece of chirurgy that was perhaps favourable to her fever, and one that, knowing the ancient custom, and respecting it, she made no *fracas* about.

She followed us in the snow to the ruins of Carnus, pouring out her curses upon Athole and the men who had made her home desolate and her widowhood worse than the grave, and calling on us a thousand blessings.

Lochow—a white, vast meadow, still bound in frost—we found was able to bear our army and save us the toilsome

bend round Stronmealochan. We put out on its surface fearlessly. The horses pranced between the isles; our cannon trundled on over the deeps; our feet made a muffled thunder, and that was the only sound in all the void. For Cruachan had looked down on the devastation of the enemy. And at the falling of the night we camped at the foot of Glen Noe.

It was a night of exceeding clearness, with a moon almost at the full, sailing between us and the south. A certain jollity was shed by it upon our tired brigade, though all but the leaders (who slept in a tent) were resting in the snow on the banks of the river, with not even a saugh-tree to give the illusion of a shelter. There was but one fire in the bivouac, for there was no fuel at hand, and we had to depend upon a small stock of peats that came with us in the stores-sledge.

Deer came to the hill and belled mournfully, while we ate a frugal meal of oat-bannock and wort. The Lowlanders—raw lads—became boisterous; our Gaels, stern with remembrance and eagerness for the coming business, thawed to their geniality, and soon the laugh and song went round our camp. Argile himself for a time joined in our diversion. He came out of his tent and lay in his plaid among his more immediate followers, and gave his quota to the story or the guess. In the deportment of his lordship now there was none of the vexatious hesitancy that helped him to a part so poor as he played in his frowning tower at home among the soothing and softening effects of his family's domestic affairs. He was true Diarmaid the bold, with a calm eye and steadfast, a worthy general for us his children, who sat round in the light of the cheerful fire. So sat his forebears and ours on the close of many a weary march, on the eves of many a perilous enterprise. That cold pride that cocked his head so high on the causeway stones of Inneraora relinquished to a mien generous, even affectionate, and he brought out, as only affection may, the best that was of accomplishment and grace in his officers around.

"Craignure," he would say, "I remember your story of the young King of Easaidh Ruadh; might we have it anew?"

Or, "Donald, is the Glassary song of the Target in your mind? It haunts me like a charm."

And the stories came free, and in the overcome of the songs the dark of Glen Noe joined most lustily.

Songs will be failing from the memory in the ranging of the years, the passions that rose to them of old burned low in the ash, so that many of the sweetest ditties I heard on that night in Glen Noe have long syne left me for ever—all but one that yet I hum to the children at my knee. It was one of John Splendid's; the words and air were his as well as the performance of them, and though the English is a poor language wherein to render any fine Gaelic sentiment, I cannot forbear to give something of its semblance here. He called it in the Gaelic "The Sergeant of Pikes," and a few of its verses as I mind them might be Scotticed so—

When I sat in the service o' foreign commanders,
Selling a sword for a beggar man's fee,
Learning the trade o' the warrior who wanders,
To mak' ilka stranger a sworn enemy;
There was ~~ae~~ thought that nerved me, and
brawly it served me,
With pith to the claymore whereven I won,
'Twas the auld sodger's story, that, gallows or
glory,
The Hielan's, the Hielan's were crying me
on!

I tossed upon swinging seas, splashed to my
kilted knees,
Ocean or ditch, it was ever the same;
In leaguer or sally, tattoo or revally,
The message on every pibroch that came,
Was "Cruachan, Cruachan, O son remember
us,
Think o' your fathers and never be slack!"
Blade and buckler together, though far off the
heather,
The Hielan's, the Hielan's were all at my
back!

The ram to the gateway, the torch to the tower,
We rifled the kist and the cattle we maimed,
Our dirks stabbed at guess through the leaves
o' the bower,
And crimes we committed that needna be
named;
Moonlight or dawning grey, Lammas or Lady-
day,
Donald maun dabble his plaid in the gore,
He maun hough and maun harry, or should he
miscarry,
The Hielan's, the Hielan's will own him no
more!

And still O strange Providence! mirk is your
mystery,
Whatever the country that chartered our
steel,
Because o' the valiant repute o' our history,
The love o' our ain land we maistly did feel;
Many a misty glen, many a sheiling pen,
Rose to our vision when slogans rang high;
And this was the solace bright came to our
starkest fight,
A' for the Hielan's, the Hielan's we die!

A Sergeant o' Pikes, I have pushed and have
parried O
(My heart still at tether in bonny Glenshee),
Weary the marches made, sad the towns har-
ried O,
But in fancy the heather was aye at my knee;
The hill-berry mellowing, stag o' ten bellowing,
The song o' the fold and the tale by the
hearth,
Bairns at the crying and auld folks a-dying,
The Hielan's sent wi' me to fight round the
earth!

O the Hielan's, the Hielan's, praise God for
His favour,
That ane sae unworthy should heir sic estate,
That gi'ed me the zest o' the sword, and the
savour
That lies in the loving as well as the hate.
Auld age may subdue me, a grim death ~~be due~~
me,
For even a Sergeant o' Pikes maun depart,
But I'll never complain o't, whatever the pain
o't,
The Hielan's, the Hielan's were aye at my
heart!

We closed in our night's diversion
with the exercise of prayer, wherein
two clerics led our devotion, one Master
Mungo Law, a Lowlander, and the
other his lordship's chaplain—Master
Alexander Gordon, who had come on
this expedition with some fire of war in
his face, and never so much as a stiletto
at his waist.

They prayed a trifle long and drearily
the pair of them, and both in the Eng-
lish that most of our clansmen but in-
differently understood. They prayed as
prayed David, that the counsel of
Ahiathophel might be turned to foolish-
ness; and "Lo," they said, "be strong
and courageous; fear not, neither be
afraid of the King of Ashur, neither for
all the multitude that is with him; for
there be more with us than with him,"
and John Splendid turned to me at this
with a dry laugh.

"Colin, my dear," said he, "thus the
hawk upon the mountain-side, and the
death of the winged eagle to work up a
valour for! 'There be more with us
than with him.' I never heard it so
bluntly put before. But perhaps Heav-
en will forgive us the sin of our cau-
tion, seeing that half our superior num-
ber are but Lowland levies."

And all night long deer belled to deer
on the braes of Glen Noe.

CHAPTER XVII.

We might well be at our prayers.
Appin paid dearly for its merriment in
the land of Caillein Mor, and the Mac-
Donalds were mulct most generously
for our every hoof and horn. For when

we crossed Loch Etive foot there came behind us from the ruined glens of Lower Lorn hordes of shepherds, hunters, small men of small families, who left their famished dens and holes, hunger sharpening them at the nose, the dead bracken of concealment in their hair, to join in the vengeance on the cause of their distress. Without chieftains or authority, they came in savage bands, affronting the sea with their shouts as they swam or ferried; they made up to the wildest of our troops, and ho, ro! for the plaids far and wide on the errands of Hell. In that clear, cold, white weather—the weather of the badger's dream, as our proverb calls it—we brought these glens unfriendly, death in the black draught and the red wine of fire. A madness of hate seized on us; we glutted our appetites to the very gorge. I must give Argile the credit of giving no licence to our ongoings. He rode after us with his Lowlanders, protesting, threatening, cajoling in vain. Many a remonstrance, too, made Gordon, many an opening fire he stamped out in cot and barn. But the black smoke of the granary belching against the white hills, or the kyloe, houghed and maimed, roaring in its agony, or the fugitive brought bloody on his knees among the rocks—God's mercy!

Do you know why those unco spectacles were sometimes almost sweet to me, though I was more often a looker-on than a sharer in their horror? It was because I never saw a barn blaze in Appin or Glencoe but I minded on our own black barns in Shira Glen; nor a beast slashed at the sinew with a wanton knife, but I thought of Moira, the dappled one that was the pride of my mother's byre, made into hasty collops for a Stewart meal. Through this remoter Lorn I went, less conscious of cruelty than when I plied fire and sword with legitimate men of war, for ever in my mind was the picture of real Argile, scorched to the vitals with the invading flame, and a burgh town I cherished reft of its people, and a girl with a child at her neck flying and sobbing among the hills.

Montrose and MacColkitto were far before us, marching up the Great Glen. They had with them the pick of the clans, so we lived, as it were, at free quarters, and made up for weeks of short fare by a time of high-feeding.

Over Etive and through the Benderloch, and through Appin and even up

to Glencoe, by some strange spasm of physique—for she was frail and famished—the barefooted old *cailleach* of Carnus came after us, a bird of battle, croaking in a horrible merriment over our operations. The Dark Dame we called her. She would dance round the butchery of the fold, chanting her venomous Gaelic exultation in uncouth rhymes that she strung together as easily as most old people of her kind can do such things in times of passion or trance. She must have lived like a vulture, for no share would she have in our pots, though sometimes she added a *godd* to them by fetching dainties from houses by the way, whose larders in our masculine ignorance we had overlooked.

"I would give thee the choicest of the world," she would say. "What is too good for my heroes, O heroes of the myrtle-badger?"

"Sit down and pick," John Splendid bade her once, putting a roysterer's playful arm round her waist, and drawing her to the fire where a dinner stewed.

Up she threw her claws, and her teeth were at his neck with a weasel's instinct. But she drew back at a gleam of reason.

"Oh, darling, darling," she cried, patting him with her foul hands, "did I not fancy for the moment thou wert of the spoilers of my home and honour—thou, the fleet foot, the avenger, the gentleman with an account to pay—on thee this mother's blessing, for thee this widow's prayers!"

M'Iver was more put about at her friendliness than at her ferocity, as he shook his plaiding to order and fell back from her worship.

"I've seldom seen a more wicked cat," said he; "go home, grandam, and leave us to our business. If they find you in Lochaber they will gralloch you like a Yule hind."

She leered, witch-like, at him, clutched suddenly at his sword-hilt, and kissed it with a frenzy of words, then sped off, singing madly as she flew.

We left the Dark Dame on Levenside as we ferried over to Lochaber, and the last we saw of her, she stood knee-deep in the water, calling, calling, calling, through the gray, dun morning, a curse on Clan Donald and a blessing on Argile.

His lordship sat at the helm of a barge, his face pallid and drawn with cold, and he sighed heavily as the bel-dame's cries came after us.

"There's little of God's grace in such

an omen," said he, in English, looking at the dim figure on the shore, and addressing Gordon.

"It could happen nowhere else," said the cleric, "but in such a ferocious land. I confess it, my lord—I confess it with the bitter shame of surrender, that I behold generations of superstition and savagery still to beat down ere your people are so amenable to the Gospel as the folks of the Lowland shires. To them such a shrieking harridan would be an object of pity and stern measure; they would call her mad as an etter-cap, and keep her in bounds—here she is made something of a prophetess—"

"How?" asked Argile, shortly, and he was looking wistfully at the hills we were leaving—the hills that lay between him and his books.

"There's not a Highlander in your corps but has bowed his head to her blessing; there's not one but looks upon her curse of the MacDonalds as so much of a gain in this enterprise."

"Oh," said his lordship, "you are a little extravagant. We have our foolish ways, Gordon, but we are not altogether heathen; and do you think that after all there might not be something in the portents of a witch like yon in her exaltation?"

"No more than's in the howling of the wind in the chimney," said Gordon, quickly.

"Perhaps not," said Argile, after a little, "perhaps not; but even the piping of the vent has something of prophecy in it, though the wind bloweth where it listeth. I have only a scholar's interest in these things, I give you my word, and——"

He laughed with a little restraint before he went on.

"Do you know, John," he called out to M'Iver—"do you know what our *cailleach* friend says of our jaunt? She put a head in at my tent last night, and 'Listen, MacCaillein,' said she, 'and keep on high roads,' said she, 'and Inverlochry's a perilous place,' said she, 'and I'd be wae to see the heather above the gall.'"

John Splendid's back was to him as he sat at the prow of a boat coming close on our stern, but I saw the skin of his neck flame. He never turned; he made no answer for a moment, and when he spoke, it was with a laughing allusion in English to the folly of portents.

This was so odd an attitude for a man

usually superstitious to take up, that I engaged him on the point whenever we landed.

"You seem to have no great respect for the Dark Dame's wizardry," said I.

He took me aside from some of the clansmen who could overhear.

"Never let these lads think that you either lightly Dame Dubh or make overmuch of her talk about the heather and gall, for they prize her blessing, strangely enough, and they might lay too great stress on its failure. You catch me?"

I nodded to keep him going, and turned the thing over in my mind.

"What do you think of the prophecy yourself?" he asked; "is it not familiar?"

In a flash it came to my mind that I had half-hinted to him at what the Macaulay woman had said in the fold of Elrignmore.

"I think," said I, "the less the brooding on these things the better."

If we had our own misgivings about the end of this jaunt, our companions had none. They plunged with hearts almost jocular into the woods on Lochaber's edge, in a bright sunshine that glinted on the boss of the target and on the hilt of the knife or sword; and we came by the middle of the day to the plain on which lay the castle of Inverlochry—a staunch quadrangular edifice with round towers at the angles, and surrounded by a moat that smelled anything but freshly. And there we lay for a base, and thence we sent out round Keppoch and Lochail some dashing companies that carried on the work we began in Athole.

Auchinbreac's notion, for he was more than my lord the guide of this enterprise, was to rest a day or two in the castle and then follow on the heels of Montrose, who, going up Loch Ness-side, as we knew he was, would find himself checked in front by Seaforth, and so hemmed between two fires.

It was about three o'clock on Wednesday afternoon when Argile sent for M'Iver and myself to suggest a reconnoitring excursion up the Great Glen by the side of the lochs, to see how far the enemy might have reached before us.

"I'm sorry to lose your company, gentlemen," said he, "even for a day; but this is a delicate embassy, and I can fancy no one better able to carry it through successfully than the two gentlemen who have done more delicate

and dangerous work in the ranks of the honourable Scots Brigade."

"I can say for myself," said John, "that there's not a man in Keppoch could guess my nativity or my politics if I had on another tartan than that of the Diarmaid."

"Ah! you have the tongue, no doubt of it," said Argile, smiling; "and if a change of colour would make your task less hazardous, why not affect it? I'm sure we could accommodate you with some neutral fabric for kilt and plaid."

"For the humour of the thing," said John, "I would like to try it; but I have no notion of getting hanged for a spy. James Grahame of Montrose has enough knowledge of the polite arts of war to know the difference between a spy in his camp in a false uniform and a scout taking all the risks of the road by wearing his own colours. In the one case he would hang us offhand, in the other there's a hair's-breadth of chance that he might keep us as hostages."

"But in any tartan, cousin, you're not going to let yourself be caught," said Argile. "We have too much need for you here. Indeed, if I thought you were not certain to get through all right, I would send cheaper men in your place."

John laughed.

"There's no more cure," said he, "for death in a common herd than for the same murrain in an ensign of foot."

"A scholar's sentiment!" cried Argile. "Are you taking to the philosophies?"

"It's the sentiment, or something like it, of your chaplain, Master Gordon," said John; "he reproved me with it on Dunchuach. But to do myself justice, I was never one who would run another into any danger I was unwilling to face myself."

The Marquis said no more, so we set about preparing for the journey.

"Well, Elrigmore, here we are running the loupegarthe with MacDonalds on the one side of us and Camerons on the other," said my comrade, as we set out at the mouth of the evening, after parting from a number of the clan who went up to the right at Spean to do some harrying in Glen Roy.

No gavilliger or provost-marshal ever gave a more hazardous gauntlet to run, thought I, and I said as much; but my musings brought only a good-humoured banter from my friend.

All night we walked on a deserted

rocky roadway under moon and star. By the side of Loch Lochy there was not a light to be seen; even the solitary dwellings we crept by in the early part of our journey were without smoke at the chimney or glimmer at the chink. And on that loch-side, toward the head of it, there were many groups of mean little hovels, black with smoke and rain, with ragged sloven thatch, the midden at the very door and the cattle routing within, but no light, no sign of human occupation.

It was the dawning of the day, a fine day as it proved and propitious to its close, that we ventured to enter one such hut or bothy at the foot of another loch that lay before us. Auchinbreac's last order to us had been to turn wherever we had indication of the enemy's whereabouts, and to turn in any case by morning. Before we could go back, however, we must have some sleep and food, so we went into this hut to rest us. It stood alone in a hollow by a burn at the foot of a very high hill, and was tenanted by a buxom, well-featured woman with a herd of duddy children. There was no man about the place; we had the delicacy not to ask the reason, and she had the caution not to offer any. As we rapped at her door we put our arms well out of sight below our neutral plaids; but I daresay our trade was plain enough to the woman when she came out and gave us the Gael's welcome somewhat grudgingly, with an eye on our apparel to look for the tartan.

"Housewife," said John M'Iver, blandly, "we're a bit off our way here by no fault of our own, and we have been on the hillside all night, and——"

"Come in," she said shortly, still scrutinising us very closely, till I felt myself flushing wildly, and she gave us the only two stools in her dwelling, and broke the peats that smouldered on the middle of her floor. The chamber—a mean and contracted interior—was lit mainly from the door and the smoke-vent, that gave a narrow glimpse of heaven through the black *cabar* and thatch. Round about the woman gathered her children, clinging at her gown, and their eyes stared large and round in the gloom at the two of us who came so appallingly into their nest.

We sat for a little with our plaids about us, revelling in the solace of the hearty fire that sent wafts of odorous reek round the dwelling, and to our dry

rations the woman added whey, that we drank from birch cogies.

"I am sorry I have no milk just now," she said. "I had a cow till the day before yesterday; now she's a cow no more, but pith in Colkitto's heroes."

"They lifted her?" asked John.

"I would not say they lifted her," said the woman, readily; "for who would be more welcome to my all than the gentleman of Keppoch and Seumais Grahame of Montrose?" And again she looked narrowly at our close-drawn plaids.

I stood up, pulled out my plaid-pin, and let the folds off my shoulder, and stood revealed to her in a Diarmaid tartan.

"You see we make no pretence at being other than what we are," I said, softly; "are we welcome to your whey and to your fire-end?"

She showed no sign of astonishment or alarm, and she answered with great deliberation, choosing her Gaelic, and uttering it with an air to impress us.

"I dare grudge no one at my door," said she, "the warmth of a peat and what refreshment my poor dwelling can give; but I've seen more welcome guests than the spoilers of Appin and Glencoe. I knew you for Campbells when you knocked."

"Well, mistress," said M'Iver briskly, "you might know us for Campbells, and might think the worse of us for that same fact (which we cannot help), but it is to be hoped you will know us for gentlemen, too. If you rue the letting of us in, we can just go out again. But we are weary and cold and sleepy, for we have been on foot since yesterday, and an hour among bracken or white hay would be welcome."

"And when you were sleeping," said the woman, "what if I went out and fetched in some men of a clan who would be glad to mar your slumber?"

John studied her face for a moment. It was a sonsy and good-humoured face, and her eyes were not unkindly.

"Well," he said, "you might have some excuse for a deed so unhospitable, and a deed so different from the spirit of the Highlands as I know them. Your clan would be little the better for the deaths of two gentlemen whose fighting has been in other lands than this, and a wife with a child at her breast would miss me, and a girl with her wedding-gown at the making would miss my friend here. These are wild

times, goodwife, wild and cruel times, and a widow more or less is scarcely worth troubling over. I think we'll just risk you calling in your men, for, God knows, I'm wearied enough to sleep on the verge of the Pit itself."

The woman manifestly surrendered her last scruple at his deliverance. She prepared to lay out a rough bedding of the bleached bog-grass our people gather in the dry days of spring.

"You may rest you a while, then," said she. "I have a husband with Keppoch, and he might be needing a bed among strangers himself."

"We are much in your reverence, housewife," said John, nudging me so that I felt ashamed of his double-dealing. "That's a bonny bairn," he continued, lifting one of the children in his arms; "the rogue has your own good looks in every lineament."

"Aye, aye," said the woman drily, spreading her blankets, "I would need no sight of tartan to guess *your* clan, master; your flattery goes wrong this time, for by ill-luck you have the only bairn that does not belong to me of all the brood."

"Now that I look closer," he laughed, "I see a difference; but I'll take back no jot of my compliment to yourself."

"I was caught yonder," said he to me a little later in a whisper in English, as we lay down in our corner. "A man of my ordinary acuteness should have seen that the brat was the only unspoiled member of all the flock."

We slept, it might be a couple of hours, and wakened together at the sound of a man's voice speaking with the woman outside the door. Up we sat, and John damned the woman for her treachery.

"Wait a bit," I said. "I would charge her with no treachery till I had good proofs for it. I'm mistaken if your lie about your wife and weans has not left her a more honest spirit toward us."

The man outside was talking in a shrill, high voice, and the woman in a softer voice was making excuses for not asking him to go in. One of her little ones was ill of a fever, she said, and sleeping, and her house, too, was in confusion, and could she hand him out something to eat?

"A poor place Badenoch nowadays," said the man, petulantly. "I've seen the day a bard would be free of the best and an honour to have by any one's

fire. But out with the bannocks and I'll be going. I must be at Kilcumin with as much speed as my legs will lend me."

He got his bannocks and he went, and we lay back a while on our bedding and pretended to have heard none of the incident. It was a pleasant feature of the good woman's character that she said never a word of her tactics in our interest.

"So you did not bring in your gentlemen?" said John, as we were preparing to go. "I was half afraid some one might find his way unbidden, and then it was all bye with two poor soldiers of fortune."

"John MacDonald the bard, John Lom, as we call him, went bye a while ago," she answered simply, "on his way to the clan at Kilcumin."

"I have never seen the bard yet that did not demand his bardic right to kailpot and spoon at every passing door."

"This one was in a hurry," said the woman, reddening a little in confusion.

"Just so," said M'Iver, fumbling in his hand some coin he had taken from his sporran, "have you heard of the gold touch for fever? A child has been brought from the edge of the grave by the virtue of a dollar rubbed on its brow. I think I heard you say some neighbour's child was ill? I'm no physician, but if my coin could—what?"

The woman flushed deeper than ever, an angered pride this time in her heat.

"There's no child ill that I know of," said she; "if there was, we have gold of our own."

She bustled about the house and put past her blankets, and out with a spinning-wheel and into a whirr of it, with a hummed song of the country at her lips—all in a mild temper, or to keep her confusion from showing itself undignified.

"Come away," I said to my comrade in English, "you'll make her bitterly angry if you persist in your purpose."

He paid no heed to me, but addressed the woman again with a most ingenious story, contrived with his usual wit as he went on with it.

"Your pardon, goodwife," said he, "but I see you are too sharp for my small deceit. I daresay I might have guessed there was no child ill; but for reasons of my own I'm anxious to leave a little money with you till I come back this road again. We trusted you with our lives for a couple of hours there,

and surely, thinks I, we can trust you with a couple of yellow pieces."

The woman stopped her wheel and resumed her good humour. "I thought," said she, "I thought you meant payment for——"

"You're a bit hard on my manners, goodwife," said John. "Of course I have been a soldier, and might have done the trick of paying forage with a sergeant's bluntness, but I think I know a Gaelic woman's spirit better."

"But are you likely to be passing here again at any time?" cried the woman, doubt again darkening her face, and by this time she had the money in her hand. "I thought you were going back by the Glen?"

"That was our notion," said my comrade, marvellously ready, "but to tell the truth we are curious to see this Kepoch bard, whose songs we know very well in real Argile, and we take a bit of the road to Kilcumin after him."

The weakness of this tale was not apparent to the woman, who I daresay had no practice of such trickery as my friend was the master of, and she put the money carefully in a napkin and in a recess beneath one of the roof-joists. Our thanks she took carelessly, because we were Campbells, no doubt.

I was starting on the way to Inverlochry when M'Iver protested we must certainly go a bit of the way to Kilcumin.

"I'm far from sure," said he, "that that very particular bit of MacDonald woman is quite confident of the truth of my story. At any rate she's no woman if she's not turning it over in her mind by now, and she'll be out to look the road we take before very long or I'm mistaken."

We turned up the Kilcumin road, which soon led us out of sight of the hut, and, as my friend said, a glance behind us showed us the woman in our rear, looking after us.

"Well, there's no turning so long as she's there," said I. "I wish your generosity had shown itself in a manner more convenient for us. There's another example of the error of your polite and truthless tongue. When you knew the woman was not wanting the money, you should have put it in your sporran again, and——"

"Man, Elrigmore," he cried, "you have surely studied me poorly if you would think me the man to insult the woman—and show my own stupidity at

the same time—by exposing my strategy when a bit fancy tale and a short dauder on a pleasant morning would save the feelings of both the lady and myself."

"You go through life on a zigzag," I protested, "aiming for some goal that another would cut straight across for, making deviations of an hour to save you a second's unpleasantness. I wish I could show you the diplomacy of straightforwardness; the honest word, though hard to say sometimes, is a man's duty as much as the honest deed of hand."

"Am I not as honest of my word as any in a matter of honour? I but glose sometimes for the sake of the affection I have for all God's creatures."

I was losing patience of his attitude and speaking perhaps with bitterness, for here was his foolish ideas of punctilio bringing us a mile or two off our road and into a part of the country where we were more certain of being observed by enemies than the way behind us.

"You jink from ambuscade to ambuscade of phrase like a fox," I cried.

"Call it like a good soldier, and I'll never quarrel with your compliment," he said good-humouredly. "I had the second excuse for the woman in my mind before the first one missed fire."

"Worse and worse!"

"Not a bit of it; it is but applying a rule of fortification to a peaceful palaver. Have bastion and ravelin as sure as may be, but safer still the sally-port of retreat."

I stood on the road and looked at him, smiling very smug and self-complacent before me, and though I loved the man I felt bound to prick a hole in his conceit.

But at that moment a dead branch snapped in a little plantation that lay by the way, and we turned quickly to see come to us a tall lean man in MacDonald clothing.

CHAPTER XVIII.

He was a lantern-jawed, sallow-faced, high-browed fellow in his prime, with the merest hint of a hirkle or halt in his walk, very shabby in his dress, wearing no sporran, but with a dagger bobbing about at his groin. I have never seen a man with surprise more sharply stamped on his visage than was betrayed by this one when he got close upon us and

found two of a clan so unlikely to have stray members out for a careless airing on a forenoon in Badenoch.

"You're taking your walk?" he said, with a bantering tone, after a moment's pause.

"You couldn't have guessed better," said John. "We are taking all we're likely to get in so barren a country."

The stranger chuckled sourly as the three of us stood in a group surveying each other. "My name," said he, in his odd north Gaelic, and throwing out his narrow chest, "is John MacDonald. I'm Keppoch's bard, and I've no doubt you have heard many of my songs. I'm namely in the world for the best songs wit ever strung together. Are you for War? I can stir you with a stave to set your sinews straining. Are you for the music of the wood? The thrush itself would be jealous of my note. Are you for the ditty of the lover? Here's the songster to break hearts. Since the start of time there have been 'prentices at my trade: I have challenged North and East, South, and the isle-flecked sea, and they cry me back their master.

M'Iver put a toe on one of mine, and said he, 'Amn't I the unlucky man, for I never heard of you?'

"Tut, tut," cried the bard in a fret, "perhaps you think so much in Argile of your hedge-chanters that you give the lark of the air no ear."

"We have so many poets between Knapdale and Cruachan," said John, "that the business is fallen out of repute, and men brag when they can make an honest living at prose."

"Honest living," said the bard, "would be the last thing I would expect Clan Campbell to brag of."

He was still in an annoyance at the set-back to his vanity, shuffling his feet restlessly on the ground, and ill at ease about the mouth, that I've noticed is the first feature to show a wound to the conceit.

"Come, come," he went on, "will you dare tell me that the sheiling singers on Loch Finneside have never heard my 'Harp of the Trees'? If there's a finer song of its kind in all Albainn I've yet to learn it."

"If I heard it," said John, "I've forgotten it."

"Name of God!" cried the bard in amaze, "you couldn't; it goes so," and he hummed the tune that every one in Argile and the west had been singing some years before.

We pretended to listen with eagerness to recall a single strain of it, and affected to find no familiar note. He tried others of his budget—some rare and beautiful songs, I must frankly own; some we knew by fragments; some we had sung in the wood of Creag Dubh—but to each and all John Splendid raised a vacant face and denied acquaintance.

"No doubt," said he, "they are esteemed in the glens of Keppoch, but Argile is fairly happy without them. Do you do anything else for a living but string rhymes?"

The bard was in a sweat of vexation. "I've wandered far," said he, "and you beat all I met in a multitude of people. Do you think the stringing of rhymes so easy that a man should be digging and toiling in the field and the wood between his *duans*?"

"I think," said Splendid (and it was the only time a note of earnestness was in his utterance)—"I think his songs would be all the better for some such manly interregnum. You sing of battles; have you felt the blood rush behind the eyes and the void of courageous alarm at the pit of the stomach? You hum of grief; have you known the horror of a desolate home? Love—Sir, you are young, young——"

"Thanks be with you," said the bard, "your last word gives me the clue to my answer to your first. I have neither fought nor sorrowed in the actual fact; but I have loved, not a maid (perhaps), nor in errant freaks of the mind, but a something unnameable and remote, with a bounteous overflowing of the spirit. And that way I learned the splendour of war as I sat by the fire; and the widows of my fancy wring my heart with a sorrow as deep as the ruined homes your clan have made in my country could confer."

I'm afraid I but half comprehended his meaning, but the rapture of his eye infected me like a glisk of the sun. He was a plain, gawky, nervous man, very freckled at the hands, and as poor a leg in the kilt as well could be. He was fronting us with the unspoken superiority of the fowl on its own midden, but he had a most heartsome and invigorating glow.

"John Lom, John Lom!" I cried, "I heard a soldier sing your songs in the ship Archangel of Leith that took us to Elsinore."

He turned with a grateful eye from

M'Iver to me, and I felt that I had one friend now in Badenoch.

"Do you tell me?" he asked, a very child in his pleasure, that John Splendid told me after he had not the heart to mar. "Which one did they sing, 'The Harp of the Trees' or 'Macrannul Og's Lament'?" I am sure it would be the Lament; it is touched with the sorrow of the starless night on a rain-drummed, wailing sea. Or perhaps they knew—the gentle hearts—my 'Farewell to the Fisher.' I made it with yon tremor of joy, and it is telling of the far isles beyond Uist and Barra and the Seven Hunters, and the white sands of Colomkill."

M'Iver sat down on the wayside and whittled a stick with a pretence at patience I knew he could scarcely feel, for we were fools to be dallying thus on the way in broad morning when we should be harking back to our friends as secretly as the fox.

"Were you on the ocean?" he asked the bard, whose rapture was not abated.

"Never," said he, "but I know Linnhe and Loch Eil and the fringe of Morar."

"Mere dubs," said M'Iver, pleasantly—"mere dubs or ditches. Now I, Barbreck, have been upon the deeps, tossed for days at hazard without a headland to the view. I may have made verse on the experience—I'll not say yea or nay to that—but I never gave a lochan credit for washing the bulged sides of the world."

"You hadn't fancy for it, my good fellow," said the bard, angry again. "I forgot to say that I saw Loch Finne too, and the Galley of Lorn taking MacCailein off from his castle. I'm making a song on that now."

"Touched!" thinks I, for it was a rapier-point at my comrade's very marrow. He reddened at once, pulled down his brows, and scanned the bard of Keppoch, who showed his knowledge of his advantage.

"If I were you," said John in a little, "I would not put the finish on that ditty till I learned the end of the transaction. Perhaps MacCailein (and God bless my chief!) is closer on Lochiel and Lochaber to-day than you give him credit for."

"Say nothing about that," said I warningly in English to my friend, never knowing (what I learned on a later occasion) that John Lom had the language as well as myself.

"When MacCaillein comes here," said the bard, "he'll get a Badenoch welcome."

"And that is the thief's welcome, the shirt off his very back," cried M'Iver.

"Off his back very likely," said the bard, "it's the back we see oftenest of the bonny gentleman."

M'Iver grew livid to the very lip, and sprung to his feet, clutching with great menace the black knife he had been whittling with. Not a bit abashed the bard pulled out his dirk, and there was likely to be a pretty to-do when I put between them.

The issue of the quarrel that thus I retarded was postponed altogether by a circumstance that changed the whole course of our adventure in this wild country; severed us at a sharp wrench from the Campbell regiments, and gave us the chance—very unwelcome it was—of beholding the manner of war followed by Alasdair MacDonald's savage tribes. It happened in a flash, without warning. No blow had been struck by the two gentlemen at variance, when we were all three thrown to the ground, and the bound prisoners of a squad of Macgregors who had got out of the thicket and round us unobserved in the heat of the argument.

They treated us all alike—the bard as curt as the Campbells, in spite of his tartan—and without exchanging any words with us marched us before them on a journey of several hours to Kilcumin.

Long or ever we reached Kilcumin we were manifestly in the neighbourhood of Montrose's force. His pickets held the road; the hillsides moved with his scouts. On a plain called Leiter-nan-lub the battalion lay camped, a mere fragment of the force that brought ruin to Argile's Athole men under the Tutor of Struan, Stewarts of Appin, MacIans of Glencoe, a few of the more sedate men of Glengarry, Keppoch, and Maclean, as well as a handful of the Gregaraich who had captured us. It was the nightfall when we were turned

into the presence of Sir Alasdair, who was sitting under a few ells of canvas playing cartes with some chieftains by the light of a fir root fire.

"Whom have we here?" said he, never stopping for more than a glimpse of us.

"Two Campbells and a man who says he's bard of Keppoch," he was told.

"A spy in an honest tartan, no doubt," said Sir Alasdair; "but we'll put it to the test with Keppoch himself; tell him to come over and throw an eye on the fellow."

Keppoch was sent for and came across from a fire at another part of the field, a hiccough at his throat and a blear look in his eye, as one that has been overly brisk with the bottle, but still and on the gentleman and in a very good humour.

"Here's my bard sure enough," he cried; "John, John, what do you seek in Kilcumin, and in Campbell company, too?"

"The company is none of my seeking," said John Lom, very short and blunt. "And we're like to have a good deal more of the same clan's company than we want before long, for Argile and his clan to three times your number are at Inverlochty. I have tramped a weary day to tell you the tale, and I get but a spy's reception."

The tale went round the camp in the time a man would whistle an air. Up came Montrose on the instant, and he was the first to give us a civil look. But for him we had no doubt got a short quittance from MacColkitto, who was for the tow gravatte on the spot. Instead we were put on parole when his lordship learned we had been Cavaliers of fortune. The moon rose with every sign of storm, the mountains lay about white to their foundations, and ardent winds belched from the glens, but by mountain and glen MacDonald determined to get round on the flank of Argile.

(To be continued.)

JAMES PAYN.

Many tributes have been paid to the memory of James Payn, and in what follows we shall try to confine ourselves to matter unknown to or neglected by his previous biographers. James Payn was well born and had had good chances in the way of education, having been at Eton, at Woolwich, and at Cambridge. On the whole, however, he detested his school life, and although he enjoyed himself at Cambridge, it was not in the studies of the place. His bent for literature had shown itself early, and he had been accepted by Leigh Hunt and Charles Dickens. At Cambridge he was a friend of Thomas Chenery, afterward editor of the *Times*, and received much kindness from W. G. Clark and George Brimley. His bent to literature was, however, irresistible, and was greatly encouraged by Miss Mitford. As no one else has done it, we may put down some extracts from Miss Mitford's letters recording the progress of their friendship. It will be seen that at first she was not favourably impressed by the young poet. She writes under date, 1852, to Digby Starkey as follows :

"Then I have had a visit from a young Cambridge student, a poet of the newest school, who won't be a barrister, which his mother desires, but will be a poet and only a poet, nothing else. I knew his father well, a most brilliant man. . . . The youth is a handsome coxcomb, without the slightest enthusiasm, without, as it seems to me, the power of admiring anything or anybody ; for those whom he does patronise—the Jerrolds, and Dickens, and Robert Browning—he patronises with a full sense of his condescension, while he very heartily disclaims all acquaintance with Pope or Dryden (observe that his own first essay is a volume called *Stories from Boccaccio*!) and rather boasts that although he has tried to read Scott's novels, he cannot get on with them. I think it would be no bad plan to introduce him to Sir Edwin and Mr. Lewis, and just see what they thought of each other. It might turn out a society for mutual improvement. However, they are painters, and great painters in their way, while what will become of this poor boy there is no telling. He minces his words like Landseer and sticks his glass in his eye. The only thing worth repeating that I ever heard from him is a good-natured *bon mot* of Jerrold's. They were talking of epitaphs at Charles Knight's, and asked the malicious little wit to furnish one for their host. 'It should be very short,' said Jerrold. 'Good-night.' Nothing can be happier than this."

A year after she writes to Mr. Bennoch in a way which shows how Payn was beginning to win her heart :

"Sept. 21, 1853.

"All day I have had company. First, dear —, with some of his own proofs. There is real talent, if he would but do himself justice by correcting and re-correcting. None of these young poets will do that. Then he has been spoilt. He had Woolwich and would not stay ; so then he was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, for the bar. Well, he fell in love and would not wait for that—he would go into orders ; and now he won't go into orders ; and a brother-in-law is desirous of helping him to live by literature, by purchasing some shares in a safe newspaper (I mean commercially safe) where he might work as a sub-editor or a large contributor. He would do this well, having written with high approbation in *Household Words*, and being a ready and lively prose writer. I trouble you with all this detail, because I am sure if you hear of such a thing offering you will let me know. His brother-in-law has a handsome income, and is willing to make a handsome purchase. He, the brother-in-law, is something like you in liberality. While in the army, before marriage, he set apart half his income to help brother officers on. A man of rare generosity—and this boy is charming—most charming—one reason why he has been spoilt—large in heart and mind, full of kindness and sweetness, making an atmosphere of love about him. The talent is real."

Later in the same letter she says :

"I must make James Payn known to you. He is truth itself."

The following reference in the same year is unmistakable :—

MISS MITFORD TO MRS. JENNINGS, 1853.

"All that love-story in *Esmond* is detestable, and which is still worse, the book seems to me long and tedious. A clever young man, writing to me about it from Trinity College, Cambridge, said, 'I took it with me into the Theological Hall, and listened to the Professor by preference.' I dare say he did."

Miss Mitford introduces Miss Martineau to James Payn, and Miss Martineau writes her impressions :—

"Jan. 25, 1853.

"I am obliged to you for introducing to me your agreeable young friend. I have seen him once here, and I am to see him next at his airy lodgings at Longbrigg. He made us promise to visit him one evening, and we hope to do so while the fine weather lasts. The 'we' means my youngest sister, Mrs. Higginson, and her children, who are with me at present. Mr. Payne (*sic*) will have us all, and he has the grandest thing in all the neighbourhood to show—in the view from the home-field. He is

kind enough to send me his volume of poems to-day, and I must make more acquaintance with him in that way before we meet next. He has every appearance of being in good health, and I trust his critical period in that respect has passed."

Another famous personage to whom Miss Mitford introduced her young friend was Thomas De Quincey. Payn always loved to tell how De Quincey loved to help himself to laudanum out of a decanter, which seemed to contain port wine. Mrs. De Quincey wrote her impressions as follows:—

"Sept. 14, 1853.

"Mr. Payne, I am sorry to say, both from your account and papa's, and my youngest sister's for him, neither Florence nor I saw—I was very sorry, too, on another account, that we were not at home—viz., when Emily told us that papa was in very bad spirits when Mr. Payne called, and when he is so it requires our united efforts to rout him out of them; as it was, Emily said, 'He called in all my small remarks made to suggest things to him, or to cover the gaps like light sovereigns.' It was the first time she had ever had to do the honours of the house alone, and consequently she has great misgivings as to whether Mr. Payne will ever run the risk of falling upon the tender mercies of two such wreckers as papa and she again."

While Payn was at Cambridge he contributed to various periodicals, including the *Welcome Guest*, with which Robert Brough and George Augustus Sala were closely connected. It was in the *Welcome Guest* that Robert Brough's too little known tribute to Johnson—the finest poetical tribute, we may say, without fear of contradiction, that Johnson has ever received—was published.

Immediately after leaving Cambridge Payn made his happy marriage, and devoted himself to literature. The young couple had a small independence, and were able to wait. During the first year of his married life Payn earned £32 15s. He has told us that while in full activity he made an income averaging £1500 a year, an income which he justly thought inadequate to his deserts and his labour. His first regular appointment was as assistant-editor to *Chambers's Journal*. He had already contributed much to the periodical, and his talent was appreciated by Leitch Ritchie, who was then in charge of it. From the Lake country Payn proceeded to Edinburgh, and took up his work with much zest. This was in the early fifties. His connection with *Chambers's Journal* lasted during

the most important years of his life, and his best monument will be found in its volumes. When he became the editor the magazine, as Dr. A. K. H. Boyd says, was read in Scotland by everybody who read anything at all. He adds, "Certainly it did not fall off under Mr. Payn." This is true so far as regards its literary quality, and in fact much more might be said, for Payn put his very best work into it, and what that was every intelligent reader knows. But in the end of the day he did not improve the circulation. There was, it is true, a great rise on the appearance of *Lost Sir Massingberd*, but this was followed by a severe falling off. Mr. Payn, who was limited to the columns of *Chambers's*, wrote too much himself. There are weekly numbers which might be mentioned in which he was responsible for the fiction, and also for other two or three contributions. He gathered round him such capable writers as Dutton Cook, Walter Thornbury, G. M. Fenn, T. Speight, J. B. Harwood, John Hollingshead, Arthur Locker, Robert Black, Rev. Harry Jones, W. Moy Thomas, Amelia B. Edwards, and many others, but he was always the chief writer himself. *Chambers's Journal* ceased to be known as the *Edinburgh Journal* after 1854, and the change extended further than the name. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's famous remark to William Chambers during her Edinburgh visit, "You publish a magazine yourself, don't you?" must have been anything but welcome. Nevertheless, the style of the magazine had essentially changed. It had ceased to be quite so matter of fact. In 1837, out of 457 articles, there were eighty familiar sketches and essays, all of them original, and most of them the work of Robert Chambers; there were 300 miscellaneous articles of instruction and entertainment, 140 of which were original; 61 short stories and tales, 40 of which were original; and a regular feature at that time was biography, of which there were sixteen examples. Under Payn the *Journal* was much lighter, contained far less information, and far more wit. When he ceased to be editor the promoters brought it round again to the original idea, and the circulation rose immediately by leaps and bounds. It fell to James Payn to write notices of many impor-

tant books as they were published. Of "Gareth and Lynette" he said that it was a pity the Laureate had been bewitched by Merlin, and poured his genius out so lavishly on such a worn-out theme as Arthur and his Knights. He was happier when he got Holmes's *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, a book which delighted him. When Forster's *Life of Dickens* appeared he wrote several highly sympathetic and interesting notices. How miscellaneous his contributions were may be seen from the volume for 1858, where he wrote among other articles, "A Tremendous Ascent," "Elegant Extracts," "My Country House and its Tenants," "Watching the Clock," "Music," a poem (later one on "Shakespeare's Cliff"), "Popular Paradoxes," "Proceedings in Breckneckshire," "Mr. B.'s Alarms," "Voice from Baker Street," "The Old Baby," "Sporting World," "Crag Fast," "Dropping an Acquaintance," "Channel Bridge," "Ingleburgh Within." In the number for January 28th, 1860, he is responsible for an instalment of his new story, *The Bateman Household*, as well as for articles, "Writing on the Wall," "Morocco," and "Farm on the Mountains." In February 4th we trace two additions to the fiction, and in February 25th three articles. By 1861 his *Family Scapegrace* was running, but it was not until *Lost Sir Massingberd* that he became familiar to the public as a novelist, though Mr. Marston told us the other day that Payn did not acknowledge the authorship when dealing with his firm, Sampson Low and Company, for its publication, and that the result was a disappointment to both author and publisher. A contribution, "A Night in a Thames Tunnel" from Richard Rowe, led to Payn's securing him a situation on the *Scotsman*, which, however, he held only for a brief period. *Melibæus in London* was running in 1861, and was a forecast of the later *Across the Walnuts and the Vine*. These were continued many a day at more length in the second page of the *Illustrated London News*. Among other thoroughly characteristic papers were his articles in 1866, "To Persons About to Become Famous," and "Maxims by a Man of the World," which were afterward reprinted. He supplied the ingenious framework for various extra Christmas numbers (1864-68), but it is

interesting to notice that Leslie Stephen, whom he succeeded as editor of the *Cornhill*, helped him in the production of *Up and Down Mont Blanc* as early as 1866.

The long and honourable connection between him and the Chambers was unfortunately severed by his dismissal. For this he blamed William Chambers, but as a matter of fact the magazine was in danger of its life, and when William Chambers took it in hand the old prosperity returned. The two men were constitutionally incapable of understanding each other, and it is to be regretted that in his novel, *For Cash Only*, and elsewhere, Payn did Chambers less than justice. It would be unkind to revive the memory of *For Cash Only*, but one humorous touch is that in which he makes Chambers ultimately come to financial ruin, and compelled to earn his livelihood by exhibiting his own museum. Nobody who knows anything at all of Payn's works can subscribe to the idea that he was merely a bland and genial humorist. He was one of the kindest and most generous of men, but nobody can read *For Cash Only*, not to mention other of his books, without seeing that there was in him a vein of bitterness. He was peculiarly sensitive to adverse criticism, and, as he said himself, made a point of giving as much as he got in cases where he thought he had been treated unjustly. Unfortunately, and to his great grief, he did not always strike the guilty man.

After leaving *Chambers'*, Mr. Payn became reader to Messrs. Smith, Elder and Company, and editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*. In both capacities, as always, he was distinguished by the care he took in reading manuscripts, and the warm and cordial encouragement which he gave to authors whenever he could. There was not a touch of jealousy about his nature. He had his limitations. For one thing he never was interested in religion, nor could he understand how any one else could be, and among the books he declined were *John Inglesant* and *Robert Elsmere*. Within his own sphere, however, and it was a wide one, he was an excellent critic. Perhaps the most notable author he introduced to the press during his editorship of *Chambers's Journal* was Thomas Hardy. But his

connections with young authors were innumerable, and that somewhat exacting tribe has never had a kinder friend since Charles Dickens. He went on to the last diligently writing novels. They are curious combinations of wit and sensationalism, and they had a large popularity, though their day is perhaps past. His literary power is more favourably seen in his essays, several collections of which have been published. Mr. Payn began as a poet, and the following, which is perhaps one of his latest, is a fair specimen of his style :

MUSIC.

" 'Tis true no verse of mine can tell,
Fair lady, what the gentle breath
Within the flute, that rose and fell
And died in the far distance, saith :
The speechless echoes linger still :
Their meaning is not of the earth.
Thou know'st no less love's accents thrill,
Although the words be nothing worth :
The perfect sense we cannot tell,
And thence the glory grows the more.
The organ-billows, as they swell,
Roll far and farther from the shore,
Until from verge to verge they sweep,

And thought, its wearied wings drooped
down,
Slow sinking in the charmed deep,
'Mid the sweet thunder loves to drown.
The harp-voice best we understand ;
Its grief is shaped by her who flings
Athwart its face the gentle hand,
And hides, in ruth, the sobbing strings.
The brazen trumpet's war-note shrill
Would ever team with stir and life,
Although the earth had lost its ill,
And there was end to foeman's strife ;
And though the cymbals ceased to beat
Amid the ranks of bristling steel,
They'd aye recall the thousand feet
In motion at the single will.
But what of war, the while we hear
These Christmas bells o'er hill and plain,
And all our memories drawing near,
Entrance us with a pleasant pain,
And fill our hearts with love and peace,
And lead us like an angel hand
Whereto the wondrous harmonies
Sweep away through the Better Land."

He was an excellent judge of poetry, and during his editorship of *Chambers's Journal* he maintained a standard of verse of such sustained excellence that it may safely be said no other periodical has ever rivalled it.

A PRESENTIMENT.

It is only a short story and extremely slight, so slight, in fact, and so simple, that I am afraid lest in setting it down on paper I may destroy its delicate grace and evanescent flavour. Why, then, I often ask myself, when it was told to us one evening amid the elegant luxury of a modern dinner-table, by the charming woman who is its heroine, did it make upon us so lasting an impression as to become, in our corner of the Parisian world, one of those classic narratives such as every section of society possesses, and to which any allusion is always intelligible and always welcome ? I suppose it must be because it formed a little rift in the mass of scandal and insipid political and literary tattle that we are always listening to. Perhaps, also, just as an attitude or a gesture is sometimes sufficient to reveal the form that is hidden beneath a robe, so these few unaffected words, spoken by a good and beautiful woman, sufficed on this occasion to reveal to us the simplicity and purity of her soul.

We had been talking about those curi-

ous impulses which science has now begun to name and classify, and from which so few moderns are entirely exempt—impulses that urge one irresistibly to count the figures in a bit of wall-paper, or the books in a book-case, or anything else in sight that can be counted ; that impel others, when walking along the street, to reach a certain gas-jet before an approaching cab shall have caught up to them, or before some neighbouring clock shall have finished striking ; or that constrain one every night before going to bed to make some new and odd arrangement of the articles in the room, or to visit certain pictures or cabinets—in fact, we were speaking of all the infinitesimal affections of the modern brain that are in reality seeds of madness transmitted from generation to generation, until at last they are dispersed and scattered over the entire human race.

On this occasion, then, we had all been confessing our nervous weaknesses and mental absurdities, being rather comforted by each other's admissions,

and each of us rejoicing to find the rest of the company as bad as himself or even worse. One young lady present, however, had said nothing, but had listened to us with a look of surprise on her beautiful face that was framed in masses of soft dark hair. At last we said to her :

"Come, Madame, can it be that you are free from all these little touches of mania? Have you not also some slight peculiarity of the kind to confess?"

She appeared with perfect sincerity to question her memory for a moment, and then replied, with a shake of the head :

"No, not the slightest."

We felt that she was speaking the truth; and all that we saw and knew of her confirmed us in this belief—her placid look, her reputation as a thoroughly happy wife; everything, in fact, that separated her from the fashionable puppets who had just been confessing their strange neurotic obsessions.

Doubtless her very modesty made her unwilling to claim for herself a more complete indemnity than was enjoyed by the rest of the company with their frank admissions, for suddenly she interrupted us.

"Oh, really—yes, it's perfectly true that I can't tell you about adding up the numbers on cabs or making an inventory of my wardrobe before I go to sleep; but still, now that I think of it, the other day I *did* have an experience that has a sort of resemblance to those that you have been telling about, if, at least, I have quite understood you—that is, a kind of internal compulsion which compelled me instantly to perform an act of no real importance, as though it were a matter of life and death."

We begged her to tell the story, which she immediately did with a very good grace, but with an apologetic air, as if asking pardon for taking up our time over so trifling an affair.

"Well, then, in a few words, this is what happened. About five or six days ago I had gone out with my little daughter Susette. You know her, I think; she is just eight years old. I was taking her on her morning walk, for this important young person already has to have her daily promenade. As the weather was fine, we decided to stroll along the Champs Élysées and the boulevards, starting from our house in the

Rue Laffitte. We were walking along, chatting together gaily, when on one of the corners a poor young cripple hobbled up to us, holding out his hand without saying a word. I had my parasol in my right hand, and with my left I was holding up my skirt. I must confess that I hadn't the patience to stop and hunt for my pocketbook; so I passed along without giving the beggar a single sou.

"Susette and I kept on through the Champs Élysées as before. The little thing had all of a sudden ceased to chatter; and I myself, without exactly knowing why, no longer felt any desire to speak a word. We reached the Place de la Concorde without having exchanged a syllable after our meeting with the unfortunate beggar; and little by little I began to feel springing up within me and increasing more and more a sort of discomfort, a feeling of intense disquietude, a consciousness of having committed some irreparable act, and of being threatened for that very reason with a vague and indefinable danger. Now ordinarily I can force myself to a sort of mental examination; and so, as I walked along, I searched my conscience diligently. 'Dear me,' said I to myself, 'I haven't committed a very serious sin against charity in not giving anything to this beggar. I've never pretended to give to everybody I happen to meet. I'll simply be more generous to the next one, and that's all there is to it.' Yet all my reasoning failed to convince me, and my internal disquietude kept increasing until it became a sort of anguish, so much so, that a dozen times I longed to turn about and go back to the place where we had met the man. Would you believe it? It was a reprehensible feeling of pride that made me unwilling to do it in my daughter's presence.

"We were almost at the end of our promenade, and were just about to turn the corner of the Rue Laffitte, when Susette pulled gently at my dress and stopped me.

"'Mamma,' she said.

"'What is it, dearest?' I answered.

She fixed her great blue eyes on me and said gravely :

"'Mamma, why didn't you give something to that poor beggar in the Champs Élysées?'

"'Like myself, she had thought of

nothing else ever since we had met him. Like mine, her heart was profoundly depressed ; only, being better than her mother and more sincere, she was willing to confess her unhappiness with perfect frankness. I did not hesitate a moment.

" 'You are right, my dear,' said I.

"We had walked faster than usual under the constraint of this one haunting thought. Only twenty minutes remained before her lessons were to begin. I called a cab, we entered it, and the driver set off toward the Champs Élysées, stimulated by the promise of a generous *pourboire*.

"Susette and I held each other by the hand, and you may imagine how anxious we were ! Suppose the beggar had gone away ! What if we shouldn't be able to find him ? Having reached the corner we hurried from the cab and looked up and down the avenue. The beggar was not in sight. I questioned one of the women who let chairs. She remembered seeing him. 'He is not,' she said, 'one of the regular mendicants

who beg upon the corner, and I am sure I don't remember in which direction he went.' Time was flying, and we were going to leave with a feeling of great unhappiness, when all of a sudden Susette perceived the man behind a tree, sleeping in its shade with his hat between his knees.

"She ran to him on tiptoe, slipped a bit of gold into his empty hat, and then we hastened back to the Rue Laffitte. I am well aware that it was perfectly absurd, but we gave each other a good hug as soon as we entered the house, exactly as though we had escaped from some great danger."

She finished her story, blushing hotly at having spoken for so long a time about herself ; but the rest of us, who had listened with a sort of reverence, felt as though we had been breathing for an instant a whiff of pure air, or drinking a draught of clear, cool water from an untainted spring.

Marcel Prévost,
translated by H. T. Peck.

ON THE MARCH.

Down the cañon of the street,
Hear the muffled marching feet !
Hear the thousand-throated hum,
As the soldiers nearer come !
Eagerly the people crowd :
Faintly now, and now more loud,
While we listen, breathless, dumb,
Comes the droning of the drum :
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika tek tek tek,
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika tek tek tek.

Marching down the western light,
Bursts the column on our sight !
Through the myriad golden motes
Splendidly our banner floats !
Then the sudden-swelling cheer,
Voicing all we hold most dear,

Wondrous, welling wave of sound,
Till the whirring drum is drowned !
Still our pulses beat in time
To the rhythmic roll sublime :
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika tek tek tek,
Rika tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek.

Now the marching men have passed :
We have watched them to the last,
Till the column disappears
In a mist of sudden tears.
Loves and hates before unguessed
Tremble in the troubled breast :
Loves and hates and hopes and fears,
Waking from the sleep of years,
At our country's calling come,
To the rolling of the drum :
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika tek tek tek,
Rika tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek.

So the night comes on apace,
Settles on each solemn face ;
While we pray with hearts of fire,
While a wistful, wild desire
Follows where the dangers are,
Where the battles blaze afar,—
Till our heroes homeward come,
And we hear the victor drum :
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek.

Herbert Müller Hopkins.



A GENUINE BOOK ON CUBA OF TO-DAY.

One morning, I think it was early in the month of March, 1896, I entered the building in which the *New York Journal* has its offices, and found Grover Flint, whom I knew well as a member of the staff of the paper, skulking about in the dark recesses of the hall. He beckoned me into a shadowy corner and said: "The boss (meaning Mr. Hearst) has ordered me to Cuba, and I'm just waiting for the business manager to come in so that I can draw my money, and then I'm going to skip. I'm so afraid that he'll change his mind and call me back that I'm not going to show my face in the office again. This is the best thing that ever happened to me, and it's too good to be true."

Half an hour later he had drawn his money, and I saw him running down the steps and across City Hall Park, looking about him now and then as if he were afraid that one of the *Journal's* managing editors was in swift pursuit.

I relate this anecdote because it shows the spirit in which Grover Flint started out on one of the most dangerous errands that a newspaper correspondent could be assigned. To appreciate this spirit fully, it is necessary to contrast it with the conduct of some of the "fake" war correspondents, who have been making so much noise on the strength of such pitifully small achievement. But I have to do now only with Flint, who is one of a small number of men who have done their duty, modestly and heroically, and with but small regard for their personal safety.

I do not remember that the *Journal* published many of Mr. Flint's letters from Cuba. If my memory serves me right, the impression prevailed that he was a courageous, trustworthy man, born for a soldier, and placed by Fate in a newspaper office. No one believed that he could write. We believe it now, though, for most of us have read his book, *Marching with Gomez* (Lamson, Wolfe and Company), and have realised that it was a true, sincere, and interesting picture of the Cuba that Flint marched through with the insurgent forces, two years ago.

I know of no better way of conveying

an idea of the merit of *Marching with Gomez*, and of Mr. Flint's simple and effective way of telling what he saw, than by quoting two or three passages, taken at random from its pages.

"In those first weeks of June it was my privilege to linger of evenings by headquarters, and hear the war discussed in every phase by Gomez and Hernandez. Of the ultimate success of their cause, neither had the shadow of a doubt; but when the trouble would end, neither could prophesy. . . . For Hernandez, there was the glory of conflict and the opportunity to develop his rather unusual abilities. For Gomez, continuance of the struggle meant daily hardships and lack of rest or comfort in illness, a life delightful to a young man, but trying to one of advanced years. For Gomez there was the chance of a stray bullet, that might prevent his seeing the aim of his life—the work of his brain and hands—completed. . . .

"Gomez had long since ceased to count on assistance of any kind from the United States. Concerning recognition I heard him say, 'I have a mind to forbid any man's speaking that word in camp. Recognition is like the rain: it is a good thing if it comes, and a good thing if it doesn't come.' . . .

"Gomez distrusted Americans. He thought them mere sharpers. 'They continually fill their newspapers with sympathy with our cause,' he would say, 'but what do they do? They sell us arms at good round prices—as readily as they sell supplies to the Spaniards who oppress us; but they never gave us a thing—not even a rifle.' . . .

"It was, on the first afternoon of the fight at Saratoga that I rode, stirrup to stirrup, with the youngest patriot of the Cuban army, a soldier just eleven years old, four feet tall, and weighing about eighty-five pounds. Calunga's men, with hats and legs and machetes waving in the air, were galloping across the savanna, when I found this tiny trooper at my side, full of carnage and flushed with the glory of being a real soldier. When the aroyo checked our charge, he pulled in his horse and sheathed his machete. Then he jerked a Remington carbine that had dangled from a sling at his side, threatening to pull him from the saddle, into the hollow of his left arm, blew in the breech, poked in a cartridge and carefully aimed and fired through the shifting smoke, with the conscious gravity of Jove hurling a thunderbolt. Several times afterward I caught sight of him, always in the front and thoroughly enjoying himself."

In his description of the death of Mr. Govin, an American newspaper correspondent, who delivered himself up to the Spaniards, trusting to General Weyler's proclamation of clemency, the author gives us a vivid idea of the Spanish methods of warfare and of the dan-

ger to which war correspondents who venture out of Key West are exposed :

" Then the eye-witnesses, who were only fifty yards away, saw him led before Colonel Ochoa, who dismounted and addressed him with vehemence and gesticulation. His papers were torn from his pockets and his clothing hurriedly searched. No weapons were found ; but the red-sealed correspondent's certificate and passport, signed by Mr. Olney, were handed to Ochoa, who glanced them over and scornfully threw them on the ground.

" At the wave of Ochoa's hand, Govin was bound, with his arms back of him and the rope passed about his waist. An aguacate-tree grew near by the highroad, and to this he was led and roughly tied. Colonel Ochoa followed

and stood by. Then some non-commissioned officers drew their machetes and stepped up to the tree. In a few moments everything was over."

Marching with Gomez has an introduction by Mr. John Fiske, the father-in-law of the author, and it is embellished with a large number of sketches, made in the field by Mr. Flint, which remind me very much of the illustrations in a book dealing with Cuba, called *West India Pickles*, written by W. P. Tallboys about twenty-five years ago.

James L. Ford.

ABOUT THE WAR.

Silent litteræ inter arma. When the flag is fluttering its blue and white and crimson folds from every housetop, when the city's squares are blocked by crowds that stand all day before the bulletins which tell of hurrying fleets and gathering armies, when even the soft spring air has a pungent smell of gunpowder in its breath, and when the casual stroller is checked at the corner of the street by the regiments that go swinging past with their glittering fringe of bayonets and a blare of martial music—then the most peaceful person cannot keep his heart from leaping to his throat nor can he shut himself up dumbly in his study and give his mind to the printed babble of his books. What does he care for the puny polemics of professional penmen, for their squabbles over style, for their theories of "art," for their petty prettinesses, for their sapless rhymes, and for their painfully polished periods? A time of war is a time that calls for Men ; and when embattled squadrons are being smashed to pieces, when cannon are thundering destruction, and when Life and Death have grappled in the splendid agony of conflict, all this ink-bottle business seems unspeakably paltry and unreal. One wants to get out into the open air, and make a noise, and hit somebody, and go back, if possible, to a good, lusty, primitive and healthful barbarism that will compel him for a time at least to desist from being an every-day conventional Apostle of the Smug.

Literature must, therefore, take a

rest when the drums are sounding the long roll, and literary men must go to the rear with the other non-combatants. If they do anything at all, then let them note those phases of the war that have a sort of relation to letters. Such notes will be more interesting than any purely literary jottings ; for, in a way, they may be looked upon as side-lights thrown on history, since they have to do with what affects the national life ; and therefore, though quite insignificant in themselves, they are a part of something that is big and splendid and inspiring.

It is journalism that in war time supplies the reading for a people. It is journalism that records each day, each hour almost, the history that is in the making ; and when the struggle has been ended, its first portrayal in the rough is found among the files of the great newspapers, whose emissaries have traversed land and sea and poured out money like brook-water, and have given perhaps their very lives in order to fling the news all flaming hot into the gigantic presses that crash forth the miles on miles of Extras which flow through every city of the land in limitless rivers of black and white. Let us then look retrospectively over the past few weeks and see whether even now there can be found some things that are significant and worth recording as being permanent impressions of the present conflict.

Going back to the time when the war-clouds were first gathering, one notes an interesting fact in the general attitude of the British journals. It is

always interesting to find a gleam of real intelligence in the British mind when that mind is directed toward things American ; and of late there have been many gleams—in fact, a general illumination. When war was first seen to be quite inevitable, the *Daily News* of London turned around, as it were, to its contemporaries, and uttered to them certain words of pointed admonition. "Let us not," it said, "repeat the historic mistakes that in the past have cost so dear." This little warning note was rather significant, for it showed that Englishmen have finally attained to an understanding of the true American attitude toward England. It is hard for us now to travel back in thought to the days that antedate our Civil War and to remember that in those days to be an Englishman was to have a ready passport to every American home—not from any Anglomania, for Gallomania was the fad just then—but because we really felt that as a people our aims and interests, our civilisation and our mission, were one with those of England. Then came the Civil War—the time when in one long and bloody agony that cost a million lives—we tore away the plague spot which all Englishmen for half a century had made a subject of reproach to us ; and as we did it, we turned with confidence to Englishmen for sympathy—and were greeted with a storm of hoots and jeers. A little later, when we had fought our fight to a finish quite alone, and had come forth even stronger than before, the English suddenly assumed an air of most respectful caution, but never of cordiality, and there has seldom come a time when if things went wrong with us, the English journals and the English statesmen did not eagerly assume the worst results as probable. But now they have at last become aware that, in Lord Salisbury's phrase, they have always put their money on the wrong horse, and that their "historic mistakes" were in reality mistakes. As a matter of fact they are not now repeating them. With one or two exceptions the English press has been far more than sympathetic, it has been almost cordial in its recognition of the justice of our cause and the inevitableness of our success. The *St. James's Gazette* and the *Saturday Review* stand out as chief of the exceptions. These interesting journals, which, as

they say, "prefer Castile to Connecticut," have diverted themselves by sneering at our army and our navy, and at what they please to call our "amateur war-making." When Admiral Sampson shelled Matanzas, it amused them to pretend that the only damage done by the bombardment was to a Spanish mule, and they expressed a vast amount of serio-comic concern over the damage inflicted on this animal ; so that "the Matanzas mule" seemed likely to become historic. And they also thought the Spanish fleets were on the whole perhaps a little more than a sufficient match for ours. Somehow or other, though, since Commodore Dewey steamed over the thick-sown mines that lay about Corregidor and laid his little squadron alongside of the fleet and fortresses of Spain, these English editors have not had quite so much to say about the amateurishness of our war-making, nor are they shedding any tears just now over the fate of the Matanzas mule. They have even forgotten how well equipped and valiant and generally tremendous they used to think the Spaniards were ; for they now observe with a pathetic quaver in their voices that in attacking Spain our country is acting the part of one who beats an octogenarian or tramples on a baby. Such criticism as the other English journals have made have been of a semi-literary character. They didn't like the English of Mr. McKinley's message. They detected in it several Americanisms. One of them said that the Queen's speech from the Throne would not have contained such things as these. And this was probably quite true. It is natural that the Queen's speech from the Throne should not contain a very large assortment of Americanisms. But they ought to have remembered to his credit that neither did Mr. McKinley's message contain a single Britishism ; and that if the Queen has never spoken of "an alarming ratio," neither did the President ever use the expression "different to."

One thing which the English have especially noted, in a general way, has been what they choose to style our "hysterical shrieks of exultation." Now it is not an Anglo-Saxon thing to be hysterical or to shriek, either with exultation or with any other emotion. The Anglo-Saxon goes about his busi-

ness and accomplishes it quietly and efficiently and keeps his mouth shut and does not shriek. Consequently, if we have been hysterical and if we have been shrieking, then the English would be fully justified in looking upon our proceedings with a certain number of expressive sniffs. But perhaps in this we have been just the least bit misrepresented. There is no doubt that some American newspapers have been conducting themselves in the most absurd and crazy way in their whole treatment of the subject of this war. They have swaggered and bragged and lied, and they have splashed and smeared their rhetoric over every petty incident that has happened since the *Maine* was wrecked. In this way they have, so far as they could, made very serious things appear ridiculous and very petty things appear important. For instance, the disaster to the *Maine* was a very moving and far-reaching event. It did much more than any other single incident to precipitate the war. There was something very dreadful in the thought of all those seamen going down to death without an instant's notice. Presumably, and as a matter of course, they were brave men. But why should some of our newspapers speak of them habitually as "the heroes of the *Maine*"? This is a small matter, but it is rather characteristic; for there was nothing heroic in being blown up by treachery which was wholly unexpected, and which they would naturally have avoided if they had had the slightest intimation of it. Again, why speak of our North Atlantic Squadron as "the greatest war fleet of the century," when it is in reality a rather small war fleet and one that any of the first-class powers of Europe would hardly have considered a war fleet at all? Why announce the capture of a fishing smack by two battleships as being a feat worthy of Blake or Nelson or Farragut, and why chronicle this and a dozen other petty things precisely like it in great black capital letters ten inches long, which, it must be confessed, are the typographical equivalents of a shriek? Why print half a page in bright red ink because two companies of infantry have moved from one barrack to another barrack? All this sort of thing, if it were really characteristic of our people, would naturally make us

seem to any civilised and intelligent community like a lot of yawping children playing soldiers, or like the lunatics whom one sometimes encounters in asylums with bits of red flannel pinned upon their coats to indicate that they are George Washington, and Napoleon Bonaparte, and Julius Cæsar, and Alexander the Great.

But, as a matter of fact, these newspapers are in the first place very few in number; in the second place no one takes them at all seriously; and consequently, in the third place, they no more represent our national character than the sutlers and scavengers of a camp represent our national army. It is not true, in spite of what any one may say, that Americans are boastful, that they are given to much talking, and that they are childish or otherwise silly. That very acute and observant Englishman, Dr. Dale, who visited this country some fifteen or twenty years ago and wrote a book of his impressions, set it down as something which had particularly struck him, that the Americans in general were so extremely reticent as to be almost taciturn; that in travelling he had observed a sort of apparent self-repression in large crowds; and he tried to explain this on a theory of his own as being due to the effects of the military discipline to which so many of our citizens had submitted during the progress of the Civil War. However this may be, it would be obviously absurd to take a few irresponsible newspapers as reflecting our national traits and temperament. When you wish to get at the real character of a people, in whom are you to find that character most accurately set forth? Is it in the casual blatherskite, the self-constituted bar-room oracle, the sporadic sensation-monger? These are the same in all countries, for in all countries they equally exist. Should not one rather look to the utterances and the acts of the men whom a nation chooses to represent it, and whom it deliberately selects and sets up as its supreme leaders before the eyes of the civilised world? Judged in this way the American people at the present time can be called neither boastful nor childish nor lacking in self-control. From the moment when the *Maine* was sunk and her captain sent that simple but momentous message to "suspend judgment"—a message that took war

by the throat and held it back, and calmed the excitement of seventy millions of people—down to the announcement of the naval victory in the harbour of Manila, our fighting men have been as self-restrained, as simple, and as unaffected as it befitted Americans of Anglo-Saxon stock to be. The whole course of our government in the months that preceded the final casting of the die for war was, even as judged by Europeans, singularly moderate, discreet, and self-controlled amid a hundred provocations and in the face of an almost universal demand for dramatic swiftness of action. The very message of the President to Congress, which was the last word to be spoken on our side, contained no touch of rhetoric whatever, but it was from beginning to end quite passionless and moderate—almost too moderate—a simple summing up of facts, as free from heat as though it had to do with some purely economic or domestic question. Therefore, out of self-respect, and as a matter of justice to ourselves, we Americans ought to resent the charge of being prone to national hysteria.

From a purely domestic point of view, however, the vagaries of the more sensational newspapers do no particular harm, for Americans look upon their typographical and rhetorical frenzies as being matters of mere business, things that are purely professional, as it were, and thus devoid of any particular significance. Then why, some foreign critics may inquire, do our people buy these sheets by the hundreds of thousands and continually read them? Simply as they buy and read Mr. Rider Haggard's hair-raising Zulu novels, and as they buy and read any other kind of exciting romance. These newspapers, in fact, are rather better reading than the Zulu novels, because their plot, so to speak, is laid right here at home, and the characters introduced are at least real personages, and, therefore, appeal more strongly to the popular mind. Moreover, the cheapest pirated work of Mr. Rider Haggard would cost at least ten cents, while the newspaper gives us quite as much pure fiction and nearly as much pure creepiness for the small sum of one cent. And so the people buy the papers and read them and spend many interesting and exciting half hours

over them in the realms of pure romance.

To tell the truth, the sensational newspapers are not the only sinners that we find in the sphere of American journalism to-day, nor in their sins are they sinful above all others. From the standpoint of journalistic ethics and tradition one or two of the high-class papers have been quite as reprehensible in their own way. For these ethics and these traditions demand that the news shall be honestly and accurately given, without exaggeration on the one hand and without diminution on the other hand, and that the truth shall not be overstated nor yet understated, for neither of these things comports with honourable journalism. But just as the sensational papers have, in recording the incidents of this war, reported many things that were not so, several of the high-class journals have suppressed both incidents and occurrences about whose truth there was no question. In other words, the high and mighty editors, who always speak of journalism with inverted commas and a derisive sneer, have edited their own news columns and have given to their news the particular colouring that suited their own conception of what that news should be—in other words, they have garbled their facts as shamelessly and as inexcusably as have the yellowest of their contemporaries, and in so doing they have been false to their profession and dishonest toward their readers. And this has had some practical results. For instance, the journalist of this type who was bitterly opposed to any war at all has tried to make it appear that the war was not to be, and he has suppressed or doctored the reports that came to him from Washington in accordance with his editorial views. In this way he has conceivably misled those of his readers who were relying upon his professions of honesty to give them accurate information of what was likely to occur; and they may conceivably have been led to plan their large investments or their business ventures in accordance with the garbled statements which they read in the columns of their favourite sheet. It is this type of editor also who has sometimes supplemented the *suppressio veri* with the *suggestio falsi*. Because he did not like the war, he would not hesitate to belittle and degrade the char-

acter and the achievements of his country's representatives, to suggest that the members of the Court of Inquiry which investigated the sinking of the *Maine* had possibly rendered a dishonest verdict in their purpose of shielding a fellow officer, to sneer at the capacity and the organisation of our naval and military forces, and to receive the tidings of even so splendid a victory as that which was won in Manila Bay with the cold-blooded and grudging comment that Commodore Dewey had done only what had been expected of him! In pure meanness and exaggerated egotism one can find no parallel whatever to this conduct even in the very yellowest of the yellow journals.

The war has not yet inspired a single bit of genuine literature. It is early still, of course, to look for it, and if the war be short we may not see it, after all. The Mexican War was also wholly barren in this sphere, though Whittier's *Angels of Buena Vista* came very near to winning a small corner in the fane of immortality. But as yet we have seen not the slightest bit of picturesque description nor a single scrap of stirring verse—nothing, in fact, but the rawest sort of newspaper rhetoric and machine-made verse. Worse than this, the English in which the events of the war have been thus far recorded, and in which even the official documents relating to it have been couched, has seemed utterly detestable. A perfect carnival of slipshod writing seems to have set in. The shattering of ships by Dewey's squadron was nothing to the splitting of infinitives that one perceives with pain at every turn; while the "retained object" has appeared all over the land, in the resolutions of Congress no less than in the three-line editorial paragraphs.

Whether or not, however, this war shall leave its mark upon our poetry, upon our fiction, and upon our oratory, there is scarcely any doubt that it will furnish the very weightiest material for the philosophical historian. So far as one can see at the present time, we are standing as a nation at the parting of the ways—the way of our old tradition of political isolation and international aloofness, and that other way whose goal no one can now discern. It has been profoundly startling, it must have given every serious-minded person a

very real shock, to notice how within the space of two or three short days the attitude of the entire American people has been fundamentally changed. For how many years have we not mocked at the nations of Europe for their inappeasable land-lust, for their territorial gluttony, for their partition of Africa, for their bludgeoning of China, for their greedy mouth-waterings over the smallest islands of the Southern Seas? Nothing could have seemed less likely than that we as a people should ever have been stirred by a spirit such as this. Yet in a single week, almost in the space of two short days, a naval victory brought close within our grasp a group of Asiatic islands lying at the far Antipodes— islands whose very name was but a geographical expression to nearly all Americans—and lo! at a single stroke, the same land-lust has come upon us also, and already we are looking out, not merely with serenity but with excited eagerness, to a future that shall see our country also standing forth gigantic among the great land robbers of the world.

Whether this state of mind is to be a permanent condition, or whether the American people are simply giving play to a bit of political imagination, no one as yet can say. There is something about this new conception of our country's future that appeals to the national love of bigness, to the national willingness to undertake responsibility with a blithesome heart, to cut an imposing figure, and to make the other nations of the earth all gasp and stare. Should it really prove to be a fact that we are to become a great world-power, the thought of the change involved in our most fundamental policy almost bewilders one who sets himself to think of it. A powerful standing army, a mighty navy, our flag displayed in every quarter of the globe, the ocean dotted with our naval stations, a permanent diplomatic establishment, a voice in European as well as in American councils, a sword ready to be thrown at any moment into the scale that weighs the balance of political power among the nations of the earth—all these things must the American hereafter bring himself to contemplate. And the jealousies and the hatreds of other nations—these also must we be prepared to meet. And if

we meet them, we must meet them with alliances, or rather with that one almost inevitable alliance which would bind us fast to the great Power whose language and laws and civilisation and blood are one with ours, and we must welcome the consolidation of the whole English-speaking race, fronting, if necessary, with all the courage of its ancestry, a hostile world in arms, and taming alike the greedy duplicity of the French, the organised brutality of the German, and the mingled violence and cunning of the Tartar-Russian. This might, indeed, be worth to us all that the rest implies, as it would be of infinite value to the future of mankind—the greatest people whom history has ever known, the one people who have been divinely appointed to dominate and civilise and conquer all the lesser breeds, the one people who strike straight from the shoulder and always down the foe—this people united at last in an imperishable federation to teach the world the enduring majesty and magnificence of the Anglo-Saxon.

But it is not only the political historian who must view this war with speculative interest. The philosophical student of national temperament and character will find a no less fascinating study in the effect produced upon the national consciousness and the national life by the influence of war. This question is, of course, an old one, and it has been lately raised once more and argued with great spirit with especial reference to the conditions existing in this country at the present time. On the one hand, it has been urged that in spite of all its immediate horrors, in spite of the suffering that it brings to individuals, war is none the less to any people a national tonic and a source of invigoration, in that it awakens and stimulates the heroic virtues and keeps the people in a fitting state for the accomplishment of those great ends which involve high courage, discipline, and combative force. It has been viewed, also, as a necessary corrective to the spirit of gross materialism which inevitably dominates a nation which has gone on too long in an unbroken peace, giving itself wholly up to the acquisition of wealth and the quest of luxury and ease.

On the other hand, it has been argued very forcibly that while the warlike instinct, the fighting instinct, is in itself

an admirable thing, it can find full scope and quite sufficient play in civic life, in nerving the citizen to the discharge of public duty, in attacking political corruption, in destroying abuses, and in battling unremittingly for high ideals of national and municipal honour, and for justice and good faith. According to this view, the man who devotes his life to the cause of a sound financial system or an honest municipal administration is as much a hero as the one who faces a foreign enemy on the field of battle, inasmuch as moral courage is as fine a thing as physical intrepidity.

For our part, it seems as though enough had not been said in behalf of the ennobling influence of war. About the most fundamental instinct in the healthily developed man is the instinct that teaches him to fight. It is the most primitive of all the virtues, and it is the last of all to be destroyed by civilisation. It is, moreover, the virtue that vivifies all the others, as it is the most intensely vital, the one that goes down deepest in our consciousness, that bids us yearn to live and to accomplish something, that makes us willing to face all the inevitable suffering and sorrow of this life and cling tenaciously to existence with the fierce, fond joy of living, rather than to sink to morbid pessimism and abandon hope with the craven submissiveness of a sick animal. Nor is it true that this instinct in its last analysis can ever find its fullest, healthiest exercise in anything that falls short of actual physical conflict. It is well enough to say that courage and contempt of self and all the other martial virtues find full play in civic life. They do, but only to a limited extent; and the civic virtues themselves, unless backed up and strengthened by the thought that physical force lies back of them as a court of last appeal, become in time emasculated and finally extinct. The political reformer may, to be sure, go out and battle single-handed against the forces of dishonesty and corruption; he may endure much obliquy and disappointment; he may fail and go down defeated and disheartened. But even so, he knows at every moment of his fight that, comparatively at least, he is really risking nothing; that if he fails, he can still go back to his own private life of individual comfort and ease and honour;

that to him it will not personally matter ; and that everything will go on in very much the same way as before. It is far different when he takes his life in his hand and marches out as one of a hundred thousand men who give themselves with splendid cheerfulness to be shot down and trampled into bloody pulp if necessary under the batteries of an invading foe. For while it means much to give up one's fortune, to give up one's comfort, and to give up one's time, there is nothing so inspiring, so really splendid and magnificent as the willingness to stand up and be smashed for an idea. Consequently, unless the fighting spirit, in its most primitive and barbaric sense, is kept alive within a people, then it is but a question of a little time when that whole people will become incapable of being roused even to civic heroism, and when it will sink into indolence and spineless corruption such as one to-day can see in China, where a hundred millions of men have shown themselves incapable even of feeling the disgrace of being trampled on and kicked by every predatory band of foreigners that descends upon them.

It is true, as has been said above, that one of our great national dangers lies in our materialism, in our worship of luxury, in our growing fondness for a life of ease ; yet there exists for us a still more subtle danger that one can everywhere descry. This is the indifference which has begun to fasten on us as a people and to destroy all seriousness, all loftiness of thought, all earnestness of purpose, and which makes it

every year much more impossible to be indignant over Wrong or splendidly enthusiastic over Right. Read our newspapers, listen to the talk that goes on about one, look at the attitude which so many of us hold toward the most vital questions of State and nation. It is an attitude of flippancy, of tolerant humour—an attitude that leads our press and public to think corruption nothing but a joke, and to meet all exhibitions of real earnestness with a sort of cynic grin. It is this attitude from which nothing in the end can fully and fundamentally rouse us save that which threatens more than loss of ease, that which stings and smites and makes men suffer, and that forces them out of their unmanly carelessness, and demands in trumpet tones that they once more be really Men. The brute instinct, the savage instinct, which nature itself has planted in us, is the saving salt of all our civilisation ; and the time must always come to every people when this is the one and only thing that will make the heart beat faster, and nerve the arm, and bid men feel no shame in being deadly earnest. And we shall all see this again when once our armies have gone forth to battle, and when there is lamentation, and at the same time pride and joy in many a home ; for the densest indifference cannot thrive when the flaming breath of War blows over it ; but it is dispersed and scattered and eternally annihilated at the first faint echo of that thrilling music which sounds in the tremendous diapason of the cannon-thunder.

Harry Thurston Peck.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

This one knows joy, and says : " Ah, Life is sweet !"
 And sorrow this one : " Nay, 'tis drowned in tears."
 Meanwhile, the picture is made all complete
 By God, great chiaroscuroist of the years,
 Who uses light and shade, and in whose thought
 The whole is clearly limned and calmly sought.

Richard Burton.

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX.

We are still very much in arrears with our voluminous correspondence ; so we proceed at once to answer as many letters as possible before the warm weather sets in and we lose our customary placidity.

I.

Two readers, who are evidently familiar with our little prejudices, send us independently two clippings that have greatly amused us. We reprint them for the benefit of all who have not seen them elsewhere. The first is from the *Cleveland Leader* :

HIS ENTIRE CONSISTENCY.

BOSTON LADY : If you will split that pile of wood I will give you a sandwich.

TRAMP : Madam, I never split things—not even infinitives.

BOSTON LADY : Oh, you lovely man ! Come in and have tea with me.

The second is from the *Chicago Tribune* :

HIS AWFUL IMPRECATION.

The sailor from Boston had been tried beyond endurance.

It was evident from the expression of his face that something appalling and utterly reckless in the way of profanity was struggling for utterance.

Suddenly it burst forth.

With a shriek of rage he exclaimed :

" Split my infinitive ! "

II.

Some one who signs himself " Interested Reader " objects to our saying (November number, p. 176), " We propose to keep [it] for a separate note. " He thinks we should have said " purpose. " But why ? Our keeping it for a separate note was a thing set before us (*propositum*) as a plan. So we said " propose. "

III.

Here is a clever letter from Troy, New York. We print it in full.

" DEAR BOOKMAN : You really have placed us in a position of great uneasiness. In the April number, page 103, we find the following : ' Why should any one pay three dollars a year for the *Critic* when they can get practically the same reading in the *Month* for the subscription price of one dollar ? ' The diction of this passage so struck us at the time that we wrote to you in reference to it. We do not recall seeing any answer to our communication, although we have sought it diligently in subsequent num-

bers of your valuable magazine. And now to our discomfiture we learn from your November number that all such communications receive due attention if they possess a grain of sense, unless they fall into ' the maelstrom of your desk. ' As we still feel that there was a modicum of sense in our letter of long ago, the hope remains that our query as to your diction fell into the ' maelstrom ' aforesaid. May we hope for your notice ?

" May we presume still further ? On page 236 of the November number you say, ' This is a mean sort of letter, ' and in paragraph IV. above you make frequent use of ' sort of, ' followed by the principal word of the phrase ; why, then, on page 235 do you say, ' the worst sort of a scrape ' ? What is the function of the article in the last-mentioned expression that you so carefully omit it in the former instances ?

" Our presumption grows upon us. Will you explain the use of tenses in the following from paragraph I. on page 235. ' No one *had had* the courage up to the present moment, when we *are* favoured with, ' etc. ? As you carry your action *into the present*, what is the function of the past perfect tense ?

" Yours, in expectation of utter annihilation,
" C. "

We reply :

1. This question has in principle been answered in our response to a letter from another correspondent with regard to a similar construction used by us. See the January number, page 459.

2. Both phrases cited are a little colloquial, but perfectly idiomatic according to our notion ; and neither violates any essential principle of language.

3. We think that we wrote " *has had*, " and that the compositor casually altered it ; but we can't prove this, as it happened so long ago. So we will admit that the pluperfect tense is not justified by the context. Now we hope that " C " feels easier in his mind.

IV.

A Nova Scotian lady chides us for speaking of Miss Fiona Macleod as Irish instead of Scotch, and then goes on to ask :

" What do you think of the literary merit of the following sentence : ' A good deal of fun is being made of a new London journal called the *Quill Driver*, in which every book review is written by the author of the book himself ' ? "

We think that the literary merit is of a very high order. And naturally so, as it is we who wrote the sentence. Does the lady think that " himself " is ambiguous as possibly referring to the

book rather than to the author? And if so, do they speak of a book as "himself" up in Nova Scotia?

By the way, we didn't mention Miss Macleod as Irish, but as "a Celt."

V.

"A Benighted Provincial," apparently a lady, writes us from Cleveland, Ohio, to say that she doesn't like the article entitled "From Our Town," which appeared in our December number. We are grieved to hear it.

VI.

A very frank, not to say personal, gentleman, who mailed his letter in Greenfield, Mississippi, sends us three pages of type-written criticism on the way in which we run *THE BOOKMAN*. Here is a part of what he has to say. It is right to the point:

"I feel like an old and intimate friend of your publication, and hence am privileged to make myself as disagreeable as I please by pointing out its faults and failings. This is a friend's privilege. In the first place, *THE BOOKMAN* contains too many of the senior editor's articles. An editor of a magazine should be an editor, and not the sole contributor. I at first pardoned this, because it seemed to please you to have some other persons besides school-boys before whom to air your views on all subjects. But now that you have been published in book-form by the Harpers, and have broken out into the magazine which, as Mr. Walker says, has the largest refined circulation of any periodical in the world, you might leave a little more room in *THE BOOKMAN* for other people who have views to air also.

"You may retort that, as the world buys *THE BOOKMAN*, it likes your articles; but that would be a *non sequitur*. As well say that because a negro buys watermelons, he loves the seeds."

Now if there is anything that particularly pleases us it is frankness, for we like to be frank ourselves, and we shall be perfectly frank in the present instance. The reason why we publish so many of our own articles is because it is so easy to get them accepted. Our critic has no idea what a comfortable feeling it gives a writer when he is writing anything to know that he hasn't got to ship it all over the country and waste postage-stamps and time and patience, but that it is bound to be accepted, because he is himself the editor and can get it set up in type within half an hour after it is finished, and that nothing but a fire can keep it from being actually published. That is why it is such fun to be an editor; and if our

friend from Greenfield, Mississippi, were in our place, he would write a great deal more than we do. We know this from his readiness to send us three large type-written pages all for nothing. But, judging by the rest of his remarks, if he were in our place and said everything right out, there is every probability that instead of getting a sporadic remonstrance now and then, he would find the whole populace rising up before very long and swarming up his office stairs and playing on him with a fire-engine.

VII.

"Rachel" asks:

"Please tell me the meaning of the word 'Threnody' as used by Emerson in his ode to his dead son."

Read it "Threnody," and look up the word in the dictionary.

VIII.

We don't know why this question was sent to a literary journal:

"Do Confederate as well as Union veterans receive pensions?"

Not from the United States; but we believe that provision is made by the various legislatures of the States that seceded for pensioning such Confederate veterans as are disabled and in need.

IX.

Here is a still more curious question. It comes from Brooklyn.

"Do you know of any reason why the paying-tellers in savings-banks should be surly and suspicious, while the paying-tellers in national banks are courteous and obliging?"

There are many things both in the intellectual and in the material world whose invariable juxtaposition implies a real relationship, yet as to which no adequate theory of causation has ever been advanced. We have carefully observed and critically weighed some questions that are of this nature, but as yet with no satisfactory results. Here, for instance, are two as to which we are absolutely in the dark:

1. Why is it utterly impossible to buy a good cigar in a shop whose sign spells the word "segar"?

2. Why does every man (if an American) who says "whilst" for "while" invariably have grease-spots on his waistcoat?

We ask these questions seriously, and we shall welcome any serious reply.

PARIS LETTER.

Lui! Toujours lui! Not Napoleon, but Emile Zola. He is to be tried again. The members of the Esterhazy *conseil de guerre* have so decided, and the whole thing is to come for the second time before the court; not in Paris, though, but in Versailles. The new trial will begin on May 23d, the day after the second ballot for the election of the new Chamber of Deputies. It is said that the new trial will be much shorter than the first one, and that M. Périvier, the Chief Justice of the Paris Court of Appeals, who will preside, will expedite matters much more summarily than Associate Justice Delorgue, who conducted the first trial. I have stopped prophesying, however, about this complicated case, and shall say, with the wisdom of nations: *Qui vivra verra.*

In the mean time Zola has been tried by another judge; M. Brunetière has, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of April 15th, published a lengthy review of *Paris*. I need hardly tell you that there is more severity than sympathy in the article. It is to be noted, however, that the celebrated critic gives the novelist credit for having given us an accurate delineation of part at least of the *population ouvrière* of the great city. But a large part of M. Brunetière's article is devoted to a repetition and, at the same time, a qualification of what he wrote a few years ago in his now famous article on the bankruptcy of science. I must call attention also to the last words of the article, the full meaning of which is keenly appreciated by those who followed the proceedings relating to Zola's appeal before the Court of Cassation. The *Procureur Général* Manau made himself very unpopular by asking Zola to take pity on France. Brunetière, taking his stand with the great Christian apologist of the seventeenth century, whom he repeatedly quotes, asks Zola simply "to take pity on Blaise Pascal!" Whatever may be thought of the merits of the controversy, one thing must be said—namely, that Brunetière, feeling that he is writing this time not simply for scholars and *littérateurs*, but for the *gros public*, entirely discarded the cumbrous heap of

conjunctions, prepositions, and adverbs which used to give such a forbidding aspect to many of his sentences, and that his utterances have become as direct and simple as they are forceful. Let them remain so, and literature will be substantially indebted to this Zola trial, if not to the other one.

Brunetière has had his trial, too, and has lost. You may remember the unsuccessful dramatist who took exception to Jules Lemaitre's criticism of his fallen play in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and who insisted on having his answer printed in the great periodical. The editor denied his request, was sued by him and won. The dramatist, Mr. Dubout, appealed, and his appeal has been sustained. Henceforth, if the doctrine of the Paris Court of Appeals is adopted by the other courts, it will be the privilege of every author, whether of a book or a play, to compel every periodical by which he has been criticised to print his answer to his critics. There will be no lack of "copy" for the literary column of our newspapers.

Another decision, not of a court, but of the Government, has just caused a little stir among our literary people. Julien Viaud, *alias* Pierre Loti, is no longer a lieutenant in the French navy; he has just been retired. His retirement is due to a desire on the part of the Government to have younger officers in the navy; all the lieutenants who had held their rank fourteen years or more without being nominated for the higher rank have had to go, and Pierre Loti was among them. It is a keen disappointment to him, because he wanted to be retired as captain and not as lieutenant; but he frankly admits that as a navy officer he was a little amateurish, and he does not recriminate. His feelings, moreover, have been somewhat soothed by a promotion in the Legion of Honour, of which he is now an officer, and no longer a simple knight. I confess that the ministers seem to have shown a good deal of cleverness in this case. They dismiss the navy officer and reward the writer. Could they have in any other way so well silenced criticism?

And now let us come to the books of

the month. First of all, I must mention the very courageous and very beautiful book of Alfred Fouillée, *Psychologie du Peuple Français*. No book has been published for a long time from which so much is to be learnt about France, her inner life, her faults and virtues, and especially her chances for the future. The pages in which the author discusses Max Nordau's sensational views are certainly among the most eloquent and convincing things ever written in the French language. This beautiful book will soon be completed by another publication from the same pen, *La France au Point de vue Moral*.

Another writer, who thinks of the future of mankind as much as Mr. Fouillée, also gives us his conclusions, but they are of a very different nature. He is the most thoughtful and the most brilliant among the men who hold that patriotism is a relic of past ages, and who think that society can live without government. I refer to the great geographer, Élisée Reclus. He has been known for more than twenty years as a believer in anarchy, and he now gives us in a systematic form his reasons for his belief, in his book, *L'Évolution, la Révolution et l'Idéal Anarchique*. The book is curious, if not convincing, and I need hardly add that it is a model of clear and beautiful French.

We have almost the same problems, treated in a decidedly more practical manner, in a very brilliant book by Paul Deschanel, *La Question Sociale*. It is, if I am not mistaken, the first real book of the very gifted young political orator, who is certainly not thinking, as yet, of a seat in the French Academy for himself, as is shown by a pretty anecdote that has come recently to me. Deschanel used to be until not very long ago one of the most frequent and welcomed visitors of a well-known salon, which is supposed to have provided Pailleron with a good deal of the material of his celebrated comedy, *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*, and he is seen there no more, because, it is said, of an unintentional slight inflicted upon his father, old Professor Deschanel, now nearly eighty years of age, by the lady of the house. The guests were talking, as is often the case there, of coming elections to the Academy, and lamenting the dearth of good candidates. "There

is Deschanel," said one of them, evidently thinking of the old Professor, senator and literary critic; "Deschanel!" madame exclaimed. "You are not thinking of it! *He is too young!* Young Paul does not seem to have forgiven her for so bluntly showing that his father is not in her eyes *un sujet académique*.

From members of the Academy we have not very much this month—only two collections of articles. The lovers of fine phrases will take up Viscount de Vogüé's *Histoire et Poésie*; those who prefer something more solid will turn to Albert Sorel's *Nouveaux Essais d'Histoire et de Critique*.

The most entertaining book of the month is unquestionably the *Légendes et Archives de la Bastille*, of Franz Funck-Brentano, and not the least entertaining part of the book is its preface, which is written over the signature of Victorien Sardou. The book is as true as history, and as amusing as a novel.

We must have, of course, at least one work relating to the Napoleonic period. We have several, one of which is decidedly interesting; it is a two-volume work on Marshal Davout by one of his grandsons, Count Viguier. It contains a good deal that was written by the illustrious soldier himself, and, therefore, somewhat belongs to memorial literature.

In the same branch of literature I note two volumes of letters of La Mennais, one his correspondence with Montalembert, the other his letters to Count Benoit d'Azy.

I cannot mention more than one novel, *Mon Petit Trott*, by André Lichtenberger. The hero of the book is a child, but it is not exactly a children's book. Too much knowledge of life for that!

Among the forthcoming books I shall mention *Verlaine Intime*, by his publisher and life-long friend, Léon Vanier.

The stage has been, as usual, prolific in works of literary merit, none of which is, I fear, a really great play. The most striking is, certainly, Richépin's *La Martyre*, which had been kept waiting a very long time for its performance, and which owes, perhaps, its production this year to the great success of its author's *Chemineau* two years ago. *La Martyre* is, of course, a verse play (Richépin writes nothing else

for the stage), and contains beautiful lines. Its action belongs to the early times of Christianity, and the occasions for scenic display are not wanting. But Richépin's plot is seldom simple; it is certainly very far from simple in this new play of his; the play seems to be written for effect, and is not as convincing as it might be.

We have had a play by Jules Lemaitre, *L'Ainée*, not convincing either, but not claiming to be, as Jules Lemaitre's irony is visible through it all. Just as we must have beautiful lines in a play by Richépin, we expect plenty of wit in one by Lemaitre, and we have plenty of it in *L'Ainée*. It is pleasing on the stage, as reading it is simply delightful.

Lysiane, by a newcomer on the stage, a professor of philosophy, who assumes for the purpose the name of Romain Coolus, may be the beginning of a brilliant dramatic career. It treats of one of the most modern phases of the

questions concerning the *Ewig Weibliches*.

And, finally, we have had a translation of an English play, Pinero's *Magistrate*. It was fairly well received.

The interest felt by the French in foreign theatrical matters is shown by another manifestation. The last issue of *Le Théâtre* contains an interesting account of an American adaptation of a German play, *Countess Valeska*, and a beautiful coloured photograph of Miss Julia Marlowe.

You will be glad to know that on April 23d the *Figaro* published on its first page an important article setting forth in full the American side in the present war. The article is signed *Un Américain*, and there are reasons to believe that it is the joint production of Ambassador Horace Porter and of the First Secretary of the American Embassy, Mr. Henry Vignaud.

Alfred Manière.

TO A FRIEND.

FOR A COPY OF KEATS'S POEMS.

You taught my eager heart to understand
 The joyousness of love, and, opening this book,
 Bade me, as from a casement wide, to look
 Through it upon the beauty of the land
 That sun and bloom make bright; and with your hand
 In mine the company of sorrow I forsook
 To listen to the lyric of the brook
 Whose songs are writ in water and in sand.

There with the lilies white we used to dream
 The starlit hours of summer evening through,
 With Keats' clear singing and the dulcet stream
 Flooding our hearts with happiness anew,—
 A mingled music that must always seem
 All his, remembering this gift from you.

Frederic Fairchild Sherman.

NEW BOOKS.

FRANCE.*

Mr. John Edward Courtenay Bodley has undertaken to do for France something like what Alexis de Tocqueville and James Bryce have done for the United States. The two volumes just published constitute a first instalment of his work. They deal almost exclusively with the political institutions of the nation, leaving the economic, religious, and other phases of social life for later treatment. In an introductory chapter of sixty-four pages the author exposes his equipment for his task and his general point of view. There can be no doubt that Mr. Bodley has taken his work seriously, or that he has availed himself of the most promising opportunities for obtaining information. For seven years he wandered to and fro upon the face of France, and his itinerary, which he gives with exhaustive and exhausting minuteness, is like a gazetteer of the land. Moreover, as he walked he talked, and the list of men from whom he drew inspiration adds to his gazetteer a miniature dictionary of contemporary French biography. Of all the celebrities consulted, M. Taine seems to have most influenced the author. The method and the philosophic attitude of Taine's *Origines de la France Contemporaine* are both tacitly and expressly approved, and the view of the Revolution embodied therein constitutes the basis of Mr. Bodley's disquisition on the present influence of the great upheaval.

The subject-matter of the two volumes, after the introduction, falls under two heads: First, the influence of the Revolution on modern France; and, second, the existing political system of the nation. As to his facts, the author is well equipped throughout; a variety of exceedingly interesting and useful information is presented. As to conclusions he is equally interesting, though possibly the accuracy and utility of his views will not receive universal recognition. He holds, summarily speaking, that the only real and permanent effect of the revolutionary

epoch to be found on modern France is that which springs from the administrative, ecclesiastical, and educational systems instituted by the great Napoleon; that liberty, equality, and fraternity, however loudly proclaimed in theory, neither played a real part in the Revolution, nor play a real part to-day. All the efforts of liberal politicians to impose upon France institutions that would truly embody the trio of revolutionary principles have proved futile, and the centralised imperialistic despotism has alone proved appropriate to the French spirit.

Mr. Bodley will doubtless have to meet some pretty heavy onslaughts in connection with this conclusion. Whatever may be said of the political capacity of French Liberals, their literary ability cannot be gainsaid, and the pessimistic Englishman may be left to their care. From the transatlantic standpoint the fact that Mr. Bodley is an Englishman accounts largely for his attitude. He claims to feel a profound admiration for the French people, and he really shows it in places. But throughout his book the reader cannot escape the conviction, that beneath the admiration is a stratum of pity—pity that there isn't, after all, a little more of the good old English this and the solid Anglo-Saxon that in the make-up of the French character. That the Frenchman does not know what liberty means is readily demonstrated by the difference between French and English judicial procedure. That he has no true conception of equality becomes obvious from his devotion to so un-English an institution as the Legion of Honor. That his fraternity is a sham is patent from the fact that his national holidays are memorials rather of events in which French blood was shed, like the fall of the Bastille, than of events in which life was spared, such as the Gunpowder Plot. This method of argumentation enables Mr. Bodley to make out a plausible case. It is doubtful, however, that he will carry all his readers to the conclusion that "equality in France is a virtue which prevents a right-minded Republican from acknowledging a superior, while not diminishing his right to exact due

* France. By John Edward Courtenay Bodley. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$4.00 net.

deference from his inferiors ;" or that French fraternity is accurately expressed in the maxim, "*Gallus Gallo lupus*."

The differences in national conceptions were long ago concisely put by Heine : " The Englishman loves liberty like a lawful wife ; the Frenchman like a mistress ; the German like a grandmother." Mr. Bodley has illustrated, but has not improved upon the philosophy of the German satirist.

The whole of the second volume, with part of the first, is devoted to a description of existing political institutions. The presidency, the cabinet, the two chambers, the parties, are analysed historically and critically, in both constitution and action. A vast mass of interesting and little known facts is presented. Along with the familiar statistics as to the duration of ministries and multiplicity of crises, we find the more curious, and perhaps more significant, information that physicians and school-teachers figure largely in local political activity—are indeed to some extent the "bosses" in French politics ; that ballot-box stuffing and similar improprieties are not unknown to France ; that "offensive partisanship" in office-holders is often required by the government, and "pernicious activity" at the elections is a feature of administrative routine. But Mr. Bodley's analytic and descriptive work in this field is permeated by a profound philosophic despair—a good old English Whig despair. The refrain which expresses his woe is this, that parliamentary government in France is a hopeless failure. The system, he declares, was imported from England by the sanguine enthusiasts of the Revolution ; it neither had originally nor has ever obtained intelligent popular appreciation ; under Louis Philippe it covered the *régime* of fatuous intellectual oligarchy, and under the Third Republic it has become the stronghold of a corrupt plutocratic oligarchy. Parliamentary government requires the party system (Mr. Bodley means the two-party system), and the inability of the French to produce such a system is conclusive of their incapacity for parliamentary government. The only *régime* for which the people of France ever have evinced or ever will evince genuine and unmistakable esteem—the only *régime* suited to the French national character, is, in Mr. Bodley's opinion,

that of the one strong man ; and the existing system is merely a sort of stop-gap, to tide over the interval till the successor of Louis Napoleon shall appear.

This interpretation of French history and politics is not new. Whether Mr. Bodley's proof of its correctness is more convincing than those that have hitherto been put forth is doubtful. His reasoning exhibits very clearly the vitiating influence of the axiom noticed above, that only that which is English is right. The censure which he freely bestows upon the doctrinaires for bringing over the English system later appears to be based chiefly upon the fact that they brought less than the whole of it. If only the two-party system could take the place of the group system in Parliament, all would work well. Mr. Bodley thus takes his stand with that innumerable company who assume the rational unthinkability of the group system. But precisely why three or five organisations for political ends are irreconcilable with sound reason, while two such organisations represent perfection, is made no clearer by Mr. Bodley than it has been made by his predecessors in criticism. That the group system facilitates the overthrow of cabinets is true enough. But what if the frequent change of cabinets were a desirable thing ? What if the carrying out of any large policy of legislation were the greatest peril that the nation had to confront ? Mr. Bodley admits that the routine administration and the routine legislation of France proceed satisfactorily, without reference to the rapid succession of ministries. Concede in addition that what France needs yet for a time, more than anything else, is freedom from exciting and aggressive legislation, and the chief ground for criticism of the group system falls away. There remains then only the grievance that the system does not fit neatly into the ancient theory of parliamentary government, or, in other words, that it is not English.

As description Mr. Bodley's work is eminently good. As philosophy it has its weaknesses. As literature it is not destined to shine. The author has caught and reflects a little of the glow of French *esprit* ; but the English language does not lend itself, under his manipulation, to the most successful ex-

hibition of this quality. Makers of text-books on rhetoric will hail his work as a prolific mine of "horrible examples" for the rising generation to criticise. "Co-opted," "despotised," "dispensed him of the need," and the vicious use of "transaction" in the sense of "compromise," illustrate his verbal vagaries. But a fatal facility in respect to pronouns, with a total irresponsibility as to antecedents, constitutes the most striking feature of his style. For example: "In the same way the Royalist rural gentry resemble one another. Here is one of noblest descent whose parchments in his remote château in Poitou record that the king invited his ancestor to mount in the royal carriage one day at Marly ten years before ducal rank was conferred on the family of the Parisian gentleman-in-waiting, who looks of a different race, and who has no attribute, exterior or mental, to distinguish him from his colleague, whose father made a fortune in trade under the Second Empire" (p. 374). And again: "M. de Freycinet resigned his first premiership into the hands of M. Ferry, who was his Minister of Education, because he could not follow his anti-clerical radicalism. Such are the surprises of opportunism." And such are the mysteries of Mr. Bodley's English.

William A. Dunning.

BRUNETIÈRE'S FRENCH LITERATURE.*

The fact that strikes the reader first when he opens Brunetière's already celebrated *Manuel* is its total dissimilarity to all the histories of French literature by which it has been preceded. He sees a page to the appearance of which he is totally unaccustomed. The upper part, in large type, seems to consist of a connected narrative or discourse; the lower part, in type considerably smaller, seems, at first sight, to have no connection with what is above. It does not consist of notes, of references, of *éclaircissements*, as the French say. It might almost be another book, and be bound between different covers; and yet there is unity in the book, as we hope to show.

* Ferdinand Brunetière: *Manuel de l'Histoire de la Littérature Française*. Paris: Ch. Delagrave.

This disposition of his matter, in a very difficult subject, was evidently suggested to Brunetière by the *Précis d'Histoire Moderne*, which was published by Michelet more than seventy years ago, in 1827, and which the celebrated critic certainly used when a student in a French *lycée*. Michelet had undertaken to present in about four hundred 12mo pages the main facts of modern history. He soon saw that unless he departed from the usual form of text-books, he would have either to be satisfied with a string of general considerations, with here and there a reference to some important specified facts, or with a dry and somewhat confusing presentation of the facts themselves. He therefore relegated his facts, dates, names, etc., to the bottom of the page, using for the purpose as small type as was admissible in a book of that kind, and placed above these statements a broad and comprehensive tableau explaining the connection of the facts with each other, and showing the constant march of humanity from the mediæval toward the modern ideal of human society.

The difficulties which have to be surmounted by the historian of a literature, when he undertakes to compress all he has to say within small compass, are strikingly like those that induced Michelet to act as he did. They have been realised by others before Brunetière. They compelled many a writer to make of his book a series of literary biographies, rather than a history of a literature. Great progress was noted when Lanson, whose remarkable book will retain its usefulness even after the publication of Brunetière's powerful *Manuel*, determined to omit from his narrative almost everything that was purely biographical or bibliographical, and so places in his foot-notes nearly everything that filled the pages of his predecessors. He, however, preserved in the main the old divisions. He has chapters devoted to all of the great writers—Montaigne, Corneille, Pascal, Molière, etc. His book, therefore, does not exactly mark a new departure, but nothing less than that must be said of the work here under review.

What Brunetière has attempted to do is to give a general view of the transformations of French literature from its beginnings to our own days. The idea of evolution, to which he has for a num-

ber of years given, as everybody knows, a great deal of importance in the study of literature, is visible throughout the whole of his sketch, which is, in some respects, an amplification of an article published by him several years ago on *Le Caractère Essentiel de la Littérature Française*. His chapters, therefore, do not deal with this or that writer, but with the literature of a whole period, and his object is to show to the reader the leading characteristics of the period, its connection with what preceded and what followed, the growth and the decay of the forms in which it excelled, and especially the additions to the literary patrimony of mankind for which we are indebted to it.

One of the most salient features of the book is that it deals exclusively with literature. It concerns itself with the works, with what is *read*; it is not a history of civilisation as expressed in books; it is not a history of national ideals, as Kuno Francke's admirable *German Literature*; it does not belong to the class of works that the Germans class under the head of *Culturgeschichte*. The temptation to treat the history of literature as simply a part of the general history of a nation is one which is resisted by very few writers only; no one has overcome it as completely as Brunetière. He treats of books and of their influence upon books, and effectually demonstrates that the subject is ample enough to satisfy all the desires of activity of any writer.

His *Manuel* is divided in three books of very unequal length. The first one, devoted to the Middle Ages, fills only 40 pages; the third one, *L'Age Moderne*, goes from page 388 to page 524; the rest—that is no less than 348 pages—is given to *L'Age Classique*.

This division alone is a clear indication of what Brunetière considers essential in the history of French literature. He says in his very curious preface, or *avertissement* (and we must not forget, with him, that the most usual meaning of the French word is *warning*) that "*on n'écrit point une Histoire de la Littérature Française pour y exprimer des opinions à soi.*" If he thinks he has succeeded in keeping his opinions out of his book he is strangely mistaken, and no one wishes he had, much as one may differ from him at times. Everybody expected, for instance, that the Middle Ages would

receive from him decidedly less space than is usually given now to the same period. In less than one thirteenth of the book he carries French literature down to the year 1498; in a short forty pages he has despatched the *Chansons de Geste* and the Romances of the Round Table, the *Roman de la Rose* and the *Roman de Renart*, the *Fabliaux* and the *Mystères*, Villehardouin and Joinville, Jehan Froissart, and Philippe de Comynes. Why, if not because in his oft-expressed *opinion* the mediæval period receives now a much greater place than it deserves? To be sure, he has his reasons, which does not, perhaps, mean that *il a raison*. He very keenly explains that mediæval literature, even when written in France, is not exactly *French* literature, that it is rather European literature. Granted. Granted, too, at least for argument's sake, that "*rien ne ressemble à une Chanson de Geste comme une autre Chanson de Geste*" (p. 2), and also that "*une cathédrale gothique n'a rien de plus Français à Paris qu'à Cologne*" (p. 5). Would this be a reason for passing slightly over Gothic architecture in a history of French architecture, and for giving more importance to the Versailles palace than to the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame? The truth is, that Brunetière does not like mediæval literature; its lack of æsthetic preoccupations, its disregard of the limits of human possibilities so repel him, that he does not feel the thrill of enthusiasm which fill a Gaston Paris at the reading of some of the *laissez* of the *Chanson de Roland*, and that he is not delighted as others are by the artless sincerity and childlikeness of Joinville's narratives. And so we shall not advise any one to be satisfied with the new *Manuel*, so far as the Middle Ages are concerned. The blemish—for a blemish it is, need not, however, too much sadden us—for we may turn for fuller treatment to a slightly older *Manuel*, Gaston Paris's unequalled *Littérature Française au Moyen Age*.

But as soon as his eyes are turned toward the classical period Brunetière's vision becomes one of surpassing lucidity. Nothing can be better in its kind than his analysis of the various elements and of the objects of the Renaissance movement, than his differentiation of it from the Reformation, and his explanation of the acceptance of the former and the rejection of the latter by France.

The conflict, simply in books, between individualism and what he would like to call socialism—that is, the substitution of social aims for the satisfaction of one's own individual tendencies—forms the subject of as masterly a description as may be found in any war history; and no one can fail to feel the contagion of the writer's enthusiasm when he at last moves in the same atmosphere as Louis XIV., Racine, and Bossuet.

No less interesting is his study of the disintegration of the classical ideal during the eighteenth century. His view of the period may be questioned; his demonstration that the great influences in the preparation of a new era were those first of the *Encyclopédie* and then of Rousseau, and not that of Voltaire, may be found somewhat inadequate. But then we must remember that he claims to be dealing solely with literature and not with the whole of national life.

There is less that will be new to most readers in the pages that deal with the modern period (1802–1875). The great literary fact of the century in France is Romanticism, and this fact had been thoroughly studied by him in his former work on French poetry in the nineteenth century. We commend, however, strongly to the reader the admirable pages which deal with Chateaubriand's influence. We own to a certain dislike of the pompous and vainglorious author of *Les Martyrs* and the *Mémoires d'Outre tombe*, but we know of no work in which the extraordinary effects that followed the publication of the *Génie du Christianisme* are made so clear and, on the whole, so fully justified.

Shall we now call attention to a few minor blemishes—for instance, to the fact that no place is given to Madame de Sévigné and to Saint-Simon, simply on the ground that the letters of the one and the memoirs of the other were not published until quite a long time after their death? We consider it a more agreeable and more useful task to single out the extraordinary merits of the book. The lines devoted to individual authors at the bottom of the pages, with their indication of sources, their bibliographical information, their wonderful accuracy of statement, the whole interspersed with most suggestive bits of comment, are almost as valuable as the discourse

itself, and we do not hesitate to say that no one but Brunetière could have written them. But the chief interest of the book lies in its stimulating force. It is the book of a leader, of a teacher—nay, of a teacher of teachers. It marks a turning-point in the teaching of French literature. No one henceforth will be qualified to engage in that pursuit who has not taken the trouble to consult most of the works, the indications of which teem through Brunetière's pages. He has made shallowness impossible for the future, except for those who are determined to have it. Let us add that his style is almost entirely free from those features which were so long, and perhaps not unjustly, considered as very near to mannerism. He is as clear as he is compact and eloquent. Seldom, if ever, have we come across a literary performance that so admirably blends together the merits of the spoken and the written word.

Brunetière may or may not fulfil his half-expressed purpose of writing an "amplified and more detailed" history of French literature. He cannot render to the study of his chosen subject a greater service than he has done by the publication of his *Manuel*.*

Adolphe Cohn.

A STUDY OF THE MODERN WOMAN.†

The Gospel of Freedom is not a book to be read and forgotten within the hour. It is much too serious and thoughtful a commentary upon life—very modern, very original, curiously suggestive of some of the difficulties which our complicated civilisation involves. It is not the product of superficial or flippant observation; its criticism is sane, and the author's comprehension of many phases of character saves the satire from bitterness. Yet the novel is radical in its attitude toward conventionality. No one can read it understandingly without some mental readjustment. It does not solve problems, it suggests them; and it allows them to work themselves out, following as they change with changing

* Messrs. T. Y. Crowell and Company have now in press an authorised translation of M. Brunetière's *Manuel*, with portraits.

† *The Gospel of Freedom*. By Robert Herick. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

conditions, as they evolve unexpected difficulties and simplify themselves into unexpected results. The power of the book lies largely in this, and in the action of mind upon mind, the influence of one will upon another. It is a drama of character, in which each plays his part according to the force that is in him. And the force is not all of the author; the persons of the play have a life independent of his. They are not labelled with certain qualifications which they carry perpetually in spite of all temptation. They are humanly inconsistent. They change and shrivel and unfold; they make mistakes and struggle blindly through them. But they do not stand still; in one way or another there is always growth.

As a story the book is absorbing, although its action is largely intellectual. But in that way the most intense of our battles are fought. To-day we do not bombard a city to find our greatest successes or our bitterest failures. The motive, as the title indicates, lies in Adela Wilbur's love of intellectual freedom and her persistent effort to secure it. There is extraordinary penetration in the study of her alert, restless, selfish, complicated character, open to all influences, interested in too many things and too many sides of the same thing, fatally responsive to divergent impressions. She is always self-conscious in her search after freedom, always striving for the development of her own individuality, always—even in her most humiliating subversion of herself—the egoist. The independence she desires continually eludes her; she is dominated by natures stronger than her own. She gains liberty only to find that she has lost it. She emancipates herself again, but in reality it is only to enter a worse bondage. And her recognition of failure is the climax of the book, and for her the beginning of knowledge. It is an unusual study, but in real life there are many counterparts of Adela Wilbur. Some of them, however, have not her courage, and others are subjected fortunately to happier influences. The author's hand occasionally falters in his drawing of her; the picture is sometimes blurred. It is easier, for example, to understand Adela's separation from Wilbur than her marriage to him; and this is not because such a marriage is improbable,

but because the author does not make us feel the compelling force of Wilbur's dominant energy. The failure is in the drawing of the man—a clever sketch, but left rather vague. Erard, the man who most strongly influences her life, is, on the contrary, sharply presented. His shrewd, intellectual, anæmic figure pervades the book and dominates Adela; but her real growth is attained in spite of him and made evident in the brilliant little dialogue in which she discovers him to himself.

Erard is her uncle's *protégé*, half painter, half writer, and too critical to be wholesomely either. At their first contact Adela interests him languidly. He

"noted that the moulding of her face had been begun freely and graciously. Nothing was final. It might be interesting to know where the next few years would place the emphasis. Meantime the impulse of life was throbbing in that face actively, generously. To feel, to understand, and, what is more, to act swiftly—a promise of such powers it held forth."

It is this impulse of life which Adela follows, which fills her with a vague curiosity. Erard divines her subtly with a cold intellectual interest; and it gives him power over her. She quickens to his realisation that she "has the great rebellion," and responds to it. "I feel as if I wanted to take the present in my hands," she says, "and crush it. And you are responsible for unchaining the animal in me, for rousing an appetite. I shall die if I can't feed the animal somehow!"

Nevertheless she breaks away from this critical influence to marry Wilbur, a type of the American business man, whose vigorous energy masters her for the moment. In response to Molly Parker's criticism that she takes life, marriage, her career "like a thorough course in self-development," she says, "There is this life, and I *will* make the most of it." To which Molly replies, "And there are other things which we cannot manage always. We can only dream and hope, for, after all, life may be too great for you and break you." Yet there is nothing of the expected and obvious in the development of the drama thus delicately foreshadowed. The scene shifts to Chicago. And the picture of the city is not the author's, nor even Adela's; it is already her impression of what Erard's opinion would be. To Adela the place is hard and barren

and ugly, and she drifts away from her husband in this as in all things. Her discovery of his loose ideas of honour precipitates her revolt, though she realises that "one didn't leave one's husband because he was callous in business." She herself is partly unconscious of the importance of Erard as a factor in her decision. When he meets her afterward in front of a Holbein in the Louvre, he arrogantly takes control of her again. "You concluded that we are right," he says without surprise, "we who care solely for sensations and ideas." From this point he becomes more and more her master, using her selfishly for his own ends, dominating her coldly, cruelly, forcing her to continual sacrifices while he gives up nothing. It is a vampire-like influence. Erard's are all interested motives, and gradually Adela awakens to a comprehension of them. Her enthusiasm for the rarefied artistic atmosphere of Florence wanes, "a gradual languor stupefied her will. . . . Beauty that she had worshipped so passionately had escaped her, was fleeing further every dead day." The author follows this change in her with extraordinary penetration, a subtle understanding of feminine values. It is Jennings, the one fine virile masculine character in the book, who finally shows her the truth :

"It hasn't succeeded, has it? There isn't any real difference between these people, Erard's Art Endeavour Circle and protestants in general, and the good people of Chicago. . . . On the whole, they aren't so good, they are nearer dead; the others have a race to run, and these have only their graves to dig. . . . They are all much alike, these sighers after art and beauty. A poor lot, take them as a whole, who decide to eat honey all their lives! . . . Chiefly Americans, who, finding America too incomplete, come here and accomplish nothing."

And his conclusion is, perhaps, one motive of the book :

"To accept the world as it comes to our hands, and to shape it painfully without regard for self—that brings the soul to peace."

In this way, with such personal indifference, is Adela prepared to rebuke Erard, when thinking her fortune secure to him through her divorce, he adopts the sentimental attitude. Here she finally comes into her own. For this brilliant woman's failure is not all failure. There is a fine optimism behind her realisation that she "must learn how to live." "I am content," she

says at last. "I have found out after all my blundering what kind of a world it is. A big place! One must not shiver in it."

The lesser characters are well worked out, though Jennings and Wilbur are a bit shadowy—the exponents of certain ideas rather than well-rounded human beings. Molly, who finds freedom without seeking it, is a delightful foil for her too serious and too intense friend. And Adela's mother, with her rambling, haphazard, irrational talk, and the uncle who assists Erard because of his own unsatisfied youth—these are some of the characters who help to round out the book. The background is there, too, and the art talk is cleverly natural. In the Chicago part some of the city's problems are dragged in abruptly, and civic corruption is dealt with in sledge-hammer fashion. The satire is wholesome, but it is not deft enough to be artistic. Yet in the description of the city, harsh as it is, there are touches of its dignity and its fine enthusiasms. The book is important, however, not for these things, but as a study of life. Its great merit is that there are big ideas behind it.

Lucy Monroe.

LITERARY STATESMEN AND OTHERS.*

There is a story of Goethe to the effect that when the tidings of the French Revolution of 1830 reached Weimar, he asked Soret, "What do you think of this great event?" referring not to what was on every mind, but to the contest in the French Academy between Cuvier and Saint-Hilaire over the true way of conceiving organic nature. The same racking interrogation was propounded to me on the evening of May 1st, by the wag who for some weeks had been amused at my researches in the newspapers for inspired "war poetry;" and he seemed a little surprised that, like a true son of Yale, I did not betake myself in pajamas to Washington Square and turn handsprings in honour of Commodore Dewey. The fact is, that nothing short of an announcement of Congress reverently laying aside six of the six hundred million war appropriation for the encour-

* *Literary Statesmen and Others.* By Norman Hapgood. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Company. \$1.50.

agement of arts and letters could at that time have entirely accorded with my exalted mood, for I was reading, in Mr. Hapgood's rather remarkable volume of essays, of the exigencies of American criticism. Dreams aside, to herald as of equal importance with the grand victory at Manila the rise of a penetrating and well-equipped critic, who is not an avoider but a courageous solver of difficulties attending the development of our literature and drama, savours, perhaps, of the dogmatism which afflicted Mr. Morley when he claimed that one who could have contributed even in the humblest degree to European peace in 1759 had performed a vastly greater service to mankind than any book which Voltaire might have written. But there are triumphs of peace beyond Mr. Morley's highest conception, as well as of war, and among the former must be reckoned a collection of critical essays like Mr. Hapgood's, possessing a clear, sharp, negative freshness of judgment—as serious and weighty as they are judicial, and themselves not without distinction of style.

This is important, because, whether he analyses the writings (rather than the statesmanship) of Lord Rosebery, Mr. John Morley, and Mr. Balfour, or animadvert upon Stendhal, or appreciates Mr. James, Mr. Brownell, Mr. La Farge, and Mrs. Van Rensselaer, incessant emphasis is laid on the style, rather than the value and contents of their writings. To Mr. Hapgood style is not only the man, but the race. He finds a fulcrum in Lord Rosebery's humour, and in Mr. Balfour's different manner, when it is not the fighter, but the person of taste who speaks; Mr. Morley's little verbal offences, such as his excessive use of superlatives, and of the adverb "rightly" or "excellently" with "said" in quotations, are "obviously parts of a larger limitation;" Beyle's poverty of vocabulary suggests how external was his acquaintance with the elevation and ferocity which he ascribed to the Bible and Michael Angelo, and Mr. Brownell is "one whose powers are shown largely in the selection of words."

One's first impression is that the stylistic standpoint is a little narrow and exclusive, especially where an attempt is made to disentangle philo-

sophical theories without resort to the historical method; and that it is subversive of a true proportion when a different magnifying power is applied, as with Mr. Morley and Mr. Balfour. Probably no public, except the French, comes naturally to perceive that style, far from being a thing apart, justly and precisely mirrors the man. As Mr. Hapgood says, "expert handling of what we all feel capable of handling bores us, and even insults us." At best stylistic analysis seems to many a neglect of the subject-matter of art for its processes, and the analyst merely a skilful teacher of rhetoric, who might as well turn his attention to tasting teas or feeling the texture of silks. Of course, this is all wrong. Literary qualities are a criterion of qualities that are more than literary, nor is criticism sure and exhaustive which has not this note of detachment and penetration.

Mr. Hapgood is least satisfactory in the essay on Stendhal, which noticeably deviates from the psychological trend of the others. It is of the nature of an exposition, and though doubtless designed to bear less urgently on Beyle's limitations than his characteristics within his limitations, may be said to constitute an arraignment. One gets a curious glimpse of a man to whom expression was the whole of art; who thought Kant shallow, although himself professing to care only for movements of the soul; who missed the whole value of music and colour. But there are a multitude of other touches which, to one who has read *La Chartreuse de Parme* or *Le Rouge et le Noir*, do not blend into a veracious portrait of their author. True in every detail, the essay is unconvincing as a whole. Indeed, such is Mr. Hapgood's selection of striking, rather than typical, incidents and quotations, that where he is least judicial—that is, most expository, he evinces his greatest powers in the way of detraction. That he knew perfectly well what he was about appears in the dig with which he dismisses his victim, which contrasts finely with his luminous summaries of the work of Mr. Morley and Mr. Balfour.

There is no doubt that Mr. Hapgood is a good deal of an iconoclast, even for one who believes, with the rest of us, that American criticism has been too lenient and that our infant literary in-

dustries will be the stronger for a little buffeting. The peculiar sting which attaches to some of his most casual remarks will, I fear, convey to superficial minds the impression that he is at times not only unsympathetic, but caustic. One comes, for example, upon the following :

"Thus Beyle is as far from being an artist as possible."

"Even in Mr. Ruskin he [Mérimée] sees a use."

And while the word "failure" is four times, in as many pages, attached like an icicle to the literary shortcomings of Lord Rosebery, there is "something disheartening" even in Mr. Morley's "words of hope." And what shall be said of the implications of this :

"Honesty is not the only quality which keeps Mr. Cox from pleasing the public"?

And of the final denial to Mr. Cox of "the love of beauty and of poetry"?

Now even if it were true that Mr. Kenyon Cox lacked so much, which at least one of Mr. Hapgood's quotations seems to me to disprove, it can hardly be said that we are emotionally prepared for so stringent a statement. This is in part because the essayist does not get at conclusions by means of syllogisms. His logic is without constructiveness. Like Mr. James, he hovers about a thought, delicately pricking it here and there, only, in his case, the last prick, quite unintentionally and utterly without malice, may be a stab. This is also a matter of tone—of pressing into a phrase a whole point of view. Beyond any doubt Mr. Hapgood has, besides the playfulness just mentioned, "the something," attributed to Mrs. Van Rensselaer, "that gives importance to elementary things said simply." But his simplicities, although to an expert having "the accent that comes of previous respectful meditation," are sometimes too arresting. Mr. Archer couldn't say them, Mr. Walkeley wouldn't, and Mr. Shaw could and would—with an atmosphere radiating a certain joy even to the condemned.

Mr. Hapgood is the first of our younger critics who might safely be advised to cultivate the human note. He has a fine sense of incongruities, but it rarely takes the form of humour or colour. The moment he verges on the picturesque, he waxes psychological.

Commenting on Beyle's characteristic bit of description, "The sea breaks gently, Ischia is in sight. The ices are excellent," he says :

"What is more subtle to a man whose whole life is an experiment in taste, what more suggestive, what more typical, than an ice?"

And again,

"The man who cannot take an ice seriously cannot take Stendhal sympathetically."

Finally, there are a number of minor matters, such as his adroit turning of quotations and his exquisite manipulation of prepositions, the importance of which, in the light of his own minute study of style, cannot here be exaggerated. In the absence of a preface, it should, perhaps, be added that several of these papers appeared originally in the *Contemporary Review* and the *Bachelor of Arts*.

George Merriam Hyde.

THE PRIDE OF JENNICO.*

Some one said not long ago, as has been said often before, that a real love story is almost the rarest thing in literature. Its achievement is the aim of ninety-nine out of a hundred novelists, yet the whole field of fiction is crowded with failures, while the successes are curiously few and far between. Some of the greatest story-tellers have failed most signally, and others, realising, apparently, the difficulty of the attempt, have delayed it too long. Stevenson, for instance, had just begun to put his art seriously to the test for the first time when the curtain went down on love and hate and all earthly passions.

It is not easy to understand just why it should be so difficult to realise in fiction one of the most familiar facts of life. For although there may be here and there lucky men and luckier women who are not cursed with a capacity for the grand passion, there can hardly be a man or a woman who has not encountered the beautiful, terrible thing in some form. And having once even seen it, whether nearby or afar off, one never forgets, so that no general lack of understanding as to what love is can be the reason for the strange rarity of the real love story.

* The Pride of Jennico. By Agnes and Eger-ton Castle. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

The explanation must remain, then, mainly speculative. It may be profoundly psychological or purely scientific or simply technical. There might be a poetic thesis that love's subtle essence eludes the too solid grasp of cold type. There might be a cruel yet kind theory that love had been too dimly seen, and realised as the blind realise colour. Or, on the other hand, there might be a logical argument that this is as it is because high art is longer than human love.

But an exception appears now and then to prove the rule, and to be hailed with delight, and the most recent and most notable instance is *The Pride of Jennico*. Here, for once in a way, is a real love story, charming by the sole might of that single fact.

The names of the authors are unfamiliar. The tale is not especially well written, although the work is good. It is not particularly original, although the motive is by no means hackneyed. It is neither uncommonly large nor wide nor deep. It is not informed with any problem except the one solved by Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden.

The story's irresistible charm is the charm of young lovers, who may not be wise, or brilliant, or beautiful, or in any way distinguished, yet who are nevertheless by reason of love's universality attractive and interesting to all the world. Let him who doubts note the kindness and sympathy of the smiles that follow the veriest lout and his lass along the city's most sophisticated thoroughfares.

This, however, is merely to argue the charm of love *per se*, and not to intimate that the characters of the tale are humble or dull. On the contrary, Basil Jennico and Mademoiselle Ottilie are a handsome pair, occupying high and important places in the social scheme. Out of that very fact grows the motive of the story. Basil, a handsome, spirited young Englishman, has lived the life of a country squire up to the time that he unexpectedly falls heir to a great and fabulously ancient estate. Ottilie is the beautiful, mischievous sister of a prince, one of those German princes who reigned absolute monarchs of the little kingdom which once bordered the Rhine, for the story antedates united Germany.

It begins in the most delightfully ro-

mantic way. The young squire, with his rank and riches new upon him, goes out alone to find the world. The princess, weary of ceremony—from which she has never been free—goes out, accompanied only by her maid, to get away from the world. The three meet by accident in a wood, and straightway fall in love, knowing no more than each other's names. And these tell nothing to Basil at least, since both girls are called Ottilie, so that chance leads him to mistake the mistress for the maid, when he learns that one of the two is a princess. Out of this come the complications which make the charming story. The princess encourages the mistake, longing to be loved at least once for her own sake. But Basil resists with all his might. The pride of Jennico demands that he shall marry his equal, and if possible his superior; and although he cannot help giving his heart to his supposed inferior, he can and does offer his hand to the pseudo-princess. There are many amusing complications, and humour of the sweetest, most spontaneous kind is one of the characteristics of the work. The perplexity and dismay of the sober-going, homely maid, who is not at all in love with anybody, is delightfully portrayed. But she is as helpless as Basil in the princess's little hands, for when was ever wisdom, any more than ambition, a match for the wit of a woman in love? And poor Basil also is deeply, hopelessly, irrevocably in love. There is never a doubt of it, or that he hates the pseudo-princess when she accepts him, stipulating for a secret marriage on account of reasons of state. Yet he marries her, for a man can sometimes control what he does, though he cannot always control what he feels. He performs his part to perfection, too, helped by the fact that the veiled bride comes to the altar without the little witch of a "maid," whose dark eyes wiled the very soul out of his body. But when the marriage vows are spoken, and he drives away with his wife, and the veil is thrown back, it is the "maid," not the mistress, whom he finds by his side. The mixture of rage and delight which the revelation brings are true to life and good reading. Basil accepts the situation—since there is nothing else to do—and loses all the love he has hitherto held back with an iron hand. And yet—being human—

he cannot forgive her. No matter how the golden days fly under the witchery of her presence—and the reader feels and is not merely told how bewitching she is—the wound to his pride never ceases to rankle. At last it comes about that his sense of injury breaks out. He reproaches her with deception. There is a bitter quarrel, for she has a fiery spirit—as most charming women have—and beside himself with anger, he tells her that the deceit practised by her at the marriage renders its legality entirely dependent upon his generosity.

"'You married me before God's altar,' she said in a sort of whisper; 'you married me and you took me home.' I was still too angry to stay my tongue. 'I married the Princess,' I said, 'but I took the servant home.' A burning tide of blood rushed to her brow; I saw it unseeing, as a man does in a passion; . . . next she grew livid white, and spread out her hands, as though a precipice had suddenly opened before her; and then she cried—'And this is your English honour!' and turning on her heel left me."

Without another word, without Basil's knowledge, she passes out of his house and out of his life. At first he vows furiously—so curiously close together are hate and love—that he will never lift a finger until she sues for pardon. "She should be taught who was master." Then the love that is stronger than all else begins tugging at his very heart-strings, and the search for her is begun.

The knowledge of her connection with the court, erroneous as his understanding of its nature is, guides his earliest movements. It is nothing now that his wife is only a maid; nothing matters if he may only find her and win her back to him. The resistless concentration of the search communicates itself. Otilie becomes the centre of the universe, the sole object worth seeing, hearing, or thinking of throughout the whole empty earth.

Regardless of distance, of difficulty, and dangers he fights his way, defying even the ridicule evoked by his first blundering, mistaken approaches to the court. But there is something so fine in his recklessness that even the scoffers applaud, and approve the dignity with which he bears himself when he learns that it is the princess's window, not the maid's, which he finally storms.

But there are no further echoes from Romeo. On the contrary, the work is

singularly free from morbidity. It is wholesome and sunny as the first of May, and driven now and then by a gust of March—as true love should be—altogether the best love story in many a month.

Nancy Huston Banks.

THE LATER RENAISSANCE.*

In this the second volume of Professor Saintsbury's series of "Periods of European Literature," Mr. Hannay has coped with not the least arduous of the twelve tasks, all more or less Herculean, imposed by its plan. The palmy days of Spain, the spacious times of Elizabeth, France of the Pléiade, and the Italy of Tasso—all to be expounded in less than 400 pages of large print! And the difficulty lay by no means altogether in the formidable range of learning implied. If the book was to be a book, and not a series of slices from several literary histories strung together, the elements of common aim and inspiration, the fundamental animus of the whole epoch had to be brought, and kept, continually in the reader's view. Mr. Hannay has expressed this common note of the Renaissance in a sentence which it would be hard to better:

"A love of beauty, a sense of joy, a vehement longing for strong expressions of individual character and of passion, a delight in the exercise of a bold inquisitive intellect—all these and the reaction from them, which is a deep melancholy, are the notes of the Renaissance."

This, however, occurs on almost the last page; not, where it was more needed, on one of the first; and, in general, the constructive ideas which the book undoubtedly contains are hardly emphasised in proportion to the natural dispersiveness of the material they should bind together.

The *pièce de résistance* of the volume is clearly the account of Spanish literature which occupies the first half. Mr. Hannay is here a past master, and his pronounced and independent criticism gives his work definite value, notwithstanding its hopelessly inadequate scale. The latter defect is most apparent in the two chapters on the drama, one of which, in

* The Later Renaissance. By David Hannay. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.

some thirty pages, relates its course from the dim origins to the "School of Calderon," while the other describes some five typical plays. Where those "heroes of fertility," Calderon and Lope, come off so hardly, others can have little to expect; but one may demur to the summary dismissal, as one of "Calderon's school," of a consummate artist like Moreto, who was not only the author of one or two of the most perfect comedies in the world, but, unlike most of his fellow-dramatists in Spain, had the gift of creating character. On the whole we think that Mr. Hannay does something less than justice to the Spanish stage, though his incisive criticisms are always instructive. He seems to be by constitution excessively alive to the defects of Romanticism, and is apt to handle the glittering arabesques of Spanish fancy with the irritated sarcasm of a Jeffrey reviewing Keats. Yet nothing is harder to appreciate than the full significance of the imagery of an alien people. How many of Shakespeare's daring phrases, which to us seem to capture the very soul of passion while glaringly remote from any language it is ever heard to use, would have seemed foolishness to the Greeks!

The chapter on the novelists deals with a more limited field, and is one of the most striking in the book. Unlike many of his predecessors, Mr. Hannay writes of the romances of chivalry in language not paraphrased from the early chapters of *Don Quixote*; he can intervene to point out the humble merits of a maligned species; while, on the other hand, he applies a needed corrective to the high reputation readily yielded by our age of realism to the "Picaresque" forerunners of Fielding and Le Sage.

Elizabethan Renascence was more trodden ground, and to tread it again craved warier walking. It must be owned that we are sometimes disposed to ask in these chapters: Why once more the familiar story—the familiar points reiterated with the familiar emphasis—how Greene was a bad liver but a sweet lyrist, and Marlowe a glorious poet but a poor dramatist; how the *Jew of Malta* falls off toward the end, and the sublimity of *Faustus* is mixed with horseplay? It is true that many acute remarks, and especially some highly suggestive comparisons with Spain, are interspersed. Take, for instance, this

really valuable dramaturgic observation:

"In England, as in Spain, much was inevitably written to please what may be called the bear-garden element in the audience. In Spain this tended to separate itself into the *pasos*, *mojigangas*, *entremeses*, dances, and so forth, which were given between the three *jornadas* of the *comedia*. With us, all was thrown into the five acts of the play, and this difference in mechanical arrangement was not without influence on literary form."

But we wish that, instead of this *rechauffé* a little flavoured and seasoned, Mr. Hannay had given us a thorough reworking of the whole history in its relation to the Renascence. That has never been done in its entirety, though many beginnings have been made—I may call attention to the very scholarly treatise of Dr. Rudolf Fischer, *Zur Kunstentwicklung der englischen Tragödie*, and it would have been a proper task for this book. As Mr. Hannay well says, England occupied in this respect a middle place between Spain, which resisted classical influence, and France, which absorbed it. Hardly one considerable English writer was untouched by it, none adopted it intact; in Spenser, Marlowe, Shakespeare, Sidney, Sackville, Lyly it suffered a transmutation into something (in varying degrees) "rich and strange." The *Eclogue* in Spenser, the Greek "Euphues" in Ascham and Lyly, Achilles and Cæsar in Shakespeare, and many another example of the glorious barbarism of the English Renascence, however familiar individually, would have gained immensely by being organised in a continuous narrative. Instead of this, Mr. Hannay thinks it necessary to regale us with Steevens' well-worn summary of "all that is known with any degree of certainty concerning Shakespeare," and to inveigh against the entire superstructure raised thereon by subsequent scholarship as "guess work," distinguished only in degree from the achievements of Miss Delia Bacon. That is petulant. But the petulance is, it must be owned, rooted in a genuine passion for first-hand contact with literature, and an impatience of whatever tampers with the freshness of immediate impressions. This healthy independence is everywhere apparent in Mr. Hannay's book, and gives it virility and force even where, as we must think, a subtler and more pene-

trating sympathy would have made it richer and deeper. We will not part with it without emphasising once more the many-sided learning it displays, the high excellence of several chapters, and the felicities of observation scattered through all.

C. H. Herford.

POINTS OF VIEW IN MORALITY.*

This is a very curious book. As poetry it is undeserving of any consideration at all. As a sort of kaleidoscope of social morality it is well worth noticing. As the author defines its purpose, its contents "deal mostly with one particular moral offence considered from the standpoints of those who sin and those who sit in judgment; incidentally also they treat of the influences which go to form these standpoints." The real motive in it all is to show that immorality of any kind lies in conduct which a man or a woman regards as being in violation of his or her own moral standard. "On the other hand," says Mr. Colmore, "conduct which is not beneath the individual's own standard—however reprehensible from the point of view of the community at large—does not totally destroy moral fibre, and if once the individual can be induced to raise his standard, there may be sufficient moral strength in him to live up to it."

This thesis is not particularly novel. It is based upon the old argument that morality, and, in fact, all standards of conduct, are essentially conventional, and this in a way is true. The infanticide who strangles a new-born babe to hide her own shame is, in every sense of the word, criminal and bad; the Hindu mother who throws her child to a crocodile in discharge of a religious duty is neither bad nor criminal. The difference lies wholly, not in the act but in the motive of the act and in the manner in which each woman in her own heart regards it. The modern thief who sneaks into a hallway and purloins an overcoat is a felon; the Spartan youth who stole and then escaped detection was a clever student of strategy, and in all probability a successful soldier of the future. The differ-

ence is found in the particular point of view.

Now Mr. Colmore gives us twelve poems, or at any rate, metrical studies, to illustrate the same difference in one single sphere—that of sins of sexuality; and the verses have all the interest which attaches itself inevitably to this theme; for, disguise it as we will, it is the sex-relation which affects most profoundly the character and the happiness, if not the actual careers, of civilised men and women. But the difficulty which confronts the application of the general thesis to the particular moral offence in question, lies just here. In our age and in our social life, except among the most ignorant and degraded, it is absurd to look for any such fundamental difference in the point of view as Mr. Colmore has assumed. Of all the social virtues, chastity is the one regarding which all civilised men and women who deserve the name are taught to hold precisely the same belief; and they do hold it to the extent that they cannot seriously assert that they ignore it. Centuries upon centuries of custom and of religious training have established a law of life that rules the thought, at least, of human beings; and when their conduct does not harmonise with such a law, then they may offer such excuses as they can; but they must not take refuge in the plea that their "moral standards" are different from those of their neighbours. They may urge the strength of temptation; in particular instances and under exceptional circumstances, they may find at times a very strong defence for an infraction of the moral code; but they cannot plead a personal point of view to justify them in their conduct; for the point of view, when it is general rather than one relating to a special case, is a point of view which they have laboriously taught themselves to hold, and which they really hold with a most self-conscious insincerity.

To come down to Mr. Colmore's instances, let us take just one—his rather strong poem and the most strikingly illustrative of all—embodied in the verses entitled "In a Smoking Room." The hero of it, who tells the story as he sits by the fire over a pipe, has loved in a careless way a woman named Nell, who had given up everything for him;

* *Points of View, and Other Poems.* By G. Colmore. London: Gay & Bird,

"I gave her a sort of home,
 With a sort of love thrown in,
 She wasn't so good as her wistful face,
 But the devil's touch 'midst the woman's
 grace
 Gave piquancy to sin.

"She suited me well enough,
 Prim face and the devil's ways;
 And we went together, she and I,
 In the usual fashion till by and by
 Years grew out of the days."

Then finally the gentleman met a woman of his own world and married her, first turning the lady of the prim face and the devil's ways into the street—gently and courteously, but very firmly. Subsequently he experienced some sort of *débâcle*, not clearly indicated, in his affairs, and dropped out of the sight of his own set, with a tarnished name and the savour of disgrace upon him. Then his wife deserted him.

"Love? She could never have loved,
 Or she couldn't have looked unstirred,
 By pity at least upon my shame,
 Have turned from my love and my tar-
 nished name
 Without so much as a word."

Well, it then transpired that Nell had been very successful in her own particular career, which was not a nice one; and now that her former "friend" had fallen so low, she came back to him and offered to share her heart once more with him, as she had loved him all along, and to support the *ménage à deux* with the wages of her successful sin. She did not ask to be his wife—only his comrade, his slave—anything, for she loved him still. Whereupon he accepted, apparently with joy, and later was thinking of giving her his name as well as his society, when she suddenly died. He ends his soliloquy with some rather incoherent rhapsodies upon the strangeness of a woman's nature, and in the last stanza he is drawing the cork from a fresh bottle.

Now this is all very interesting, but we cannot for the life of us see just where the moral lesson comes in; for here the illustration surely does not in any way support the main proposition, because this particular man, though he thought that he was doing a fine thing in going back to Nell, and that he was spiritually purified, was in reality descending into a still lower deep, under the circumstances, than he had occupied before. He surely had not "raised his standard." This hardly needs any elu-

citation; and if his point of view justified him, then one can only say that self-deception, when it is obviously in one's own material interest, cannot be regarded as having any connection, however remote, with an ethical principle, for its very possession shows just how besotted and irredeemable the self-deceiver has become.

All these poems are of very much the same sort—very curious reading, and very shaky on the ethical as on the logical side. In fact, they are none of them imagined very strongly even from the standpoint of Mr. Colmore's own thesis, and some of them (the one cited, for example) might have been easily modified so as to make them very much more puzzling than they are for a conventional moralist to criticise. If the same sort of thing had been undertaken in verse by Mr. Arthur Symonds, for instance, the result might have been morally worse, perhaps, because it would have been far more plausible; but it would at any rate have given the reader much more intellectual gratification. And Mr. Colmore might very advantageously have studied the technique of Mr. Symonds's *London Nights*, and either have given us verse that had other merits than mere prosodical correctness, or might else have taken to prose outright, for that would have been both easier to write and not essentially different in its literary character from the extremely awkward verse which goes to make up *Points of View*.

Harry Thurston Peck.

CALEB WEST.*

We all know "a man's man" when we see him, and a man's book is about as easy to recognise. To this class *Caleb West* belongs; and this is not to say that the book will appeal only to men, any more than one can say that a man's man is not often uncommonly attractive to women. But the man or the woman who reads Mr. Hopkinson Smith's latest story will soon find that its chief interest lies in the things out-of-doors, in the deeds and the point of view of the men who plan and construct light-houses.

* Caleb West—Master Diver. By F. Hopkinson Smith. With illustrations by Malcolm Fraser and Arthur I. Keller. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

Some of us know about as much of submarine labours as we learn in helping to put down the moorings of a catboat in the spring and to get them up at the end of the summer; and many of us do not even know how this is done. The men who have any real knowledge of light-house construction, and can tell the world about it in a narrative more readable than a government expert, are almost as rare as the lights at the entrance to New York Harbour in wartime. But happily Mr. Smith is one of them, and the added equipment of a painter's vision and a native gift of telling a story has put it in his power to lead the light-house builders, brain and brawn, out of the background in which they have hitherto lurked into a foreground of positive clearness and interest. Their exploits above and beneath the water, their wealth of resource and indomitable courage, inspire the reader with as true an enthusiasm for them as the writer manifestly feels.

What may be called the feminine interest of the story is hardly of less importance than the masculine. The two women who play the leading feminine rôles are Betty, the mere girl, who marries the old master-diver, and Mrs. Leroy, the rich and clever woman of the world, whose friendship is everything to Henry Sanford, the young engineer. Inherently the positions in which these women find themselves are not unrelated, for Betty's marriage with the gray-beard Caleb does not wholly satisfy her, and Mrs. Leroy's has proved so complete a disappointment that she and her husband live apart. But the unschooled Betty nearly wrecks her life and Caleb's by running away with a worthless fellow who inspires her with a brief infatuation; and while this tragedy is going forward, Mrs. Leroy, loving and truly loved by Sanford, has the better knowledge and strength which hold her relations toward him within the bounds of friendship. It cannot be said that the course of either woman makes for happiness. But the contrast between the outward show of lives that have an inward kinship suggests many things which the writer has the wise reserve to leave unexploited; yet the reader can hardly fail to note them.

And how do the engineer and the diver bear themselves toward the two women who have most to do with their

lives? Quite as such out-of-doors men of the types which these two represent might be expected to bear themselves. Caleb's heart is unfalteringly in the right place, but for a time he is wrong-headed. Sanford is consistently right-hearted and right-headed, valuing his relations with his dearest friend for what they truly were, and strong enough to stop himself in time when once he came near breaking down their barriers and endangering "the ideal of that loyalty to another in her which he venerated most." Their friendship throughout is of the sort which would suggest thin ice, if that which lies below such a surface were not so cool; and Mr. Smith's treatment of it is touched here and there with a subtlety one is not quite prepared to find in a production on the whole so breezy.

It must be confessed that one character in the tale, Major Tom Slocomb, of Pocomoke, Md., is something of a bore. This "distinguished Pocomokian," as he is perhaps too frequently called, might be defined in a free paraphrase of Healey, as a deal of Colonel Carter, just a streak of Falstaff, and something of the Mulligan of Thackeray. He is credited with the possession of a "delicate sense of honour that saved him from pure vagabondage," yet in spite of the good qualities which he certainly had, such a one in life would be tolerated with difficulty. Even for the man he is shown to be, and under the circumstances of the moment, he surely goes a step too far when he arrays himself in the yachting clothes of the absent Morgan Leroy, and Mrs. Leroy's complacency takes the step too far with him when it allows her to feel "the keenest appreciation of the humour of the situation." In the drawing of another character, Carleton, the villain of the piece, there might, perhaps, have been a clearer showing of the motives of his villainy. The man seems almost gratuitously a thorn in the flesh. In another point, too, one feels a slight disappointment—that the abrupt dismissal of Mrs. Leroy and Sanford leaves one in a needless uncertainty about their relations in the future. If "that is another story," well and good.

It is something more than human to make a book without trivial blemishes. It is also rare to find a story with characters and incidents of a sort which

not thrice familiar. Mr. Smith's persons and their performances are fresh and, on the whole, most attractive; and the spirited manner of his narrative renders the making of their acquaintance a genuine pleasure. To hear them speaking in their proper persons, like a Stevenson, of "the towers we founded and the lamps we lit," and to see them toiling with brain and body to guide the daily putting home of "peace and her huge invasion to these shores," widens appreciably one's horizon of sympathy, and makes every light on the seaboard mean something more than an established fact.

M. A. De Wolfe Howe.

FOLKS FROM DIXIE.*

This little book comes with more importance than many larger works, and deserves especial attention for several reasons. It has claims on purely literary grounds. It is well written, it is better than well thought, it is most profoundly felt. The stories are firm, clear-cut, and interesting enough in themselves to lift the volume above the level of the books of the month.

In addition to this, and beyond it, the work is notable as the first expression in national prose fiction of the inner life of the American negro. For, strangely enough, although his figure and his characteristics have formed prominent and picturesque factors of national literature for nearly half a century, never until now has he spoken a word for himself. It should, perhaps, be said that Mr. Dunbar's poems, published about a year ago, were the first utterance from behind the impenetrable curtain separating the black American from the white. But the poems were mostly far-off musical murmurings of the same sad and humorous truths now distinctly and forcibly told in these simple tales.

The marked difference between these new stories from the inside and the old ones from the outside is hardly apparent, however, at a glance. The first story in particular is quite familiar; there seems nothing more to be told concerning the peculiarities of the negro idea of "getting religion"—which is, after all, rather more satisfactory and certainly more

definite than our own. The coloured seeker gets religion or he does not; it is almost as simple as passing through a hole in a fence. At all events, he is never left on the fence, as the white brother too often is. Several of the stories prove this more or less interestingly and conclusively, and "The Trial Sermon on Bull-Skin" is among the best of the kind.

But the force and originality of the work are revealed more fully in four slight sketches. These alone would win a place apart for the author as one having authority. In them he makes a complete departure from the lines that other writers have traversed, and enters where they have not attempted to tread. In them he reveals the spiritual, moral, social, and domestic life of his race, as they have never been revealed, for the reason that they have never before been described from within. Surely no one standing without could see and feel "The Ordeal at Mt. Hope" as the author sees and feels it. The beautiful maternity of the grotesque black mother and the grim dignity of the repulsive black father; the appeal to mercy and justice for their degraded son, "who was an epitome of the evil as his parents were of the sorrows of the place;" the squalor, the ignorance, and the vice of the race's environment—all blended in a deep, far cry of *Weltschmerz*. Well might the young preacher, whose ordeal is the struggle to raise his people, feel the uselessness of preaching; "that he would only be dashing his words against the accumulated evil of years of bondage as the ripples of a summer sea beat against a stone wall. . . . It was not the wickedness of this boy he was fighting, nor the wrong-doing of Mt. Hope. It was the aggregation of the evil done by the fathers, the grandfathers, the masters, and the mistresses of these people." The humble nature of the efforts made by the preacher for the advancement of Mt. Hope shows the complete sincerity of Mr. Dunbar's knowledge of his sad subject.

There is the same unflinching frankness in "The Deliberations of Mr. Dun-kin," although the story is in quite another vein, and deals humorously with matters *à la mode* in fashionable coloured society. The author might say as one of the modish damsels of the story says: "I knows coloured folks, I kin shet my

* *Folks from Dixie*. By Paul L. Dunbar. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.

eyes an' put my han's on 'em in de da'k." And yet with all the story's unsparing revelations, the fundamental motives and emotions seem much like those which move most men and women of higher education and lighter complexions.

The sketch striking the deepest note of the universal is the one entitled "Jimsella." It covers only some eight or nine pages, and is almost entirely psychological, yet it rounds the common destiny of humanity. It contains but two characters, Jim and Mandy, unless the atom of a baby in its bundle of rags may be counted a third. The little tale is very short, very simple, and very piteous. The ignorant husband and wife drift from a plantation home of comparative comfort to the rigorous poverty of a New York tenement. Jim finds the change too hard to bear, and deserts Mandy. When he wanders back there is a baby in the bundle of rags, and after the first anger of the meeting has passed he asks the child's name.

" 'I calls huh Jimsella, dat's what I calls huh, ca'se she's de ve'y spittin' image of you. . . .

"They were both silent for a while, and then Jim said: 'Huh name ought to be Jamsella—don't you know Jim's sho't fur James?'

" 'I don't keer what it sho't fur!' The woman was holding the baby close to her breast and sobbing now. 'It wasn't no James dat come a-cou'in me down home. It was jes plain Jim.' "

And so the simple story passes, with the softening of the black father's heart to a tender, infinitely human close. The last of the work is better than the first, and the book will repay thoughtful re-reading after it has been read solely for entertainment.

George Preston.

A ROMANCE OF REALISM.*

Mr. Le Gallienne has a delicate mastery in his peculiar field of "prose fancy" which cannot be hidden even when he writes what he calls a romance. There is a richness of suggestion and a poetic value in his work which no realism can obscure; but *The Romance of Zion Chapel* is curiously like a realistic novel. It is

* *The Romance of Zion Chapel*. By Richard Le Gallienne. London and New York: John Lane: The Bodley Head. \$1.50.

Mr. Howells's theory, I think, that no grown person really cares much about the story, but only wants to know what the novelist has to say about it. It is a little bewildering to find a disciple of the new idealism telling his story more nearly according to this theory than do the realists themselves. For Mr. Le Gallienne is always taking you apart and talking over the situation and characters with you, and instead of resenting this you are only sorry that the story should occasionally interrupt Mr. Le Gallienne. There is a very subtle appeal in this intimate form of narrative. It has something of the quality which the author attributes to women's letters, when he says:

"Why don't women publish volumes of their letters, as men collect their scattered essays? There is no writing in the world more immediately, conqueringly personal than a really clever woman's letters; and they are not always compromising."

But this "conqueringly personal" style is always more or less compromising to a writer of fiction. We who read will hold him responsible in a way we should not think of doing if he had retired discreetly behind the scenes after setting the puppets moving. Then, again, we are always being tempted to retort in the same personal tone.

Although there is very little action in the story, the sympathetic touches with which some of the homelier situations and characters are given will be a surprise to those who are expecting only that

"Fantastic beauty, such as lurks
In some wild Poet, when he works
Without a conscience or an aim."

It is reassuring to read that the Chairman of the Literary and Philosophical Society sat "smiling benignantly with an expression that I can only compare to buttered rolls," and to hear how jovial Mr. Moggridge with "his huge red-whiskered laughter" devoted his spare energies to making Zion Chapel a "going concern," or how the stone mason, who had been a silent, pathetic old man, dies quietly at the time when it gives people least trouble, and how he would have been distressed by the "publicity and dark grandeur" of his funeral. "Jane, whyever didn't you bury me by the back door?" would surely have been his complaint could he have known.

But the author has an uneasy feeling that we are being bored by these simple people, or else he is personally more interested in the study of a situation he has in mind, for he very soon drops them to occupy himself with the study.

According to Mr. Le Gallienne, the new idealism differs essentially from the old in that it develops beauty out of the real instead of adding it unto the real. It does not, Ruskin-like, rail at modern conditions. It sees beauty, the unquenchable ideal, in the most unlikely surroundings. True to modern life, it will not even ignore trains and railway stations :

"So there went a note without one word of love in it to tell Isabel that love was coming by the morning train : and so on that morning Isabel stood waiting for love at that little wayside station, and presently, with a mighty rushing sound of iron and brass, love came and stood very quietly by her side, and looked into her eyes."

But there must be truth to modern motive as well as to modern material, and with all the "new spirit" in the telling there is a strange lack of new idealism in the story itself. The essence of the situation—it can scarcely be called plot—out of which the romance of *Zion Chapel* grows is distilled for us in the chapter treating "of a wonderful quality in women."

"Some women are already made in the image of the man they are to love before they meet him. Very wonderful, very terrible, then, is the meeting, and it is a meeting that usually comes too late. But oftener God gives a man a little measure of porcelain and a handful of stars, and leaves him to make the woman he needs for himself ; and very wonderful, too, is, that making, though the man will always have been the father before he was the lover."

The man who makes for himself the woman he needs is in this case a young Nonconformist clergyman, who brings the New Spirit to *Zion Chapel*. He is engaged to Jenny, but meets Isabel, the woman God has made for him, and bows "before the work of the greater Artist." Having acknowledged the Divine right of the greater love and given it full expression, Theophil and Isabel renounce it for the sake of Jenny. It seems as if two such superior and very modern young people would have considered that the subordination of the greater to the lesser love was a useless sacrifice. They think, however, of "little Jenny." But is there not, perhaps, a higher trib-

ute to be paid to little Jenny even than the gift of a divided heart ? Would not the modern ideal be to trust "the deeps" in little Jenny and let her decide for them ? The writer seems to fear for Theophil and Isabel the blame of acting according to blind passion, and so will not allow them to think out the situation. A passion of fear and pity for Jenny becomes their ruling motive. "Let the lightning come upon them—not little Jenny." But chance reveals their love to Jenny, and the lightning comes upon her. Theophil succeeds in persuading himself and her that she is, after all, the only woman he wants as his wife ; but the shock kills her. She is married to him just before she dies. There is a wonderfully realistic chapter on Jenny dying. Jenny is the most living of the characters in the story, but she is most alive when she comes to die. The picture of her sitting up in bed toward the last, "a wizened little goblin," is one to haunt the memory and make us almost forgive Theophil his fanatical grief and remorse.

There is always a certain heroism in the strong deliberately choosing to suffer for the weak, even though in their pride of strength and mistaken zeal they tamper with fate and hurt at last where they would protect. There is the old, elemental mystery of sacrifice, the passionate recognition of something greater than self, which we all understand, so that Theophil's sacrifice of himself and Isabel to Jenny alive appeals. There is a touch of the sentimental in this renunciation, but to a distrustful sense of the new idealism it is erring on the right side. But even a most conservative conscience will find Theophil's remorse after Jenny's death a study of a morbid mental condition. He neglects Isabel until he is himself dying of the disease taken from Jenny. He then sends for her, and they decide to die together. Are these the two people of whom it was written : "Great is their love for each other, but even greater and stronger must be their involuntary love for an invisible goodness, an ideal of ineffable pity ?" For human kinship they have no feeling. Their responsibility toward the "invisible goodness," their "ideal of ineffable pity," seems to begin and end in the person of little Jenny.

The author attempts to glorify this double suicide with his poetic touch and

artistic workmanship. But here is the point where the most masterful technical skill must always fail. To what idealism, new or old, is such an ending true?

G. B. S.

WHAT IS GOOD MUSIC?

In the intellectual renaissance of the present day, the art of music is just now one of the most attractive fields of interest to the seekers after culture. The season which is now on the wane has been one of unprecedented activity in the musical world, and more significant even than its remarkable record of concerts and musicales has been the great prevalence of lectures and explanatory talks on the subject. It is beginning, at last, to be realised that what is most needful for a better appreciation of the art is a knowledge, not so much of its history, as of its actual structure and content, and a very timely little volume, therefore, is the one to which Mr. William J. Henderson has given the terse and suggestive title—*What is Good Music?*

The book aims to present, as simply as possible, the essential qualities which belong to good music, and to furnish the reader with a set of rules to guide him in judging of the excellence of its performance. Mr. Henderson's style is always forcible and direct, and at times very entertaining, as a few quotations from his "Prelude" will show.

"The right to like or dislike a musical composition without giving a reason has long been regarded as coexistent with human freedom. Music has been a sort of Cinderella of the arts—casually observed, incidentally admired, but generally treated as of no serious importance in the presence of her favoured sisters, painting and poetry. No one presumed to pronounce an opinion on the merit of a picture or a statue who had not, at least, learned the difference between a pen-and-ink drawing and a water-colour, and few persons would have ventured to write down Shakespeare an ass before having acquired a sufficient knowledge of poetry to tell a sonnet from a five-act tragedy. But it was deemed altogether fitting and, indeed, intellectually satisfying that Beethoven should be smugly patted on the back, Brahms viewed with lifted brows, and Wagner convicted of lunacy by persons who could not while in the concert-room detect a fantasia masquerading as an overture, nor a suite disguised as a symphony."

* What is Good Music? By William J. Henderson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.

The condition of the average listener to music is thus truthfully and humorously diagnosed:

"Let us suppose, then, forbearing reader, that you are in the state of the average music-lover. You get great enjoyment out of the opera, though you freely admit that you begin to be weary at the point where the inner brotherhood pricks up its ears, and looks very wise. You attend the functions of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the Philharmonic Society, and when they play Haydn's works, you are quite content. You like also some of the symphonies of Mozart, some of Mendelssohn's, and parts of Beethoven's. But you are troubled by that dark-blue music of Tchaikowsky, and those impolite compositions of Dvořák; and you deem it an unpardonable rudeness on the part of any orchestra to confuse you with those tonal riddles of Brahms. Privately you are willing to admit that the slow movements of nearly all symphonies are as poppy and mandragora to you; and you surreptitiously go to the Sunday-evening concerts, where the ballet-music of Massenet and Delibes refreshes your intellect by its appeal to your feet. You go to piano recitals when the buzz of public talk about the pianist excites your curiosity, but you do wish the artist would let those dreary Beethoven sonatas, Schumann fantasias, and Bach fugues rest, and stick to his Chopin waltzes, Rubinstein barcarolles, and Liszt fandangoes."

One is tempted to quote largely from this Prelude, because it is so original, and so very much to the point, but we must pass on to the book itself. The author makes two general divisions of his subject, the first, which occupies about two thirds of the volume, being on "The Qualities of Good Music." Under this heading music is discussed as to its form and its content. Several chapters are devoted to the various forms used in composition. Polyphonic forms—canon, fugue, etc.—are described clearly and simply, with as few technical terms as possible. In treating of Monophonic forms, the sonata and symphony are discussed at length, while vocal forms, being less complicated, are dismissed more briefly. "The Content of Music" includes chapters on the elements of the Sensuous, the Intellectual, and the Emotional.

In the second division of his subject, which treats of the "Performance of Music," Mr. Henderson points out the qualities which must determine the excellence of a musical performance, be it orchestral, instrumental, or vocal. He insists that these are absolute, and says: "Differences of judgment about the technical qualities of a musical perform-

ance should never exist. Whether a person plays the piano or sings well or ill, is not a question of opinion, but of fact." The chapters which follow are devoted to a consideration of the essentials of good performance, treating of the orchestra, the piano, the violin, and the human voice. In writing of piano playing, the author has wisely chosen Mr. Paderewski as his exponent of the possibilities of the instrument, and as the embodiment of those principles

which may be applied as tests to the work of all pianists.

Mr. Henderson has given us, in this unpretentious little volume, a really valuable addition to our musical literature, and it is very probable that it will win the success it deserves, since it is so admirably adapted to reach and interest those "average music lovers" who are most in need of the information it conveys.

Helena J. Albro.

NOVEL NOTES.

WHERE THE TRADE WIND BLOWS. By Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

In these studies of West Indian life the author has accomplished two difficult things. She has located new types amid fresh scenes and she has made a sympathetic presentation of an alien point of view.

The West Indians and their islands have not been important factors in national fiction up to the appearance of this book. Of course they have always drawn the eyes of the story writer, enveloped as they are in an atmosphere of romance; but by reason of remoteness, perhaps, the writing about them has been almost wholly objective heretofore. At all events, there has been no notably successful attempt before Mrs. Crowninshield's to fetch these far-off, dusky shapes near enough to reveal their humanity, to show that home life exists under the palm as under the pine, and to touch with deep, broad sympathy the native measures of morality, which are farther from the Anglo-Saxon standard than the palms are from the pines.

There is no preaching, however, nor even any argument. On the contrary, the work overflows with humour of that sweetest, rarest kind, which oftenest bubbles just beyond the border of tears. The truth that imposes justice and charity appeals directly and simply from the stories themselves. There are twelve in the volume. Each story is strong enough to make a separate impression, and each character stands apart and alone, yet all are distinctively products of the environment, and the work as a whole is singularly harmonious.

The great central idea holding these unlike stories so firmly together is the moral laxity of these gentle savages, and the wrong, the suffering, and the injustice it inflicts on the helpless women of the race. This is the heart of the first tale, in which Candace wonders as innocently as the most spotless of wives, why the white lady shrinks from her and calls her "an abandoned woman." This is the soul of the last tale, in which the orange grove, planted for the brown woman's child, blossoms to crown the father's white bride. This is the tragic note that sounds throughout the work, even in the midst of its sweetest laughter, and the sadness of liv-

ing seems greater under the palms than under the pines—if there may be any real difference anywhere that the human heart aches. Perhaps the difference here lies mainly in the gentleness of the sinners. It seems scarcely possible to find such exquisitely soft and tender lawlessness as Flandreau's and Totty's outside these far-off islands. And where among sophisticated people could be found such peculiar honesty as saves "Paul Demarise's Mortgage," honesty springing out of gratitude, and having nothing to do with principle—the sort of honesty that makes one laugh while wanting to weep over "The Value of a Banana Leaf"?

These children of the southern sea are swayed as resistlessly by impulse and passion as the tropical leaves about them are stirred by the trade wind. A writer may hardly venture nearer to nature than these stories come. Yet the approach has been made so delicately, so reverently, in such a large and beautiful spirit, that those who read, as well as those who are written about, must be indebted to the author. A work like this, with all its lightness and kind laughter, does more than many sermons for universal brotherhood.

FROM THE OTHER SIDE. By Henry B. Fuller. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

It seems to be one of the penalties of success that after an author has accomplished something remarkable his minor performances, however fine, scarcely command the attention they deserve. Coming after *The Cliff-Dwellers* and *With the Procession*, these studies of European civilisation must, perhaps, necessarily appear slighter than if they had come before. The casual reader most likely will merely see that in those books the author shapes giant masses with a gigantic chisel, while in this book he touches finished bits with a sharpening file. The more critical will appreciate the skill and variety revealed by the different methods and results, finding in these new stories much of the finest work, in point of literary quality, that Mr. Fuller has done. There can be no question of the brilliancy of the first, or the charm of the second, and the humour of the third—and the collection contains only four. And yet, for some reason other than their slightness, and al-

most impossible to define, the work makes little if any appeal. Perhaps this may be because some of the things written about are too far off, and others are too near by. It is doubtful whether any Siberian story, however pathetic, ever came completely home to an alien. The incomprehensible must always remain more or less remote from the most sympathetic, and this may be why the first story does not touch. There is also—from the American point of view—much strangeness in certain social conditions of Provincial Italy, and this may be why the second story cannot be more popularly enjoyed. On the other hand, the third story comes rather too directly home. "The Pilgrim Sons"—to say nothing of the Pilgrim Fathers—are completely our own, and everything that the author says about them has been said many times, if less wittily, before.

Nor is the work notably successful, viewed with regard to its foreign atmosphere. This is not so perfectly realised as in either *The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani* or *The Chate-laine of La Trinité*. All in all, the new volume scarcely shows in the shadow of Mr. Fuller's larger work.

THE STANDARD BEARER. By S. R. Crockett. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

Mr. Crockett is back among the sons of the Covenant, among the hill-men of Galloway, and in that air his mind and manner are always most stalwart and his imaginings most attractive. *The Standard Bearer* is a less elaborate and less ambitious book than *The Men of the Moss-Hags*, but it contains some of his best work. The opening chapter, which describes how the hero, Quintin MacClellan, when a herd boy on the hill, received his call to join "the folk of God," captures the whole of our attention. It was the Killing time, and lying with his dogs on the heather, he was witness of the cold-blooded murder of a wanderer by a red-coat. Just how the boy and the dogs, all three masters of craft, because all born in the Days of the Fear, crept along the side of the fell, is described with excellent brevity. And how one that went whistling up the hill a boy came down a man is made very real and very clear.

The history of Quintin's adventures in the Kirk and among the hill-folk, whom he joined at last, is more interesting than his love stories. That in the end Lady Mary would thaw we always felt sure; and as for the incident of Jenny, frankly, that is a disappointment. Apart from her consumptive malady—a fatal flaw in a heroine of to-day—she is not a very attractive young woman. But her spirited sister with the fearful name, Alexander-Jonita, far out-rivals the haughty Lady Mary in our affections. Alexander-Jonita deserves a book to herself. Save for her, the men-folk, Quintin, Hob, and the Bull of Earlstoun, have it their own way in this book. Into them has Mr. Crockett's energy been poured; and the roaring Earl is a great reality. Hear this fighting Christian cursing his enemies. "Give William Boyd his bellyful of curses. Turn him as often on thy roasting-spit as he has turned his coat on the earth. Frighten wee Telfair wi' the uncanniest o' a' thy deil imps. And as for the rest of them, may they burn back and front, ingate and outgate, hide, hair, and harrigals,

till there is nocht left o' them but a wee pluff o' ash, that I shall hold like snuff between my fingers and thumb, and blaw away like the white head o' a dandelion." The Malignants were no match for a saint of that temper.

TALES OF THE HOME FOLKS. By Joel Chandler Harris. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

Mr. Harris's place in literature has long been so distinctly defined that it ceased years ago to be necessary to do more than announce a new book by him. Yet there is always more or less eagerness to know whether the work comes from Uncle Remus or the White Folks, and there is usually a shade of disappointment in the latter case. For, while the White Folks' tales are fine, they are not classic, as Uncle Remus's fables are. So that it is with satisfaction rather than with enthusiasm that the new volume is received. Most of the stories are of the sort that the author is fond of telling—simple happenings in Southern country life, mingling sadness and mirth. As usual, some of the characters are white and some are black as regards the colour of their skin. In other respects they are all pure white, for the author's skill has never been bent toward the delineation of the evil in mankind, whatever the race. The nearest approach to it in the present collection of tales is the description of the unfortunate hunchback father of "A Baby in the Siege," and he seems afflicted rather than wicked. The only notable departure from the author's well-known manner and familiar line will be found in the fifth story, "A Belle of St. Valerien," which is a complete surprise. There is no reason, certainly, why anything admirable should be a surprise from Mr. Harris's pen; but this little study of New France is so entirely unlike the rest of his work, so absolutely Gallic in the exquisite frivolity of its beginning and in the invocation of the Church's influence at its close, that it appears absolutely foreign to the author's ideals, models, and methods. It would fit more readily into the writings of the old French masters. But surely the last thing to complain of is that an author's work is not all of a piece, and this perfect bit in the new book may be enjoyed without other comment than an exclamation of delight.

A MAN-AT-ARMS. By Clinton Scollard. Boston: Lamson, Wolfe & Co. \$1.50.

So many tales of gallantry are coming in the wake of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, that a new story of the type must be notably good to command any considerable attention. It is a tribute, then, to say that *A Man-at-Arms* is one of the best that has appeared. The style is admirable, simple, direct, fluent, and sometimes eloquent; and the story moves with rapidity from start to finish. The author has chosen as his theme a picturesque period of Italian history—the days of Romeo and Juliet—and has set his story in the very environment of their life and death. It is all plotting and fighting and love-making from Verona to Bologna, from Pavia to Milan, with the dashing young Man-at-Arms always in front. The evil genius of the story and of that period of Italy's struggle is Gian Galeazzo Visconti, the great viper. The Man-at-Arms is a young noble in the Visconti's service, and it is when the great schemer's scheme endan-

gers the maiden whom the young soldier loves that the tug of war comes. The type of story is common enough, but its spirit and brilliancy lift it above the mass. Several of the scenes are powerful, as, for instance, the one in which the great viper meets and vanquishes the tyrant of Milan. The work shows wide knowledge of Italian history, yet it is against every instinct of humanity to accept as true the almost incredible illustrations of the monstrous cruelty given in the story. It is a relief to turn to the sentiment of the tale, which is full of charm, and it does not matter at all that the author keeps Romeo and Juliet constantly in mind. Part of the viper's plot is to give the heroine a sleeping potion and to bury her for dead—like Juliet—but the Man-at-Arms is more fortunate than Romeo was, and comes to the rescue in time. From this point on the story fairly whirls to an exciting close—leaving most of its rivals far behind.

SUNSET. By Beatrice Whitby. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.00.

If amid all these latter-day investigations into literary methods and effects some one should discover the source of the domestic satisfaction which many mediocre English novels convey, it would be an interesting find. So far, however, the reason remains an impenetrable mystery, and the fact can only be acknowledged without comprehension of the cause. There are many American novelists of the class to which the author of *Sunset* belongs who seem to invoke every element that she employs. They have apparently made quite as close and quiet studies of home life, and they have grouped the same familiar figures around the household fire. In their tales will be found the same inconsolable widower—whose consolation is the motive of this story—the maiden who consoles, the married man who encourages the consolation, the married woman who discourages it, the little folks, the clergyman, the doctor, the servants, even the dogs—everything that one finds in the English novel of this type, everything except the atmosphere which envelops the English story. To define this lack is about as easy as to grasp the air itself, but it may, perhaps, be best described as a sense of cuddling down safe and warm, which comes so often with the first pages from even mediocre English writers, and rarely if ever from the work of far abler American pens. Trying, again, to define this difference in the feeling of English and American domestic tales, it may almost be likened to the difference between one's home and an hotel. But why this should be so is, as the immortal Dundreary used to remark, "One of those things no fellow can find out." Be the reason what it may the puzzling fact remains, and *Sunset* is one of its most notable recent instances. It is not brilliant, it is not original, it is not even well written, yet nevertheless it is enjoyable reading. One likes it as one likes to sit by the fire at home and hear what the day's uneventful happenings have been.

SOME WOMEN'S WAYS. By Mary Angela Dickens. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.

It is difficult to read this handful of stories without being struck by one feature of them,

which, at the peril of incurring the odium which attaches to those who make comparisons, we shall mention here: this is the dissimilarity between them and the works of the author's illustrious father where sentiment is concerned. In all of Charles Dickens's books we cannot remember a single instance where the lovers do not marry and live happily ever after. The motto of his daughter, on the other hand, seems to be renunciation. Poor Cupid finds little countenance from her; in the eight stories here assembled there are only two in which love is not crushed beneath the juggernaut car of conscience. Oddly enough, too, it is precisely upon these two occasions that the hero and the heroine appeal least to our sympathies. In one case, in the story entitled "Kitty's Victim," Miss Dickens has given us a heavy-witted, pompous lover, and in trying to create "a sweet young thing," has made only a vapid flirt, very much on the order of the libels on the feminine sex first invented by the person known as "The Duchess," and in the second she has had the somewhat misplaced originality to make her heroine ill-bred and slatternly.

The stories are very uneven, but there is enough in them as a whole to show that if death had not recently put an end to Miss Dickens's career, excellent things might have been expected of her, much better than appears in any of her longer stories. She wrote with spirit and facility, and her plots, though simple and sometimes amateurish, are for the most part strong. An exception to this rule is the story "Out of the Fashion," whose heroine is a young society woman, who says and does things of the most audacious sort without realising what they mean to the world. Unfortunately this innocence, upon which the plot turns, does not convince the reader, who finishes the story with the conviction that Miss Dickens's heroine, if she was drawn from the life, imposed upon her.

SONS AND FATHERS. By Harry Stillwell Edwards. Chicago and New York: Rand, McNally & Co.

If it was the purpose of the proprietor of the *Chicago Record* in offering a prize for the best novel sent to him (which this one was adjudged to be), as it was in a similar case avowedly that the editors of the New York *Herald*, to acquire the best literary material, and, incidentally, to bring down that coy bird, the Great American novelist, it was not only a foregone conclusion that he would fail, but it is remarkable that he should ever have fancied that he could accomplish his object. For, to continue our figure, any winged being needs space in which to soar, and Pegasus himself could not have broken through the network of restrictions imposed upon the contestants. A tale of 140,000 to 160,000 words, to contain a central mystery and any number of lesser mysteries, which shall crop out neatly just in time to make a startling close for every chapter is a good deal to demand of even a Wilkie Collins; fancy then its effect upon the hordes of untried geniuses. Mr. Edwards, no doubt, did his best, and we congratulate him upon his success in winning with this book the \$10,000 prize, nor can we blame him for not having followed the letter of the conditions. We do, however, find fault with him for not coming more near supplying us with \$10,000

worth of good, or even fair, grammar. Among pages which inform us that "the bell rung" and "the lady sung," such a phrase as "between you and me" may seem a venial offence; in view of the fact, however, that at the rate of payment mentioned these simple words cost about 7 cents each, we are bold enough to opine that they were overpaid. Neither, we think, would it have been too much to expect that the winner's plot should be in some degree intelligible. Mr. Edwards has simply made it transparent almost from the outset (at least so far as it is not meaningless jumble) without giving it anywhere the clearness which would have been welcome, especially at the end.

The best part of the book is a glimpse of the old South in its first conflict with the new. There the author is at home. But this merit does not suffice to upset the conclusion forced by this story and the circumstances that brought it forth, that the coming American novelist is still unborn, or that he scorns to earn a paltry \$10,000.

A VOYAGE OF CONSOLATION. By Sara Jeanette Duncan (Mrs. Everard Cotes). Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

It was the most cheerful of voyages, with never a sigh or a tear from the heroine whose duty was to be disconsolate. When differences of opinion upon the pleasurableness and patriotism of the American accent severed for a time the young affections of Mr. Arthur Page and Miss Wick, the lady communicated the disaster to her father in New York by telephone. "Go abroad. Always done. Paris, Venice, Florence, Rome, and the other places. I'll stand in," came the prompt reply through the instrument. It is the travels of this indulgent and practical parent, Senator Wick, his wife and daughter, that Mrs. Cotes records. There are old jokes and new jokes, good jokes and bad jokes, in the story; but it is all very gay and good-natured and inspiring. The Senator is the most entertaining member of the party, and his schemes for the improvement of Europe, in the interests of picturesque tourists, inspire us with the sincerest admiration. In these days of impoverishment in Italy, his plan of a direct line of steamships between New York and Venice, to be "based on an agreement with the Venetian municipality as to garments of legitimate gaiety for the gondoliers, the renomination of an annual Doge, who should be compelled to wear his robes whenever he went out-of-doors, and the yearly resurrection of the ancient ceremony of marrying Venice to the Adriatic," merits the most serious consideration. But he has something of a rival in the reader's affection in his wife, a lady of the most ardent sentiment, an enthusiast for local colour, greedy of impressions, who yet, when there was a "question of how they were to put in the time," generally preferred to "lie down." Mrs. Cotes may dish up old tourist jokes as often as she likes. They have an air of delightful freshness from her clever pen.

THE INCIDENTAL BISHOP. By Grant Allen. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.00.

Mr. Grant Allen is here in happy vein, telling a frankly improbable, very amusing, and amiable story. It might have been less amiable

and more amusing, however. We cannot help feeling he should have made it a farce. The sailor lad, who, mistaken for a missionary, drifts into being an Anglican bishop, without ever taking orders, is an unmistakable hero of comedy. But Mr. Allen, the bold, bad pioneer on occasion, is six days of the week the willingest, the most genial caterer for domestic fiction. He wrote this story in a gentle mood when it was impossible to make a bishop anything but a model of all the virtues. Thus the potential fun of the situation is not made the most of. By way of making up for this lack, Mr. Allen gives us a little tragedy, in the shape of the good bishop's violent remorse. The thought of all the couples he, a sham priest, has loosely joined in holy matrimony gnaws at his soul. But the domestic novelist is afraid of following this up to the interesting end. A model bishop, who should take to the seafaring trade of his youth, to be beyond the reach of the howls of the respectable who have found out his long deception, would be an original and attractive hero. Mr. Allen refuses to contemplate a shovel hat and gaiters in the rigging, and strikes him dead before the exposure. He has rejected all the most piquant possibilities of his plot, but there is a spirit and freshness about his version which forbids every loud complaint.

A MAN FROM THE NORTH. By E. A. Bennett. New York: John Lane. \$1.25.

Mr. Bennett has not written in vain, since he must compel many of us to consider the stuff of life available for fiction. There is a popular idea that any man's or woman's life provides such, however gray, however ineffective. It is probably quite a delusion. There is a good deal of truth in this story of the *Man from the North*. It is full of what is called "actuality." The incidents and the personages are well known to us, and drawn, or rather photographed, with surprising accuracy. A bright young man in the provinces feels stirrings within him of great things, and comes to London to hatch them. He lives like a great many other young men—his fits of industry and ambition alternating with bouts of very ordinary pleasuring and mental lethargy. In the end he sinks into the suburban husband, as you knew all the time he would. Mr. Bennett has placed him before us with much cleverness and some pathos. But he has not rescued the common story of his career from commonplaceness by the great treatment which alone would reconcile us to its material, the drab stuff of mediocre life to-day. Acquiescence in his failure, not deep pity, is our feeling at the end; and acquiescence in this kind of thing is terribly low-spiriting.

PLAIN LIVING. A Bush Idyll. By Rolf Boldrewood. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.75.

Mr. Stanford, when a hard-up colonist, suddenly found himself possessed of a considerable fortune, on which he and his family might have been agreeably idle for the rest of their lives. But he had an awful warning before his eyes—the unhappy household of his old friend Grandison, a rich citizen of Sidney. Satan was finding endless mischief for their idle hands to do; and the thought of his own virtuous wife and children, the son who was rewarded for months

of toiling on the ranch by the prospect of possessing Motley's *Dutch Republic*, and the girls with their equally modest demands on life, being spoilt by luxury, was intolerable to the conscientious Mr. Stanford. So he kept the fortune dark till their own unaided efforts had brought them ease. No doubt it was a wise thing to do. It worked well in this particular case, we hear, for they were such a model family. But they were a very dull one to write a novel about. As in all Mr. Boldrewood's books, since the early ones that made his name, the style and matter here rival each other in poverty and lack of charm.

THE SUNDERING FLOOD. By William Morris. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.25.

A publisher's note tells us that this is indeed William Morris's last romance. Perhaps it would have been a happier chance if *The Water of the Wondrous Isles* had ended his tales in prose. There was a plan in that book for the story-reader; there was vitality in it to help us to share the writer's clear conviction that the language and the habits and the ideals of an older day, so far as they can be realised, are good stuff to make romances of for the men of ours. There is little plan in *The Sundering Flood*, only a long-spun-out tale of adventures in the life of a gallant young dalesman, who was ever fair and manly, something of a scald, too, after the fashion of the saga heroes, a model lover, of course, and duly rewarded in the end. But you can bear to be torn away from looking on at the bloodiest of his contests; you feel no anxiety on his account at any moment; and you wonder dimly at his mighty doings as you might over the story in a blurred, a ruined fresco. An air of fatigue broods over the pleasant, placid pages, placid for all their tales of war, but made pleasant, too, by their momentary surprises of good things. There is a pretty picture of the lad and the maiden, chil-

dren both, making friends. "Are they kind to thee?" she asks, concerning his grandparents. "I am kind to them," he replies with charming dignity. But no succeeding passage quite fulfils the promise of that early one which describes the great ships faring up the tidal river, and how

"oft they lay amid pleasant up-country places with their yards all but touching the windows of the husbandman's stead, and the bowsprits thrusting forth amongst the middens, and routing swine, and querulous hens; and the uneasy lads and lasses sitting at high mass of the Sunday, in the gray village church, would see the tall masts dimly amidst the painted saints of the aisle windows, and their minds would wander from the mass-hackled priest and the words and the gestures of him, and see visions of far countries and outlandish folk, and some would be heart-smitten with that desire of wandering and looking on new things which so oft the sea-beat boat and the wind-strained pine bear with them to the dwellings of the stay-at-homes."

TALES OF TRAIL AND TOWN. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

It is long since Bret Harte has had such a fine subject to treat as in the first of the half-dozen or so stories in this collection, "The Ancestors of Peter Atherly." And surely never before has he bungled more awkwardly. It is a difficult, unfamiliar situation, but his touch is not wont to be uncertain, whatever the difficulty. Read it for the subject, however, which fascinates and haunts. Peter Atherly longs, out of pure romance, unsullied by a single interested motive, to prove his descent from an old English family with a historic past, and finds an ancestry terribly different, showing itself in his sister by fits of diabolical cruelty, in himself by an imperturbable demeanour and the unfathomable smile of the Indian brave. His tragic death is finely told, but the rest is bungled. "Two Americans" is pleasant reading, yet quite unworthy of its writer. But the "Tale of Three Truants" would redeem any book.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

ITALIAN LITERATURE. By Richard Garnett, C.B., LL.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

If there is a book which the English student should thankfully welcome, it certainly is this volume on *Italian Literature*, by Dr. Richard Garnett. It is compiled with the greatest care and exactness. The author has condensed in 400 pages a considerable amount of learning and carefully formed judgment, and has certainly done all possible justice to so vast a subject in so limited a compass. It is, however, greatly to be regretted that he should have been forced to condense to the extent he has done. He speaks of course at length of Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarch, and the other standard authors, but a host of minor but brilliant writers in every century flits before us simply with the mention of the works they have produced. In fact, the author seems to have applied to these minor stars the advice given by Vergil to Dante, when seeing the sinners "che per se foro":

"Non ragioniam di loro, ma guarda e passa."—CANTO III.

It is true, however, that there are many other sources from which the English student may quench his thirst in reference to the Italian authors who receive here so scanty a notice.

The chapters on Dante are exceedingly good, and reveal a full acquaintance with his works, their aims, the troublous times in which he lived, and the difficulties he had to contend with. The author, however, makes, in reference to Dante, an assertion quite unsupported. He states (page 46) that the great poet was *unacquainted* with Homer. How then does he explain the great reverence paid by Dante to Homer, when he says:

"Mira colui con quella spada in mano,
Che vien dinanzi a' tre sì come sire,
Quegli è Omero, poeta *sovrano*."—CANTO IV.

Is it likely he would have proclaimed him as king among poets if he had had no knowledge of him?

Comparing him afterward to Milton (page 50), Dr. Garnett bluntly asserts that Dante is on the

whole *inferior* to Milton in poetry pure and simple.

To such an assertion we answer in the words of Macaulay: "We will not take upon ourselves the invidious office of settling precedence between two such writers. Each of them in his own department is *incomparable*, and each, we may remark, has wisely or fortunately taken a subject adapted to exhibit his peculiar talent to the greatest advantage."

We would also ask, Is it possible to establish an adequate comparison between these two giants? Where is the standard by which one can measure geniuses, or the balance on which to weigh them? Does not genius impress on great minds a special mark, which escapes every discrimination, and diversifies them most when they seem to be most alike? To the observing mind each of them stands quite distinct from the other.

The author has given numerous translations of gems from Italian writers, but in many instances they are but pale reflections of the original. Would it not have been better to put the Italian texts as well as the translations, to enable the student better to appreciate the originals?

ALASKA: Its History, Climate, and Natural Resources. By Hon. A. P. Swineford, Ex-Governor of Alaska. With maps and illustrations. New York and Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co. \$1.00.

ALASKA: Its Neglected Past, Its Brilliant Future. By Bushrod Washington James. Philadelphia: Sunshine Publishing Co.

THROUGH THE GOLD FIELDS OF ALASKA TO BERING STRAITS. By Harry De Windt, F.R.G.S. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. \$2.50.

The sheen of its golden halo is beginning to attract all eyes toward the hitherto faintly known, far-off, and sub-arctic region of Alaska, and we are likely to see the process repeated there by which Australia was rescued from obscurity and given to civilisation.

The magazines and newspapers are telling us much about the newly discovered gold fields and the perilous routes thereto; tourists bring back reports of the wonderful scenery along the coast, with its mountainous islands, picturesque channels, and imposing glaciers, but for information about the real Alaska and its possibilities as a dwelling-place for civilised men we must look farther. For this purpose such a book as that of the ex-Governor of Alaska has an importance beyond its moderate literary quality. In a plain, straightforward narrative he gives us in the first place a sketch of the rather dreary history of the country under Russian rule; then he conducts his readers on a ten-thousand-mile voyage of investigation and description along the coast and among the islands of this the most northerly and westernmost possession of the United States, pointing out the character of land and climate, the resources and capabilities of the country by the way.

Governor Swineford speaks from knowledge gained by long residence, and by the experience of official position. He is a firm believer in the future of Alaska; he tells some plain and rather surprising facts about the faults of our present system, or rather lack of system of government of this province, which as yet is neither State nor Territory, and his book ought to be

read by all seekers after knowledge of this new land.

The value of Mr. James's book is chiefly that of a confirmatory witness of the ex-Governor's more judicial and weighty statement. Its high-flown style does not commend it.

Different from either of the above is Mr. Harry De Windt's well-told and stirring narrative. He is one of those irrepressible British globe-trotters to whom we owe so much of our knowledge of unfamiliar lands. The plan of his tour was the unique one of an overland journey from New York to Paris by way of Bering Straits, which he hoped to cross on the winter ice. This decidedly original itinerary, which came to grief amid the savages of the Siberian coast, took him through Alaska by the route now used by the Klondikers, crossing the Chilkoot Pass, and descending the lakes and rapids to the Yukon, down which great river he journeyed to its mouth. He gives, perhaps, the most vivid and picturesque account yet published of the gold region and the routes thereto. It thus supplements Governor Swineford's book, and brings our knowledge of Alaska down to date.

A WORLD PILGRIMAGE. By John Henry Barrows. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$2.00.

Dr. Barrows will be remembered as the originator and successful organiser of the World's Congress of Religions, which convened at Chicago during the Columbian Exposition. A subsequent appointment by the University of Chicago to a lectureship on Christianity in Calcutta gave occasion for a tour around the world, and the present volume is the result.

The Congress of Religions was at the time regarded as an experiment of doubtful utility and questionable propriety by many persons, both orthodox and otherwise, and Dr. Barrows became the mark of much criticism on account thereof. One suspects that this record of his journey is, in part at least, meant as an answer to these criticisms; at any rate, it serves that purpose in a quietly effective way. In India especially the warm reception accorded not only to himself, but to his Christian message, as he firmly but modestly allows us to see, was mainly the result of impressions made by that unique assemblage. This, however, is not the only value of his book. The world seen through the eyes of Dr. Barrows is more than merely interesting. His position and reputation bring him constantly in contact with people worth knowing, while his broad culture and generous sympathies bring out all that is best in the people he meets and strengthens our faith in humanity. His style, moreover, makes him highly readable.

THE BATTLE OF HARLEM HEIGHTS. By Henry P. Johnston, Professor of History, College of the City of New York. Published for the Columbia University Press. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Few New Yorkers stop to think of it even if they know that the peaceful and now splendidly academic region between Morningside Park and the Hudson River was the scene of one of the most spirited of the minor battles of the Revolutionary War; an American success, moreover, and the first occasion upon which the unseasoned Continentals, contending on equal terms and in the open field, put British regulars to

flight. It is a significant fact that General Grant's Tomb looks down upon this little battlefield. Professor Johnston, the author of this historical monograph, says: "If any lover of American history, if any schoolboy, if Mr. Felix Oldboy wishes to follow our Harlem battle from point to point, let him go to Morningside Heights and walk along the Boulevard and the Riverside Drive and Claremont Avenue, or stand on the grounds of Columbia University and Barnard College, or look down the eastern slope of the hill on which the mausoleum of the great Union soldier stands, and then he will find himself in some sort of touch with the men to whose good performance on September 16th, 1776, the pages of this little work are devoted."

The "little work" is a handsome volume published for the Columbia University Press, and Professor Johnston has told his story with the loving care of the antiquarian and the fervour of an American patriot.

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE. REMINISCENCES. By M. E. W. Sherwood. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co. \$2.50.

Mrs. Sherwood's work is so well known that it seems unnecessary to make any other than descriptive comment upon this new volume, which the publishers have so elegantly presented. It may, however, be said that, even in these days, when the average American knows Europe as well, if not better, than his own country, and when authorship seems the rule rather than the exception, there are few who can tell what they have seen so charmingly as Mrs. Sherwood. The hypercritical may, perhaps, complain that personal details are too much obtruded; that the interest is more in what such and such great personages did and said when the author met them, rather than what she said or was engaged in at the time. But, after all, the personal element has now become almost the sole source of freshness in sketches of foreign travel, and as Mrs. Sherwood's account of her own sayings and doings is never dull and rarely commonplace, there seems no reasonable grounds for objection upon this point.

Moreover, there is a great deal about famous people. With the enchanting description of Venice, which is fine enough to stand alone, there is a minute and most entertaining account of the author's meeting with the Empress Eugenie, who was then at the very zenith of her beauty and power. There is also much about the beautiful Queen of Italy, then a very young and very lovely girl. The author appears, indeed, to have met most of the prominent people of Europe, and to have jotted down their most interesting characteristics. The title has been rather too well chosen. The work has not been so carefully arranged with regard to sequence as it might have been; the reader feels rather "here, there, and everywhere" at once. Still the work is eminently readable, and that is high praise for a book of travel, now that one is published almost every change of the moon.

MY LIFE IN TWO HEMISPHERES. By Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$8.00.

That a second edition of this bulky autobiography should have been called for already will surprise no one. It is intensely national, but it

is written with so much moderation and temper, and in so breezy a style, and contains so much information on the recent history of Ireland, and so many interesting notices of the men with whom the writer was brought into contact, that it cannot fail to command attention. It is hard to say whether Sir Charles Duffy's life was more intense and active in the one hemisphere or in the other. In 1855, after starting the *Nation* and serving in Parliament, he saw his hopes regarding Ireland so thwarted that he determined to emigrate. "I left Ireland with the main purpose of my life unattained, but as I was persuaded, not lost, but postponed, for a belief in God's justice is incompatible with the doubt of Ireland's final deliverance from cruel and wicked misgovernment." A characteristic scene was witnessed at his leave-taking. A crowd of Irishmen pressed to bid him good-bye, and one of them brought an old prayer-book to get his autograph. One of his companions, who was provided with a more presentable volume, turned upon him with, "It's a shame, Tom, to offer such a book to Mr. Duffy for his signature." "Arrah," said Tom, "why shouldn't I offer it to him; isn't it like himself, tattered and torn in the service of God and the people?" The esteem and affection in which he was held not only by his fellow-patriots, but by English statesmen and literary men, will surprise no one who reads these volumes or studies the singularly handsome and attractive face, whose kindly and penetrating eyes look out from under the Chief Justice's wig in the frontispiece of the second volume. The autobiography virtually forms a history of the last seventy years in Ireland and the last half century in Australia, and conveys in the pleasantest manner a clear impression of the difficulties of administration in both countries.

HORACE MANN, and the Common School Revival in the United States. By B. A. Hinsdale, Ph.D., LL.D. Great Educators Series. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00 net.

Beside the great names of the other heroes of this series—Loyola, Abelard, Froebel, to name a few—Horace Mann's sounds humble and uninspiring. He was no thinker, no founder of a system of universal influence, but a clever and a devoted organiser of primary education. He was only concerned that all American children should be taught to read and to observe intelligently that they might become useful, practical citizens. But his administrative capacities, his persistence, his single-mindedness, the large scale on which he worked, and the successful results, give him the right to an honourable place among the faithful servants of the world, a claim abundantly recognised in his own country and in Europe. The organisation of the common school education in the United States is of more than historic interest. Some of Mann's problems are still ours, and the story of his moving of the sluggish waters will be inspiring to the educational reformers of to-day. Mann, with his political sense, his perseverance, and his attention to details, did miracles against long odds. Mr. Hinsdale in his interesting book points, however, to one advantage he had in the American Puritan tradition, much sunk and discouraged, but not altogether dead, of a respect for learning and a belief that it should be common as the air,

THE BOOK HUNTER.

Walton's *Compleat Angler; or, the Contemplative Man's Recreation*, which Mr. Le Gallienne says is, "after Robinson Crusoe, perhaps the most popular of English classics," was first published in 1663. Five editions were published during the author's lifetime, each more or less revised and corrected. Any angling collector or collector of first editions of early English literature would be glad to own a set of these five editions. The Ashburnham set, with the five volumes, all in the original binding, is to be sold as a set, at Sotheby's on May 14th, and is sure to bring a high price. The Hayes set was sold separately, at Bangs', on April 20th. The copies were not fine ones, and the prices, consequently, were low. The first edition, with title mounted and an inferior copy generally, sold for \$245. Published at 18d., it has sold as high as £415, at which price a fine copy, in the original sheep binding, was bought by a bookseller, at Sotheby's auction-rooms in London, in 1896. The Alexander copy, previous to the Hayes sale the only one sold at auction in recent years in America, brought \$1325 at Bangs', in 1895.

It was first published early in May—the angler's month—of 1653, and the earliest record is found in a newspaper advertisement in *The Perfect Diurnal*, for May 9th to May 16th, 1653, where it is advertised "Price 18d. To be sold by Richard Marriot at his shop in St. Dunstan's Churchyard, Fleet Street." And in the *Mercurius Politicus* for May 19th to May 26th is another advertisement, beginning "There is newly extant a book of 18d. price, called *The Compleat Angler*," etc.

The second edition, published in 1655, was, as the title-page says, "much enlarged," more than one third having been added to the original bulk. The third edition, issued in 1661, was but slightly changed from the second. Some copies of the third edition have a reprinted title-page, dated 1664, and reprinted preliminary leaves, but with no important alterations. The fourth edition, published in 1668, is an almost exact reprint of the third edition. Walton's name for the first time appears on the title-page of the fifth edition, published in 1676, which was considerably altered from the fourth, and with about twenty pages added. It is this fifth edition, the last revised by the author, which has been reprinted in most of the hundred or more later editions of the work.

With this fifth edition there is usually found bound up two other books on angling, one by Charles Cotton, the other by Robert Venables, each with a special title, and the whole book with a general title, *The Universal Angler*.

The Society of Iconophiles, or "Picture Lovers," of New York, published about two years ago a series of twelve etchings, by E. D. French, being views of buildings, etc., in New York City. Only one hundred and one impressions of each plate were taken, and the few copies offered for sale were very quickly taken up, and now command a good price.

The Society now has under way two other series of engravings, the first being a series of

six engraved portraits of early American printers and engravers. Of each of these one hundred and thirty-two impressions are taken, and the plate then destroyed. These portraits are in folio size, suitable for framing, and are engraved by Mr. F. S. King. The first (already issued) is a portrait of Hugh Gaine, the New York printer and bookseller of the last century; the second (just ready) is a portrait of Isaiah Thomas, the Worcester printer and founder of the American Antiquarian Society, of Worcester; and the third (now in the engraver's hands) is to be Paul Revere. They have also under way another series of views of New York, probably to comprise twelve plates. These will be reproduced in lithography from drawings by Mr. Charles F. W. Mielatz. Of this new series one hundred and three impressions only are taken, of which fifty-one impressions are retained for the members, two impressions are used for copyright, and the other fifty impressions are offered for sale. Two of the series are now ready. The first is "The Battery and Castle Garden," and the second "Morningside Park and St. Luke's Hospital."

The American members of the English Bibliographical Society have recently received Nos. V. and VI. of their *Illustrated Monographs*, being the publications of the Society for 1897. The first is a reproduction of the series of wood-cut illustrations by an unknown engraver to *Le Chevalier Délibéré*, by Olivier de la Marche, the first edition of which was printed by Gottfried van Os in Gouda, Holland, about 1486. As the illustrations in the only known copy of the first edition have been coloured, these reproductions have been made from two imperfect copies of the edition of Schiedam, about 1500, which together contain a complete set of the admirable engravings. There is a reprint of the text and a preface by the eminent authority on wood-engraving, Dr. F. Lippmann, of Berlin. The other volume is an account of the first Paris press, and of the books printed upon it, 1470 to 1472, by A. Claudin, and is illustrated with several facsimiles.

The earlier monographs of the Society, all of which are printed in limited numbers, mostly for members only, comprise in addition to their Transactions, Check Lists, etc.: I. *Erhard Rattdolt and his Work at Venice*, by Mr. Gilbert R. Redgrave; II. *Jan van Doesborgh, Printer at Antwerp*, by Robert Proctor; III. *An Iconography of Don Quixote, 1605-1895*, by H. S. Ashbee; V. *The Early Printers of Spain and Portugal*, by Konrad Haebler. Each of these monographs is illustrated with facsimiles and is handsomely printed at the Chiswick Press.

We are glad to announce that the *Bibliography of the Writings of Captain John Smith*, by Mr. Wilberforce Eames, which we mentioned in the last number of *THE BOOKMAN* as being about completed, is to be published separately in advance of its appearance in Sabin's *Bibliotheca Americana*, by Messrs.

Dodd, Mead and Company. It will be issued in a limited edition, with numerous fac-similes of title-pages, etc., and will be ready in the autumn.

Two eighteenth century editions of the *New England Primer*, not described by Mr. Paul Leicester Ford in his *New England Primer*, have recently come to our notice.

The | New-England | Primer, | Or, an easy and pleasant | Guide to the Art of Reading. | Adorn'd with Cutts. | To which are added, |

The Assembly of Divines' | Catechism. | Boston :—Printed and sold by | J. White and C. Cambridge, | near Charles River Bridge. | [1790-1800]. 32 leaves.

The | New-England | Primer | Improved. | For the more easy attaining the true | reading of English. | To which is added, | The Assembly of Divines, | and Mr. Cotton's Catechism. | Boston : Printed and Sold by Kneeland and Adams, | in Milk-Street. [1771.] 40 leaves.

L. S. Livingston.

AMONG THE LIBRARIES.

The New York Public Library finds its building enterprise brought to a standstill by the financial policy of the present city government. The Mayor and his Comptroller having figured out that the city has passed its debt limit, the public library building, together with scores of other public improvements (some much more pressing even than the library), has been suspended for an indefinite period. As, however, the resources of the city are in no sense lessened, it is hoped and believed that this foolish and unwarranted policy will not long prevail. Some of the newspapers, and particularly the *World*, have taken up the interests of the Public Library, and allow no day to pass without items and articles showing its necessity and importance.

The last annual report of the Forbes Library (Northampton) announces that its collection of books now numbers 53,000 volumes, besides pamphlets and other material. Its additions for the past year were 8799 volumes—nearly all by purchase. It may be interesting to know that the average cost per volume of these purchases was \$1.38½, over against an average of \$1.16 for the two previous years. The Forbes Library is to be congratulated on the extent and high character of its growth for the limited period of its existence. It appears to have an income for the purchase of books of about \$12,000 annually.

The Third Annual Report of the John Crerar Library in Chicago shows that that institution has fairly entered upon its work. It has now about 30,000 volumes, of which 18,257 were added during the year 1897. It receives currently about 1200 periodicals. Its catalogue entries are printed from electrotype plates, and entries of all cards made are placed in the Armour Institute of Technology, the Chicago Public Library, the Field Columbian Museum, the Newberry Library, the Northwestern University Library, the Library of the University of Chicago, and also the Library of the University of Illinois. This duplication of the catalogue is an innovation which should be carefully watched and its practical value studied.

The Library of the Berlin University has received by bequest the collection in commercial law of the late Professor L. Goldschmidt, numbering about 10,000 volumes, and pre-

sumably one of the best collections in its field in existence. Professor Goldschmidt has been for many years the editor of the well known *Zeitschrift für Handelsrecht*.

Mr. Arthur W. Tyler, who has been librarian of the Blackstone Memorial Library at Branford, Conn., since the starting of that library, has resigned, and will spend the spring and summer in travel in Europe. It seems to be Mr. Tyler's mission to organise and put in running order libraries, and he probably holds the championship for the number of such institutions which he has helped to start.

The Free Library of Philadelphia, the last annual report of which is at hand, makes a record of activity which is noteworthy. Its various collections and branches number in all about 160,000 volumes, and it reports a circulation for the past year of 1,587,157 volumes. The librarian in the most courteous manner compares with this circulation the circulation of the Chicago Public Library of 1,215,997, and that of the Boston Public Library with a total of 1,005,019. This comparison with these two most famous and widely used libraries is certainly much to the credit of Philadelphia. In this connection may properly be mentioned the circulation of the New York Free Circulating Library, which for the past year is reported as 973,199 volumes—an increase of 220,873 over the preceding year.

Mr. Hiller C. Wellman has been appointed librarian of the Brookline Public Library, succeeding Mr. Bolton. Mr. Wellman goes to Brookline from the Boston Public Library, and with a previous experience in the Boston Athenæum. The last report of the Brookline Public Library states the number of volumes in the library as 47,580, with additions for the year of 2766, and a circulation of 96,913. The library introduces in this report an anomaly which we trust will not find imitators. It has secured, and publishes, a certificate of its good character and high standing from two well-known librarians—an endorsement which it does not seem that the Brookline Library needed.

Mr. Rutherford P. Hayes, of Columbus, O., recently Secretary of the American Library Association, and active as a trustee in the Library at Columbus, has associated himself with

a book-selling firm under the style Hayes, Cooke & Co., at Chicago. The firm will make a speciality of library books.

The Massachusetts Library Club has just issued a handbook showing that its membership consists of 366 persons, representing 165 libraries in 120 different cities and towns. The president is Miss Alice G. Chandler, of Lancaster. Its latest meeting was held at Newton, Mass., on May 12th.

Some readers of *THE BOOKMAN* may be served by having their attention called to a list of books relating to Cuba, recently issued by the Library of Congress. This was compiled chiefly by Mr. A. P. C. Griffin, and will be found especially timely and useful.

The last report of the Public Library of Toronto, Canada, announces a circulation for the past year of 557,984 volumes, over against 275,000 circulated in the year 1887. The library contains 103,208 volumes over against 48,403 in 1887, showing that it has doubled in the decade, both in size and use.

The last meeting of the New York Library Club for the season was held at Columbia University Library, on Thursday, May 12th. The inspection of the new Library Building and the election of the officers were the most important proceedings. The New York State Library Association held its spring meeting on May 25th and 26th, at Utica.

The Long Island Historical Society has just issued a handsomely printed pamphlet describing the manuscripts and early printed books bequeathed to that institution by Samuel Bowne Duryea. This description was written by Mr. Charles Alexander Nelson of Columbia University Library, and gives an interesting account of the thirty-two manuscripts and the early printed books given by that bequest. The books are few in number, but are from famous presses, and are apparently noteworthy specimens.

It may not be generally known that the Union Theological Seminary in New York City possesses one of the largest collections in point of numbers of Incunabula in this country. It is more extensive than the collection of the New York Public Library, but will not rival it in value and importance. A catalogue of the Incunabula contained in the libraries of New York City is being made by Columbia University Library, and is well advanced.

The last annual report of the Worcester, Mass., Free Public Library records the uninterrupted progress of that institution. Its circulation during the past year was 315,557 volumes, an increase of 30,000 over that of last year. The library contained at the end of the business year 114,325 volumes, and its additions during the past year numbered 5836 volumes. It is no disparagement to the other public libraries to call attention to the high grade of the additions to the Worcester Public Library, as shown by an inspection of its published lists of accessions.

An Annotated Bibliography of American History is being edited for the American Library Association by one of its ex-presidents, Mr. J. N. Larned, formerly superintendent of the Buffalo Library, and editor of *History for Ready Reference*. A selection of ten to twelve hundred works will be annotated by the best available staff of teachers and critics of American history. The titles with their notes are to be printed as usual in book-form, and also on catalogue cards for direct use in public libraries. Mr. Larned gives his services as editor gratuitously; his contributors are to be suitably compensated.

The Public Library of Butte, Mont., which opened in February, 1894, reports for the past year a circulation of 120,761 volumes. The library contained on April 1st, 1898, 22,958 volumes—an increase of nearly two thousand during the past year.

The Iowa Masonic Library, at Cedar Rapids, has commenced the publication of a *Quarterly Bulletin*. This Masonic Library has a fireproof library building, and a collection, chiefly devoted to Masonry, of about 15,000 volumes. The building also contains a museum, with about 40,000 specimens. The neatly printed bulletin is naturally devoted to literature of Masonry, but is of interest to librarians at large, who must be gratified at the possession of such special collections.

For the approaching meeting of the American Library Association, July 5th to 9th, on Chautauqua Lake, New York, extensive preparations are being carried on. Among other undertakings the Regents office at Albany is making investigation into the statistics of library instruction in American universities and colleges: the results of which are to be presented at this meeting.

George H. Baker.

THE BOOK MART.

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, May 1, 1898.

The feature of the month's business has been the demand for literature pertaining to the war with Spain. Illustrated pamphlets of the warships have appeared in great numbers and have sold readily, while maps of Cuba and surrounding waters are seen everywhere. Messrs. Rand, McNally and Company's *War Atlas*,

just issued, with special maps of the Philippine Islands and Cuba, is particularly complete. Such books as *Cuba in War Time*, by Richard Harding Davis, of which a paper edition has just been published, *Marching with Gomez*, by Grover Flint, and *The Story of Evangelina Cisneros*, written by herself, are all selling largely. Likewise Latimer's *Spain in the Nineteenth Century* continues in increasing demand.

The publications of the month have been

fairly numerous, and include a number of titles by prominent authors, notably *Caleb West*, by F. Hopkinson Smith; *The Girl at Cobhurst*, by Frank R. Stockton; *Penelope's Progress*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin, and *Folks from Dixie*, by Paul Laurence Dunbar. These are already in popular favour, and a large sale is anticipated. *The Romance of Zion Chapel*, by Richard Le Gallienne, *The Standard Bearer*, by S. R. Crockett, and *The Londoners*, by Robert Hichens, are among the latest contributions to fiction.

Of the older books, *The Honourable Peter Stirling*, *Hugh Wynne*, *Quo Vadis*, *The Choir Invisible*, *Simon Dale*, and *The Gadfly* are still selling largely, but at present no particular volume is having a pronounced lead.

A rather unusual feature of the spring publications has been the issue of several very attractive juveniles, of which may be mentioned *Rosin the Beau*, by Laura E. Richards; *Reuben's Hindrances*, by Pansy, and *A Son of the Revolution*, by Elbridge S. Brooks.

Religious works continue in fair demand, particularly *In His Steps*, *The Twentieth Century City*, and *Darkness and Dawn*, the latter book having increased its sale during the past few months.

Out-door and guide books which started with their customary spring sales fell off materially this past month, affected, no doubt, by the backward weather and war scare. *Across the Sub-Arctics of Canada*, by J. W. Tyrrell, is a late addition to works of travel, which, with *Through the Gold Fields of Alaska to Bering Straits*, by Harry De Windt, and the new popular edition of *Farthest North*, are selling to some extent. *Northward over the "Great Ice,"* by Robert E. Peary, is announced for early publication, and will no doubt be well received.

History, biography, and other miscellaneous literature are in light demand except for library orders, which still continue to keep well up to their usual number.

Paper-bound fiction sales are not remarkable as a whole, *Quo Vadis*, *Lost Man's Lane*, and *Billy Hamilton* being the leaders.

A frequent question is, How are sales being affected by the war? This may be answered by the statement that while there is a fair amount of activity orders are generally lighter than usual, with a noticeable reluctance to stock up even with the popular books.

The following list contains the best selling titles of the month:

Quo Vadis. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

In His Steps. By Charles M. Sheldon. Paper, 25 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. \$1.50.

Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell. 2 vols. \$2.00.

The Honourable Peter Stirling. By P. L. Ford. \$1.50.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cents.

The Gadfly. By E. L. Voynich. \$1.25.

The Story of an Untold Love. By P. L. Ford. \$1.25.

Shrewsbury. By Stanley J. Weyman. \$1.50.

The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen. \$1.50.

The Girl at Cobhurst. By Frank R. Stockton. \$1.50.

The Pride of Jennico. By Agnes and Eger-ton Castle. \$1.50.

Billy Hamilton. By A. C. Gunter. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.25.

Lost Man's Lane. By Anna Katherine Green. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

Cuba in War Time. By Richard Harding Davis. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.25.

Simon Dale. By Anthony Hope. \$1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, May 1, 1898.

Generally speaking, business was rather quiet last month, more so, perhaps, than is usual at this time of the year. It is to be expected, of course, that sales will be light, and that receipts will fall off as the summer approaches, but it is to be feared, also, that the war excitement will tend to intensify the dullness of the off season. The trade flourishes best in times of prosperous peace, and it is to be hoped that the war will not last long.

The Bookman's Literary Year-Book is being exceedingly well received, and the volume is so useful that buyers are wondering why the idea of such a publication did not occur to some one before.

Local sales of Ian Maclaren's works in general and *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* in particular were helped considerably by the presence here last month of the drama of that name.

F. Hopkinson Smith's new book, *Caleb West*, was the most successful book published last month. Others which met with good sales were *Penelope's Progress*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin; *The Girl at Cobhurst*, by F. R. Stockton, and *The Waters of Caney Fork*, by Opie Read.

The Eugene Field I Knew, by Francis Wilson, also published last month, deserves especial mention, and the work is demonstrating by its sale the kindly remembrance in which the poet and humourist is held.

The success of the coming season in books published as a series in uniform binding is likely to be the "Ajax" Series of twelvemos, which Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company will issue some time next month. Nearly all of the titles are popular favourites and copyright books at that.

With Fire and Sword and *Quo Vadis* led the sales of last month, and considering the season, the popular books of the day made a very satisfactory showing. The demand for war books was again the most prominent feature of the month, and it was well-nigh impossible to keep those dealing with Military Tactics Instruction in stock. Works both historical and descriptive of Spain and Cuba, such as *Spain in the Nineteenth Century*, by Mrs. Latimer, Hale's *Story of Spain*, and Rowan and Ramsey's *Isle of Cuba*, were also called for very largely, especially the first-named book.

The Biographical Edition of Thackeray's works is very welcome. It will take its place beside the Centenary Carlyle and the Gadshill Dickens, now being issued, for library use.

Captain Mahan's books on Sea Power are always in demand, but they are, as it may well be inferred, called for very frequently now.

Reports from the extreme West are of a favourable nature, and recent sales of books for fall trade are said to have been very good for that section.

A new and cheaper edition of Nansen's *Farthest North* was received last month. It should prove a good book for fall trade.

Robert Burns's Correspondence with Mrs. Dunlop was another important publication of last month, and it may be of interest to notice here that Burns is one of the few poets whose works show increased sales each year.

In the way of minor calls, out door books, such as works on Natural History, Ornithology, the Farm, Garden, and Sports, are beginning to go very well. Each year sees a larger demand for this class of books. Works on Navigation are also attracting buyers.

The best selling books last month were :

- With Fire and Sword. By H. Sienkiewicz. \$1.00.
 Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz. \$1.00.
 Spain in the Nineteenth Century. By Mrs. E. W. Latimer. \$2.50.
 Caleb West. By Hopkinson Smith. \$1.50.
 The Choir Invisible. By J. L. Allen. \$1.50.
 Simon Dale. By Anthony Hope. \$1.50.
 The Hon. Peter Stirling. By P. L. Ford. \$1.50.
 The Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Thomson J. Hudson. \$1.50.
 Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell. \$2.00.
 The Girl at Cobhurst. By F. R. Stockton. \$1.50.
 The Gadfly. By L. Voynich. \$1.25.
 An Imperial Lover. By M. Imlay Taylor. \$1.25.
 Shrewsbury. By Stanley J. Weyman. \$1.50.
 Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. \$1.25.
 The Story of an Untold Love. By P. L. Ford. \$1.25.
 The Eugene Field I Knew. By Francis Wilson. \$1.25.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, March 21 to April 23, 1898.

Business during the time above specified, taken as a whole, has been very quiet. With the spells of fine spring weather, a falling off is generally felt, owing to the counter-attraction of outdoor pursuits. It is a great pity that the little business now left to the bookseller cannot be made more profitable; in default of this, many country establishments are ceasing to keep books in stock, and in some instances even to obtain them to order. Trade in the foreign and colonial departments continues steady and generally satisfactory. There has been considerable inquiry for works dealing with Cuba and the Cubans, but there does not appear to be any English publication to supply the demand. The other topic of the day, the Indian frontier, has already quite a literature to itself which is very popular.

Anthony Hope's *Simon Dale* is the novel of the moment, but this department of the trade

suffers, in proportion, from the depression, although, relatively, still a good line.

There is still a considerable sale in the aggregate of the Waverley Novels, several new editions being well received, and the same may be said of the new six-shilling edition of Thackeray. Dickens is not quite so much in demand.

The school-book season is now over, and has not, for some reason or other, been quite so good as usual.

The decline in the sale of theological books, previously referred to, is still noticeable, the only religious works wanted being Gore's *Epistle to the Ephesians* and the class of books issued under the auspices of the members of the Keswick Convention.

Works on physical development and athletics generally are in great demand, and the same may be said of cycling maps and road books.

Slatin's *Fire and Sword in the Sudan* has again come to the fore, owing, no doubt, to the attention directed to affairs in that part of the world.

The three-and-sixpenny issue of Rosa Nouchette Carey's novels has been very well received.

The list of books appended is remarkable for the predominance of novels, which form so important an item in modern bookselling, such as it is.

Simon Dale. By Anthony Hope. 6s. (Methuen.)

The King with Two Faces. By M. E. Coleridge. 6s. (Arnold.)

Rough Justice. By M. E. Braddon. 6s. (Simpkin.)

The Scourge-Stick. By Mrs. C. Praed. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Dreamers of the Ghetto. By I. Zangwill. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The Minister of State. By J. A. Steuart. 6s. (Heinemann.)

American Wives and English Husbands. By G. Atherton. 6s. (Service.)

The Peacemakers. By J. S. Winter. 6s. (White.)

The Londoners. By R. Hichens. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Miss Betty's Mistake. By Adeline Sergeant. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

The Beetle. By R. Marsh. 6s. (Skeffington.)

Thackeray's Vanity Fair. New 6s. edition. (Smith, Elder.)

The Frontier Campaign. By Fincastle and Lockhart. 6s. (Methuen.)

The Indian Frontier War. By L. James. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

Paris. By E. Zola. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)

The Lust of Hate. By Guy Boothby. 5s. (Ward, Lock.)

Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. 4s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 3s. 6d. (Simpkin.)

The Epistle to the Ephesians. By Canon Gore. 3s. 6d. (Murray.)

Strength. By E. Sandow. 2s. 6d. net. (Gale and Polden.)

Professions for Boys. By M. E. Pechell. 2s. 6d. (Beeton.)

Fire and Sword in the Sudan. By R. C. Slatin. 6s. (Arnold.)

Rosa Nouchette Carey's Works. 3s. 9d. (Bentley.)
 Private Life of Queen Victoria. By one of H. M. Servants. 2s. 6d. (Pearson.)
 Miss Betty. By Bram Stoker. 2s. 6d. (Pearson.)

3. At the Sign of the Silver Crescent. By Prince. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Caleb West. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Coming People. By Dole. \$1.00. (Crowell.)
6. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between April 1, 1898, and May 1, 1898.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Simon Dale. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
2. Caleb West. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
5. Paris. By Zola. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
6. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Caleb West. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Simon Dale. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Paris. By Zola. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
5. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
6. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Caleb West. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Lost Man's Lane. By Green. 50 cts. (Putnam.)
3. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. The Eugene Field I Knew. By Wilson. \$1.25. (Scribner.)
5. Children of the Sea. By Kingsley. \$1.25. (McKay.)
6. Simon Dale. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Simon Dale. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
2. Mlle. de Berney. By Mackie. \$1.50. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
3. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. In His Steps. By Sheldon. 25 and 75 cts. (Advance Pub. Co.)
6. The Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Marching with Gomez. By Flint. \$1.50. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
2. Bird Neighbours. By Blanchan. \$2.00. (Doubleday & McClure.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Marching with Gomez. By Flint. \$1.50. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
2. Simon Dale. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
3. Caleb West. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
5. Paris. By Zola. \$2.00. 2 vols. (Macmillan.)
6. At the Sign of the Silver Crescent. By Prince. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Caleb West. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Simon Dale. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
3. Marching with Gomez. By Flint. \$1.50. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
4. The Workers. By Wyckoff. \$1.25. (Scribner.)
5. Lost Man's Lane. By Green. Paper, 50 cts. (Putnam.)
6. Folks from Dixie. By Dunbar. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Spain in the 19th Century. By Latimer. \$2.50. (McClurg & Co.)
2. Caleb West. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. The Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
5. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Simon Dale. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Caleb West. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Bird Neighbours. By Blanchan. \$2.00. (Doubleday & McClure.)
3. With Fire and Sword. By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00 and \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. 25 cts. and \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. Auld Lang Syne. By Müller. \$2.00. (Scribner.)
6. The Gadfly. By Voynich. \$1.25. (Holt.)

CLEVELAND, O.

1. Caleb West. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. The Eugene Field I Knew. By Wilson. \$1.25. (Scribner.)
3. Romance of Zion Chapel. By Le Gallienne. \$1.50. (Copeland & Day.)
4. So Runs the World. By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Neely.)

5. *Twentieth Century City*. By Strong. 50 cts. (Baker & Taylor Co.)
6. *War of the Worlds*. By Wells. \$1.50. (Harper.)

DETROIT, MICH.

1. *Marching with Gomez*. By Flint. \$1.50. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
2. *Caleb West*. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. *Paris*. By Zola. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
4. *For Love of Country*. By Brady. \$1.25. (Scribner.)
5. *Story of an Untold Love*. By Ford. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. *Auld Lang Syne*. By Müller. \$2.00. (Scribner.)

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. *Caleb West*. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. *Zion Chapel*. By Le Gallienne. \$1.50. (Lane.)
3. *With Fire and Sword*. By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. *The Christian*. By Caine. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
5. *Simon Dale*. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
6. *In His Steps*. By Sheldon. 75 cts. (Advance Pub. Co.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. *Quo Vadis*. By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. *Caleb West*. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. *Simon Dale*. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
4. *A Desert Drama*. By Doyle. \$1.50. (Lippincott.)
5. *Free to Serve*. By Rayner. \$1.50. (Cope-land & Day.)
6. *The Disaster*. By Margueritte. \$1.50. (Appleton.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. *Simon Dale*. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
2. *Shrewsbury*. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
3. *Lion of Janina*. By Jokai. \$1.25. (Harper.)
4. *With Fire and Sword*. By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. *For Love of Country*. By Brady. \$1.25. (Scribner.)
6. *Paris*. By Zola. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. *Simon Dale*. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
2. *Beth Book*. By Grand. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
3. *Hugh Wynne*. By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
4. *With Fire and Sword*. By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. *Shrewsbury*. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
6. *The Kentuckians*. By Fox. \$1.25. (Harper.)

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. *The Standard Bearer*. By Crockett. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
2. *Deeds that Won the Empire*. By Fitchett. \$1.00. (Bell.)
3. *Paris*. By Zola. \$1.50. (Morang.)
4. *The Choir Invisible*. By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)

5. *Shrewsbury*. By Weyman. \$1.00. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
6. *Simon Dale*. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. *The Celebrity*. By Churchill. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. *Hugh Wynne*. By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
3. *For Love of Country*. By Brady. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
4. *Paris*. By Zola. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
5. *School for Saints*. By Hobbes. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
6. *Shrewsbury*. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. *Hugh Wynne*. By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
2. *Simon Dale*. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
3. *The Gadfly*. By Voynich. \$1.25. (Holt.)
4. *Paris*. By Zola. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
5. *The Celebrity*. By Churchill. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. *Pride of Jennico*. By Castle. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. *Following the Equator*. By Twain. \$3.50. (American Pub. Co.)
2. *Simon Dale*. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
3. *A Desert Drama*. By Doyle. \$1.50. (Lippincott.)
4. *The Gadfly*. By Voynich. \$1.25. (Holt.)
5. *For Love of Country*. By Brady. \$1.25. (Scribner.)
6. *The Federal Judge*. Lush. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. *Quo Vadis*. By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. *Hugh Wynne*. By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
3. *Shrewsbury*. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
4. *Simon Dale*. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
5. *The Gadfly*. By Voynich. \$1.25. (Holt & Co.)
6. *Free to Serve*. By Rayner. \$1.50. (Cope-land & Day.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. *Caleb West*. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. *Simon Dale*. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
3. *The Eugene Field I Knew*. By Wilson. \$1.25. (Scribner.)
4. *Fighting with Gomez*. By Flint. \$1.50. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
5. *A Desert Drama*. By Doyle. \$1.50. (Lippincott.)
6. *Cheerful Yesterdays*. By Higginson. \$2.00. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. *Caleb West*. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. *Hugh Wynne*. By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)

3. With Fire and Sword. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
5. Simon Dale. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
6. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. With Fire and Sword. By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Caleb West. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Paris. By Zola. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
5. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
6. Simon Dale. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Celebrity. By Churchill. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Marching with Gomez. By Flint. \$1.50. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
3. Caleb West. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. The Standard Bearer. By Crockett. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
5. The Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Paris. By Zola. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Infantry Tactics. 50 cts. (Appleton.)
2. Caleb West. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Simon Dale. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
4. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. \$1.25. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
5. The Eugene Field I Knew. By Wilson. \$1.25. (Scribner.)
6. The Gadfly. By Voynich. \$1.25. (Holt.)

TOLEDO, O.

1. Caleb West. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Red Bridge Neighbourhood. By Pool. \$1.50. (Harper & Bros.)
4. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
6. Simon Dale. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. *In His Steps. By Sheldon. 25 cts. (Methodist Book Room.)
2. *The Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. 75 cts. and \$1.25. (Copp-Clark Co.)
3. *With Fire and Sword. By Sienkiewicz. 75 cts. and \$1.25. (Morang.)
4. *The Standard Bearer. By Crockett. 75 cts. and \$1.25. (Methodist Book Room.)
5. †Shrewsbury. By Weyman. 75 cts. and \$1.25. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
6. *Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. 75 cts. and \$1.50. (Morang.)

* Canadian edition.

† Colonial Library.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. The Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, \$1.25. (Copp-Clark Co.)
2. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, \$1.25. (Longmans' Colonial Ed.)
3. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, \$1.25. (Copp-Clark Co.)
4. David Lyall's Love Story. By the author of "The Land o' the Leal." Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, \$1.25. (Copp-Clark Co.)
5. The Story of Ab. By Waterloo. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, \$1.25. (Copp-Clark Co.)
6. Deeds that Won the Empire. By Fitchett. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, \$1.25. (Bell's Colonial Ed.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Caleb West. By Smith, \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Marching with Gomez. By Flint. \$1.50. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
3. At the Sign of the Silver Crescent. By Prince. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Cheerful Yesterdays. By Higginson. \$2.00. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Romance of Zion Chapel. By Le Gallienne. \$1.50. (John Lane.)
6. Folks from Dixie. By Dunbar. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in order of demand during the month are—

1. Simon Dale. By Hope.
2. Caleb West. By Hopkinson Smith.
3. Shrewsbury. By Weyman.
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz.
5. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell.
6. Paris. By Zola.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY, Philadelphia.

Half Hours with the Christ, by Thomas Moses.
Ideas from Nature, by Professor William Elder.

Current Questions for Thinking Men, by Robert Stuart MacArthur.

Gladstone and Other Addresses, by Kerr Boyce Tupper, D.D., LL.D.

AMERICAN BOOK Co., New York.

Benjamin Franklin, by Edward Robins.

D. APPLETON & Co., New York.

The Incidental Bishop, by Grant Allen.

A French Volunteer of the War of Independence, translated and edited by Robert B. Douglas.

The Lake of Wine, by Bernard Capes.

The Standard Bearer, by S. R. Crockett.

Studies of Good and Evil, by Josiah Royce.

A History of Italian Literature, by Richard Garnett.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York.

The Romance of a Playwright, by Vte. Henri De Bornier, from the French by Mary McMahon.

The World Well Lost, by Esther Robertson.

The Prodigal's Daughter, by Lelia Hardin Bugg.

Fabiola's Sisters, Adapted by A. C. Clarke.

THE BURROWS BROS. CO., Cleveland.

Reality ; or, Law and Order *vs.* Anarchy and Socialism, by George A. Sanders, M.A.

COPELAND & DAY, Boston.

La Santa Yerba, written by William L. Shoemaker.

Shakespeare's Sonnets.

Ireland, by Lionel Johnson.

T. Y. CROWELL & Co., New York.

The Founding of the German Empire, Vol. VII., by Heinrich von Sybel.

Workingmen's Insurance, by William Franklin Willoughby.

New Forms of Christian Education, an address to the University Hall Guild, by Mrs. Humphry Ward.

Behind the Pardah, by Irene H. Barnes.

J. M. DENT & Co., London.

The Story of Perugia, by Margaret Symonds and Lina Duff Gordon, Illustrated by M. Helen James.

G. W. DILLINGHAM CO., New York.

A Pedigree in Pawn, by Arthur Henry Veysey.

DODD, MEAD & CO., New York.

Companions of the Sorrowful Way, by Ian Maclaren.

Folks from Dixie, by Paul Laurence Dunbar.

The Bookman Literary Year-Book, 1898.

Robert Burns and Mrs. Dunlop, with elucidations by William Wallace, 2 vols.

American Wives and English Husbands, by Gertrude Atherton.

DOUBLEDAY & MCCLURE CO., New York.

The Open Boat, by Stephen Crane.

How to Study Shakespeare, by William H. Fleming.

Little Masterpieces, edited by Bliss Perry, Abraham Lincoln.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York.

Addresses to Women Engaged in Church Work, by Henry C. Potter.

FUNK & WAGNALLS, New York.

Paul and His Friends, by Louis Albert Banks.

GAY & BIRD, London.

Points of View, and Other Poems, by G. Colmore.

GINN & Co., Boston.

The New Century Speaker for School and College, by Henry Allyn Frink.

The Ethics of Hobbes, as contained in Selec-

tions from his Works, with an Introduction by E. Hershey Sneath, Ph.D.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

The Golicide and Other Tales of the Fair Green, by W. G. Van T. Sutphen.

Señorita Montemar, by Archer P. Crouch.

Vanity Fair, by W. M. Thackeray, with illustrations by the author and a portrait.

Social Pictorial Satire, by George Du Maurier.

Four for a Fortune, by Albert Lee.

Through the Gold Fields of Alaska to Bering Straits, by Harry De Windt.

Farthest North, by Fridtjof Nansen. Illustrated.

The Gods of our Fathers, by Herman I. Stern.

A Boy I Knew and Four Dogs, by Laurence Hutton.

D. C. HEATH & Co., Boston.

English Etymology, by Friedrich Kluge and Frederick Lutz.

HENRY HOLT & Co., New York.

The Fire of Life, by Charles Kennett Burrow.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.

Unforeseen Tendencies of Democracy, by E. L. Godkin.

Tales of the Home Folks in Peace and War, by Joel Chandler Harris.

Caleb West—Master Diver, by F. Hopkinson Smith.

The Imported Bridegroom, and Other Stories, by Abraham Cahan.

French Literature of To-day, by Yetta Blaze De Bury.

The Downfall, by Emile Zola.

Colonial Mobile, by Peter J. Hamilton.

Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin.

LAIRD & LEE, Chicago.

Salva-Webster Diccionario, Salva-Webster English Spanish Dictionary with a Geographical and Biographical Encyclopedia, by Don J. Gomez, Ph.D.

Machinists' and Engineers' Pocket Manual, edited by D. B. Dixon.

Whiz, a Story of the Mines, by Amelia Weed Holbrook.

LAMSON, WOLFFE & Co., Boston.

The History of the Lowell Institute, by Harriette Knight Smith.

A Man-at-Arms, by Clinton Scollard.

JOHN LANE, New York.

The Making of a Prig, by Evelyn Sharp.

LEACH, SHEWELL & Co., New York.

The Prisoner of Chillon, and Other Selections from Lord Byron, edited by Charles Maurice Stebbins.

Selections from the Essays of Elia, by Charles Lamb, edited by Charles Ladd Crew, B.A.

LEE & SHEPARD, Boston.

Shattuck's Advanced Rules of Parliamentary Law.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia.

The Vicar, by Joseph Hatton.

The Peacemakers, by John Strange Winter.

LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston.

The Royal Navy, a History, Vol. II., by William Laird Clowes.

The King's Henchman, a Chronicle of the Sixteenth Century, by William Henry Johnson.

Hassan : A Fellah, a Romance of Palestine, by Henry Gillman.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York.

The Statesman's Year-Book, 1898.

The Gospel of Freedom, by Robert Herrick.

The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, by Edward Gibbon. Vols. IV. and V.

The Development of the Child, by Nathan Oppenheim.

Social Evolution, by Benjamin Kidd, new edition, revised, with additions.

GEORGE A. MOSHER, Syracuse, N. Y.

An Aid for Teachers of Public Schools and Colleges, in the Study of Historic Art, by Ruth Janette Warner.

THOMAS B. MOSHER, Portland, Me.

In Praise of Omar, an Address, by the Mon. John Hay.

NEW YORK PUBLISHING Co., New York.

The Awakening of Noahville, by Franklin H. North.

J. S. OGILVIE PUBLISHING Co., New York.

The Third Woman, by Henryk Sienkiewicz.

L. C. PAGE & Co., Chicago.

The Continental Dragoon, by R. N. Stephens.

THE PILGRIM PRESS, Boston.

Recollections of a Nonagenarian, by Rev. John C. Holbrook, D.D., LL.D.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York.

Geographical and Statistical Notes on Mexico, by Matias Romero.

Matthew Arnold and the Spirit of the Age, Papers of the English Club of Sewanee, edited, with an introduction, by its president, The Rev. Greenough White, A.M., B.D.

RAND, McNALLY & Co., Chicago.

The Marbeau Cousins, by Harry Stillwell Edwards.

A Valuable Life, by Adeline Sergeant.

Under the Ban, by Terésa Hammond Strickland.

A Daughter of Earth, by E. M. Davy.

Life's Blindfold Game, by Maggie Swan.

In the Swim, by Richard Henry Savage.

FLEMING H. REVELL Co., New York.

The Autobiography of Charles Haddon Spurgeon, compiled from his diary, letters, and records by his wife and his private secretary. Vol. I., 1834-54.

GEORGE H. RICHMOND & SON, New York.

Red and Black, a Chronicle of the Nineteenth Century, by Marie-Henri Beyle, translated from the French by E. P. Robins. 2 vols.

ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston.

Tennyson's Debt to Environment, by William G. Ward.

The Cruel Side of War, with the Army of the Potomac, by Katharine Prescott Wormeley.

The Apostles, by Ernest Renan.

R. H. RUSSELL, New York.

Shapes and Shadows, by Madison Cawein.

Two Prisoners, by Thomas Nelson Page.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York.

The Works of James Whitcomb Riley : The Flying Islands of the Night.

Thomas Carlyle, History of Friederich II., of Prussia, Called Frederick the Great. Vol. V.

The Dull Miss Archinard, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick.

The Eugene Field I Knew, by Francis Wilson.

In Old Narragansett, by Alice Morse Earle.

The Bride of Lammermoor, by Sir Walter Scott.

Bleak House, by Charles Dickens, with introduction and notes by Andrew Lang, the Gads-hill edition. 2 vols.

The Girl at Cobhurst, by Frank R. Stockton.

Rousseau and Education According to Nature, by Thomas Davidson.

The Outline of Christian Theology, by William Newton Clarke, D.D.

The Unquiet Sex, by Helen Watterson Moody.

Stories by Foreign Authors, French. 2 vols.

The Crook of the Bough, by Menie Muriel Dowie.

Ars Et Vita, and Other Stories, by T. R. Sullivan.

The Ordeal of Richard Feverel, by George Meredith.

Diana of the Crossways, by George Meredith.

A Legend of Montrose, by Sir Walter Scott.

Byron's Works, Poetry. Vol. I.

FREDERICK A. STOKES Co., New York.

Under the Dragon Flag, by James Allen.

HERBERT S. STONE & Co., Chicago.

A Realized Ideal, by Julia Magruder.

Here, There, and Everywhere, Reminiscences by M. E. W. Sherwood.

The Londoners, by Robert Hichens.

THOMAS WHITTAKER, New York.

The Construction of the Bible, by Walter F. Adeney, M.A.

WILLIAMS & WILKINS Co., Baltimore.

Would Any Man? by Charles Peale Didier.

JOHN C. WINSTON & Co., Philadelphia.

Gleanings from Poetic Fields, by Robert Tilney.

THE BOOKMAN

An Illustrated Literary Journal.

VOL. VII.

JULY, 1898.

No. 5.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The Editors of THE BOOKMAN cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts, whether stamps are enclosed or not; and to this rule no exception will be made.

Mr. R. B. Adam, of Buffalo, who holds the copyright of the Burns-Dunlop correspondence, recently published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, has made an interesting Burns discovery. Some years ago he bought from Mr. William Brown, of Edinburgh, an early edition of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. It was the second edition in twelve octavo volumes, bearing the date, London, 1788. On a fly-leaf in a neat, feminine hand is written:

"I well remember this edition of Gibbon's History in my Grand Mother's House in Burns street, Dumfries, feel satisfied it was the edition belonging to the poet, Robert Burns.

(Signed) "SARAH (BURNS) HUTCHINSON.
"Whitehill, Oct. 1, 1875."

There are numerous marks of interest in the volume. The signatures "Robert burns," "Robert" and "Robert Burns," on a fly-leaf, are certified as having been written by the poet's eldest son; on one page is written "W. N. Burns, Calcutta, 1808." But most interesting of all is a note on page 47, Vol. 1. There is a reference in the text to Pope and his translation of the *Iliad*, upon which Gibbon makes comment in a footnote: "The rights, powers, and pretensions of the sovereign of Olympus are very clearly described in the fifteenth book of the *Iliad*: in the Greek original, I mean; for Mr. Pope, without perceiving it, has improved the theology of Homer." On the margin under this, in faded ink is written:

"damned vagabond he often spoils the original I find."

The owner of the book had been assured that this and other marginal marks in the work were Robert Burns's own commentaries. The one quoted certainly sounds like the poet; but not until a few weeks ago, when the Burns-Dunlop correspondence, with the fac-simile reproductions of some of Burns's letters, came into his hands, has Mr. Adams had an opportunity to compare the "damned vagabond" with a Burns manuscript. The comparison proves the note to be a genuine Burns autograph. It is identical in its characteristics with the letters written in the poet's later years—and it must have been in 1788 or later when he owned the Gibbon. A more characteristic souvenir of Robert Burns it would be hard to find.



Some one has written to ask us what we consider the most humorous development among the recent events relating to our war with Spain. Wars are not supposed to be exactly humorous, but the present contest, up to the date of our writing this, has certainly developed as yet nothing that is very tragic. Surveying the whole field we should say that one distinctly humorous thing is the superior strategic knowledge of the one-cent newspapers as compared with that possessed by the military and naval experts. Another humorous thing is the intense patriotism of the persons in charge of village school entertainments who will not allow their children to sing "The Spanish Cavalier"; and of certain

restaurant-keepers who are now striking Spanish omelettes from their bills of fare and describing them instead as "tomato omelettes." There was humour displayed, too, in the announcement of a recent exhibition of "A Fête of Flags" which took place near the abode of a certain New Jersey humorist that "no Spanish flags would be exhibited." In the sphere of military operations we think it rather humorous to find our naval commanders allowing torpedo boats, whose steel shell is about as thick as a piece of blotting paper, to run in shore and attack earthworks and other fortifications that are well supplied with ten-inch guns. But perhaps the most richly humorous thing of all is the contemplation of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt declining the colonelcy of a regiment on the ground of his ignorance of military matters, and at the same time accepting a lieutenant-colonelcy. The humour of this lies in the apparent assumption by Mr. Roosevelt that a lieutenant-colonel does not need to know anything about military matters and that a colonel is probably immortal, so that the lieutenant-colonel will never by any possibility be required to take his place. There are still other humorous things about the war, but those given will probably satisfy the curiosity of our correspondent. If not, we will tell him some more.

Columbia University has completed the first academic year upon its new site and has marked this event by a three days' celebration ending with Commencement and a general reunion of all its alumni. The beautiful grounds have now put on an air of completeness and finish, and the picturesque exercises which were carried out with considerable stateliness seem to promise that before long Columbia will have what hitherto she had sadly lacked, a distinctively academic atmosphere. The weather was perfect and nothing occurred to mar the impression made upon all who were present, except that a certain gloom was cast over the first day's proceedings by a member of the graduating class who perpetrated a Class Day Ode in which the word "law" was made to rhyme with "more."

At the opening of the college year next autumn the intermittent periodical hither-

to known as the *Columbia University Bulletin* will become the *Columbia University Quarterly*. Under the editorship of Prof. George R. Carpenter the *Bulletin* has greatly broadened its scope, and it is now perhaps the best of the various magazines intended to serve as a connecting link between the alumni and their alma mater. It has a semi-official character, being published by the Columbia University Press, and it contains many of the official announcements of the University. It has also its more popular aspects and it has recently contained interesting articles on "Boating at Columbia," by Judge Cornell; on "Columbia in the Revolution," by Dr. Cushing, and on the "Battle of Harlem Heights" (the new site of the university), by Prof. Dunning. In fact the apparent aim of the present board of editors seems to expand the new *Columbia University Quarterly* until it is a modest rival of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*.

No one at all familiar with the publications representing the various American institutions of learning can doubt that the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* is very much the best of them all. It is dignified in its appearance; it is complete in its record of matters of interest to the alumni; and it generally manages to get for every number at least one article which makes it worthy of preservation. In fact the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* seems to us to have but one defect, and that is a blemish easily curable. It has the habit of printing reviews (mostly anonymous) of every volume written or edited by a Harvard man. Perhaps the anonymous review has its utility in modern journalism, but it is assuredly out of place in the organ of a great university where there is no need of any underhand and hole-in-the-corner methods. If such a magazine is to contain criticism at all worthy of the University, the reviews ought each to be warranted by its author's signature. Otherwise the review seems to represent the opinion of the University itself; and this may lead to awkward inferences. In a recent number, for example, there was a notice of an American anthology, in the course of which the concealed critic singled out for contemptuous animadversion Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Mr.

Richard Watson Gilder and the late H. C. Bunner. We believe that the two living poets have each received an honorary degree at Harvard. Does this offensive review indicate that Harvard University has changed its mind and regrets the degrees it granted?



The library and other effects of the late "Lewis Carroll" were disposed of by auction last month in Oxford. Whoever was responsible for the sale must be entirely without sentiment, for among other articles for disposal were the late writer's watch, his umbrellas and walking sticks, his photograph albums, his shaving materials, and his table linen. The library might be called that of a general reader; it contained first editions of Tennyson, Browning, Dickens, George Meredith, Stevenson, and Rudyard Kipling. The highest price realised—£50—was that for the author's proof copy of *Alice in Wonderland*, which was bound in vellum, and had on the fly-leaf a manuscript poem. This copy was dated 1865, whereas all other copies of the first edition are dated 1866. An exactly similar copy, but lacking the poem, went for £24. Several copies of *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass*, which were recalled from circulation owing to some misprint, and of which the majority were given away after being stamped "For the use of sick children," went for eighteen shillings. Among other interesting works was the *Germ*, bound in morocco, with illustrations by Holman Hunt and Rossetti, which was sold for £9 to an undergraduate. Miss Rossetti's *Goblin Market*, first edition, 1866, went for £4, and *The Prince's Progress* for £1 10s.; *A Pageant and other Poems*, 1881, for £2 16s. This copy had an inscription on the fly-leaf, "Rev. C. L. Dodgson, from his obliged friend, Christina G. Rossetti." A first edition of Browning's *Sordello*, 1840, realised £2; *Christmas Eve and Easter Day*, 1850, only eighteen shillings; and *Men and Women*, 1855, 34s. Keats's *Endymion*, a first edition, 1818, went for £3, and a first edition of his *Poems*, 1817, for £7. The sale was attended by dealers from all parts of the country, and the prices were on the whole very high, but many even of the most expensive lots were bought by undergraduates.

We understand that the enormous sale of *Quo Vadis* has yielded the translator, Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, the handsome sum of \$25,000. As a translator of fiction, Mr. Curtin's "haul" is probably without precedent. *With Fire and Sword*, also translated from the Polish of Sienkiewicz by Mr. Curtin has just been issued in a popular edition at one dollar by Messrs: Little, Brown and Company.



George Moore's new novel, *Evelyn Innes*, has just been published by Messrs. D. Appleton and Company. This novel is described as an analysis of a conflict between art and the world on one side and religion upon the other. The theme is developed with a penetrating insight into motives, a grasp of character, and a mastery of literary technique which make *Evelyn Innes* a notable book. The action of the novel passes in large part in London and Paris. It is a story of the present day, characterised by a vivid perception of the doubts and complex conditions of modern life. The musical *motif* which has so large a part in the development of the story is interwoven with others which in their unfolding show a rare subtlety and power. The book will be reviewed in our next number.



One of the most delightful books for young people published in the fall of 1896 was *We Ten, or The Story of the Roses*, by Barbara Yechton. It will interest this large class of readers to learn that the author has now under way a sequel to this story which will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company.



In the May number of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* Professor Brander Matthews has a story entitled "Her Letter to His Second Wife." This story is rather a good illustration of the particular brand of realism which is provided for the public by Professor Matthews and Mr. Howells. These gentlemen think that while dramatic and rather striking incidents sometimes happen in real life, these are, nevertheless, exceptional and if introduced into literature will impair the effect of reality by substituting the exceptional for the usual. Now let us see how this works

out in practice. In the story which we have mentioned, we find a young woman who is the second wife of Mr. John Blackstock, of Gramercy Park. He is rather older than she, and when we first meet her she has just returned from her wedding journey and is spending the first day of her new life in her new home. Presently in comes the minister, Dr. Thurston, who figures in most of the recent stories by Professor Matthews. He is very grave and tells her that he has come to perform a solemn duty, and he at once delivers to her a letter written by Mr. Blackstock's first wife and entrusted to Dr. Thurston to be delivered to any woman whom Blackstock should afterward marry. The young bride takes a long breath, tears the letter open, and finds that it is a warm and supremely affectionate commendation of the good Blackstock; that it was written because the first wife was afraid that the woman who was destined to succeed her might not fully appreciate what a treasure she had won; and that she might forget to make him put on his overshoes when it rains, to send for a doctor when he has a cold, and to change his flannels early in the "fall." The young bride reads the letter with emotion, and just at that moment her husband comes home and she falls sobbing upon his neck with the exclamation "Your first wife was an angel!" Here ends the story so far as Mr. Matthews has unfolded it, and it leaves domestic peace and connubial serenity enveloping the Blackstock household.



Now this is all very well. It is Howells-Matthews realism; but we happen to know something more about this affair of the Blackstocks, and we wish to remark that the story does not really end where Mr. Matthews leaves it. There is much more behind. The truth is that John Blackstock was, as a matter of fact, a Bad Man, and that he had in his life a Guilty Secret. His first wife discovered the Guilty Secret and that was what killed her. She did not wish to expose her husband to the public because she remembered their child, who died of German measles when four days old; but when she was nearing her end she felt that she ought to put a possible second wife on her guard as soon as possible so

that this unsuspecting young creature might not be bamboozled by the base Blackstock. Therefore she wrote a letter in which the Guilty Secret was set forth in full, and she made ready to entrust it to Dr. Thurston who was ignorant of its contents. Unfortunately, however, she imparted a knowledge of her purpose to one Juno Smith, whom she thought to be her friend but who was really in love with Blackstock and secretly mixed up in the Guilty Secret. It was impossible to destroy the letter as a whole, because Dr. Thurston had already been spoken to about it; so Juno Smith and Blackstock managed to get possession of it, to steal the envelope, and to substitute the very different letter which Dr. Thurston afterward delivered to the bride. This, however, was not all. Juno Smith had hoped to marry Blackstock after his first wife's death and he had married the second wife while Juno was away in California. On her return, being furious at his treachery to her, she went to the second Mrs. Blackstock and exposed the whole affair, producing genuine letters of the first wife to show the difference in handwriting. There was a scene in the Blackstock house. Juno Smith told the police about the Guilty Secret; Blackstock also told of Juno Smith's connection with it; and they were both sent up to the Island. The second Mrs. Blackstock found that her husband had in reality no property whatever, and so she had to move out of the Gramercy Park house and become a lady reporter on the *New York Journal*.



These are the actual facts in the Blackstock case, and what we want to know is why Mr. Matthews did not go on and tell them. Only three hypotheses are possible: (1) Mr. Matthews knew very little about the Blackstock family and its history; or (2) he is a partisan of Blackstock and persuaded himself therefore to condone the Guilty Secret; or (3) he deliberately suppressed all the interesting part of the story through a most unconscientious devotion to his own particular kind of realism. The whole thing has interested us very much, and we should like to write it all out in minute detail and have it published by Mr. F. Tennyson Neely in one of those striking tomes of his whose covers depict men with red legs

and women with blue hair kissing each other industriously while going over the crest of Niagara Falls.



A rumour has reached us to the effect that Mr. James Lane Allen has decided to desert Kentucky as a field of fiction in future, and we take this opportunity of assuring his numerous admirers that the statement is utterly unfounded. We have Mr. Allen's own word for it. "There never was a time in my life," he says, "when I had a greater desire to write about Kentucky than to-day—never a time when that desire was more intense or more resolute. I shall not leave Kentucky." Furthermore the work upon which he is now engaged is to be a Kentucky novel. "I am now at work on what I consider the first novel of my life," he said the other day. "It will embody three things: the humour of *A Kentucky Cardinal*, the philosophic frankness of *Summer in Arcady* and the spiritual seriousness of *The Choir Invisible*. It is to be a story of town life and country life blended and contrasted. It will be twice as long as anything that I have ever attempted." Mr. Allen has already written part of the new work, but upon being asked when it would be finished, he rejoined, "When I am satisfied with it."



In an interview with Mr. Allen reported in the Louisville *Courier-Journal* during the past month, he is quoted at length in reply to the question: What effect has war upon literature? Mr. Allen's remarks are exceedingly interesting and suggestive:

"If a war is fought for a noble cause that touches deeply the causes and the conscience of a nation, it almost inevitably produces a noble revolution in its literature. Great deeds, even in the works of fiction, even in the most ancient epic, always fire the soul. Much more do they have this effect when they are wrought out by the men you know, acting for the country you love. And a noble war always produces great actions, whether they represent victory or defeat. The Spanish war so far has touched the whole American people in but one way as being rightful, and this was the destruction of its battleship. If no notice had been taken of that by the American people as a nation among modern nations, the spirit of every American sailor, marine and soldier would have been humiliated and the *esprit de corps* of the army and navy would have been wounded and lowered. This

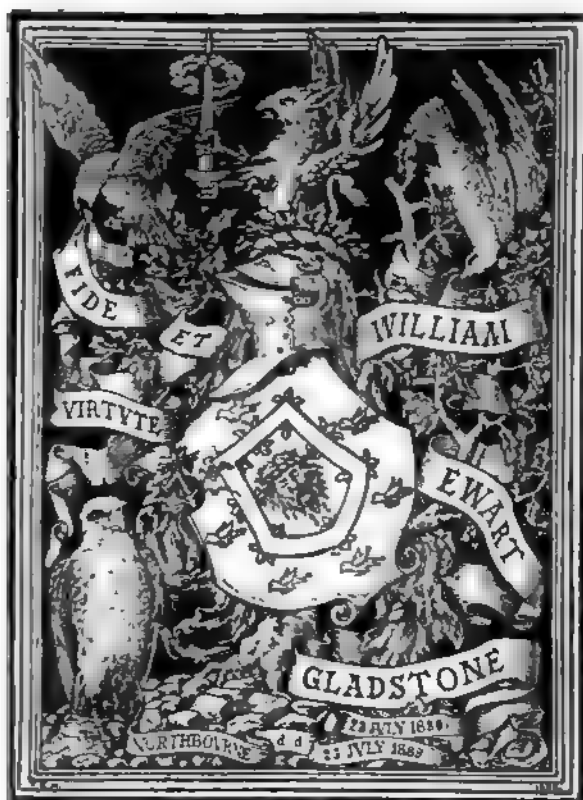
is true not only of the inner standard, but of the outward international standard by which every civilisation judges another. As to the other causes, there are two, neither of which has, perhaps, stirred or even reached the American people as a nation. The first of these is injury to American trade and the duty of protecting foreign American citizens in their property rights. As just and deeply grounded as this cause is, viewed as a responsibility of the Government, it has not affected the American people as a whole. As to the plea of humanity, when probed to the deepest, that involves a discussion of other humane obligations that is practically bottomless."

"What is the effect of war upon the imaginative forces of a nation?" was asked.

"Wholly good," said Mr. Allen. "War will stimulate the creative imagination of the American as nothing has since the Civil War. And there will be this difference, that where the literature growing out of the Civil War has always been tinged with sadness and regret that it was the victory of a brother over a brother, of part of the Anglo-Saxon in the New World over the other part in the New World, the literature springing from the latest war will sound the clear note of gladness that it was the triumph of the nation of the future over the decaying and ruinous forces of the past, as a victory of humanity over inhumanity, progress over stagnation. There can be no doubt that the new place which has already been won in the eyes of every civilisation in Europe by American daring, skill, self-control and gentlemanly modesty has already brought to the American imagination a new life, a new fervour, a new standard by which to measure its living heroism, its own heroes, that would have been impossible some months ago."



Mr. Gladstone's occupation of the most prominent position in public life for upwards of sixty years were combined with high literary gifts and a delight in books upon which he once enlarged in a letter to Mr. Quaritch. "I have in my time," he wrote, "been a purchaser to the extent of about 35,000 volumes. A book collector ought, as I conceive, to possess the following six qualifications—appetite, leisure, wealth, knowledge, discrimination, and perseverance. Of these I have only had two, the first and the last, and these are not the most important. Restricted visual power now imposes on me a serious amount of disability." And then there follow some charming reminiscences. "The oldest book I have—that is to say, the one longest in my possession—was presented to me personally by Mrs. Hannah More. It is a copy of her *Sacred Dramas*, printed and given me in 1815.



MR. GLADSTONE'S BOOK-PLATE.

eighty-one years ago, and was accompanied with a pretty introductory sentence, of which I remember only the first words. They were these:—"As you have just come into the world and I am just going out of it, allow me," and so forth. My purchases commenced a few years after that time, and I have a variety of books acquired at Eton. Among them is a copy of Mr. Hallam's *Constitutional History* in quarto, presented to me by his son Arthur, the subject of *In Memoriam*, and at that period my dearest friend."

It is interesting to recall Carlyle's *mot* when speaking of Disraeli and Gladstone: "The Jew has no conscience; the other is all conscience—though," he added, in his saturnine manner, "he can make his conscience declare what he wishes." Browning told a story which seemed to him to display the difference between the two men. At the Academy dinner Disraeli spoke eloquently

on the imagination displayed by the artists in their work. After dinner he took Browning aside and remarked, "What strikes me peculiarly about these pictures is that in none of them is there any imagination!" Browning related this at a breakfast where Gladstone was of the company, and said he thought it was very amusing. "You call that amusing," said Gladstone, with flashing eye; "I call it *hellish*."

Infinite in his variety, Mr. Gladstone was sublime in anger. It is still remembered how he once turned on a certain Mr. Miall, a Nonconformist Radical, who had declared that if Mr. Gladstone was not careful the Nonconformists would be obliged to reconsider their position. So far from being alarmed by this dire threat, Mr. Gladstone was magnificently indignant. "If the honourable member cannot find it in his conscience to continue his support, then for God's sake let him take his support elsewhere!" Poor Mr. Miall collapsed utterly; but

the incident was significant enough to give rise to what is now known in English ecclesiastical circles as Miallism.

A revised and enlarged edition of Justin McCarthy's *Life of Gladstone* will be published immediately by the Macmillan Company. The revision in this edition has been very complete, and several important chapters have been added by Mr. McCarthy. The biography with the revision and new material will therefore present Mr. Gladstone's career to the day of his death, and will also contain in the closing chapters an account of his funeral in Westminster Abbey. Mr. McCarthy also adds an account of Mr. Gladstone's attitude toward the Armenian question, and of his visit to Cannes last winter. A review of the state of European politics in the closing days of the great statesman lends additional value to the more personal account of his sickness and death.



A CORNER OF MR. GLADSTONE'S LIBRARY IN HAWARDEN CASTLE.

Mr. W. Pett Ridge in an amusing sketch of a back street row of booksellers in London, contributed to the *English Bookman*, describes with a quaint graphic touch which recalls Dickens, the haunts and habits of "those who feed on books." At the open fronts of the shops and inside the shops, men and sometimes strange old young ladies browse about the crowded shelves of books, and, like the Tenebrio beetle, are seldom seen with a companion. The quiet hush is seldom disturbed. Purchase of books—you may taste what you like here, but on no account will you be allowed to take any book home without due formality of purchase—entitles the customer to a few minutes' conversation with the opulent Jewish hostess or her lads, but this is not invited—mere patronage of the three-penny box barely entitles you to a respectful prophecy regarding the weather. Untidy old gentlemen, who have long ago made friends with misfortune and have never been able to break off the acquaintance, attempt sometimes to review the past, but they receive spare encouragement.

"Ah, ah! A Thackeray. I see," says one "Bless my soul, what a man he was! *What a*

man! You don't remember Thack, I s'pose?"

The eighteen-year-old youth confesses that he has no clear recollection of Thackeray, and taking a bald broom endeavours to sweep the reminiscent gentleman and the dust out into the roadway.

"We always called him Thack in the old days. I remember him, bless you, I've spoken to him just as I am speaking now to you."

The sweeping youth expresses a casual hope that the gent in question enjoyed it.

"A most friendly man, sir, an extraordinarily friendly man, I may say, with those in whom he found a common sympathy. I've known that man, sir, cross St. James street—absolutely cross it simply because he saw me. He being *here* as it might be these book shelves, and I being *here* as it might be this box, he'd cross over at once; his hand held out ready."

Youth, still sweeping, submits as a question: Did he hit hard?

"Hit, sir? The great man *shook* hands with me. *Shook* hands. There in broad daylight, Thackeray, the great novelist, shook hands with me. In broad daylight, sir."

The youth says casually and, having swept all that he can, going to the open front of the shop, that if it had been him he should have waited till dusk.

Our esteemed correspondent who a year ago favoured us with an early photograph of the Hon. John Hay, taken in 1871, now makes us his debtor for the interesting photograph of Thackeray



WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.
From an unpublished carte de visite

which is herewith reproduced. The original was presented by Thackeray to Horace Mayhew from whom it was obtained by the late R. Halket Lord, editor of *The Book Mart*. Halket Lord was found dead in a London hotel, and his library with which went the photograph was secured by Mr. George Kernan of Riverhead, R. I., as collateral for a loan of some fifteen hundred dollars. Mr. Kernan sold the library to a New York bookseller from whom the present owner purchased the photograph with a copy of *Thackerayana*. We do not remember ever having seen this portrait published, and there is reason to believe that it was suppressed for infringement of copyright. It is certain that it does not appear among the many portraits of Thackeray which are well known and it is the only one we have seen of him without his glasses and showing the clear profile. We also give a pen drawing of Thackeray in which he caricatured himself on his travels.

We have just finished reading *Pendennis* once more in the beautiful Biographical Edition of Thackeray's works which Messrs. Harper and Brothers are pub-

lishing. The perennial and inexhaustible delight which this novel always affords us may be in part attributed to the fact that it was the first of Thackeray's novels to be read by the writer years ago. Well do we remember the well-thumbed and tattered copy which was borrowed from a library, and the quiet harvest that it yielded to one stepping on the threshold of young manhood. For that reason, too, it may be that *Pendennis* has always retained its place in one reader's affections as the prime favourite of all Thackeray's novels. "My attempt was to tell the truth," wrote Thackeray of this work, "and to tell it not unkindly." There in the expressed aim of the author you have a felicitous description of the accomplished fact. Truth about the life he knew, in which he had participated, told not unkindly, pointed with the genial wit and sapience of one who was a man of the world, in the best sense of the term, kindled by the warm glow of his splendid imagination went to the making of *The History of Pendennis*. Withal, *Pendennis* is the most cheerful of all the novels. It begins in good spirits and ends happily and in good spirits—a fact that has been noted by more than one critic. It is essentially a young man's novel, and few works of fiction or out of it could be read and re-read with so much entertainment and profit as that which recounts "his fortunes and misfortunes, his friends and his



"W. M. T. ON HIS TRAVELS."
From a drawing by Thackeray.

greatest enemy," for what young man will not recognise in Arthur Pendennis much that belongs to his own nature?



Mrs. Ritchie's Introduction to this novel, like that to *Vanity Fair* which preceded *Pendennis* a month ago, is delightful and informing. If the surviving daughter of Thackeray cannot loose herself from the bond of her father's injunction that no life of him should ever be written (and none could write it like Mrs. Ritchie) these biographical chapters will at least come near to satisfying the demand for such a life. Thackeray's life is in his books, and in these introductory chapters his daughter has planned "to trace the links between the real world and that fancy world which is even more real to us," to quote from the memoir she has written for *Pendennis*. To further this plan, the works are being arranged and issued in chronological order, and each novel is to be contained in one volume. There are several illuminating letters and reminiscences of her father bearing on the writing of *Pendennis* in the Introduction; one of them, however, has a pre-eminent interest for us. "I can remember the morning Helen died," she says.

"My father was in his study in Young street, sitting at the table at which he wrote. It stood in the middle of the room, and he used to sit facing the door. I was going into the room, but he motioned me away. An hour afterward he came into our schoolroom, half laughing and half ashamed, and said to us: 'I do not know what James can have thought of me when he came in with the tax-gatherer just after you left, and found me blubbering over Helen Pendennis' death.'"

This has reference to the memorable scene in *Pendennis* which describes the reconciliation of Pen and his mother and her passing in her son's arms with a blessing on her lips. Like the Marquis of Steyne episode in *Vanity Fair*, the farewell of Washington to his officers in *The Virginians* and the famous passage in *Henry Esmond*, it is one of Thackeray's immortal touches. We make no apology for quoting it:

"He led her, tottering, into her room, and closed the door, as the three touched spectators of the reconciliation looked on in pleased silence. Ever after, ever after, the tender accents of that voice faltering sweetly at his ear—the look of the sacred eyes beaming with an affection unutterable—the quiver of the

fond lips smiling mournfully—were remembered by the young man. And at his best moments, and at his hours of trial and grief, and at his times of success or well-doing, the mother's face looked down upon him, and blessed him with its gaze of pity and purity, as he saw it in that night when she yet lingered with him; and when she seemed, ere she quite left him, an angel, transfigured and glorified with love—for which love, as for the greatest of the bounties and wonders of God's provision for us, let us kneel and thank our Father.

"As they were talking the clock struck nine, and Helen reminded him how, when he was a little boy, she used to go up to his bedroom at that hour and hear him say Our Father. And once more, oh, once more, the young man fell down at his mother's sacred knees, and sobbed out the prayer which the Divine Tenderness uttered for us, and which has been echoed for twenty ages since by millions of sinful and humbled men. And as he spoke the last words of the supplication, the mother's head fell down on her boy's, and her arms closed round him, and together they repeated the words 'For ever and ever,' and 'Amen.'"

"The sainted woman was dead . . . and Helen's last breath was a benediction."



Mr. W. Hyde, whose full-page illustrations to a limited edition of *The Nature Poems of George Meredith* printed by the Messrs. Constable is likely to command serious attention, has also made a series of drawings called *London Impressions* which will be published in September by the same house. Mrs. Alice Meynell, from whom we have not heard lately, is to contribute the text to this latter series.



Miss Ella D'Arcy, whose work has been commended in THE BOOKMAN from time to time, is preparing another collection of stories which will probably be published in the autumn. The volume is to be entitled *Modern Instances*, which will at once recall the name of Mr. Howells's best work of fiction, *A Modern Instance*.



Mr. S. Levett Yeats, who has already done excellent work in *The Honour of Savelli* and *The Chevalier d'Auriac*, has completed a new story entitled *A Maid of Honour*. It will first appear serially in *The Graphic* before being published in book form. Mr. Levett Yeats, who is in H. M. Government service in the Punjab, has received a furlough of eighteen months and is expected shortly to arrive in England.



KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

From her latest photograph taken in Edinburgh.

Readers of *Penelope's Progress*, in which the happy feminine trio—Penelope, Francesca and Salemina—jaunt merrily through Scottish scenes, making Edinburgh their headquarters, will be glad to have a reproduction of a photograph of Mrs. Wiggin which was taken in Edinburgh last summer while masquerading (shall we say?) as Penelope. It will be pleasant to associate this portrait of the author with the scenes among which she so recently held high carnival (at least so the staid Scots would call it) and which she has brought closer to the sympathies and imagination of her numerous readers in this land.

Mr. G. W. Cable has been warmly received in London; and judging by the account which is given of his readings in

our London Letter he seems likely to meet with a large measure of success in England. It is Mr. Cable's first visit to any foreign country, but he would be the first to resent the appellation of "foreign" to England. In an interview he says, "Speaking of England I find this country very homelike and I seem to be constantly meeting my own people. London is very charming—such a delightful confirmation of a lifetime of reading and pictorial illustration. The pictures seem to have come out of the books, although magnified to lifesize." Asked what passages from his books he found most popular in America, Mr. Cable replied: "It is rather difficult to give an accurate reply to that question. My sustained novels seem to be all about equally favoured, but among my shorter stories

'Posson Jone' is the one which audiences most like to hear. I should also mention 'Madame Delphine' and the middle story in the trilogy of *Bonaventure* entitled 'Grande Pointe.' These are beyond doubt the most popular single passages. Then I choose pieces from two or three of my novels, always confining myself to one book or story, and reading passages selected for their literary and dramatic quality, but at the same time making the story plain to the hearers. 'Posson Jone' is really almost a play." About the Creole songs which Mr. Cable sings so well and with such characteristic grace he gives this interesting information: "Many years ago, when I discovered that these folk-songs of the slaves of former Louisiana Creoles had a great charm of their own and were preserved by tradition only, I was induced to gather them and reduce them to notation. I found that others were so strongly interested in the songs that without pretending to any musical authority or original charm of voice I was tempted to sing one or two of them before public audiences. The first time I did so was in Boston, and since then I have rarely been allowed to leave them out of my entertainment, when the length of my literary programme left room for them."

Mr. Cable does not mean to be idle while in England: "One thing that has brought me over here," he says, "besides my life-long desire to see the mother-country of our own great nation and the home of our language and literature, is the hope that by taking my days very quietly and in much retirement I may



GEORGE W. CABLE.

From a new photograph by Elliot and Fry, London.

carry on at a moderate pace my present literary work. It is a novel based upon my experience as a cavalry soldier in the American Civil War. I have another story, by the way, in the hands of *Scribner's Magazine* which is now awaiting publication. It is called 'The Entomologist' and the scene is laid in New Orleans during the great epidemic of 1878." It may not be generally known that Mr. Cable lived in New Orleans through that terrible time and had many strange experiences in nursing the sick. Mr. Cable is nowhere so much at home as in this quaint, beautiful and ever surprising city where so much of his life has been passed. *Dr. Seaver*, it will be remembered, is noticeable for its glimpses of the Civil

War in which Mr. Cable served as a Confederate soldier along with his brother. He was little more than a boy at that period, but his letters written then (still in existence though not published) prove that at that early age he had come into full possession of his great literary gift. Mr. Cable, like Thomas Hardy, has altered his appearance by shaving his beard, and there is something about the one man that recalls the other, something of the pale cast of thought, the studious meditative look as of one who has thought and suffered much. The great brightness of his nature finds expression mostly through his eyes. Whatever the ultimate place of Mr. Cable among American writers may be, it will certainly be a solitary one. He has followed no one, and imitated no one; and the best proof of this is that those who have tried to follow and to imitate him have never even been suspected of their ambition by any intelligent admirer of the great interpreter of the Creoles.

Of course Mr. Cable had to say something about the war. "It is a war of the nation most emphatically," he declares. "The Jingoës have not forced us into this war. We have moved steadily forward on the lines that seem to us the lines of duty and necessity and the Yellow journals have no more precipitated us in the matter than they have the President himself." Mr. Cable gives it as his opinion that the present state of feeling in America for England is the best that has ever been known in American history since our first trouble began to grow, not so much with the English people as with an un-English king. He believes also that this friendly feeling is likely to become permanent. "The very nature of international boundaries tends to rivalries and friction, and international amity is far more natural than international strife. But I believe that between the two great English-speaking nations of the earth there are so many bonds of affinity and these are gaining potency so steadily and widely that any incident or effort that develops these kindly sentiments helps to give them more and more the quality of permanency."

Speaking of Mr. Cable's vocal rendering of the Creole songs, and his laudable

efforts in transplanting them from the plantation to the platform, a unique, artistic series of entertainment called "Stories of Song," told and sung by Mrs. Alfred Chester Coursen, has lately come to our notice in which the interpretation of Creole songs forms an interesting part. During the past season we believe that Mrs. Coursen has met with great acceptance on the platform, and that her work has brought her a steadily increasing list of engagements which reaches over into next winter. On more than one occasion we have commented on the rich and varied field which lies ready to be cultivated by the capable and sympathetic student of universal song in all its various aspects and developments. Mrs. Coursen's treatment of the subject is a long step in the right direction. She has already mastered two of the most interesting sections: namely, French song and American song, and is now engaged on "The Story of Shakespeare's Songs." "The Story of American Song" is in two parts—"Voices from Plain and Plantation" and "America's Song-Makers." In the first talk is told the story of the red man's attempts at song-making and the pathetic utterances of the negro, and illustrations are given of Indian songs, slave songs, negro melodies and Creole songs. The second talk covers a large area and includes a treatment of our representative modern composers. "The Story of French Song" is composed of three talks, one on old French songs from the troubadours to the seventeenth century; one called "Two Centuries of French Song," the seventeenth and eighteenth, and a third comprising "Eight Hundred Years of Song in France" (1095-1897). The development of song in France is traced succinctly and yet effectively in these talks, and its successive stages are illustrated by songs of Coucy, Hale, Francis I., Marot, Lefèvre, Lully, Thomas, Widor, and many others, together with a selection from the charming dance songs of the earlier period and a number of interesting folk-songs. The talks are delivered in English and the songs are rendered in the original. When it is added that Mrs. Coursen is the happy possessor of a beautiful contralto voice which lends itself readily to the dramatic and lyrical rendition of her songs, and



MR. H. D. TRAILL AND MR. ROBERT HICHENS AS THEY APPEAR TO MAX BEERBOHM.

that her programmes are the result of long original study and research, the excellence and high order of her entertainment will be recognized. The literary value of her work appeals strongly to us, and the vocal interpretation further enhances its attractiveness. So fresh and delightful a scheme as this, ably and efficiently carried out, deserves our appreciation and encouragement.

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Mr. Max Beerbohm, to whom Mr. Bernard Shaw recently relegated the care of the sock and buskin of the London stage in an egotistically humorous valedictory, has perpetrated through the medium of the *Sketch* the accompanying conceptions in caricature of the authors of *The Medicine Man*, now appearing in a London theatre. The victims of the clever cartoonist are Mr. H. D. Traill, the editor of *Literature*, and Mr. R. S. Hichens, the novelist and music and dramatic critic of the *London World*. Mr. Hichens, by the way, was originally trained to be a musician. Both Mr. Traill and Mr. Hichens are men of Kent. Mr.

Traill's first book, *Central Government*, was published when he was thirty-nine; Mr. Hichens was only thirty when he made a flutter with *The Green Carnation*, his first literary effort. Mr. Hichens was born in 1864; Mr. Traill was then two-and-twenty.

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Beginning as an actor, Mr. George Bernard Shaw has been by turns art critic, novelist, political essayist, Fabian socialist, public speaker and playwright in the course of a most distinctly unconventional career. It is in the last named capacity that he is best known over here through Mr. Richard Mansfield's acting in *Arms and the Man* and *The Devil's Disciple*—the only two of his plays that have been produced in this country. The former is included in the two volumes of his *Plays: Pleasant and Unpleasant* which Messrs. H. S. Stone and Company published quite recently. The latter was only brought out on the stage last season and for that reason its publication has been postponed in order that Mr. Mansfield may enjoy a little longer monopoly of the play. By birth an Irishman this may ac-



G. Bernard Shaw

count to some extent for his versatility and diversity of gifts. At the age of twenty he left the drudgery of desk work in a land agent's office in Dublin for an open field and a free hand in London. For several years he struggled with the monstrous ogre that waits to devour so many buoyant young lives of promise in the metropolis, and he gradually conquered, fighting his way into journalism, literature and publicity. Unorthodox in his views pertaining to religion and literature, in diet a vegetarian, in habits a non-smoker and a total abstainer, in dress most uncompromising (a "first nighter" usually sees him in a flannel shirt and a slouch hat), his most pronounced idiosyncrasy, however, is his contempt for Shakespeare, his penchant for Ibsen and his passion for Shawism. Great is Shakespeare, but greater is Ibsen, and greatest of all is G. B. S.! That is the centre of his creed. One of your self-made men, he worships his maker with the zeal of a devotee.

One of the saving qualities of the man Bernard Shaw is his fund of ready wit and gift of satire. Allied to this is his philistine attitude toward the established order of things. Together these have made him a sort of force that has scattered itself in various departments of life, and left some crude impressions, but his personality and work fall short of power because of his lack of balance, his instability, his utter revolt against the "old beautiful submission to the established laws of the world." And yet there is a fearless sincerity about the man, a hatred of cant and shams, and a daring conviction in his habitudes of mind and life that commands respect. The new portrait which we give of Mr. Shaw (a reproduction of an oil painting appeared in *THE BOOKMAN* for June, 1896) is taken from the frontispiece to the first volume of his *Plays* through the courtesy of the publishers.

A letter which Mr. Shaw once wrote to Miss Marbury, his American agent, gives us a glimpse of his saturnine wit and is rather characteristic. Miss Marbury had written an apologetic note accompanying a remittance for royalties which were disappointingly small, and immediately she received the following reply from the dramatist:

"Rapacious Elizabeth Marbury: What do you want me to make a fortune for? Don't you know that the draft you sent me will permit me to live and preach socialism for six months? The next time you have so large an amount to remit please send it to me by installments, or you will put me to the inconvenience of having a bank account. What do you mean by giving me advice about writing a play with a view to the box office receipts? I shall continue writing just as I do now for the next ten years. After that we can wallow in the gold poured at our feet by a dramatically regenerated public."

At the Booksellers' dinner, held a few weeks ago in London, a great deal of light and airy opinion about books, authors, and the past, present and future—especially the future—of literature, floated over the wine and viands. Eschewing the more serious talk, we hasten to quote some of Mr. Zangwill's happy remarks on the occasion of his rising to the toast of "The Trade:"

"I once met a lady in an omnibus, who said to me, 'Are you Mr. Zangwill?' I said I was. She said, 'I have read one of your works six times.' 'Madame,' I replied, 'I had rather heard that you had bought six copies.'"

"We write books too quickly nowadays. There was once an author who wrote as many books as his wife gave him children. But one year she produced twins and he was a book behind. There are a good many authors to-day who keep pace with triplets."

"We get books too easily nowadays. We get them from circulating libraries and return them; we borrow them from friends and do not return them; and we get them from philanthropic libraries free of charge, and these libraries add insult to injury by begging a free copy of his book from the author."

Mr. Andrew Lang responding to the toast of "Literature" emitted some biting sarcasms among which were these:

"For the consumers of literature I have a profound contempt because they do not consume enough, nor is what they consume of the right sort."

"Among things which prevent an author from getting on is the Circulating Library."

"The curses of literature are education, bicycles, golf, the art of fiction and printing."

Mr. Henry G. Catlin, whose story, *Yellow Pine Basin*, we commended highly about a year ago for its strong and original character "Zeb," who stands typically for the last of the prospectors, has written a story called "Alleghany," which is to appear in the Independence Day number of *The Youth's Companion*.

Captain A. T. Mahan, U. S. N., is to contribute an article on "Paul Jones in the Revolution" to an early number of *Scribner's Magazine*. Captain Mahan has drawn a plan of the battle between the *Bonhomme Richard* and *Serapis* which it is said, will give a new idea of that romantic naval fight. Among other more noteworthy good things which are promised in the autumn numbers is a series of papers on "Art and Artists," which will contain a valuable contribution to our knowledge of Ruskin as an artist by his old friend and admirer Spielmann, and the illustrations to accompany this article will, for the most part, be published for the first time. We also have the promise of an article on "Stevenson at Play" by his step-son Lloyd Osbourne. But most interesting of all is the announcement of a series of letters written by the late Sidney Lanier, who was a musician as well

as a music critic. These letters were written to his wife and are rich in descriptions of the poet's ideas and feelings while listening to the varied strains of music which he heard on different occasions—musical impressions which music lovers have often longed to convey but which only a poet could realize. We welcome it not only as a singular contribution to the literature of the subject, but as an attempt to throw some interesting sidelights on the life of one of our greatest poets.

Mr. Robert Barr has written a new story, the scene of which is laid in Germany about the year 1200. It is founded on a tale of a famous old German, who lived in a castle by the Moselle, having a man shot from a catapult, and being himself, wonderful to relate, the human missile. He survived the experiment and afterward built a chapel on the spot. Mr. Barr visited the place, found the ruins of the castle and saw ancient catapults and the ruins of the chapel built to mark the spot where the catapulted officer came to the ground unhurt. For many days thereafter, the click of Mr. Barr's typewriter might have been heard incongruously converting the silent vestiges of the past into romantic material for the present, as he sat within the shelter of the castellated walls surrounded by a mist of cigarette smoke.

There is a chapter in Stevenson's *Prince Otto* which once having read the true lover of Stevenson never forgets. He marks the day he comes across it with a white stone, as Hall Caine would say. It is the chapter called "Princess Cinderella" in which is described the flight of the princess in the night—"one of the most perfect things Stevenson ever wrote," says that acute critic Mr. Joseph Jacobs in a moment of true insight. "Yes, *Prince Otto* is the Stevensonian crux; like not that and you are no true Stevensonian." With keen pleasure, then, do we welcome the latest of Mr. Thomas B. Mosher's dainty little issues of the *Bibelot* which contains this literary gem under the title *The Flight of the Princess*. Mr. Mosher as usual, too, adds to our bibliographical knowledge of the subject by informing us that the romance first

appeared in *Longmans'* in 1886; and by quoting a passage from the work in serial form which was excised in the book he gives us further evidence of Stevenson's self-imposed restraint and rigid literary discipline. *Prince Otto* is the one bit of Stevenson's work which is apt to be overlooked; and by calling marked attention to it through this reprint of its finest chapter Mr. Mosher has earned the reward of a genuine lover of letters.



Messrs. D. Appleton and Company have published in a neat pamphlet form the two poems by which Mr. Richard Mansfield lately attracted the attention of the literary world in addition to the dramatic. These are "The Charge of Dargai Gap" and his war poem, "The Eagle's Song." They will be mailed to any address in the United States or Canada on receipt of twenty-five cents.



Mr. Le Gallienne in the character of the Rev. Theophilus Londonderry is said to have boldly taken the career of a recently deceased Congregational minister. Indeed, he has almost given the real name. The minister of whom we speak worked in a suburb of Manchester. He was engaged in business during the day, as Mr. Le Gallienne says, and lived in a very humble house which, however, was magnificently furnished, crammed with fine books and with a grand piano. This minister was in the habit of getting famous men to lecture for him, and no doubt Mr. Le Gallienne came to know him in that way. His career did not last long, and its latter part was darkened. A story which we know to be true is told of a friend who went to see him and to console him in his extremity. This friend read to the dying minister a chapter from the Epistles. All he remarked was: "What a terrible style St. Paul had! Almost as verbose and involved as Gladstone's." A correspondent who was personally acquainted with the hero of *The Romance of Zion Chapel* declares, however, that Londonderry did not abandon the Christian faith, and he also adds that Mr. Le Gallienne was at school with the Rev. Theophilus.



Through the courtesy of Messrs. Hodden and Stoughton, who are publishing

The Grandissimes by Mr. Cable in England, we print on another page from advance sheets the Introductory Note which Mr. J. M. Barrie has written for this edition. Mr. Barrie has also written an introduction to a new volume of short stories called *The Widow's Tale*, which includes a vivid reminiscence of the author, the late Mrs. Oliphant. After giving his first impression of Mrs. Oliphant when she "ordered me to Windsor," and when he purchased an umbrella for the first time in his life in order to impress her, he goes on to say:

"The last time I saw her, which was shortly before her death, I knew her better. Her wit had all gone out of her eyes, though not quite from her talk. Her face had grown very sweet and soft, and what had started to be the old laugh often ended pitifully. The two sons who had been so much to her were gone, and for the rest of her days she never forgot it, I think, for the length of a smile. She was less a novelist now than a pathetic figure in a novel. She was as brave as ever, but she had less self-control; and so, I suppose, it was that the more exquisite part of her, which the Scotchwoman's reserve had kept hidden, came to the surface and dwelt for that last year in her face, as if to let all those who looked on Mrs. Oliphant know what she was before she bade them good-bye. I wonder if there is among the younger Scottish novelists of to-day any one so foolish as to believe that he has a right to a stool near this woman, anyone who has not experienced a sense of shame (and some rage at his heart) if he found that for the moment his little efforts were being taken more seriously than hers. I should like to lead the simple man by the ear down the long procession of her books."



The American committee of the Robert Louis Stevenson Memorial Fund after closing its accounts has remitted to the Edinburgh committee a surplus of £287 9s 8d (\$1,391.40). The following letter, received by the chairman of the American committee, will, in its final disposition of the Fund, be gratifying to Stevenson's admirers in America:

BRITISH MUSEUM, May 29, 1898.

My Dear Sir: Pray forgive my delay in answering your letter of April 26 last, and thanking you for sending me a copy of the memorial reprint of *Æs Triplex*.

It may interest you to learn that the Committee, at a final meeting the other day, decided to ask Mr. St. Gaudens to design a mural memorial for the Church of St. Giles's, Edinburgh (which is being gradually turned into a kind of Scottish Westminster Abbey), the surplus, if any, to be devoted to erecting a stone seat or resting-place on the Calton Hill. Yours truly, SIDNEY COLVIN.

LINES

FAILURE.

YE WHO HAVE CROWNED ENDEAVOUR WITH SUCCESS HAVE GAINED A TRIVIAL VICTORY ;
 WE WHO HAVE STRIVEN ON TO FAILURE HAVE OUR GREAT MOMENTS OF DESPAIR.
 WHAT IS YOUR TRIUMPH AND YOUR JOY TO THE MIGHTY PASSION THAT WE CALL
 DEFEAT ?

WHAT IS THE BATTLE WON TO THE GRANDEUR OF THE BATTLE LOST ?
 MIGHTY THE EFFORT THAT YE MAKE WHO FEAR TO KNOW THE HORROR OF
 DEFEAT,

BUT MIGHTIER FAR THE COURAGE THAT CAN LOOK INTO THE FACE OF FAILURE
 AND BE CALM.

IN PROTEST.

I WILL NOT SIT FOREVER AT THE FEET OF THOSE GREAT GODS.
 I WILL NOT ALWAYS KNEEL, UTTERING UNANSWERED PRAYERS.
 I WILL NOT ALWAYS BE CONTENT TO BOW MY HEAD.
 SOME DAY I WILL ARISE AND STAND BEFORE THEM ;
 FACE TO FACE
 I WILL STRETCH OUT MY EMPTY HANDS,
 THAT THEY MAY SEE THE BARREN HARVEST OF MY FAITH.
 I WILL DEMAND OF THEM
 THE RECOMPENSE.

THE KING.

HE HAD NOT COURAGE ;
 HE COULD NOT SMILE AND SEE
 HIS PEOPLE WANT AND STARVE AND DIE.
 HE COULD NOT PUT AWAY THE HANDS THAT CAUGHT HIS ROBE
 AND CLUNG TO HIM.
 HE SOMETIMES WOULD FORGET HIS OWN DESIRES,
 REMEMBERING THEIR NECESSITIES.
 HIS BLOOD WAS RED, NOT PURPLE AS A KING'S.
 HE WAS PATRICIAN,
 BUT THE GODS FORGOT
 TO CHILL HIS HEART.
 THEY LEFT HIM IMPULSE
 AND IT STOLE HIS THRONE.

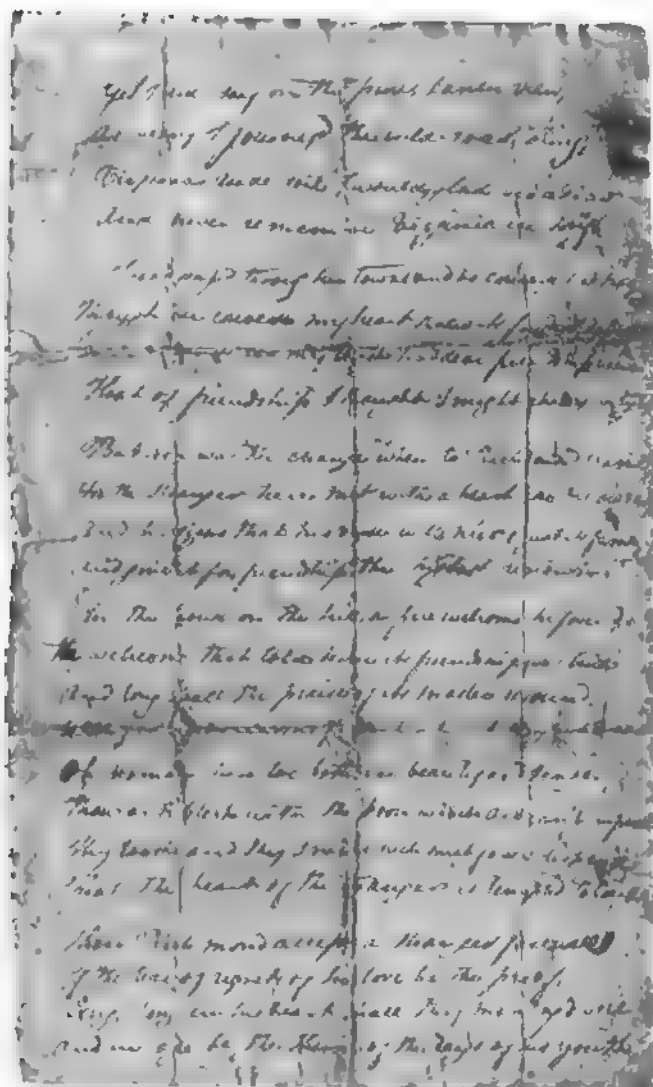
THE SUM.

THERE IS ONE WORD WHICH SET AGAINST THE LIVES OF MEN
 WILL SUM THEM ALL.
 BEGGAR AND KING ;
 THE NARROW MIND AND THE GREAT HEART ;
 THE CHILD AND THE PHILOSOPHER ;
 AFTER EACH NAME WRITE DOWN—UNSATISFIED

Paul Kester.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY THOMAS MOORE

There has lately come into my possession the manuscript of a poem written by Thomas Moore during his visit to this country, which has never been published. The poet had come to the States, with prepossessions by no means



FAC-SIMILE (REDUCED) OF MANUSCRIPT CONTAINING UNPUBLISHED
 AUTOGRAPH VERSES BY THOMAS MOORE.

unfavourable, but it was his ill fortune to be completely disappointed in every flattering expectation which he had formed. It seems, too, that he had heard a great deal about the hospitality of the Virginians, and had looked forward

with pleasure to spending a part of his time in Virginia. Upon his arrival at Norfolk, however, he was received rather coldly and during his stay there he did not receive the attention which he evidently thought was due to him. He soon left Norfolk in disgust and went to Richmond. There he met a Mr. William Wischam, who was then a prominent figure in the State capital. Mr. Wischam invited the poet to be his guest and showed him great courtesy. Here his feelings underwent a grateful change, which awakened in his Celtic breast more gracious thoughts of Virginia and her people, and moved him to write the poem which is printed below. The verses were written in Mr. Wischam's house and found lying on the writing table after Moore's departure. I received the poem from a grandchild of Mr. Wischam, who also related to me the circumstances which caused it to be written, and kept in the family.

The verses are contained on one page and the manuscript, frayed and worn at the edges, is held together by a backing of thin canvas, but the ink grown brown with the lapse of time still allows the handwriting of the poet to be easily deciphered. A fac-simile of the manuscript is herewith reproduced, and the poem itself is now printed below for the first time.

James C. Johnson.

Langley, Fairfax County, Va.

Yes! I did say on the pine barren view,
As weary I journeyed the wild road along,
Virginia's rude soil I would glad bid adieu
And never remember Virginia in song.

I had passed through her towns and no converse had met,
Though in converse my heart knew its fondest delight.
And so firm in my breast had dear friendship been set,
That of friendship I thought I might challenge the right.

But soon was the change when to Richmond I came,
For the stranger here met with a heart like his own,
And he sighs that his verse will ne'er equal its fame,
And give it for friendship the highest renown.

In the house on the hill a free welcome he found,
The welcome that told him its friendship was true,
And long shall the praise of its master resound,
While gratitude claims from his heart the just due.

O woman, here too both in beauty and sense
Thou art blest with the boon which art can not improve,
Thy looks and thy smiles such sweet favours dispense
That the heart of the stranger is tempted to love.

Then, Richmond, accept a stranger's farewell!
If the tear of regret of his love be the proof,
Long, long in his heart shall thy memory dwell,
And in age be the theme of the days of his youth.



THE LAST PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

Taken at Cannes, March, 1898.

A NOTE ON MR. GLADSTONE

The career of William Ewart Gladstone affords a remarkable illustration of the sort of cumulative reputation which almost any man in public life may gain in some degree by simply living on and

on and winning, from the mere fact of continuous existence a sort of Nestorian position in the generation of men among whom he dies. Had Mr. Gladstone passed away fifteen or twenty years ago

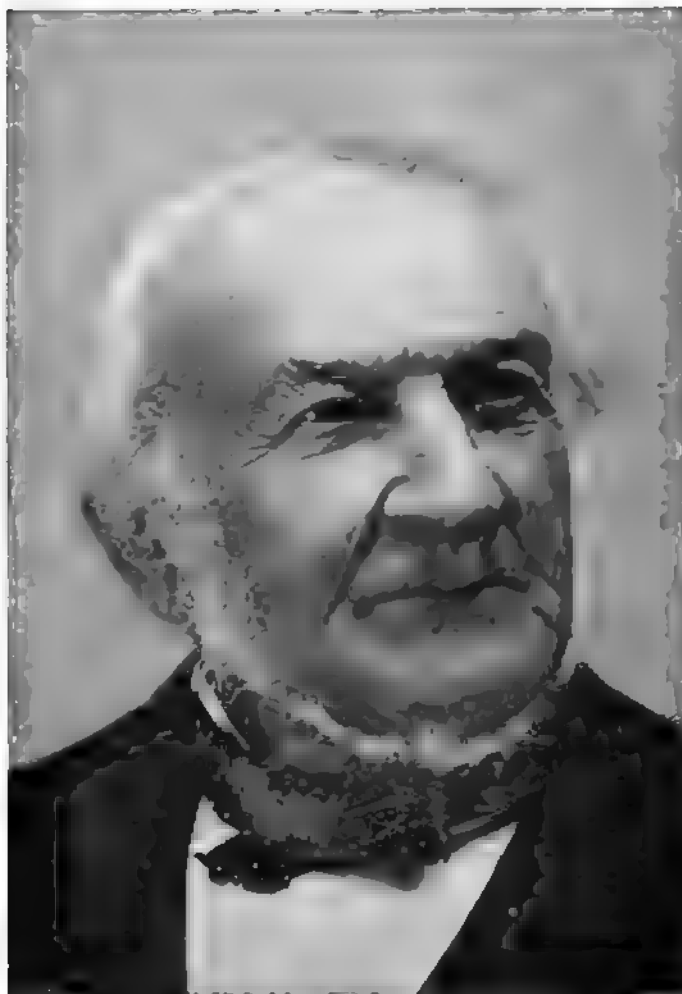
he would, to be sure, have been regarded as a striking parliamentary figure, as one who had played an important part in purely English legislation, as an excellent economist and master of finance, as a versatile, ingenious and upright man,—but as nothing more. It was, however, given him to live beyond the time when most men pass into inactivity; and therefore at his death he is now, for the moment, spoken of as a giant of intellect, a miracle of statesmanship, and a majestic type of the governing Englishman. Yet in these last years of his he has really added little or nothing to the sum of his earlier achievements, and the outburst of excessive eulogy with which the press of late has teemed is really due to the fact of his great age and to the momentum which the reputation of many a man acquires through the simple lapse of time.

We have seen this sort of thing exemplified in our own national history and in our own public life. There are always men of no exceptional attainments, men in fact who in the vigour of their manhood are looked upon with only a very qualified admiration, yet who in the course of time become so thoroughly familiar to the public mind that at the last they are regarded as having even in their lifetime become historic, as being landmarks, so to speak, in the development of our political history. There have been others whose characters have even bordered upon the disreputable, who have nevertheless experienced something of this same sort of apotheosis. People gradually become familiar with their names; continual caricature, invective, and ridicule even, serve in the long run only to give them prominence; until finally by a sort of general consent and after some of the bitterness of party strife has spent itself upon them, the public mind grows rather fond of them, and men become accustomed to them, as it were, and would miss them were they taken suddenly away. Note, for instance, the career of the late General B. F. Butler, a man of

much ability to be sure, but one whose character embodied much that was rather low, unscrupulous and cynical, who was first used and finally ostracised by every



party in its turn, and who had been accused of acts that verged even upon personal dishonour. Nevertheless, near the end of his career and simply by keeping



THE ONLY PORTRAIT OF MR. GLADSTONE SMILING.

Taken by Mrs. F. W. H. Myers.

himself persistently before the public, he won at last a sort of gradual recognition, and then an honour that was more than ordinary recognition, when one of the very oldest and stateliest of our American commonwealths deliberately chose him as its Governor,—a thing that half a dozen years before would have appeared so strange, so utterly incredible, as to be almost monstrous.

Ten years ago, Mr. Gladstone, in many parts of England, was easily the most unpopular of all that country's statesmen. He was attacked on almost every possible charge except that of dishonesty. Young Tories, imbued with a savagery of party spirit such as modern England has

seldom seen, used even after dinner to drink to his speedy death. On one occasion, while passing through the streets of London with his wife, he was actually stoned and threatened with personal violence, so that he had to seek for refuge in a neighbouring house. Had he died at that period, the voice of official eulogy would have been curiously blended with the hoots and hostile cries of those who looked upon him as one whose policy threatened the dismemberment, or at least the division, of the British Empire.

It is difficult, perhaps, at the present moment, to disentangle the curiously complicated threads of his achievement, of his personal gifts, and of his intellectual capacities, and to determine which of these will in the end be permanently woven into the enduring web of English history. His versatility led many to admire what they could not themselves intelligently judge; his eager

enthusiasm had something about it that was contagious; and his great age, coupled with his remarkable mental vigour, gave to his later political contests a certain spectacular quality that made the man attractive to the minds not only of his countrymen but of all who speak the English tongue.

As a matter of fact, it is not in reality in many fields that Mr. Gladstone is deserving of truly serious consideration. As an orator he had the personal and special gifts of an impressive presence, a clear and resonant voice, and an enthusiasm which often for the moment carried away his immediate hearer. Yet there is very little out of the whole mass of his



REMINISCENCES OF THE LAST MIDLOTHIAN CAMPAIGN, 1892.

Drawn by Campbell Veitch in the *Sketch*.

oratory which anyone to-day would care to set among the masterpieces of English eloquence. He had a wonderful flow of language, but this was in reality a fatal gift, in that it diluted his thought and made it, when viewed in the proper perspective, seem lacking in precision, in point, and at times even in genuine conviction. Disraeli's famous description of him as "a sophisticated rhetorician, incubated with the exuberance of his own verbosity" was grossly unfair, yet it contained more than a grain of truth; and it must be said that, as an orator and from the point of view of purely oratorical standards, Gladstone has left few passages to which posterity will spontaneously revert.

As a scholar, in which capacity he was fond of figuring, his attainments can not be viewed with any serious consideration. His scholarship, such as it was, represented a type of learning that has passed

away. It was distinctly old-fashioned and of the kind that belongs to the period of "the Greek-play bishops," being plodding, industrious, more or less flimsy and superficial; the sort of scholarship, in fact, that anyone can easily obtain by carefully perusing and absorbing the writings of profounder men. The esoteric view of Mr. Gladstone as a scholar is, indeed, contained in the little epigram that was so often pointed at him, to the effect that statesmen alone regarded Mr. Gladstone as a scholar, while scholars alone were willing to accept him as a statesman. His theological learning was equally commonplace, and was based upon omnivorous reading and a sort of Scottish fondness for polemics such as led him at times to attack so wildly and intemperately the Papal power. One of the latest of his published writings, a commentary on the works of Bishop Butler, was so utterly unoriginal as to make it difficult

even for his literary partisans to find anything within its pages to justify more formal and perfunctory praise.

As a statesman, Mr. Gladstone's career was, in the first place, one of the most extraordinary inconsistencies. Beginning as a high Tory he ended as an advanced Radical; and he was always shifting and changing, to the bewilderment of his party friends, though his dialectics and his hair-splitting sophistry never failed to furnish the man himself with a plausible explanation of his strangely altered views. And this led to a certain distrust

terly; but of the deeper and more enduring problems of the nation he took but little heed. He was impatient of foreign questions; he gave no serious thought to the grave colonial interests that are still in sentiment, at least, still Britain's own. And this is really why his fame must soon inevitably shrink until he takes his place in history among the minor statesmen who belong to England rather than to the Anglo-Saxon world. To legislate for England was once, even in its narrowest sense, a function whose importance was far more than local. In the days

*It is understood that Mr
Gladstone is accustomed to
cite Aristotle Saint August-
tine Dante and Bishop
Mutter as the four authors by
from whom he derives himself
to have been more influenced*

(W. J. 24 27)

AUTOGRAPH POSTAL CARD WRITTEN BY MR. GLADSTONE IN REPLY TO THE QUESTION,
WHAT BOOKS HAD INFLUENCED HIM? SENT TO THE BRITISH WEEKLY, JUNE, 1887.

of his sincerity and his judgment. No English constituency, indeed, was ever willing to retain him as its representative for any extended length of time, and he had again and again to shift from place to place in order to be sure of re-election. His greatest weakness as a statesman, however, lay in his lack of interest in the Empire as opposed to Little England. His view-point was intensely local. Measures of taxation, financial budgets, extension of the suffrage,—these things were to him extremely interesting. He understood them and his treatment of them was mas-

when the great traditions of constitutional liberty were being framed, and when their basal principles were taking concrete form in English usage and in the statute books of English law, then the man who played a local part was really a great world figure, for he was establishing the precedents which the whole English-speaking world would ever after follow, and by which they would be guided in their legislation. But in Gladstone's day the time for this was over. The work had long before been done; and therefore his budget-making and

his suffrage tests concern no one but Englishmen, and they belong to the category of subjects whose consideration gives at times to the British Parliament the parochial air of a vestry-meeting. For England as England is of no great moment any more; it is England as the mother and the historic head of the Anglo-Saxon race that claims the love and the allegiance of her allied sons all over the world whose territories they are conquering for her and for the spirit of her civilisation. It was this England that Gladstone never knew. His England was the smug contracted England of the Brummagem trader and of Hodge, the ditcher.

Hence, his fame will finally be limited to the England for which he lived, and Imperial England will know him not. He never touched the broader policy of Greater Britain without doing it some serious mischief. His lack of insight here was really curious, and it is seen at every turn of his career. His blundering discourtesy to the Austrian Emperor to whom ultimately he had to pen a most humiliating apology, his blind belief in the "nation" which Jefferson Davis had "created," his surrender to the Boers which after all merely postponed the now inevitable question of their final subjugation, his foolish promise to the French regarding Egypt, his sentimental surrender of the Ionian Islands, his deser-

tion of the heroic Gordon—all these things are of a piece; and they show the Little Englander, bat-like and blind to the appalling but magnificent responsibilities which belong to the one race which has the courage to assume them and the genius to succeed.

Gladstone will live, then, in the history of this century; but he will live as one who was a picturesque and striking figure rather than as one who reached the highest glory of imperial statesmanship. He will live for his parliamentary skill, for his mastery of finance, for his pure and upright character, for his urbanity and perfect courtesy to his political opponents, and because he was the last of those statesmen of the earlier school who brought into the din and clamour of the House of Commons something of the dignity and something of the intellectual grace imparted by the two great universities. But he will not rank with Burke, with Chatham, with Pitt, or even with Lord Beaconsfield; for his fame, as we have said, belongs to England only, and has no meaning to that far mightier people in whose great host the Englishmen of England are but a single phalanx—the host that has at last begun its irresistible march to universal conquest to be ended only when the Anglo-Saxon has set his foot upon the neck of every other race.

Harry Thurston Peck.

A BIT OF FORGOTTEN HISTORY BY FENIMORE COOPER

When Fenimore Cooper was in the height of his literary power, and had just finished the last of the *Leatherstocking* tales, he paused for a few months to recall one of the most interesting episodes of his life, and to prepare for publication some facts as an autobiographical history of a brother sailor, which rivaled in exciting adventure many of his own most noted fictions.

Of an adventurous and somewhat romantic disposition, Cooper imbibed in early life an experience of the forest and a taste for the sea, which served him in

good stead when he became a writer of fiction. Quick-witted and bright as a scholar, he was able to enter Yale at the age of thirteen, the youngest member of his class, but one. Active and restless, he did not complete his college course, but left it for more stirring scenes, having the navy in view as a profession.

It was the fashion of the day, in order to get a practical knowledge of seamanship, to make a number of voyages in a merchantman before the mast, which served in some sort as a training-school to the navy. In 1806, when in his seven-

teenth year, Cooper had his first experience as a sailor in the ship *Stirling*, Capt. Johnson. The cabin boy of the vessel at the time was a lad by the name of Ned Meyers. Hardly could either of the apprentice boys of the day have foreseen that forty years later, one would have drifted into port a battered hulk, his life work over, and that the other, on the full tide of a world-wide fame, should become the biographer of his humble companion.

The circumstances attending their meeting, after years of separation and forgetfulness, are interesting.

It appears from Ned's own account of himself, as related in his life, that his career was not different from that of most of his class, and he became broken in health and strength before he reached middle life. Although his helplessness was the immediate result of an accident, yet his moral reflections when he found himself laid up in a hospital maybe worth quoting, as a warning to many another under like circumstances:

I was now really on the stool of repentance. In body I was perfectly helpless, though my mind seemed more active than ever before. I overhauled my whole life, beginning with the hour when I first got drunk, as a boy, on board the *Stirling*, and underrunning every scrape with a fidelity and truth that satisfy me that a man can keep no log-book that is as accurate as his own conscience. I saw that I had been my own worst enemy. Liquor lay at the root of all my calamities and misconduct, enticing me into bad company, undermining my health and strength, and blasting my hopes. I resolved that if I ever left this place it should be as a new man.

From the hospital Ned made application to be received into the Sailor's Snug Harbour, into which retreat for seamen he was taken when less than fifty years of age. Here for some years he remained well cared for, excepting an occasional visit to friends. One of these was Capt. Johnson, of the *Stirling*, and while with him Ned asked if he remembered a youngster by the name of Cooper who was an apprentice at the same time on board the vessel. Johnson remembered him well, and believed him to be a Captain Cooper of the Navy. Ned thought so too, but a short time after seeing this Captain Cooper he was satisfied that he was not the man. He then remembered having heard of an author of a number of popular tales of the sea and one who had

written a *Naval History of the United States*, as living at Cooperstown on the borders of Otsego Lake. He resolved to write him a letter asking him if he were of the same family with the person who was on board the *Stirling* with him.

An immediate reply came back, commencing with the words, "I am your old shipmate, Ned," which Mr. Cooper followed by telling him when he would be in New York and that he must come over and see him. Some weeks later Ned received word that Mr. Cooper was at the Globe hotel, then standing on Broadway, nearly opposite Trinity Church. Calling there and not finding Mr. Cooper in, he hobbled up Broadway and shortly met Commodore Bolton of the navy, arm in arm with a stranger, a portly, ruddy man of distinguished presence. Ned saluted the Commodore as he passed, and in a moment the stranger turned and called, "Ned," in a voice that he recognized, although he had not heard it in thirty-seven years.

Most interesting to both was this meeting after years of separation. It ended with an invitation from Mr. Cooper to the sailor to visit him at his home in Cooperstown, the following summer.

At this early date steamers on Otsego Lake were unknown, even sailboats were few, and Cooper had rigged up a small skiff, with a lug sail, which answered well enough as a pleasure boat when winds were fair. On this modest craft, in the summer of 1843, sailed and drifted Cooper and Ned Meyers, the latter telling in the ears of the author the story of his thirty years' wanderings.

Cooper wrote in the early morning hours, and many a time in the long summer days he had Ned in his library before the breakfast hour of nine, writing out the details of his life. Later in the day, about eleven o'clock, the two might have been seen coming out of the gate of "The Hall" for a morning walk. The one tall, portly, with the glow of health upon his countenance, and a firm, elastic tread, carrying a light whip of a cane, more ornamental than useful; while the other, prematurely old, with shrunken face and halting step, hobbled by his side, bearing on a crooked stick and struggling to keep up with his vigorous companion.

Not many years after this visit to

Cooperstown Ned died. Mr. Cooper kept track of his former shipmate during the remainder of his days, and often related, with mingled feelings of sadness and mirth, the circumstances attending his death. It appears that a short time previous Ned had come across the widow of an old comrade in a needy condition. After assisting her for some time it occurred to him that he could provide for her much more conveniently and satisfactorily by marrying her, which he accordingly did. His last sickness came soon after, and upon his death-bed he gave some parting advice to his spouse, saying, among other things, that after the expiration of a suitable time from his decease she had his full permission to marry again, and that he should advise her to do so. "Ah, my dear Ned," replied his weeping partner, "don't mention it. I've had such bad luck this time I don't think I shall ever try it again!"

The war of 1812 it appears found Ned enlisted in the service of his country, and when Captain Chauncey called for volunteers to man the improvised fleet on Lake Ontario, Ned responded to the summons. Here he passed through some of the most vivid experiences of his life. In the loss of the *Scourge*, with nearly all on board, in a thunder gust in the middle watches of a summer's night, we have a repetition, on a small scale, of the catastrophe of the *Royal George*. The vessel had been cleared for action during the day, being in the immediate vicinity of the hostile fleet, and so remained in the calm of the evening. Suddenly, with hardly a moment's warning, a fierce hurricane struck the ship. She careened to the blast. The loosened guns, shot-boxes, shot and other heavy things fell to leeward, and amidst lightning flashes, the roar of the wind and thunder, and the shrieks and cries of the drowning sailors, the vessel went to the bottom. Ned drifted out upon the raging waters, and although he could not swim he put out his hand in the darkness and caught upon a floating boat. His life was saved, and in a short time he was able to pick up a few of his companions. They soon sought refuge on the *Julia*, one of the fleet, and when morning dawned there were no visible signs of the catastrophe but some floating wreckage.

Ned's account of the engagement

which took place on the following day, and the capture of the vessel which had rescued him from the elements, is thus described:

We lay only one night off the mouth of the Niagara. The next morning the squadron weighed, and stood out in pursuit of the English. The weather was very variable, and we could not get within reach of Sir James all that day. This was the 9th of August. The *Scourge* had gone down on the night of the 7th or the morning of the 8th, I never knew which. On the morning of the 10th, however, we were under the north shore, and to the windward of John Bull. The *Commodore* now took the *Asp*, and the *Madison* the *Fair American*, in tow, and we all kept away, expecting certainly a general action. But the wind shifted, bringing the English to windward. That afternoon was calm; or had variable air. Towards sunset the enemy was becalmed under the American shore, and we got a breeze from the southward. We now closed, and at six formed our line for engaging. We continued to close until seven, when the wind came out fresh at S. W., putting John again to windward.

I can hardly tell what followed, there was so much manœuvring and shifting of berths. Both squadrons were standing across the lake, the enemy being to windward, and a little astern of us. We now passed within hail of the *Commodore*, who gave us orders to form a new line of battle, which we did in the following manner: one line, composed of the smallest schooners, was formed to windward, while the ships, brig, and two heaviest schooners formed another line to leeward. We had the weathermost line, having the *Growler*, Lieut. Deacon, for the vessel next astern of us. This much I could see, though I did not understand the object. I now learn the plan was for the weather line to engage the enemy, and then, by edging away, draw them down upon the lee line, which line contained our principal force. According to the orders we ought to have rather edged off as soon as the English began to fire, in order to draw them down upon the *Commodore*; but it will be seen that our schooner pursued a very different course.

It must have been near midnight when the enemy began to fire at the *Fair American*, the sternmost vessel of our weather line. We were a long bit ahead of her, and did not engage for some time. The firing became pretty smart astern, but we stood on without engaging, the enemy not being far enough ahead of us. After a while the four sternmost schooners of our line kept off, according to orders, but the *Julia* and *Growler* still stood on. I suppose the English kept off, too, at the same time, as the *Commodore* expected. At any rate, we found ourselves so well up with the enemy that, instead of bearing up, Mr. Grant tacked in the *Julia*, and the *Growler* came round after us. We now began to fire on the headmost ships of the enemy, which were coming on toward us. We were able to lay past the enemy on this tack, and fairly get to windward of them. When we were a little on John

Bull's weather bow we brailed the foresail and gave him several rounds within a pretty fair distance. The enemy answered us, and, from that moment, he seemed to give up all thoughts of the vessels to leeward of him, turning his whole attention on the *Julia* and *Growler*.

The English fleet stood on the same tack until it got between us and our own line, when it went about in chase of us. We now began to make short tacks to windward; the enemy separating so as to spread a wide clew, in order that they might prevent our getting past by turning their line and running to leeward. As for keeping to windward we had no difficulty, occasionally brailing our foresail, and even edging off, now and then, to be certain that our shot would tell.

In moderate weather the *Julia* was the fastest vessel in the American squadron, the *Lady of the Lake* excepted; and the *Growler* was far from being dull. Had there been room I make no doubt we might have kept clear of John Bull with the greatest ease, touching him up with our long, heavy guns from time to time, as it suited us. I have thought that Mr. Trant forgot we were between the enemy and the land, and that he fancied himself out at sea. It was a hazy, moonlight morning, and we did not see anything of the main, though it turned out to be nearer than we wished.

All hands were now turning to windward, the two schooners still edging off occasionally and firing. The enemy's shot went far beyond us, and did us some mischief, though nothing that was not immediately repaired. The main throat-halyards on board the *Julia* were shot away, as was the clew of the mainsail. It is probable the enemy did not keep his luff towards the last, on account of the land.

Our two schooners kept quite near each other, sometimes one being to windward, sometimes the other. It happened that the *Growler* was a short distance to windward of us when we first became aware of our critical situation. She up helm, and, running down within hail, Lieut. Deacon informed Mr. Trant that he had just sounded in two fathoms, and that he could see lights ashore. He thought there must be Indians in great numbers in this vicinity, and that we must at all events avoid the land. "What do you think we had best do?" asked Lieut. Deacon. "Run the gauntlet," called out Mr. Trant. "Very well, sir; which shall lead?" "I'll lead the van," answered Mr. Trant, and then all was settled.

We now put up helm and steered for a vacancy among the British vessels. The enemy seemed to expect us, for they formed in two lines, leaving us room to enter between them. When we bore up, even in these critical circumstances, it was under our mainsail, foretopsail, jib, flying jib, and foresail. So insufficient were the equipments of these small craft that we had neither squaresail nor studdingsails on board us. I never saw a studdingsail in any of the schooners, the *Scourge* excepted.

The *Julia* and the *Growler* now ran down, the former leading, half a cable's length apart. When we entered between the two lines of the enemy we were within short canister range, and got it smartly on both tacks. The two

English ships were to leeward, each leading a line; and we had a brig and three large regular man-of-war schooners to get past, with the certainty of meeting the *Wolfe* and *Royal George* should we succeed in clearing these four craft. Both of us kept up a heavy fire, swivelling our guns around, so as not to neglect anyone. As we drew near the ships, however, we paid them the compliment of throwing all the heavy shot at them, as was due to their rank and size.

For a few minutes we fared pretty well; but we were no sooner well entered between the lines than we got it hot and hard. Our rigging began to come down about our ears, and one shot passed a few feet above our heads, cutting both top-sheets and scooping a bit of wood as big as a thirty-two pound shot out of the foremast. I went up on one side myself to knot one of these sheets, and while aloft discovered the injury that had been done to the spar. Soon after the tack of the mainsail caught fire from a wad of one of the Englishmen; for, by this time, we were close at it. I think, indeed, that the nearness of the enemy alone prevented our decks from being entirely swept. The grape and canister were passing just above our heads like hail, and the foresail was literally in ribbons. The halyards being gone, the mainsail came down by the run and the jib settled as low as it could. The topsail-yard was on the cap and the schooner now came up into the wind.

All this time we kept working the guns. The old man went from gun to gun, pointing each himself, as it was ready. He was at the eighteenth when things were getting near their worst, and as he left her he called out to his crew to "fill her to the muzzle!" He then came to our gun, which was already loaded with one round, a stand of grape and a case of canister shot. This I know for I put them all in with my own hands. At this time the *Melville*, a brig of the enemy's, was close up with us, firing upon our decks from her foretop. She was coming up on our larboard quarter, while a large schooner was nearing us fast on the starboard. Mr. Trant directed our gun to be elevated so as to sweep the brig's forecastle, and then he called out: "Now's the time, lads—fire at the b—s! Fire away at 'em!" But no match was to be found. Some one had thrown both overboard. By this time the brig's jibboom was over our quarter, and the English were actually coming on board of us. The enemy was now all around us. The *Wolfe* herself was within hail and still firing. The last I saw of any of our people was Mallet passing forward, and I sat down on the slide of the thirty-two myself, sullen as a bear. Two or three of the English passed me without saying anything. Even at this instant a volley of bullets came out of the brig's foretop and struck all around me, some hitting the deck and others the gun itself. Just then an English officer came up and said: "What are you doing here, you Yankee?"

I felt exceedingly savage and answered: "Looking at your fools firing on their own men." "Take that for your sauce," he said, giving me a thrust with his sword as he spoke. The point of the cutlass just passed my hip

bone, giving me a sharp flesh wound. The hurt was not dangerous, though it bled freely and was some weeks in healing.

I now rose to go below and heard a hail from one of the ships—the *Wolfe*, as I took her to be. "Have you struck?" demanded some one. The officer who had hurt me now called out, "Don't fire into us, sir, for I'm on board and have got possession." The officer from the ship next asked, "Is there anybody alive on board her?" To which the prize officer answered, "I don't know, sir; I've seen but one man as yet."

I now went down below. First I got a bandage on my wound to stop the bleeding and then I had an opportunity to look about me. A party of English was below, and some of our men having joined them, the heads were knocked out of two barrels of whisky. The kids and bread bags were procured, and all hands, without distinction of country, sat down to enjoy themselves. Some even began to sing, and as for good fellowship, it was just as marked as it would have been in a jollification ashore.

In a few minutes the officer who had hurt me jumped down among us. The instant he saw what we were at he sang out: "Hello! Here's high life below stairs!" Then he called to another officer to bear a hand down and see the fun. Some one sang out from among ourselves to "dowse the glim." The lights were put out and then the two officers capsized the whisky. While this was doing most of the Englishmen ran up the forward hatch. We of the *Julia* all remained below.

In less than an hour we were sent on board the enemy's vessels. I was carried to the *Royal George*, but Mr. Trant was taken on board the *Wolfe*. The *Grouler* had lost her bowsprit and was otherwise damaged and had been forced to strike also. She had a man killed and, I believe, one or two wounded. On board of us not a man, beside myself, had been touched. We seemed to have been preserved by a miracle, for every one of the enemy had a slap at us, and for some time we were within pistol shot. Then we had no quarters at all, being exposed to grape and canister. The enemy must have fired too high, for nothing else could have saved us.

In July, while I still belonged to the *Scourge*, I had been sent with a boat's crew, under Mr. Bogardus, on board an English flag of truce that had come into the harbour. While in this vessel our boat's crew were "hail-fellows-well-met" with the Englishmen, and we had agreed among us to take care of each other should either side happen to be taken. I had been on board the *Royal George* but a short time when two of these very men came up to me with some grog and some grub, and the next morning they brought me my bitters. I saw no more of them, however, except when they came to shake hands with us at the gangway as we were leaving the ship.

Following this engagement and capture of the *Julia*, Ned was taken to Halifax as a prisoner of war, and here he remained until the treaty of peace, in 1815. Gradually during the war the number of

prisoners increased until it reached nearly eighteen hundred. A formidable body, if leagued together for a purpose, and perhaps the authorities of the city never knew how a plot for the capture of the place just missed being successful. Treachery alone prevented it.

During five years of the most impressionable period of his life Cooper was in the navy, and although he left at the time of his marriage, and just before the stirring scenes of the war, his interests and his friendships were stronger then than in the literary field which he followed later. While purporting to give Ned's opinion on the life of a common sailor in the navy, yet we can read between the lines and see the patriotic and sturdy Americanism in both master and man. Proper allowance must be made between life in a sailing vessel of that day and the changed conditions of the present, but we have no reason to doubt that the facts stated are as true now, as then.

I can say conscientiously that were my life to be passed over again it should be passed in the navy. The food is better, the service is lighter, the treatment is better, if a man behaves himself at all well; he is better cared for, has a port under his lee in case of accidents and gets good steady wages, with a certainty of being paid. If his ship is lost his wages are safe, and if he gets hurt he is pensioned. He is pretty sure of having a gentleman over him, and that is a good deal for any man. This is the honest opinion of one who has served in all sorts of craft, liners, Indiamen, coasters, smugglers, whalers and transient ships. I think the American merchantmen give better wages than are to be found in other services, and I think the American men-of-war, as a rule, give better treatment than the American merchantmen. Such is the result of all my experience in Uncle Sam's navy. God bless the flag, I say, and this, too, without the fear of being hanged.

Perhaps one of the most interesting incidents in the life of Ned Meyers followed closely his advent into the world. He was always somewhat hazy as to his parentage. Of his mother he knew nothing, and of his reputed father he saw but little, and he was afterwards deserted by him entirely. It was well authenticated that the Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria, who was then known as Prince Edward and was stationed as commander of the British forces at Quebec, where Ned was born, stood sponsor for him at his baptism.

From the fact that the Prince watched

over the boy in his childhood and after his ostensible father left Canada never to return, the report became current that Ned had royal blood in his veins, and was in truth the Prince's natural son. Cooper, himself, was strongly of this opinion.

Those who are captivated by veritable

tales of the sea, had better turn to this life of Ned Meyers* for a double record of romance and reality.

G. Pomeroy Keese.

*Ned Meyers, or A Life Before the Mast. Edited by J. Fenimore Cooper. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1843.

EDWARD BELLAMY: AUTHOR AND ECONOMIST

In the death of Mr. Edward Bellamy, the world of reform, as well as the world of letters, loses one whose name has been, perhaps, spread abroad more widely than that of any American except Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and for a reason very similar. For each was the author of a book, which appearing at a critical period in the spiritual history of the race, appealed to a widely-spread, but an only partially recognized sentiment, and developed it into an Idea. That in the one case the Idea immediately blossomed into a purpose, which rapidly ripened into fulfillment, and in the other produced only a sort of temporary excitement, which seems now to have died away, is certainly true. It is partly accounted for, no doubt, by the circumstances of the several cases; by the fact that the abolition of slavery was a reform not only perfectly comprehensible but visibly within the reach of the generation to whom it was preached; and by the other circumstance that there existed a large class of persons who undertook to redress the wrong immediately because they had no interest in maintaining it. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* did not, perhaps, convert a single slaveholder. It will be remembered, however, that Mrs. Stowe does not attempt to formulate any plan for abolishing slavery; she suggests, it is true, the colonisation of the negroes in Liberia, which on the scale necessary to the end to be attained, would have been a measure in the highest degree tyrannical, and very much less practicable than the establishment of Mr. Bellamy's Army of Industry.

To estimate the value of our author as a social prophet, the apostle of a new gospel, would in any case be impossible until after the expiration of a much longer period than has elapsed between the publication

of *Looking Backward* and his death; but it is almost absurdly out of the question at the present crisis, when social reformers are for the most part covering their mouths with their hands and declaring themselves no prophets, but the sons of herdsmen; since it seems an even chance whether the war with Spain will retard our social development fifty years, or precipitate a general European conflagration. All that remains to us, therefore, is to endeavour to apply to his theories the measure of history, to judge whether up to the present moment, the development of society has been strictly along the lines laid down by him; since, where the angle of measurement is so small as that to which we are limited, a very slight divergence will cause it to attain a very different point upon the great circle of the future. And we may also examine the earlier writings of our author for traces of the growth in him of these theories, with which he afterward became identified; and in all love and reverence, try to divine why he so suddenly came forward as a social evangelist, and what this new gospel meant in his own life. Nor is it amiss to state that this will be in truth, pure divination; since the present writer knew Mr. Bellamy only through his books, and had no sort of acquaintance, or even personal correspondence with him.

He was by no means a voluminous writer; though familiar to the literary world for at least a score of years, half-a-dozen books, and a few scattered short stories are all that the student can find by which to estimate him. One can, however, fancy the shy, retiring sensitive sympathetic nature, an alien in the journalistic world in which he "earned his living;" inwardly devoted to the Ideal, but conscious that it had no outgrowth in

the Real, and perhaps aware that for this reason it was dying in his own soul. There is a curious faithlessness and pessimism about some of his earlier writings, combined with a remarkable psychologic acumen; to one acquainted with *Looking Backward* and *Equality* the vivid presentation of the telepathic communication between husband and wife, "At Pinney's Ranch" (a short story published in 1886 in the *Atlantic*) is far more like Mr. Bellamy than his dispassionate permission to the reader at the close of the story, to believe, if he likes, that the affair was only a coincidence.

It is in another short story in the same magazine, "A Blindman's World," and in *Dr. Heidenhoff's Process*, that we come upon what we may justly term the germ of our author's later convictions. In the first, a professor of astronomy, falling into a trance at his telescope, is transported in what our theosophic friends call the astral body to the planet Mars (a world not entirely unknown to literature); the inhabitants of which he discovers to be possessed of foresight, instead of memory; and the advantages of this gift, in contradistinction to the evils attendant upon our blind humanity, are very eloquently worked out. The same thought, the bitterness of remembering, is developed with yet deeper and darker hopelessness, in the little volume above mentioned, in which for the young man once a defaulter, and the young woman once fallen from virtue, forgiveness, whether human or divine, has no value, because to themselves it cannot bring forgetfulness of the shame which the sin has brought upon them. In each case, suicide is represented as the cleansing power; "a certain cold white hand," writes Madeline to her lover, "will have wiped away the flush of shame forever from my face when you look on it again, for I go this night to *that elder and greater redeemer*, whose name is death." The italics are ours.

Perhaps we shall not take our author too seriously, if we quote from the dialogue between Dr. Heidenhoff and Henry Burr,—a dialogue not unlike in character (though far different as to subject), to the interminable conversations between Dr. Leete and Julian West,—a few sentences illustrative of the philosophy which the book embodies.

"It is the memory of our past sins which demoralizes us, by imparting a sense of weakness and causing loss of self-respect. . . . Acts merely express the character. The recollection of the acts is what impresses the character, and gives it a tendency in a particular direction. . . . Memory is the principle of moral degeneration. Remembered sin is the most utterly diabolical influence in the universe. It invariably either debauches or martyrizs men and women, according as it renders them desperate and hardened, or makes them a prey to undying grief and self-contempt. . . . There is no such thing as moral responsibility for past acts; no such thing as real justice in punishing them, for the reason that human beings are not stationary existences, but changing, growing, incessantly progressive organisms, which in no two moments are the same."

There is a very clear note of *Looking Backward* in the last sentence; since, in the attitude of the twentieth century toward the nineteenth, there is very evident a most curious absence of moral responsibility for the sins of its fathers, or of apprehension lest these should be visited upon that day and generation. A well-founded fearlessness, perhaps, since the age is represented as having put away and outgrown any tendency toward these sins; and doubtless Mr. Bellamy, in his later years would have disowned, at least in part, Dr. Heidenhoff's philosophy, and would have recognised, both that it is only a conscience comparatively void of offense that is capable of agonies such as he describes, but that the office of memory is so to purify the character that it becomes incapable of committing again the sin which has caused the pain; and that when it has thus become a different character, the suffering ceases.

The point with which we are immediately concerned is, however, the profound hopeless conviction of our author that the existing state of things is not faulty here and there, but radically wrong; his state of mind appearing not very dissimilar to that of the French philosopher who said that if he had been present at the creation of the universe, he could have given the Creator a few hints. That we should know the future before it comes, that we should be able to immediately forget and disown the past, is his plan of salvation; failing this, there is no escape from the pangs of memory but repeated sin, or suicide.

At this point in his spiritual history he began writing a story the *motif* of which

department of unskilled labour, its red ribbons, its universal umbrella, its this, that and the other, so lavishly poured forth by the author, unquestionably lend it verisimilitude, so that the wayfaring man, though a fool, is able to believe in it and to fancy, at least that he understands it. Speaking psychologically, one might say, that a subjective (or imaginative) presentation of any idea, because it reaches the subjectivity of the reader, is often effective when argument fails; since we are convinced, not through the reason, but the imagination. Hence the novel is often powerful when the thesis leaves us of the same opinion still.

A novel, also, appeals to a wider circle than does an argumentative pamphlet, for example; yet all these considerations fail in a measure to account for the tremendous popularity of *Looking Backward*. Very nearly half a million copies sold in the United States alone, with the accepted average of five readers to a copy, besides translation into more languages than one can easily remember or enumerate, means simply that our author has laid his hand upon what is closest to the heart of the people; that he has touched the deepest note which the heart-strings of humanity are as yet tuned to sound. It is not alone that he has set forth the evils of our present "system" or stage of development, as it may more accurately be termed; not alone that he

has offered us the contemplation of an ideal which even those who condemn it as impracticable are willing to admit is, at least in its broad outlines, beautiful and uplifting. Other writers have done these things; and the note of brotherhood, of the solidarity of humanity, of human interdependence, has never ceased to echo since Paul of Tarsus wrote, "We are members one of another."

Mr. Bellamy's great and distinctive merit is that by clothing the Ideal in the apparel of the Real, he inspired us with a hope of its speedy attainment. It was this note of hope, the hope which his gospel had brought to his own soul, that took the world by storm; for who would not find his own burden light, in the belief that his children should be delivered from it? And it is for this message of his that we hold Edward Bellamy in loving remembrance as a teacher and prophet. Whether the evolution of society will be as rapid as he believed or along the lines that he has indicated, does not touch the truth of his prophecy; that it will be the outgrowth of the spirit which inspired him is already, despite obscuring circumstances, perfectly evident. For the spirit of brotherhood is, after all, the spirit of the age; and the spirit of this, or of all the ages, is, as our author once said in a private letter, "very like what we mean by the Holy Ghost."

Katharine Pearson Woods.

A NOTE ON MR. CABLE'S "THE GRANDISSIMES."*

To sit in a laundry and read *The Grandissimes*—that is the quickest way of reaching the strange city of New Orleans. Once upon a time, however, I took the other route, drawn to the adventure by love of Mr. Cable's stories, and before I knew my way about the St. Charles Hotel (not, as Mr. Cable would explain, the St. Charles of *Dr. Sevier*, but its successor), while the mosquitos and I were still looking at each other, before beginning, several delightful Creole ladies

had called to warn me. Against what? Against believing Mr. Cable. They came singly, none knew of the visits of the others, but they had heard what brought me there; like ghosts they stole in and told their tale, and then like ghosts they stole away. The tale was that Mr. Cable misrepresented them; Creoles are not and never were "like that," especially the ladies. I sighed, or would have sighed had I not been so pleased. I said I supposed it must be so; no ladies in the flesh could be quite so delicious as the Creole ladies of Mr. Cable's imagination, which seemed to perplex them. They seemed to be easily perplexed, and one, I half think, wanted to be a man for an hour

*From advance sheets of *The Grandissimes*, with an Introductory Note by Mr. J. M. Barrie, through the courtesy of the English publishers, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, London.

or two just to see how those ladies would impress her then. But by the time she regained the French quarter she was probably sure that she had convinced me. And she had, they all did, one after the other—that the sweet Creoles who haunt these beautiful pages were not always ghosts, but always ghost-like. They come into the book like timid children fascinated by the hand held out to them, yet ever ready to fly, and even when they seem most real, they are still out of touch; you feel that if you were to go one step nearer they would vanish away. Such is the impression they leave in all Mr. Cable's books, and his painting of them would be as faulty as the masterpiece exhibited by Honoré Grandissime's cousin in Mr. Frowenfeld's window if their descendants were not a little scared by it, they who had for so long peeped from behind veils and over balconies to be at last introduced to that very mixed society, the reading public. What would Aurora of this book have said to it? She is the glory of the book; no one, not even Mr. Cable (who rather disgracefully shirks the question) can tell why Joseph Frowenfeld "went over" from her to Clotilde (I am sure Joseph did not know) after feeling that to be with her was like "walking across the vault of heaven with the evening star on his arm" (which is exactly what talking to a Creole lady in the St. Charles Hotel is like); yet had Aurora been of a later age and heard what Mr. Cable was about she would certainly, without consulting that droll little saint Clotilde have slipped out of bed some night to invoke the naughty spirits, and when the novelist awoke he would have been horrified to find in one corner of his pillow an acorn, in another a joint of cornstalk, in a third a bunch of feathers. And though he had gone mad with terror she would have held that it served him right. And she would have had more acorns and feathers for the pillows of suspicious visitors to the St. Charles Hotel.

You may still see what was the home of Aurora after she came into her fortune, the house where the little comedy was played (in the last chapter of this book) which I venture to call one of the prettiest love scenes in any language. Of course it is in the French (or Creole) quarter, for though many of the Americans of

New Orleans doubtless go to Paris even before they die, the city has still its bit of France, far more truly French than the Paris boulevards of to-day. New Orleans was twice in French hands and once in Spanish before it became part of the United States, and the Creoles are the descendants of the French and Spaniards left behind. Canal street, which may be said to cut the city in two, is their English Channel; on the one side the English tongue and ways of living, though a fourth of the inhabitants are "coloured" (but not all coloured black); on the other lies France (and a little of Spain), the France of a time when railways were not; the names of the streets, the names over the shops, the life, the language, these are nearly all French, often somewhat decayed and as often intermarried perplexingly with interlopers, as the Creoles themselves are said never to intermarry. Those of the French side seem to be reluctant to cross Canal Street even on business, and they go still less frequently for pleasure; it is only when they die that all the people of New Orleans meet (except those who must be content with what is grimly called a "water funeral"), in the strange cemeteries which the swampy soil compels them to build above ground. Each family has its mausoleum of marble or granite, many of them palatial, so that the cities of the dead at New Orleans are infinitely more handsome than the city of the living, and as you walk under the magnolia trees along streets of tombs that look like beautiful dwelling-houses, you may see by the door of one of these houses a woman sitting on a chair knitting, and it is almost as if she had stepped out to enjoy the sun again. Or is it Aurora slipping away for an hour from Clotilde, whom she loved but sometimes found in the way?

There are a quarter of a million people in New Orleans now; there were ten thousand in the days when Joseph Frowenfeld mistook a lady and her daughter for sisters, and walked the vault of heaven with his future mother-in-law on his arm. Even now it is perhaps the most picturesque city in America, but it was still more brightly coloured then, every nationality represented in its arcades and at its lattices and dormer windows, its government just passing into the hands of the English, and every family "a hive of

patriots who did not know where to swarm." Every family of white people, that is to say, for the blacks are supposed to be out of it all; whatever happens in Louisiana, their condition must remain the same. Gradually we realize that the rivalry between French and English is a trumpety matter in New Orleans compared to the question of blacks and whites, and even the blacks can well afford to wait when their case is put beside that of those who are neither black nor white. Mr. Cable is the impassioned advocate of the rights of the black man,

who has surely never had such an artist for champion as here, in the story of *Bras-Coupé*, yet I like him best when his one arm protects some poor wounded quadroon, and he is fighting for her with the other. The *Honoré Grandissime*, who is, I suppose, the hero of the book, is a Creole of whom his race have some right to be proud, but the other *Honoré* is the most memorable figure; he, a white man to all appearance, who told the whole tragedy of his life in the simple words, "I am not white, monsieur."

J. M. Barrie.

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX

I.

A lady in this city writes us a postal card in order to quote the following sentence from the April *BOOKMAN*:

"She presided over the letters, passionate on both sides, though with that curious maternal note on the woman's part that one finds never leaving her, which were sent over the Alps."

At the end of this quotation she puts three exclamation points, which we take to mean that she would like our opinion of the sentence from the point of view of style. We are free to say that we think it about the worst sentence that we ever saw, and that it was mighty poor editing on our part to allow it to pass us uncorrected.

II.

The following letter comes to us from a gentleman in West Chester, Pennsylvania:

"In the May *BOOKMAN*, replying to 'C. H.,' in regard to the pronunciation of the word 'Celt,' you say, 'the word is to be pronounced "Kelt" only when it is so written. There is no reason for pronouncing it in this way when it is written with a C.' Is this rule also applicable to the words 'Cult,' 'Culture,' etc., and are they to be pronounced Kult, Kulture, etc., only when they are so written? And would you say there is no reason for pronouncing them in this way when they are written with a C? Yours very truly,

F. T. B."

This is really pretty elementary. We said that "Celt" should not be pronounced "Kelt," because, when written with a C, its pronunciation should con-

form to the general usage of the English language which gives to the letter c the sound of s when it appears before e or i, though it has the hard sound of K when followed by a, o, or u.

III.

A lady who signs herself "A Ewe Lamb" has sent us a conundrum. She evidently thinks that it is a pretty good conundrum, because when we didn't print it the first time that she sent it in, she took the trouble to write it out and send it in again with a slight variation. We are not much of a judge of conundrums and we couldn't make one ourselves if we tried; but this one really doesn't seem to us to be first class. However, just to oblige a lady we are willing to give her a little space; so here is the conundrum:

Why is *THE BOOKMAN* at this time the most useful of Uncle Sam's magazines?

Because it is the only magazine in the field which is provided with arms.

IV.

An eminent Bishop of the American Episcopal Church writes to ask whether we thought that the phrase "a man of cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows" was original with Col. Higginson. He rather got this impression from something that we said in our April number. We answer that we did not mean to have it so inferred, but that we knew it to be taken from Wordsworth, though we don't know much about

Wordsworth in general, and probably never shall.

V.

A lady in Los Angeles, Cal., echoes the Bishop's question and then asks us another:

"Do you really think 'directly the book is finished' (April BOOKMAN) good English?"

Yes, we think it perfectly good English but very poor American. Professor Brander Matthews would say that it is neither English nor American but British, which is a little distinction that he is fond of making.

VI.

A vigorous Washingtonian has written us the following letter to which he signs his name:

"Dear BOOKMAN: I like your bumptious gall and conceit very much, and your patronising air of superiority. You say p. 193, Mr. Q. C. 'is a young man of 35 years of age.' Why 'of age?' Wouldn't 'of 35 years' do as well? Also most of his work, etc., is founded on 'traditions of the past in Cornwall.' Do they have traditions of the present, or of the future, in that country?"

"The death of Mr. James Payn (which took place on) Sunday, March 25!' four words superfluous. 'At McVicker's Theatre on April 11.' Why not 'under' or 'over?' The theatre opened April 11, not *on* it, and Ibsen's birthday was celebrated Sunday, March 20, and not *on* that date. A schoolboy would be spanked for such solecisms."

We beg to answer: (1) We have never felt any desire to see how little food and drink we can live upon, nor in writing have we any desire to see how few words we can use. We are not imitating Tacitus, and we take a particular joy in throwing words around and using just as many as we want. There is no sense in a man's keeping himself trained down always to mere bone and muscle, nor in screwing his vocabulary down to a point where it becomes meagre and half starved.

(2) When we said "traditions of the past in Cornwall" we used the phrase "in Cornwall" as having an adjectival force, precisely as though we had said "traditions of the Cornish past," or as though we had hyphenated it and said "traditions of the past-in-Cornwall."

(3) "Why not 'under' or 'over'?" Simply because they do not belong to idiomatic English in such sentences as

our correspondent quotes, while "on" does.

(4) As to the schoolboy, inasmuch as the expressions quoted are not solecisms he would not be spanked for using them. Even if they were solecisms, why spank him? Surely a solecism is a harmless thing for a schoolboy to have in his possession. It doesn't soil his clothes, its keep costs very little, and it has no deleterious moral effect. If we had a son we should rather see him engaged in amusing himself quietly with a solecism or two, than in learning to smoke cigars behind the barn or in getting up a dog fight on the street.

VII.

A resident of this city has written a letter in which he thinks to tangle us up:

"Dear BOOKMAN: In the sentence '*Are* is a verb,' what is the subject? If it is *are*, then is *are* a verb? If *are* is not a verb is it a noun in the nominative case? But then what becomes of the truth of the sentence which says that *are* is a verb? Yours truly,

"SUBSCRIBER."

This is superficially ingenious, but only superficially. Of course *are* is in its essence and in the thought of the person who frames the statement a verb, while in its grammatical relation to the sentence it is a noun. Or, to put it more simply, *are* is a verb here used with a substantial or material force. There is nothing really complicated in the thing at all.

VIII.

This letter from a Tired Reader made us smile a tired smile:

"I rise to an unparliamentary inquiry. Are the letters which appear in THE BOOKMAN's Letter-Box written by bona fide correspondents and sent to you through the mails, or are they written by yourself as a means of displaying your intellectual accomplishments?"

"TIED READER."

If this reader is tired it is not the reading of the BOOKMAN that has made him so, for in that case he would at least have observed for himself that his question was long ago both asked and answered. However, for his especial information we will say that the communications answered in the Letter-Box actually come to us through the mails, that they are carefully preserved on a large hook in our office, and that if the Tired Reader will

call at any time between nine A. M. and five P. M. he can sit and examine them all, including his own. We may add, moreover, that while we have no very high opinion of our own intellectual accomplishments we really think that if

some of the letters which we print had been written by ourselves they would not be a very great success as a display.

The Letter-Box is now closed for the rest of the summer in order that we may rest our mind.

LOVE, IT IS NIGHT

Dimmed into dusk the flame-clouds disappear,
The homing bird sweeps low in circling flight,
And distant bells come faintly to the ear—
Love, it is night.

Now that the world is hushed in sombre grey,
Stand not apart nor shut me from your sight;
One little word is all I have to say—
Love, it is night.

Only a year—a year that seemed a life—
Wonderful love, too great for us to bear!
I loved too much and love became a strife,
A fierce despair.

I was unkind—poor fool! I could not see
All of the truth and tenderness divine
Given so gladly, given so to me
That all was mine.

Doubting forever in my cynic soul,
Ruthless I wrecked your faith, your hope, your trust,
Doomed them to death and sought the fated goal
With coward thrust;

Till at the last I wore the joy away,
Taught you the lesson of my own unrest,
Sinned against love so often that to-day
All is confessed.

This is the end? Dear heart, it may be so:
Wounded so often have you learned despair?
Yielding so often have you ceased to know,
To feel, to care?

Yet it is night, the hour when love is strong,
When soft remembrance thrills again the heart,
And tells of pardon for the deepest wrong—
Must we then part?

I dare not seek once more the answering kiss;
I dare not claim once more the lover's right;
But, bending low, I whisper only this—
Love, it is night.

Rafford Pyke.

LONDON LETTER

Mr. G. W. Cable has now been a month in London, and has been very warmly received. Some of the most distinguished men in this country have ardently admired his writings, and have welcomed an opportunity of becoming acquainted with him. Amongst these are Mr. George Meredith and Mr. John Morley. Mr. Cable paid a visit to Mr. Meredith, who was in excellent form, and able to quote from his favourites among the American novelist's books. He is to spend some time with Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Mr. Conan Doyle. While I write he is staying at Aldeburgh with Mr. Edward Clodd. Mr. Clodd has one of the remarkable gatherings of literary men usually assembled by him at every great holiday in his country home. Sir Frederick Pollock, Mr. Clement Shorter, Sir George Robertson of Chitral and others are amongst Mr. Cable's fellow guests.

Mr. Cable's readings have also been a very marked success. The first of them was given in Mr. J. M. Barrie's drawing room at South Kensington, which was crowded. Mr. Birrell occupied the chair, and in a few pleasant words said that Mr. Cable reminded him more than any other American writer of the illustrious Hawthorne. On this occasion Mr. Cable read from his novel *Dr. Sevier*. Prominent among the distinguished audience were Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Henry James, Mrs. Du Maurier and her daughter, and many others well-known in literary society and on the stage. Miss Terry was one of the most appreciative and encouraging of Mr. Cable's audience, and has warmly interested herself in the success of his visit. His second reading was given at Bay Tree Lodge, Hampstead, where Sir Walter Besant presided. There was a crowded attendance and Mr. Cable caught his audience even better than on the first occasion, giving them a powerful and dramatic interpretation of his story "Posson Jone'." Mr. Percy Bunting, editor of the *Contemporary Review*, proposed a vote of thanks, and after the gathering many English friends were introduced to Mr. Cable.

The third of his London readings was in Lady Lewis's drawing room at Portland Place. Lady Lewis's husband, Sir George Lewis, is among the most prominent figures in the country, and without a doubt the greatest solicitor in England. Lady Lewis and her charming daughters are keenly interested in literature and art. On this occasion Sir Henry Irving presided, and in a few graceful words placed stress on Mr. Cable's interpretation of the Creole character. This reading was from *Bonaventure*, and if possible went better than either of its predecessors. Mr. Barrie, whose guest Mr. Cable is meanwhile, proposed a vote of thanks, and referred with pleasure to the presence of Sir Henry Irving, "our greatest living actor, if not the greatest actor who has ever appeared in England." As might have been expected there has been a revival of interest in Mr. Cable's writings. Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have issued an authorised edition of *The Granddissimes* with a very bright introduction by Mr. Barrie. Messrs. Sampson Low and Company have issued cheap editions of *Bonaventure* and *John March, Southerner*. Amidst his social distractions Mr. Cable goes on diligently with his new story.

Next month he goes to Liverpool where he will be under the charge of Ian Maclaren; then he proceeds to Edinburgh where he will be the guest of Professor Simpson. He will give a reading there as at Liverpool, and will probably travel a little in Scotland. Leading Congregationalists have been invited to meet him at the Memorial Hall by Mr. Albert Spicer, M. P. Mr. Spicer is the most influential layman amongst London Congregationalists, and there is sure to be a crowded and brilliant gathering. He will also be entertained at dinner at the Authors' Club under the presidency of Sir Walter Besant. The newspapers have given considerable space to Mr. Cable, and a general desire has been shown to make some return for the kindness for which English authors are so much indebted to Americans. I am glad to learn that Mark Twain has consented to be the

guest of his English brethren when he comes back to London. He will meet with a most sympathetic and respectful welcome.

I have no right to meddle with politics in *THE BOOKMAN*. In the circumstances, however, I may be permitted to express the deep pleasure with which many of us watch the growing friendship between England and America. Of England's friendship there was never any doubt. What was wanted was simply something that would compel an expression worthy of the reality and depth of the sentiment. The English people are reticent and reserved. They are too apt to take things for granted. They have been perplexed by various utterances and actions of America. When, however, a point of real crisis is reached misconceptions are scattered and realities come to sight. You may be sure that there never has been any doubt at all as to the direction of English sympathy in this war, and the sympathy for America has become warmer and warmer as the position became better understood. I admit that at the outset a certain number of people wished that America should not get too easy a victory, but I never heard of anyone who would not have regarded a defeat of America as a calamity of the first magnitude, a calamity not to be thought of until England, too, had done her best. Of course no danger was apprehended from Spain, but there was a possibility, and perhaps there is a possibility still that the action of continental powers might make our help important. Nearly all journalists have risen to the seriousness of the occasion, and I have read very little in English newspapers to which just exception can be taken. I am bound to say that some letters addressed by London correspondents to American journals give what is considered here a thoroughly false view of the English attitude.

While I write everything is overshadowed by the death of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone had lost so much in political power during the last twelve years; he had excited such bitter animosities, his party was so enfeebled that many were prepared for a much less distinct manifestation of reverence and pride than that which we are now beholding. It is eminently to the honour of all parties that a true view has been taken of the man's

real greatness and goodness. Everything else has been forgotten. Newspapers of all shades have vied with one another in the generosity of their tributes. Politicians have spoken with one voice; the Established Church and the Free Churches have been for the moment as one. It is not only true to say that no jarring note has been struck; it is also true to say that there has been no real attempt at an exact and balanced estimate of Mr. Gladstone's character and achievement. For that the time will come, but it has not yet arrived. As everyone knows Mr. Gladstone was a copious writer and an omnivorous reader. His books, speaking generally, have not reached a very large circulation, though some of his pamphlets had a great and rapid run. Perhaps his *Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture* is his most popular book, more than 11,000 copies having been sold. His *Gleanings* published in cheap volumes by Mr. Murray also sold well, or at least the earlier volumes did. Mr. Gladstone was much in request as a contributor to periodicals. He could not be tempted by money offers, but if he had a congenial subject suggested to him he would write upon it without stipulating as to the fee. If the fee was insufficient he would quietly cease to write for the particular editor who paid it. £200 was the price usually given him for a review article, though, if I mistake not, more has been paid in special instances, largely through the enterprise of America. I do not think it has been noticed that an elaborate edition of Mr. Gladstone's speeches was commenced some years ago, and had to be discontinued through the lack of public support. As a critic Mr. Gladstone was extremely generous. He read most of the books that were sent to him, and if he liked them he did not hesitate to say so. In this way many authors are much indebted to him. About the last book in connection with which he was largely quoted was Mr. Hall Caine's novel *The Christian*. He was a cordial admirer of the new Scottish school to which he was first introduced long ago by Lord Rosebery, who gave him a copy of *A Window in Thrums*.

Who is to write Mr. Gladstone's biography? People who ought to know say that Mr. John Morley has been chosen, but I take leave to doubt this. Mr. Mor-

ley has perhaps not been successful as a statesman, but he apparently wishes to go on with politics, and the man who would tackle Mr. Gladstone's life must have nothing else to do for a long period. A still more serious reason against Mr. Morley's doing the work is that he is necessarily completely out of sympathy with Mr. Gladstone in the deepest, most constant, and most sacred convictions of his life. I have it on the best authority, however, that more than a year before Mr. Gladstone died he urged upon Mr. Morley the duty of writing a book on the Home Rule Movement. This was to serve as an explanation and a vindication of Mr. Gladstone's alliance with Mr. Parnell. Mr. Morley accepted the trust, and I fully expect that he will write the most authoritative chronicle of Mr. Gladstone's closing words as a politician, the years when he lived for Ireland, and when love of the Irish cause practically kept him alive.

The spring season for what reason I do not know has been rather dull. However, as much money has been spent for books as ever. Certain enterprising American gentlemen arranged with the *Times* to issue a cheap edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The result has been a very great success. It is expected that no fewer than 15,000 sets will be sold, and this means of course a very large turn over. The effect of these very large sales will be, I should think, to choke the market and to make the appearance of a new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* somewhat distant. This

practice of publishing expensive books through newspapers has been very successful on the whole, but in one or two instances which I need not name it has turned out a complete failure.

We still have many new papers and magazines, but nothing very noticeable has appeared of late. I was especially interested in Mr. Oswald Crawford's experiment of a penny *London Review*, having for long maintained that the great days of the weekly reviews might be revived if they were issued at a popular price. But I am compelled to say with real regret that Mr. Crawford's publication was doomed from the first number. Nothing could be more hopeless than the general arrangement and sub-editing, and the personal note, the note of life, was conspicuously absent. The *Outlook*, a three-penny paper, is remarkably well edited and is sure to succeed if it can be kept up long enough. I am sorry to hear that Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, one of the young men who has quickly gained a fortune as a publisher of cheap papers has broken down in health, and is obliged practically to retire from business. Messrs. Harmsworth are to issue two magazines, one at threepence and one at sixpence. It remains to be seen whether the three-penny magazine will take root in this country. Perhaps it may turn out to be the proper development of enterprise. It will, however, have to face great hostility from the news agents who for the same trouble as they have in selling a six-penny magazine will have half the profit.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

PARIS LETTER

We have had this month a number of pretty quarrels in the literary and artistic world. First we have the quarrel between Rodin and the *Société des Gens de Lettres* anent the statue of Balzac. Everybody was delighted when the celebrated sculptor was preferred by the Society to all his competitors and ordered to make the statue of the author of *La Comédie Humaine*. But Rodin is an artist of a peculiar nature. His ideas grow; they are at first somewhat confused in his mind, and little by little emerge from a

kind of chaos; and when they do come out they are sometimes very different from what you had expected. That is just what has happened in regard to Balzac's statue. First of all, Rodin kept the *gens de lettres* waiting a pretty long time before submitting anything to them, and they grew impatient. Second, the project he finally exhibited in this year's salon has thoroughly displeased them. They expected a statue and he presented to them a monument, in which Balzac is surrounded by allegorical figures, sym-

bolising the component parts of his gigantic production. So the trustees of the society met and decided that "they refuse to recognise in Mr. Rodin's project the statue of Balzac." Rodin was told by his lawyers that if he sued them he was sure to win his case; but there will be no lawsuit. The artist returned to the society the ten thousand francs handed him as an advance payment on account, and a committee of his admirers has bought the monument for the price originally agreed to, thirty thousand francs; and it is hoped that the city of Paris, which has just paid almost the same price for the other one of Rodin's salon exhibits, "Le Baiser," will be willing to erect the monument on one of our public squares. All that remains to do is for Pailleron to add a stanza to his *Ballade du Pauvre Sculpteur*.

Next we have the Sarcey-Coquelin-Séverin imbroglio. It is an amusing one. You know we have had a number of Italian visitors. One of them, Novelli, appeared in a pantomime, and Sarcey praised him very highly, as a remarkable actor of high class pantomime, "Un mime," as we say. He thought our visitor had every reason to be pleased with his judgment of him, when he received from Coquelin a letter lecturing him upon his ignorance. "What! you call Novelli 'un mime!' You don't know that he is the greatest living actor in Italy!" etc., etc. Sarcey prints Coquelin's letter and confesses his sin. "Yes, I did ignore all those things, but I ignore them no longer, dear Coquelin; and here is another letter just received by me, from an Italian admirer of Novelli." Follows great praise of the actor, and then, underscored of course by Sarcey, the following: "And as for the monologues, why, Coquelin does not come anywhere near his ankle!" *Qui est-ce qui n'était pas content? C'était Coquelin.* But he was not yet *au bout de ses peines*. We have just now a very remarkable *mime*, Séverin. He thought the time had come for him to appear in the contest, and he rushed into print with a letter expressing indignation at the contempt shown for the form of art of which he is now the most brilliant exponent, and claiming that a *mime* can be a great artist while being nothing but a *mime*. So Sarcey and Coquelin had, both of them, to apologise to Séverin and peace

was re-established without the shedding of one drop of blood.

Paulo maiora canamus! The two participants in the next quarrel were on one side a noble duke, an ex-prime minister, an illustrious historian, a member of the French Academy, the Duc Albert de Broglie, on the other an ex-war minister, who would like to be an Academician, General Du Barrail. A short while after the death of the Duc d'Aumale people began to say in academic circles: "His successor in the Academy must be a soldier." And soon the candidacy of General Du Barrail was announced. The General had written his *Souvenirs*, and that would be considered a sufficiently heavy literary baggage. But lo! the General had been the intimate friend and confidential adviser of Plon-plon, and Plon-plon and the Duc d'Aumale had been personal enemies. No! it would not do to seat General Du Barrail in the Duc's *fauteuil*. So said the Duc de Broglie. But there was between the Duc and the General another ground for quarreling, and it at last broke out into print. In his *Souvenirs* the General, who was War Minister in 1873 in the cabinet presided over by the Duc de Broglie, claims to have been the one man in that cabinet to have opposed the proposing to the French army of substituting the white for the tricolour flag if it was decided to destroy the Republic and place Count de Chambord on the throne. He even adds that his opposition resulted in a request from the other ministers to the then President, Marshal MacMahon, to dismiss him. And the Duc says that all that is pure romance, that the other ministers were as strongly opposed to the white flag as the General himself, that he claims credit for what he never did, and that no one ever asked the Marshal to dismiss him. A number of letters appeared on the subject just before the election at the Academy. The letter-writers did not exactly give to each other the lie direct, but they certainly went far beyond the retort courteous.

After that you will not be surprised to hear that the General did not become a colleague of the Duc at the Academy. He was beaten by a sculptor, M. Guillaume, who is at present at the head of the French school at Rome, in the celebrated and beautiful Villa Medici. It has

always been the desire of the French Academy to number among its members some members of the other academies. It never had any difficulty in finding eligible candidates among the members of the Academies of Sciences, of Political and Moral Sciences, of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres. Not so with the Academy of Fine Arts. There it seems very difficult to find any one who would be considered a master of French prose or verse. M. Guillaume is the author of a number of notices upon painters and sculptors, read before the Academy of Fine Arts, and a number of magazine articles. They have been for him the *open sesame*, and so it happens that the Duke d'Aumale's successor is a sculptor and not a general.

We were to have two elections at the Academy, but we have had only one. The other *fautcuil* to be filled was that of Henri Meilhac, a real *homme de lettres*, and this time all the candidates were men of letters. The leading ones were Emile Faguet, the critic, and two writers of plays, Paul Hervieu and Henri Lavedan. Six ballots were taken; on the first of them Hervieu had 8 votes and the other two candidates 9 each, the rest scattering; on the sixth Hervieu had 12 votes, Lavedan 11, and Faguet 10. So the Academy determined to postpone the election to some future day. This is the usual practice in such cases; the Academicians wait for death to create some more vacancies, so that all the contestants may have a chance to come in together.

I forgot to say that Zola was a candidate to both *fautcuils*. He got away with two bull's eyes.

We have had other elections, too, since my last letter, our general election to the Chamber of Deputies. Men of letters

ambitious of political honors do not seem to have been especially favored. I see among the defeated candidates Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, Maurice Barrès, Charles Benoist, one of the most distinguished contributors to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Jaurès, the most eloquent orator of the House, lost his seat, and so did Minister André Lebou, one of the two men of letters of the cabinet. On the other hand, Professor De Lavesson and Paul de Cassagnac, the fiery journalist, return to the Chamber, from which they had been driven for several years.

Brunetière has just republished in book form his article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* apropos of the Zola trial; he has added an introduction and notes which make it decidedly spicy reading.

Among the new books I note first *Complications Sentimentales*, a collection of short stories by Bourget, and the complete works of Arthur Rimbaud, the well-known symbolist poet. To those who wish well to study French character I shall recommend Edmond Demolin's *Les Français d'Aujourd'hui*, and Henry Béranger's *La Conscience Nationale*, and to those who want to enjoy a hearty, good laugh, or several, Alphonse Allais's *Amour, Désire, et Orgue*: the students of French grammar will understand the title. I ought not to omit a work which may show you that France is far from neglecting the study of American affairs: *La Doctrine de Monroe: l'Evolution de la Politique des Etats-Unis au Dix-neuvième Siècle*, by Dr. M. D. Beaumarchais.

Anatole France seems to be thinking of winning dramatic laurels. A little one-act play of his, *Au Petit Bonheur*, has just been giving a semi-public performance; the special public before which it was given enjoyed it immensely.

Alfred Manière.



NEW BOOKS

GEORG BRANDES ON SHAKESPEARE.*

Shakespeare in Shakespeare, or the man in his works, the author speaking in the characters of his plays, maybe the best words briefly to characterise the nature of this important publication. "I will not let you go until you have confessed to me the secret of your being" might be regarded as the motto which the Danish scholar Brandes has chosen for his book. The work of this Copenhagen professor is already known to Shakespearean students in its Danish form and in a German dress. The English translation—in part by William Archer's hand—makes it our own, and the volumes will hold a high place among all important collections of Shakespeareana in the future. Brandes's book is not a book for beginners; it is a work for students and scholarly readers. Foreign literatures, history, biography, or philosophy, are freely drawn upon if they serve the author at any moment to illustrate his theme.

The aim of this critical study, so comprehensive in its scope, is to give "some image of the spiritual experience" of which Shakespeare is the expression. The life is seen in the works. As tracery to follow in making up his picture of the great dramatist, the author takes the known outlines of Shakespeare's life; he then proceeds to weave into the picture materials and colouring gathered from the plays and the poems. It is the familiar study of the growth of Shakespeare's mind and art followed out in the lines of the generally accepted chronology of the dramas. We walk about the playwright's early home and one can not but contrast it with the fair Mecca of Avon pilgrims to-day, when he remembers that in the sixteenth century:

"Stratford-on-Avon was an unsanitary place of residence. There was no sort of underground drainage, and street-sweepers and scavengers were unknown. The waste water from the houses flowed out into badly kept gutters; the streets were full of evil-smelling pools, in which pigs and geese freely disported

*William Shakespeare, a Critical Study. By Georg Brandes. In two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$8.00.

themselves; and dunghills skirted the highway. The first thing we learn about Shakespeare's father is that, in April, 1552, he was fined twelve pence for having formed a great midden outside his house in Henley street—a circumstance which on the one hand proves that he kept sheep and cattle, and on other indicates his scant care for cleanliness, since the common dunghill lay only a stone's throw from his house."

The lad Shakespeare's youth is pictured, but nothing seems to be said regarding the spelling and origin of the family name (Shakespeare, not Shakspeare, throughout), which might have been mentioned in a standard work of the kind, especially as smaller details often receive attention. Concerning Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway, the author's views of the marriage are worth quoting merely by way of comparison or of contrast with those of a hundred others who have expressed themselves on this subject.

"There is nothing to show that in the peasant girl, almost eight years older than himself, whom he married at the age of eighteen, Shakespeare found the woman who, even for a few years, could fill his life. Everything, indeed, points in the opposite direction. She and the children remained behind in Stratford, and he saw her only when he revisited his native place, as he did at long intervals, probably, at first, but afterwards annually. Tradition and the evidence of his writings prove that he lived, in London, the free Bohemian life of an actor and playwright. We know, too, that he was soon plunged in the business cares of a theatrical manager and proprietor. The woman's part in his life was not played by Anne Hathaway."

It is good to notice that Dr. Brandes does not belong to the number of those who cast doubt on the deer-stealing episode and the story of Sir Thomas Lucy's prosecution. So with the future great poet and playwright we ride off from Stratford to London.

From this point Shakespeare's life is studied in closest association with his works. The young man has come from the country to the town. The dramas of the so-called "prentice period" receive appropriate consideration. With critical judgment Professor Brandes finds fault with his countrymen for omitting, without apology, the *Titus Andronicus* from

the Danish translation of Shakespeare. He then proceeds to the first independent plays, keeping in mind that in the earlier comedies "we find Shakespeare chiefly occupied with the relation between man and woman, and especially, between husband and wife." It is rather a serious comment on Anne Shakespeare if we are obliged to associate her with Adriana or with Katherine. We should feel happier in thinking that Shakespeare speaks rather in Biron's words in that glorious hymn to love in the *Love's Labour's Lost*. The author himself brightens the picture at the moment and he gives us the opportunity:

"We must take Biron Shakespeare at his word, and believe that in these vivid and tender emotions he found, during his early years in London, the stimulus which taught him to open his lips in song."

And, furthermore, the following quotation will show the author's critical feeling:

"Shakespeare is far from regarding love as an expression of human reason; throughout his works, indeed, it is only by way of exception that he makes reason the dominating factor in human conduct. He early felt and divined how much wider is the domain of the unconscious than of the conscious life, and saw that our moods and passions have their root in the unconscious. The germs of a whole philosophy of life are latent in the wayward love-scenes of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*."

He goes on to show how "the apotheosis of pure passion" is found in *Romeo and Juliet*. We begin also to read Shakespeare's court life between the lines of his plays.

Having closed Shakespeare's first period, the Danish professor stops at this point to launch four pages of criticism and invective against the Baconian theory, "the Baconian impertinences," as he styles such misguided views. The comedy period is now welcome for it is bright, and much that is dark has to follow; in fact, it can not be said that the new work leaves a happy and pleasant impression of Shakespeare upon the mind; at least that is the feeling of the present writer. However familiar we may have been with the "tragic period," the "dark lady," the melancholy of the sonnets, or with the misanthropy of Timon, the picture seems to have become even a little more tinged with sadness

than heretofore, and we do not like to have this over-emphasised in the case of the Shakespeare whom we love, even if it may possibly be true. All that is said of Mary Fitton and the Sonnets must be read with a certain reserve in the light of more recent developments which have changed the situation since the author expressed the views that are now translated. This is important because Brandes follows Tyler's theory and he finds in this particular lady a key for explaining Shakespeare's attitude toward Cleopatra, for example, because "day after day that woman stood before him as his model who had been his life's Cleopatra." He employs the same idea when he points out the culmination of Shakespeare's passion in an outburst of "scorn for woman's guile" in Cressida. By the side of this personal element, emphasis is laid on Shakespeare's growing distaste for his profession and calling, as well as upon the misfortunes, individual and political, that are known to have befallen those nearest to him. Everything is elaborated that serves to bring about a better understanding of the tragic period in which the great poet reached the very edge of the gulf of darkness, for "in *King Lear* Shakespeare's vision sounded (!) the abyss of horror to its very depths." The text is interesting:

"I imagine that Shakespeare must, as a rule, have worked early in the morning. The division of the day at that time would necessitate this. But it can scarcely have been in bright morning hours, scarcely in the daytime, that he conceived *King Lear*. No; it must have been on a night of storm and terror, one of those nights when a man, sitting at his desk at home, thinks of the wretches who are wandering in houseless poverty through the darkness, the blustering wind and the soaking rain—when the rushing of the storm over the housetops and its howling in the chimneys sound in the ears like shrieks of agony, the wail of all the misery of earth!"

But enough of the darker and the sadder side. It is a relief when the author once more follows Shakespeare to his Stratford home and enters the "on the heights" period of the last romantic plays.

Yet, before turning to these, a word must be said on the subject of *Hamlet*, "which has given the name of Denmark a world-wide renown;" and this is naturally a sympathetic theme for a Danish scholar to treat. Over fifty pages of the

second volume are devoted to the play. It is difficult to be original on *Hamlet*, but in one or two instances the author might have been more liberal in stating whether he has been anticipated in the views he is giving. There is a certain scantiness throughout in this matter. With reference to the popularity of *Hamlet*, it may not be uninteresting to learn that within three years after the presumed date of publication, the play was "so dear to English sailors that they could act it for their own amusement at a moment's notice, and a quotation from a ship's log, dated September, 1607, proves this fact." In regard to the children of Macbeth the reviewer must believe that Macbeth had no children of his own, and that the allusions in the play are after all due to Shakespeare's lingering recollection of the former marriage of the historical Lady Macbeth.

The closing chapters, with Shakespeare back at home in Stratford, are not written without imagination, and all the work, in fact, has decidedly a literary touch. Shakespeare's death from fever was probably not due to the merry drinking bout which gossiping tongues have so often repeated; it was caused rather by the bad drainage of his native town: "Several circumstances tend to prove that the poet was attacked by typhus fever. Stratford, with its low damp situation and its filthy roads, was a regular typhus trap in those days."

In conclusion, the author once more emphasises how much one may learn of a man who has left forty-five important works behind him and how much of that is to be learned from the works themselves:

"The William Shakespeare who was born at Stratford-on-Avon in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who lived and wrote in London in her reign and in that of James, who ascended into heaven in his comedies and descended into hell in his tragedies, and died at the age of fifty-two in his native town, rises a wonderful personality in grand and distinct outlines, with all the vivid colouring of life from the pages of his books, before the eyes of all who read them with an open, receptive mind, with sanity of judgment and simple susceptibility to the power of genius."

A. V. Williams Jackson.

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. PEARY.*

Whosoever turns his eyes toward the polar zones—and the great sale of Arctic narratives shows how numerous are the observers of the Northern Sphinx—owes a debt of gratitude to Robert E. Peary, C.E., U.S.N. For Mr. Peary has done at least as much as any living explorer to reveal the Arctic regions to the civilised world. And in particular the country he has chosen to investigate is pre-eminently attractive, both to scientific men and general readers. Greenland, the scene of his explorations is still in the glacial epoch, and the conditions of the ice-cap that rises above the whole island, in a measure similar to those which existed upon this continent when half its surface was a glacier, are absorbing to students of nature's mysteries. Moreover, to every one interested in the human creature, whether scientifically or emotionally, Greenland is fascinating because it supports the most primitive of known races; a tribe of two hundred and fifty persons, just proceeding from the age of bone implements into the age of iron.

Mr. Peary has made himself an authority upon the "inland ice" and upon the Eskimos, but his achievements comprise more than this. He has altered, corrected and enlarged the map of Greenland—a new chart based upon his surveys has been issued—he has taken an extraordinary series of meteorological observations, and now to the general reader he has given one of those stories of man's grit amid terrible adversities which infuse some of their strength into the weakest soul. If Arctic explorers had accomplished no other benefit to mankind the inspiration that comes of reading their narratives would have justified their enterprises.

Mr. Peary's adventures are widely known, but his aims have been widely misinterpreted. There is a general im-

*Northward Over the "Great Ice." A narrative of life and work along the shores and upon the interior ice-cap of Northern Greenland in the years 1886 and 1891-1897. With a description of the little tribe of Smith Sound Eskimos, the most northerly human beings in the world, and an account of the discovery and bringing home of the "saviksue" or great Cape York meteorites. By Robert E. Peary, Civil Engineer, U. S. N. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$6.50 net.

pression that every Arctic explorer is bent upon reaching the North Pole, and, because he returns without accomplishing that, he has to endure the taunt of failure. As a matter of fact, upon his first important expedition, of '91-'92, Mr. Peary had no thought of pushing to the Pole. His object, outlined five years before he started and accomplished in every detail, was, by a sledge journey, to reach the northern end of the ice-cap. Incidentally he ascertained that Greenland, cut across by a strait near the eighty-second parallel, is an island; a discovery which had an important bearing upon scientific theories that can hardly be discussed here. Moreover he attained the most northern point upon the east coast of Greenland ever seen by a white man, discovered a fine bay and demonstrated that two men may return, after making a twelve-hundred-mile sledge journey over a trackless snow desert, safe and healthy. The success of this expedition was a powerful stimulus in the present revival of Arctic interest.

In his second expedition, lasting from 1893 to 1895, Mr. Peary failed; but to discover the Pole was only an incident in his plans. His aim was to explore the islands that he had seen north of Independence Bay. He failed, but in failing he gave to the world an example of courage and energy that almost compensated for the loss of the information that his success would have won.

Mr. Peary is intensely self-reliant, intensely energetic, intensely self-conscious. In his presence you feel the emanation of his will, almost as if it were a physical force. It is one of his habits to pause for an instant and to draw a full breath before he answers a tough question. In the interval he has the effect of turning all his powers upon the matter. "Here is a man," you feel, "who is eager to grapple with emergencies."

You have a similar impression in reading his book. It is a record of work and pluck.

In the fall of 1801 he reached his headquarters with a broken leg, but he took no account of that, believing that the fracture would heal during the winter, and it did. Before he set forth upon his sledge journey over the unknown snow-wastes, he explored Inglefield Gulf, and after his return from his great journey

he tirelessly turned again to the Gulf to complete his investigations. In 1894, after the return from the disheartening failure to cross the ice-cap—in a storm most of his party were disabled by frost-bites, and his dog team were weakened by the *piblokto* disease—he set off once more to Cape York, where he discovered the famous meteorites, which almost every traveller in the Smith Sound region since the days of Ross, in 1818, had vainly hoped to find. In that summer, when most of his party, dissatisfied, because of certain dissensions that had arisen in the camp, returned to America, he persuaded two men to remain with him, attempted once more to explore the islands north of Greenland, and turned back only for lack of proper equipment. This was one of the most daring among all the bold feats of Arctic travellers, and Mr. Peary's description of it will endure among the thrilling passages in Arctic history. Nansen's journey over the ice-pack was a bold undertaking, and the leader's serene courage in tugging away at the sledge when his back was aching with lumbago and his weary legs almost refused to carry him has rightly sent a thrill of admiration to many hearts. But Nansen was well equipped with food. Mr. Peary set forth heavily handicapped for lack of proper meat. The importance of having pemmican upon an Arctic sledge journey is hardly striking to one not versed in methods of travel in the far North. But a moment of thought will make clear to any one that in a region where every ounce of provisions must be hauled upon a sledge it is of the greatest moment that the meat shall be light, nourishing and compact. Pemmican fulfills these requirements, but Mr. Peary's supply was lost in the winter snows, and in the spring he had only walrus meat, heavier to haul and less nourishing to eat. Nevertheless he did not hesitate to set forth upon his journey of twelve hundred miles and he actually crossed the ice-cap to Independence Bay. There, however, he found himself compelled to return, with exactly enough food to last during the journey home, and none left for unforeseen delays.

One by one the dogs gave out, and the exhausted men had to haul at the draw-strings of the sledges. Presently dog-food failed. "Then," says Mr. Peary, "it

was dog eat dog and finally—well, dog meat does not taste badly, in fact it has little or no taste, but it is frightfully tough." At last with every mouthful of food gone the three explorers staggered into their Arctic hut at Bowdoin Bay. The only surviving dog dragged himself after them. "When he came in," says the leader, "I fed him with my own hands, before I had eaten anything myself."

It is not easy for one living comfortably in the land of steam heat and Chicago dressed beef to discriminate among the hardships endured by Arctic travellers. The conditions in the far north are incomprehensible to most of us, and a dramatic description may cause what is, in the polar zone, a minor discomfort to seem a severe infliction. But the plain facts show the peril of this journey. Here is Mr. Peary's description of one condition upon the ice-cap:

"The wind is more quiescent on the 'Great Ice.' Day and night, summer and winter, year in and year out it is sweeping down, sometimes with greater sometimes with less velocity from the frozen heart of the 'Great Ice,' bearing with it a burden of snow, and following the most direct slope to the land, which once reached it goes rushing over the mountain summits, some of it sinking in whirlpools and eddies into the valleys, but much of it being carried on to the coast cliffs over which it goes swirling into the sea or onto the sea ice. During gentle breezes this drift is of almost impalpable fineness, and extends but a foot or two above the surface. As the wind increases in force, the particles of snow become coarser and the depth of the current of flying snow increases until, in the savage blizzards of the frozen Sahara this drift becomes a roaring, hissing, blinding Niagara of snow, rising hundreds of feet into the air; a drift which almost instantly buries any quiescent object, and in which it is almost impossible for the traveller to breathe. The drifting snow is as penetrating as water. When the depth of the drift is not in excess of the height of the knee, its surface is as tangible, and almost as sharply defined, as that of a sheet of water, and its incessant, dizzy rush and strident sibilation become, when long continued, as maddening as the drop, drop, drop of water on the victim's head in the old torture rooms."

Nevertheless, safe in his hut after his journey, the leader "felt that even were the ship here" he "could not go on board and say I had failed. It would be preferable to remain where I was. At times I even hoped that the ship would not come, so that I might make another attempt next spring. I planned how we could

pass the winter living with the natives entirely upon walrus and seal."

Mr. Peary has set forth his experiences in workaday style, clear and forceful, and although ordinarily not elegant, still usually picturesque. The atmosphere of the story is what you would expect of the man; it is a record of deeds rather than thoughts. It lacks such bits of philosophising as those which made poetic the works of Nansen and in a lesser degree the books of Kane and Hayes. Perhaps, however, this is partly because Mr. Peary has departed from the custom of Arctic story tellers who have chiefly used their journals as the basis of their narratives. Mr. Peary has written his book in the past tense—a style which does not lend itself as gracefully to philosophising as does the day-to-day method.

Mr. Peary is given to drawing similes and although he has overwrought some, and confused others, nevertheless, often he hits upon a striking figure. The bare stones of the new land beyond the ice-cap suggest to him "the bones of a dead world;" Nalegaksoah, his best dog, has "jaws like the grip of fate;" the explorers are "terribly sleep-hungry." He takes the Arctic regions dramatically; he seems ever conscious that he is in an awful land and that what he and his companions are doing is altogether out of the common:

"It was a sublime spectacle to see that company of thirteen men, a dozen sledges and over ninety dogs, climbing the alabaster slopes of the infinite ice-cap, their destination the frozen fastnesses of the earth. Never before had such a sight been seen on the great desolate ice; never. I thought to myself would the scene be repeated."

The terrors of the night impress him mightily:

"The Arctic world, stern and savage and desolate enough, even in the dazzling summer sunlight, changes in the Cimmerian grasp of the Great Night to an inferno of universal death, eternal silence, deadly cold and crushing darkness beyond all conception of the liveliest imagination."

Particularly enthusiastic is he over his dogs and the Eskimos. Anecdotes of the natives lighten many pages of his book, and he has devoted a chapter to a sketch of their characteristics. Honest they are, loyal and much soiled; people with no religion except a collection of superstitions; people with no particular respect for the marriage tie; but sane, wholesome

companions. Mr. Peary supports the theory, in opposition to distinguished ethnologists, that they are not of American origin, but came from Asia, via Alaska, and so across Robeson Channel to Greenland. He has included in this report a census of the tribe, which is valuable in the determination of the vexed question whether the little clan of the most northern people in the world is increasing or decreasing. But he has unaccountably omitted a vocabulary.

In his introduction he has pointed out—doubtless in reply to the charges brought against him of using his fame to make a fortune—that every cent of his earnings as a lecturer has been expended in fitting out his expeditions. It is right and natural that he should thus defend himself, but it was surely not magnanimous in him to include in his book so many sneers at the members of his party in '93. Mr. Peary would have appeared in a nobler light if he had permitted the past to rest quiet—particularly as no doubt exists that there were causes on both sides for the disagreements between himself and his men. It is unfortunate that this book which will stand, with its fine photographs (the most complete and interesting series included in any Arctic work), its beautiful descriptions of scenery and its narrative, at all times interesting and often thrilling, among the best of the Arctic classics, should be marred by a display of petty feeling.

Albert White Vorse.

THE PLEASANTRIES OF AN UNPLEASANT MAN.*

When the summum of our acquaintance with an English man of letters, who has written prolifically, is represented by two plays seen on the extensive tour of a popular actor, and by his dramatic essays in the London *Saturday Review*, which are read almost exclusively by chroniclers in search of novelties in pert and witty expression, it is fair to assume that the publication of seven of his plays is his introduction to our reading public.

This is the interesting offering of Bernard Shaw in two volumes containing plays which he styles *Plays, Pleasant and*

*Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant. By Bernard Shaw. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co. 2 vols. \$2.50.

Unpleasant. He writes in a persistently querulous mood, which is infectious in discussing him and his work. There is a quarrel at once with his assumption that anyone will take his Julia of "The Philanderer" so seriously as to consider this otherwise enjoyable satirical comedy as anything else than pleasurably amusing, or that the problem in "Candida" or the hypothesis dwelt upon in "You Never Can Tell" are not necessarily unpleasant. There is no need of an index of classification to the nastiness of "Mrs. Warren's Profession" and the bitter truths of "Widowers' Houses." "Arms and the Man" is amusingly iconoclastic, with Mr. Shaw's notion of conventional heroism as his target, and "The Man of Destiny," more nearly than any other piece of the seven, fulfills the function of a play, in exhibiting an original complication worked out with efficiency so surprising and engrossing as to carry the audience completely out of self-consciousness into absolute abandonment to the story and the characters.

If emancipation is really the spirit of this age, then Bernard Shaw's writings are the incarnation of this spirit. In other instances emancipation has been gradual and persuasive. Shaw is impudent, aggressive and blunt. He startles with his alleged literalness, and his truisms miss fire while we are recovering from the shock. No truth is too repulsive for him to tell, for he considers the exposure of brazen, brutal fact as paramount and independent of any suffering it may inflict, and of however little or no good it may effect.

The natural target of such a temperament is not merely idealism and romance; but, equally, sentiment. It is sufficient for him that a condition exists to inspire his contempt. It is much more than socialism with him. It is the wail of a philosopher who is at one extreme of a congested problem. If he look upon all the rest of the world as bilious, he will pardon the liberty taken in attributing his jaundiced presentations as the spleen of his own bile.

He slashes about with his scalpel, exposing the contrariety of conditions and the paradoxes of our commonplaces; but, when he has firmly established his cleverness as an analyst and has inspired some expectation that one who proposes a

problem so cleverly will put forth an equally clever answer, he resolutely refrains from any commitment. If matters were satisfactorily arranged, he would no longer be put to the inconvenience of keeping a bank account. Besides, his topics are not of a nature to be submitted to the seal of direct and general settlement. Each man's conscience, character and environment coalesce in a different reply for each one. In a word, Mr. Shaw gives us something to think about and the process of presentation is alert and witty.

He hits wide of the mark as a convincing disputant. He does not always come even within the inner circle as a dramatist, for until the efficacy of the new methods are firmly established he must consent to be judged by the old. It is, however, as wit, wag or humorist, whatever you choose to call his rare capacity for surprise and refreshing diversion, that he hits the bull's-eye.

In dramas such as Mr. Shaw's, which are supposed to point a moral rather than adorn a tale, it is quite necessary that the characters should be representative of a sufficient class to constitute a type, else they depreciate in value to mere exceptions which prove nothing except the rule of which they are the antithesis. His are propagandist dramas and one cannot therein take the exception as the text. That is why Julia Craven robs "The Philanderer" of its supposedly unpleasant quality. She is so extremely irrational and exceptional that the author's point is blunted of any trenchant sting and the situations take on a farcical aspect which comports with some of the collateral themes and establishes the only possibility of thematic symmetry.

Indeed, this play of "The Philanderer," better than any of the others, shows how little of a dramatist and how much of almost everything else that is clever Mr. Shaw is. In the preface he defines this play as something which it certainly does not appear to be in the reading. Instead of standing as a rebuke to the marriage laws it is simply the elaborated tantrum of a fiercely jealous and strangely unaccountable woman. The digressions are compounded of facile satire of Ibsenism, vivisectionists, women and things that are "new." The play has coherency up to a certain point, but that point comes so

early as in the beginning of the second act. This is artfully concealed under active batteries of most approved Shawesque humour through the two subsequent acts. The mask is off in the fourth. The Philanderer's imperturbability and the jealous woman's tantrums are prolix and flat, and the humour wanes. They might have come pages before and, on the other hand, the author's repetitional facility might have extended the farcical theme indefinitely up to the prefinal standard.

The New Woman, as she is found in real life, is not a wholly unsympathetic or irrational creature. Mr. Shaw's women are terrors. Standing in the midst of Mr. Shaw's circle with his Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Clandon, Louka, Eugene Marchbanks, Julia Craven, and Frank Gardner, who can but sympathise with a man whose life has been embittered with companionships which suggest these as his types? These are the reflection of his "normal vision." Abnormal vision would not have been such a curse. He affects candour, yet he takes good care that it shall show him off to the best possible advantage.

Bernard Shaw is a necessity. He is one of those destined to lead us as far as possible away from regard for the beauty and heroism of life. He is the logical creation of an appetite sated with sweets. When the estrangement of the world from idealism is completed, when the retrogressive movement has spent itself, then there will be the renaissance of all that has been made to recede into the distance.

But for Mr. Shaw's sake, for the publisher's sake, and for the reader's sake, if you can put scruple in the background as they have, buy the plays and read them. The price is nominal for the entertainment derived. After all, it's the price that Mr. Shaw wants, and it's the entertainment the reader is seeking. On these terms there is a splendid bargain in this exchange. In addition after an acquaintance with Mr. Shaw's unpleasantries, one feels better satisfied with the petty and cheerful fictions of life's little sentiments, and if there be those who have not experienced these then the tirade will afford them compensating comfort.

Paul Wilstach.

THREE "PUNCH" DRAUGHTSMEN.*

The present generation knows little of John Leech, once the famous draughtsman whose weekly budget of skits on the follies and the foibles of English happenings, were looked for eagerly by the readers of the *London Punch*. The average Englishman takes his *Punch* just as he accepts other long-established usages,—as a matter of course. It is really a part of the British Constitution and as necessary as Cockle's pills, the Lord Mayor's show, ham and eggs for breakfast, or any other peculiarly English institution. There was a time when Mr. Leech's name was on everyone's tongue, and "Have you seen Leech's such and such a drawing?" was the regular question at social gatherings, or on 'change where men do meet. Now, when a person of the present day comes across a bound volume of *Punch* of thirty years ago, and sees the quaint illustrations of society people, or the many types of London life, the costumes are out of date, the jests are only mildly flavoured and seem simple, and there is not the same contemporaneous interest to them that there was for the parents of the reader.

The late Mr. Du Maurier was the successor of the man whose signature, "J. L.," was a household delight, and while from the present volume, he seems to have known little of the man personally, he talks of him and of his drawings in a mildly pleasant way, as one who would make as much out of the little material available as he possibly could. In truth, the book seems a little padded, and so meagre are the details of Leech's life in possession of the author, that he fills in the chinks with a running comment on the personages Leech was wont to draw, and conveniently skips any account of the talk, the notions, and the views of Leech on politics, national events and humor; and yet from the many things that must of necessity have happened in a long stay on *Punch's* staff, John Leech ought to have been and probably was, a highly interesting personality. His talk at the weekly editorial dinners must have

been delightful, and he could hardly fail to have had original ideas on things in general. Still, there is little here that could not have been written by any reviewer of the present day who was tolerably familiar with the files of *Punch*.

The principal facts we learn from Mr. Du Maurier's account of Leech, are that he died at the age of forty-six and that at his funeral there were present such men as Charles Dickens, Canon Hole and John Millais, the painter, who burst into tears as the coffin was lowered into the grave. Leech tried to paint pictures in oil, of serious subjects, and failed ignominiously; indeed, there was one of his attempts shown in New York last winter and a gloomy performance it was. But the tale is not new, for the comedian is ever ambitious to try serious parts and is constantly regretting the fate that turned his unwilling feet into the path of humor. Mr. Du Maurier says of Leech that:

"He was John Bull himself, but John Bull refined and civilized—John Bull polite, modest, gentle—full of self-respect and self-restraint, and with all the bully softened out of him; manly first and gentlemanly afterward, but very soon after—before everything else, he has his story to tell and it must either make you laugh or lightly charm you—and he tells it in the quickest, simplest, downrightest pencil strokes, although it is often a complicated story."

The author met Keene while recovering from a long and distressing ailment of his sight, and while thus suffering Keene and he used to trot about London together, talking shop, walking as only Englishmen can walk, dining at cheap restaurants, and going the way of most young artists, full of plans for the future and imagining that the world revolves around a palette. Keene remained unconventional all his life and the ways of Bohemia were evidently good enough for him, though Du Maurier became a respectable *père de famille* and visited the outskirts of Prague only, keeping one foot in May Fair. But Keene had no such foolish fashionable notions and remained to the end almost eccentric as to clothes, hats, gloves and such, smoking his pipe on the tops of omnibuses, laying his own fires and cooking thereon his mutton chops. He also sang and played (horrible thought) on the bagpipes! On this latter most painful topic Mr. Du Maurier happily, does not dwell long. Keene had

*Social Pictorial Satire. Reminiscences and Appreciation of English Illustrators of the Past Generation. By George Du Maurier. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.

no thought but for his art and he was forever, the author tells us, sketching in pen and ink, wearing a little bottle of the latter on his button and going about with his waistcoat pocket stuffed with pens. He drew everything that came his way, from horses to folks, and from streets to mountains, and his facility became in time phenomenal. Mr. Du Maurier says that:

"In absolute craftsmanship and technical skill, in the ease and beauty of his line, his knowledge of effect, his complete mastery over the material means at his disposal, Charles Keene seems to me as superior to Leech as Leech is to him in grace, in human naturalness, and geniality of humor, in accurate observation of life, in keenness of social perception, and especially in width of range."

The author speaks of himself with becoming modesty and he is frank almost to the point of naïveté about his work; for the thing he admired in Keene—the Academic—he did not in the least possess and he made sad havoc with proportions, form, and relations, at times. "If there had been no Charles Keene," says Du Maurier, "I might have been a funny man myself—though I do not suppose that my fun would have ever been of the broadest . . . the people I meet seem to me more interesting than funny—so interesting that I am content to draw them as I see them, after just a little arrangement and a very transparent disguise—and without any attempt at caricature. The better looking they are, the more my pencil loves them and I feel more inclined to exaggerate in this direction, than in any other." On the mantle-piece of the author's studio, there stood for thirty years an image whom he loved dearly, and she was his model, his highest ambition in the matter of form and beauty. The world calls her "the Venus of Milo." She was his ideal, truly a high one, but she is not always recognisable as the source of his inspiration, as one follows his work in the pages of *Punch*, or in the remarkable illustrations to his ever popular *Tribby*. *Social Pictorial Satire* has three portraits of the three *Punch* draughtsmen, and numerous drawings, but unfortunately there are no lines underneath these last, to tell the names of their authors, and though the style is nearly always recognisable, one or two of the pictures might have been by either of the trio.

Arthur Hoebner.

HASSAN: A FELLAH.*

In Palestine a *fellah* is a peasant; an *ain* is a well; a *kulleh* is a water-jar; *naharak-said* means good-morning; *ma-es-salaamch* is farewell; *abaï* is a coat of many colours, such as Joseph wore as a token of his being heir to the title of Sheik which Father Abraham had borne before him; *atarboosh* is a turban. Palestine is, like Mexico, a Land of To-morrow. *Boukra* there translates the Spanish *mañana*. Time is a commodity of which the beggars have even less than the officials. Leaving the opalescent Mediterranean, one is in a few hours transported back into Biblical times. Centuries have vanished. As Mr. Gillman says: "It is the Bible alive." Mr. Gillman has the immense advantage of being not a mere desultory pilgrim to these holy places; he has lived there and he mingles in his figments the essential oil of knowledge. That is manifest in every picture that he paints. One may detect the hand of the amateur in some of the technical details—why should he speak of the *rendition* of an opera, as if music were lard?—but his work is on the whole so vivid, so vital, so picturesque, so evidently true that the occasional slips are of little consequence.

The hero of the story is a Syrian peasant. The author has a Greek love for the nude and he paints the portrait of this superb fellow—or *fellah*, to use the more dignified and Arabic term—in Hellenic and plastic realism:

Unusually noble stature . . . handsome after his kind as he well could be. . . . The single scanty garment of the country, of coarse white cotton, clung here and there to him, barely saving him from the divine nudity of a Greek statue. On the right side the polished round of the shoulder protruded; and from there downward, over the well-turned flank and thigh, to the tip of the toe, the full sweep of his contour was absolutely beyond criticism . . . raven black hair . . . dark hazel eyes. The fresh breeze, rushing through the valley and up the slopes, no respecter of persons, and no aider and abettor of prudery, at each gust lightly swept aside his loosely-hanging raiment, more fully revealing his perfect form. He had thrust his feet into his sandal-like slippers, as a protection from the sharp stones. How large and lustrous his eyes looked! How bright the red of his full lips beneath his dark mustache! His crispy, almost wiry hair, a characteristic of the people, was now concealed beneath his

*Hassan: a Fellah. A Romance of Palestine. By Henry Gillman. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$2.00.

tarboosh, all but a luxuriantly defiant tuft which ravishingly protruded in front. An unusual glow lighted and warmed his olive cheek.

This son of Anak—yes, literally, in spite of Scripture—belongs to the village of Bettir. And he is in love with the beautiful Hilwe, of the village of Malha. Between the two villages there is a *thar*, or blood feud, going back to such an antiquity that its cause is quite forgotten. So when Hassan, like another youthful David, kills a leopard that had been devastating the flocks of Malha, and takes the pelt as a gift to the Sheik, hoping thus to overcome the prejudice and win the girl for his wife, his gift is returned and he is driven away with insults and even with stones and bullets. Nevertheless he and the fair Hilwe continue to meet and the marriage is celebrated in a manner possibly imitated from the royal nuptials of Dido and Æneas. Hilwe goes to Jerusalem to sell flowers and there attracts the attention of a dissolute young *Aga*, or captain of *zaptiehs*. He discovers Hassan's attachment for her and when the hostilities break out in Crete, he manages to have the Syrian giant and his friend Challil, son of the Sheik, conscripted. The description of the cruel arrest and punishment of Hassan is perhaps the most powerful episode in the book, unless it be the chase and rescue of Hilwe, who when her child is born becomes an outcast and is doomed by her brutal relatives to the terrible death of burial alive. The recital of the poor girl's woes until she is rescued by an Italian Count aided by an American crank named Crosslet, is certainly a triumph of realism. Even here Mr. Gillman does not forget to be Oriental, and he shows us the Madonna-like girl-mother "baring the soft hemisphere of her argent breast" to nurse her beauteous boy. But Hassan performs prodigies of valor when once he gets into the current of the Cretan war, and he wins promotion and returns to find his beloved safe in the shelter of his own little home under the honourable protection of the Sheik of his native town. Then the legal sanction of their nature-marriage is celebrated and all ends happily.

Such is the main story. But with this strand is woven another, the hero of which is a Neapolitan Count, Leone Spollato, the heir, on his father's side, of

noble Italian ancestry, and on his mother's, of a Hebrew family who could trace their ancestry by undoubted documents back to the days of the kings of Israel. He goes to Jerusalem to visit his old uncle, Jacobini, who, possessed of boundless wealth, lives in Oriental splendour almost on the site of his ancestral home. A really exquisite scene is where the patriarchal old Jew tells his nephew the ineffable name. It might inspire a painter.

Leone has a wily Syrian servant put at his service and through him enters into relations with one of Hilwe's friends, the beautiful Amne, who is tempted by his splendor and beauty and falls a willing victim. But while he is away on an excursion with the beautiful American girl, Augusta Warren, another Daisy Miller, —all Mr. Gillman's women are beautiful except Kadra, the old hag who, from being a blackmailer of unexampled ugliness, is converted into an angel of mercy; all through the gift of a fat sheep—Amne is abducted by the men of Malha and stoned to death. It is to Count Leone that Hassan sells his Arab steed, El Borak, reputed the descendant of the mythical creature whereon Mohammed made his journey to heaven—sells him, not through love of filthy lucre, but as a means of restoring his village, ruined by a cloudburst; and El Borak is the means whereby poor Hilwe, when at the very door of cruel death, is rescued. Thus the Arab steed is one of the important characters of the story; and it is only a joy to know that when Count Leone is about to leave Palestine with his now deceased uncle's wealth to restore the prestige of the family name, he gives El Borak back to Hassan.

These few hints will suffice to show that this is no ordinary romance. It is full of passion and life; it will appeal to Bible students because it throws light on many interesting Scriptural customs; but even the blasé reader of fiction will not soon forget the character of Hassan, that son of Nature, who in spite of his Mohammedan training (though veneered with schooling at the hands of American missionaries), appeals to our deeper sympathies by reason of his inherent nobility, his Oriental poesy, his simplicity. *Hassan: a Fellah* is a novel sure to make its mark.

Nathan Haskell Dole.

MR. CHAPMAN AS AN ESSAYIST.*

No fallacy is commoner among critics than that the public is hungering to know precisely what they think of a book or an author. Opinions, like other printed matter, pass muster according to the degree of their inherent interest. It was reserved for Mr. Chapman, as perhaps the first exponent in American literature of what may be termed the flatly critical method, to confirm me beyond recall in this belief. We have had flat criticism time and again in reviews, its readableness usually depending on the reviewers' ultimate resort to hammer and tongs. And in collected essays nearly every conceivable manner has been exemplified, from Colonel Higginson's cheerful array of anecdotes to Professor Peck's oratorical, warmly human expositions, and Mr. Hapgood's neatly coherent psychology. No one of these writers has been exempt from the charm of personal prejudice, or has sacrificed so much colour and convincingness to the maintenance of an inflexible judicial tone as has Mr. Chapman.

The latter's prejudices are theoretical and vital, rather than literary or personal. Being himself of a practical and conformist turn of mind, even dropping into politics and bearing without shirk or fanfare the other responsibilities incidental to citizenship, he naturally conceives Emerson's chief interests also to have been practical, and imagines that with a slightly different education the Concord sage might have thrown his teaching into the form of historical essays or of stump speeches. Disliking tramps, Mr. Chapman can only animadvert on Whitman, because he gave utterance to the soul of a tramp. Stevenson is unpalatable to him in that he studied effects and was an extraordinary mimic both in style and the adaptation of others' plots. One gets at the root of the matter in Mr. Chapman's expressed conviction that "good things in art have been done by men whose entire attention was absorbed in an attempt to tell the truth"; that the only object really worthy of enthusiasm is character; that Emerson cared nothing for belles lettres, and *therefore* stood above his age like a colossus;

*Emerson and Other Essays. By John Jay Chapman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

yet he was a great artist, we are informed, and again, not a cosmopolitan, but a patriot.

It was foreordained that any literary criticism starting from such premises must end in confusion. With so truncated an appreciation of life, and so one-sided a view of art, it is small wonder that a close scrutiny of literary processes had led Mr. Chapman to undervalue literary results. Wanting sympathy with Whitman and Stevenson as men, he has found altogether too little difficulty in objectifying them. What would be greatly to the credit of many another essayist, as indicating a reverent desire to keep at sufficient distance from his subject to do him no injustice, is a distinct weakness with Mr. Chapman. His tilt is conducted with a self-persuaded and unpersuading manner which shows the peril of a total disregard of effects. Surely there is some way of inducing the reader to love *The Child's Garden of Verses* besides assuring him that it is "a work of the greatest value"—that in the matter of childhood Stevenson is "an authority." And is any one convinced by the mere statement that Emerson's poetry is "a successful spiritual deliverance of great interest?" It is likewise safe to surmise that no one but Mr. Chapman knows what he meant when he wrote that Lowell's "Commemoration Ode" is the high-water mark of the attempt to do the impossible, and that Browning is less bitter than Christianity itself.

But it is in generalisation, nevertheless, that Mr. Chapman excels. Nor is he unaware of the partial truths which it inevitably conveys. He somewhere says that the reader will make proper allowance for one's failure in so large an undertaking to be accurate. Then he hazards the judgment that Angelo's was the most extraordinary nature of modern times, or that poetry as a profession is impossible, or that the English mind is incapable of criticism. Assuming that Mr. Chapman is above mere smartness, it seems to me that this is a very clever way of disclaiming responsibility for one's utterances. How is the reader going to "allow" for these sudden tacks to the windward?

Yet a happy congeniality with Emerson and a praiseworthy endeavour to be

in rapport with Browning have given two of the essays a fibre and soundness. That on Emerson has a plucky superiority to the indiscriminating adulation which threatened to debar him from his true place and just reward. The popular disposition to regard Emerson as primarily a thinker rather than a delightfully inconsistent philosopher of the Ben Franklin type, his imperviousness to the conception of growth and development so characteristic of our own day, his want of the historic sense which Mr. Chapman himself conspicuously possesses, his disdain of association because of the surrender of individuality involved in it, his all-pervasive asceticism and common sense are points which have been charily dealt with hitherto, and, being supported by generous citations and a background of biographical facts, they are suggestive and forceful. The Browning essay is more conventional, but leaves an impression of reality. The papers about Michael Angelo's sonnets and the fourth canto of the *Inferno*, a translation of the latter reproducing with rare skill, if with no pronounced poetic melody, the *terza rima* of the original, have what Milton called "the quiet and still air of delightful studies." "A Study of Romeo" is a fine bit of criticism. Here, again, Mr. Chapman's common sense disturbs the illusion. Such pure passion, such unreasonable giving way, he says, is not easily forgiven in a man. Juliet caught Romeo's heart on the rebound from Rosaline, and this, it is hinted, is the only psychological explanation of love at first sight!

But considering the volume as a whole, one cannot resist the conclusion that there is something amounting to wrong-headedness in Mr. Chapman's fixed point of view. He reviews the world like a search-light, one cannot tell from what tower. For my part, I much prefer a friendly house-to-house visitation by candlelight, but that is immaterial. I cannot understand a writer who lauds Emerson's knowledge of the world, yet says that art, music, love were mere names to him; who denominates him a practised and consummate artist in language and elocution, yet pictures his "painful" self-immolation as a political debater; who asserts that Whitman was himself unconscious of what he was, and

on the next page calls him a *poscur*, a mountebank, and an ego-maniac; whose findings are (p. 229) that *Kidnapped* is a romantic fragment whose original is to be found in the Scotch scenes of the Waverley Novels, and (p. 234) that the same story is among the three which can hardly be classed as imitations; and who would dub Mr. Bernard Shaw a coxcomb for attempting to "size up" Shakespeare, and yet grants in all candour that so long as there is any subject which men may not freely discuss, they are timid upon all subjects.

If Mr. Chapman's discriminations often result in contradiction, it is probably because he has generalised on too slender a basis of concrete fact. In effect such generalisation is a good deal like a series of unrelated impressions. Now when it comes to a general idea an impression is deadly dull. That editors and essayists have not always the sense of humour to perceive the futility of this kind of impressionism is a source of constant and harassing amazement to me. It is never entertaining, never picturesque, and proves nothing. Messrs. Lang and Gosse have discreetly avoided it, and naturally every one clamours for a slice from their joint. Cannot some critic on this side of the ocean interpret great authors aright with his feet firmly on the earth? Whoever consecrates himself to this task will find that the modicum of scientific generalisation and *Tendenz*-discernment he can acquire in a lifetime may very conveniently be tucked away in the corners of a life or a book-review.

George Merriam Hyde.

THE NEW "THACKERAY."*

Douglas Jerrold's well-known remark, "I have known Thackeray for eighteen years, and don't know him yet," very fairly represents the feeling of Thackeray students still. Thackeray was not an easy man to know. He was frank, but he was also acutely sensitive. His impulse was to talk openly about himself and his concerns, but every now and then self-consciousness would rush in upon

*Biographical Edition of the Works of William Makepeace Thackeray. Vols. 1 and 2. Vanity Fair and Pendennis. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.50 per volume.

him and stiffen his manner into hauteur. Naturally people did not know what to make of him. It was trying to be received at one time with the most engaging frankness, and at another coldly repulsed with a mere formal recognition. Yet kindness was the one thing that never failed in Thackeray. It seems rather as if at times he had got a sudden glimpse of himself as different from other men, and, too modest to recognize the difference as in his favour, had become suddenly ashamed of his own loveliness.

If it had been possible to publish a complete and satisfactory biography immediately after his death—a biography that would have truly represented the man as he was, the generation that has passed since 1863 might have learned to know him better than Douglas Jerrold or almost any other of the contemporaries could have done. But such biographies are rare—probably there are only two in our language—and a biography which does not give a true picture of its subject is a good many degrees worse than none. Therefore Thackeray's desire that no memoir of him should be written had a good deal of reason on its side, or would have had if it had not been impossible to make such an injunction practically effective. His daughter loyally observed his wishes, but that simply meant that the only authoritative source of information was stopped. It did not prevent the appearance of a crop of irresponsible and incorrect anecdotes and reminiscences. It has seemed, indeed, as if the only way to learn anything at all about Thackeray were to read as much as possible of what he wrote himself and as little as possible of what other people have written about him.

At last, however, lovers of Thackeray are to be gratified, not with an "authorized life," but with something infinitely better. For it is the novelist we want to know, the man who speaks to us in *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, and the rest, and we are interested in his life chiefly, if not solely, in so far as it touches his works. That, we admit, in every earnest writer, is very far indeed. In her new Biographical edition Mrs. Richmond Ritchie gives us precisely what we want. The volumes are a pleasure to hold and to

handle. They are just what we like our ordinary every-day Thackeray to be. And prefixed to each of them we have all that we wish to know, or have any right to know, about the author himself; all the circumstances, letters, and drawings which bear upon the work.

Already the best of Mrs. Richmond Ritchie's anecdotes and reminiscences have been quoted in a host of reviews. Already, we have no doubt, a score or so of enthusiastic pilgrims have taken train to Chiswick in search of the house where young Thackeray went to school, and where the learned Doctor read the Ten Commandments with such awe-inspiring unction that his "resounding tones reminded the people of Mount Sinai itself." A worthy brother to "the Semiramis of Hammersmith!"

If there is still anybody left who thinks Thackeray cynical (the opinion was tolerably universal for a time), these reminiscences, along with his own common sense, ought to prove the means of his conversion. They are full of gaiety and kindness. His own phrase, "*Aimons nous bien*," contained his philosophy of life. And he learnt it young.

Vanity Fair, like many another masterpiece, had to wait some time for recognition. "The sale," Mrs. Ritchie tells us, "was so small that it was a question whether its publication should not be discontinued altogether." "Mrs. Perkins' Ball" gave it a start, and Mr. Hayward's notice in the *Edinburgh Review* helped it on. Still Thackeray himself said, "The book does everything but pay." He thought it undoubtedly his best work. "It has the best story, and, for another thing, the title is such a good one, you couldn't have a better." His own design for the title-page is a thing to be seen, not described, particularly the astonishing individual in the background, who stands on his head on the top of a pillar like St. Simeon Stylites in a sudden fit of frolics.

Thackeray's novels with this kind of pleasant *causerie* prefixed are something to look forward to. We are glad there are only two volumes published. That means that there are eleven still to come—a year's enjoyment in anticipation. "The entire edition," says the advertisement, "will be completed on April 15, 1899." Well, we shall feel rather sorry

on April 15, 1899, though our bookshelves will be all the richer. Perhaps we shall have biographical editions of some of the other great novelists. But there is only one Thackeray.

MR. MURRAY'S "BYRON."*

The appearance of two such editions of Byron's works as the one before us (imported by the Messrs. Scribner) and that begun by Mr. Henley is a sufficient proof of the abiding interest felt in the author, and of the permanence of the place accorded to him in English poetry. The decline of his reputation, so much lamented by his admirers, although unquestionably a fact, has always appeared to us considerably exaggerated. It is not so much positive as comparative. It is of course impossible that Byron should ever again appear as the chief poetical representative of his age. To the apprehension of his contemporaries he actually did sustain that character, nor, judging, as they inevitably must, solely by what was apparent to themselves, can they be held to have been mistaken. Wordsworth and Coleridge, Shelley and Keats scarcely existed for the men of the Byronic period; they were compelled, as one of them said, to create the standard of taste by which alone they could be judged. In the absence of such a standard, the poets who alone admitted of comparison with Byron—Scott, Campbell, Moore—were so evidently his inferiors that he could but appear disproportionately great. The recognition of other claims has diminished his relative rank, but not his absolute desert. All his titles to distinction remain unimpaired, but he is no longer regarded as occupying the same relation to contemporary poets as Shakespeare holds toward contemporary dramatists. The decay of his influence as an intellectual force is, indeed, marked and undeniable, but does not indicate any corresponding decline in the general estimate of his genius. He is undoubtedly out of harmony with the controlling ideas of our time; but so was Dante out of harmony

with the ideas of the Renaissance, without being one whit the less of a poet on that account. The degree of conformity with the dominant thought of any period is an infallible test of a writer's influence upon that period; it is no test at all of the extent and genuineness of his inspiration.

It is certainly true that Byron has throughout the Victorian period been the object of violent attacks; but in the majority of cases these can be shown to have emanated from the members of exclusive cliques and coteries, and we do not believe them to have reflected the general opinion of his countrymen. Take all that Sir Henry Taylor and Lewes and Thackeray and many another have said, give their censure all the weight which in many respects it undoubtedly deserves, and it will be found to be outweighed by the praise of Ruskin. Many of his admirers, unlike Ruskin, have undoubtedly injured his cause by exaggerated depreciation of other poets and other schools of criticism. If every one who thinks Wordsworth or Shelley a greater poet than Byron is to be set down as an enemy to Byron, Byron's fame is indeed in a precarious condition; but the conviction of their superiority in essentially poetical qualities, now nearly universal, is perfectly compatible with a very high estimate of Byron's genius. Macaulay's criticism, a monument of massive good sense, keeps Wordsworth and Shelley entirely out of sight, yet, so long as we look to Byron only, every word is acceptable. Matthew Arnold's memorial verses clearly indicate his preference for Wordsworth; yet Byron has rarely been extolled with more warmth, never with more discrimination. The notion that the exaltation of other poets must necessarily imply the abasement of Byron arises, we believe, in large measure from the fact that some of these poets had been, or conceived themselves to have been, ill-treated by him, and that their personal resentments communicated themselves to their first panegyrists, who were in many cases their intimate friends.

We feel, therefore, no doubt of the perfect justification for such editions of Byron as, by their elegance and the elaboration of editorial care devoted to them, indicate that he is still regarded as a classic, and one of the lords of English

*The Works of Lord Byron. A new revised and enlarged edition, with illustrations. "Poetry." Vol. 1. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge, M.A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.

song. Mr. Murray's edition, the only one with which we are at present concerned, amply asserts this character. One claim it unquestionably possesses above all rivals: with the peculiar resources at Mr. Murray's command, it must be the only edition absolutely complete. How far, nevertheless, the additions are valuable, remains to be ascertained. Mr. E. H. Coleridge, to whose editorial care the poetical part of the edition has been committed, arouses interest and expectation by promising fragments of an additional canto of "Don Juan," and of an additional part of "The Deformed Transformed." Whatever the strictly poetical merit of these increments, it will be highly interesting to learn, if the fragments suffice, in what manner Byron had proposed to have continued the poems. Trelawny tells us that an eruption of Stromboli was to have been introduced into the next canto of Don Juan; perhaps we shall discover how Juan was to have been brought there; possibly in the custody of Lucifer. The last canto that we at present possess leaves him very comfortably off in England. It cannot be said that the numerous minor poems printed for the first time in the first volume of this edition are of any merit, but the entire volume illustrates one of the misfortunes of voluminous poets, who can rarely put their best foot forward in collected editions. Editors do well in preserving the strictly chronological order, but the inevitable result is to thrust the worst troops into the front of the battle. Byron's vanguard is a very ragged regiment indeed; there is probably not one line of real poetry in Mr. Coleridge's first volume, although the second half of it is full of intellectual force. Yet "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" and "The Curse of Minerva" are purely imitative; they show with what readiness the youth could catch up the style of Churchill, and many lines have become stock citations. Of poetry proper there is little or none, nor is it, perhaps, to Byron's discredit that his own feuds and grievances should have failed to awaken the inspiration which slumbered until aroused by the glories and the sublime or pathetic associations of foreign scenery. The steady progressiveness of his performance, from the beginning until very nearly the end

of his career, is one of the finest and surest proofs of the reality of his genius.

Richard Garnett.

THE GENERAL MANAGER'S STORY.*

Just as I was about to begin writing I heard a voice.

"Well, you've got a nerve to review a book like that," it said.

I looked up quickly, naturally feeling resentful. "Why shouldn't I review a book like this? Who are *you*, anyway, to tell me what I shall do and what I shan't do?"

I thought I detected a note of derision in the reply. "I am the Voice of the Great Reading Public."

"And I——"

But the Voice got ahead of me. "You represent 'the elect,'" it said sneeringly, "the special public, the dilettante. Now *The General Manager's Story* wasn't written for people like you. What you want is something literary, and there's nothing literary in that book on your desk."

"That's exactly what I was going to say," I cried triumphantly, referring of course to the last few words of his remark. "And that's what I like it for."

"You do?" the Voice said incredulously. And then it was impolite enough to add: "I don't believe you."

I ignored this remark. "And so perhaps I am quite as competent as you are to review the book."

"I don't review books," he replied decisively.

"Well, you do what is a good deal more effective. You express your opinion in most unmistakable terms."

"I can't say that about some of your critics," he remarked drily. Then curiosity seemed to get the better of his superior reserve, for he said coldly: "You remarked that you liked the book. Why do you like it?"

"In the first place, I like it because it's so human."

"Pish! What do you mean by that? I wish you critics would learn to speak English. If you don't look out, young man, in a few years you'll invent a language of your own and no one will

*The General Manager's Story. By Herbert Elliott Hamblen. The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

understand you, just as that freak, Henry James, has been doing lately."

I had some difficulty in restraining my resentment. But, in spite of myself, I was interested. "By saying that the book was human," I replied, trying to use the simplest and least hackneyed words, "I mean simply that it gave me the impression of being an honest, straightforward, and vivid record of a man's experience."

"That's better," the Voice said with satisfaction. "But do you consider that it is good just because it is a vivid record of a man's experience?"

"Yes," I replied, with a quiet consciousness of being right.

"I don't agree with you there." The Voice became decided. "In my opinion the experience of the ordinary man is deadlly dull."

"But in Art," I ventured, forgetting myself for a moment. The Voice, however, got ahead of me again.

"There you are with your professional talk! You think that anything that's literary is good, just because it's literary. Now that's just where I differ from you. Take this man Hamblen's book, for instance. It's interesting because it describes in an interesting way a mighty interesting life—the life of a railroad man, without any gloss or cheap literary talk."

"But that's just what I meant to say," I exclaimed impatiently.

"Then why didn't you say it?" the Voice replied with equal irritation.

Just to let him know how much better bred I was, I assumed a tone of excruciating politeness. "I believe that we really agree about this book. It is plain that it's going to be popular and I like to find myself on the popular side."

"Oh, you do, do you?" the Voice said derisively.

"That is, sometimes," I replied, with a shuddering thought of several "popular" books of recent years. "And I am particularly interested in this book for several reasons. In the first place, I liked Hamblen's first book, *On Many Seas*. Remember it?"

"Well, I guess I do."

"Good, wasn't it? When I read it I said to myself: 'Here is a man who has acquired the narrative faculty by storing his mind with good material. So when he began to write, the material came out

with a rush and the narrative told itself.'"

"Well, that's the way it impressed me," the Voice replied with a kind of grudging courtesy.

"And that's the best thing that can be said of any book," I went on. "After all, that's the impression that Art—the Literary Art—tries to make."

I waited for a response, but there was such a disgusted silence on the part of the Voice that I thought it best not to return to that point.

"Another curious thing," I continued, "when I had finished *On Many Seas* I said to myself——"

"You're always saying things to yourself, aren't you?" the Voice jocosely remarked, throwing me into momentary confusion and making me realise how unendurable life would be if there were no such thing as politeness.

"I said to myself," I resumed firmly, "'I wonder if this fellow Hamblen is going to be a one-book man. This book evidently gives the whole story of his life and he has probably exhausted himself in it. He'll either stop writing altogether or he'll try to make up stories and do the old-fashioned, conventional, what-other-men-have-done kind of thing that won't be worth a picayune.'"

"Well, you were mistaken about that," the Voice remarked with a chuckle.

"That's the most wonderful part of it, —I mean, what he has done since," I added, hastily, for fear of being misunderstood. "By abandoning the sea altogether in his second book and writing a book about railroad life just as true as his other volume, he has made an astonishing revelation."

"What's that?" the Voice asked suspiciously, as if afraid I was going to say something that would queer the book.

I was about to reply, "It has shown that Hamblen is an Artist," but I didn't dare. I had to cast about for a phrase. "Why, that he—that Hamblen has imagination—that he can describe not only what he has himself experienced, but can invent episodes that give readers the conviction that he has experienced them."

"Pshaw! I knew that long ago." The Voice had become very contemptuous. "Do you mean to say you swallowed all those yarns in that sea book of Hamblen's?"

"Swallowed them," I repeated, almost

losing my temper. "Of course I swallowed them. That's why——"

"Well, you critics haven't even as much sense as I thought you had. Why, I was on to 'em as soon as I read 'em."

"And yet you liked them?"

"Of course, I did. What difference did it make whether they were true or not?"

This time it was I who created the silence of disgust. I felt even more disgusted by the Voice's next remark, which had a triumphant tone. "Is it possible that you think any the less of *The General Manager's Story* because you know that a lot of the yarns in it are probably made up?"

"On the whole, I am inclined to think rather more of it," I replied, though I felt as if the Voice were tangling me up in some way. Then I determined to assert myself. "As I intimated it establishes Mr. Hamblen in my opinion as a literary artist."

"Oh, dear!" the Voice exclaimed plaintively, "I hope that won't hurt him."

"Still," I went on, growing bolder, "though I appreciate the power of the book, particularly in the descriptions which are wonderfully clear and vigorous, and the conversations, which are not only natural but convey the impression of character, I can't help feeling that the author hasn't been able to hold himself in check quite enough. His hero had too many startling adventures for one man, too many hair-breadth escapes."

"Oh, nonsense! Of course, the average railroad man wouldn't go through all that; but who cares for the average railroad man? I don't. That helps to make the book interesting, because there's so much adventure in it. Now that's just where you literary fellows——"

But here I refused to listen any longer. I was afraid of that most terrible of disasters to a critic—losing confidence in my own opinion.

John D. Barry.

AUSTRALIAN LITERATURE.*

The Development of Australian Literature, by Mr. Henry Gyles Turner and Mr. Alexander Sutherland, is the best

*The Development of Australian Literature. By Henry Gyles Turner and Alexander Sutherland. London: Longmans & Co. 5s.

book which has yet appeared upon the subject, so far as my knowledge goes, and up to the year 1888, in which I published the last of my three anthologies of Australian poetry, I had a tolerably minute acquaintance with Australian literature. Those who know Australia will know that the joint authors of this book were joint authors of the most literary periodical ever published in Australia, the *Melbourne Review*, which came to a sudden end, when it was a sound paying concern, because Mr. Turner's duties as manager of the largest bank business in the Colony, and Mr. Sutherland's as head of an important school, obliged them for the time being to drop all business except their own.

It rejoices me to see that they have plunged into critical work again. As this book will show, they have impartiality and sureness of taste in such a marked degree. The present volume is divided into four parts—a general sketch of Australian literature, and a biography of Marcus Clarke by Mr. Turner, and biographies of Adam Lindsay Gordon and Henry Kendall by Mrs. Sutherland. These again, with the exception of the biography of Marcus Clarke, are divided, each of them, into several chapters. The general sketch, for instance, has an introductory chapter on the early writers, and the various anthologies about Australian literature, a chapter on Australian poetry, a chapter on Australian fiction, and a chapter on general literature—chiefly confined to diaries and reminiscences, of small literary value in themselves, but affording most valuable material for the future historian.

Until quite recent years the literature of Australia was mainly poetical. Australia had her two considerable poets—Gordon and Kendall—long before she had any novelist of mark except Henry Kingsley, who was only a transient Englishman, and Marcus Clarke, whose strength as a novelist was unrecognised, although as an editor and a critic he exercised an influence seldom rivalled on Australian literature. Nowadays we have, as Mr. Turner points out, quite an important phalanx of Australian novelists, not counting Mrs. Humphry Ward, who, though born in Tasmania, has shown in her writings no trace of the influence of her birthplace. We have

Mrs. Campbell Praed, daughter of a Queensland statesman, and intensely Queenslanderish in her local colouring; the late Madame Couvreur, better known in literary circles as "Tasma;" "Rolf Boldrewood;" "Ada Cambridge;" Guy Boothby; Louis Becke; and Mrs. Curlew, better known as Miss Ethel Turner, not to mention Hume Nisbet, Fergus Hume, and dozens of bushranger-mongers. But in the sixties and seventies there was no prose writer to be compared with the poets Gordon and Kendall in universal recognition by the Colonists. The authors of this volume do not claim too much for Gordon and Kendall, for even in England, with the exception of Mr. Swinburne, we have had no poets of their generation, or the generation since, whose poetry is so likely to form part of the inheritance of the people. Gordon was crude, it may be; he certainly showed the influence most markedly of Swinburne, Whyte Melville, and Byron, and of other poets in a less degree; but he was a man whose personal vehemence has not often been paralleled in poetry; he most distinctly had something to say—a philosophy of his own—and he said it in ringing measures, and epigrammatically expressed phrases, which make his poems among the most difficult poems to forget. You can recognise a poem of Gordon's anywhere. He is also of great importance as practically the father of the most popular later poets in Australia.

Kendall, on the other hand, though he does not appeal to Australians like Gordon, because, instead of being a man of sports, he was a gentle, meditative creature, is, apart from describing horse episodes, far more Australian than Gordon. As is natural, for he was born and brought up in the bush, whereas Gordon did not go to Australia till he had left Oxford. Kendall was a great poet, a far greater poet than Gordon. With a proper training, and affectionate, firm hands to keep him out of temptation, Kendall might have been one of the greatest of English-speaking poets, for he had a marvellous gift of melody, excelled by few poets in the language except Shelley, Poe, and Swinburne, a most poetical mind, the deepest and most instinctive sympathy with Nature, and a gift of coining felicitous phrases which makes it pos-

sible to compare his best work even with Keats's.

Of Mr. Brunton Stephens, being alive, they say less; but in my opinion, Mr. Turner, into whose domain the Queenslander poet falls, would not have said too much if he had claimed that Mr. Stephens was in the first rank of the writers of humorous poetry, and of a very high rank as a serious poet. I was much interested to read what Mr. Turner had to say about the four or five poets of the school of Gordon who have become popular in Australia since I lost touch of Australian poetry—Mr. Farrell, Mr. A. B. Paterson, Mr. Edward Dyson, Mr. Henry Lawson, and Mr. G. Essex Evans, for the first-named of whom he does not make out such a good case as for the others.

I detect only one serious omission in the book. Mr. Turner does not mention the New Zealand woman poet who writes under the name of "Austral," whose best pieces seem to me the most poetical products of the New Zealand muse. But that is, after all, a small point. The greatest of New Zealand poets, as Mr. Turner points out, is undoubtedly the late Alfred Domett, once Premier of New Zealand, and the friend of whom Browning wrote as Waring. His *Ranolf and Amohia* is the most considerable poem produced in Australasia, alike in volume and importance.

This book is, as I have said, exhaustive and impartial, and it is also interesting. Mr. Sutherland's lives of Gordon and Kendall are the best that have been yet written.

Douglas Sladen.

THE FOREST LOVERS.*

If there are dog books and cat books, as the Yellow Dwarf says, then there must be big dog books and little dog books, and this story must be an English mastiff of the purest breed. There is no sign of any other sort of big dog. There is none of the Newfoundland's lubberly solemnity. There is none of the St. Bernard's pottering philanthropy. This large, beautiful beast has grace as well as strength and stands at attention wide-eyed with head up, ready to romp or to rend; never to whine or to cower.

*The Forest Lovers. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

The very beginning of the tale is a challenge of noble brutality. You are told at once that you will be taken into times and spaces alike rude and uncivil; that blood will be spilled, virgins suffer distress; the horn will sound through woodland glades; dogs, wolves, deer and men, Beauty and the Beasts, will tumble each other, seeking life or death with their proper tools.

Through the thickest of the fray rides the fittest of all, young Prosper le Gai. When his elder brother shows him the door of their father's house he sticks a sprig of green holly in his cap. He puts on his armour; his horse and sword also he takes: he is for the wilds. Whither he shall go, what find, how fare, he knows no more than youth usually knows when entering the wilderness of life—called here the Forest of Morgraunt. Now as always it is far, it is deep, and dark as night. Into it Prosper rides undaunted as other young men have ridden—just as high-hearted as he and as proud of their trappings, horses, curls and what not. He finds, as doubtless they also found, that the perpetual woods are full of hungry desperate men, who go roaring and robbing and loving with the beasts.

And here, as everywhere, he finds the women made to match the men. Almost the first thing that he sees is a tall beauty dragging a dead man by the heels. But when was ever one young man's fate another young man's warning? Prosper le Gai passes on unscathed, but it is mainly because the beauty happens to be rather too mature for his taste, though he plumes himself on his resistance to temptation, mistaking fastidiousness for virtue, as a good many sincere people have done before and since. This same clean, fine taste serves again in the place of morality when he encounters a beauteous damsel in dire distress—and also in dingy rags. He marries her, there being no other means of saving her life, but he forthwith puts her in a convent and rides away with a feeling of relief rather than of renunciation. It is different when she escapes and he meets her again, bewitching in the 'broidered doublet and hose of a shapely page. This is a dog book—a big dog book—remember. There is no cat-like mincing of truth and human nature.

"Are you my wife?" he cries. "By the saints, are you not my wife? Why are you here?"

"To serve my lord."

"Serve! Serve! And is this the service you do me? Are you not my wife?"

"I am, my lord; I am what you made me. I serve as you taught."

"Does a wife not owe obedience? Hath a lord—hath a husband no right to that?"

"Love is a great lord."

"By heaven, do I not love you?"

He could have sworn he did; but Isoult knew better.

"Yesterday my lord loved me not; to-morrow he will not love me. I am his servant, his page . . . do not send me away beggared, of what you gave me before."

"And what did I give you, Isoult?" he whispered.

"It was your honour to keep, my lord," said the girl.

Only true love can win her, regardless of the wedding ring—and her extraordinary large acquaintance with its many counterfeits, makes her a better judge of the real thing than most maidens could possibly be.

It is not really proven that Prosper ever comes to see the situation as Isoult sees it. The man and the woman rarely hold the same point of view, but when as in this instance the woman believes he does, all is well. For the purpose of the story it is perhaps better. A more spiritual love could hardly have made the stirring tale that this makes, as the lover pursues the beloved with hounds and horses and naked sword. A more delicate lover might have thought the beloved somewhat soiled by the indiscriminate tousling which this distressed damsel undergoes, before he finds her to have and to hold for his own at last.

It is true that the story is as old as the Round Table, as King Arthur, as chivalry itself, but the manner of its telling is startlingly new. It is new with a force that seizes the imagination on the first page, and does not let go with the laying down of the book. Its style is absolutely unique and fine enough to serve as a model. Each sentence comes in a single swift stroke, with hardly a word too much or too little to make the meaning crystal clear. The feeling of nature also is strong and fine, furnishing much of the work's charm.

Certainly there is nothing of the cat-book's subtle indirection in all this.

George Preston.

THE COTTONADE

I.

PLANTING.

Wild plum blossoms on the roadside,
 Peach blows on the waking boughs;
 Daring whistlers trying pipe notes,
 Far above the resting plows.

Partridge calling in the woodland,
 Budding willow, whispering reed,
 Bordering the fallow furrow,
 Waiting for the cottonseed.

Strong and black the droning negroes,
 Following the even drills,
 Flinging out the seed of promise
 To the idle, sleepy mills.

Love abud with other flowers,
 Love abloom as others sow,
 To the humble youth and maiden,
 Meeting in the cotton row.

II.

LAYING BY.

A promise rests upon the mellow field,
 A-quiver with the midtide summer's heat;
 The heart of nature kindles at the blush
 Of pink and white that opens at her feet.

The lazy plows are turning once again,
 The droning workers pause between the rows,
 To give a burst of melody and wipe
 The sweat of honest labor as it glows.

A musing lover bends his dusky face
 Above the plow lines slackened o'er his dream;
 He knows she waits with platter 'neath the beech,
 Her earthen pitcher cooling in the stream:

For Love's a-bloom in burning summer's heat,
 And Love's a-thrive beside the ripening bolls—
 A golden arrow lost amid the glebe
 Upturned, on yearly round by simple souls.

III.

PICKING.

Whiter than snowflakes, fulfilling the promise,
 Made by the earth to the soul that would trust;
 Crowned with the beauty of autumn, and lifting
 The star of her glory up out of the dust.

Pure is the heart of the boll for the picking,
 Golden the mesh that the autumn has spun,
 Holding the melody, wreathing the singers,
 Winding through wealth that hard labor has won.

Dark are the cheeks of the youth and the maiden,
 Bright is the smile lit by Love as he goes,
 Nimble the fingers that touch ere the parting,
 Meeting again in the oft trodden rows.

Soft is the song of the man for the maiden,
 Soft is the maid's—they are singing to each;
 Heaping the baskets up high with their lint-locks,
 Building a castle that love can but reach.

ENVOI.

Oh! marriage day, come true by winter's frost,
 Blest be in simple faith, to man and maid;
 Sweet be the broken bread of honest toil
 To humble hearts beneath the cottonade.

Virginia Frazer Boyle.

LYRA CELTICA

From Nature in an epic mood
 Arose pure friendship's soul at morn;
 But 'twas a lyric fancy wooed
 Her soul the twilight I was born.

For others she had hearts controlled
 And spirits crowned in calm estate;
 While to my breast she bade me fold
 The gift of love, the gift of hate.

Thomas Walsh.

JOHN SPLENDID

*The Tale of a Poor Gentleman, and the Little Wars of Lorn.**

BY NEIL MUNRO,

The Author of "The Lost Pibroch."

CHAPTER XIX. •

The month of January, as our old Gaelic notion has it, borrows three days from July for a bribe of three young lambs. Those three days we call *Faoilteach*, and often they are very genial and cheerful days, with a sun that in warmth is a sample of the mellow season at hand. But this year, as my history has shown, we had no sign of a good *Faoilteach*, and on the morning of the last day of January, when Alasdair MacDonald's army set over the hills, it was wild, tempestuous weather. A wind rose in the dawning and increased in vehemence as the day aged, and with it came a storm of snow—the small bitter sifting snow that, encountered on the hill, stings like the ant and drifts in monstrous and impassable wreaths. Round about us yawned the glens, to me nameless, mysterious, choked to the throat with snow-mist that flapped and shook like gray rags. The fields were bleak and empty; the few houses that lay in the melancholy plain were on no particularly friendly terms with this convocation of Ersemen and wild kerns; they shut their doors steadfastly on our doings, and gave us not even the compliment of looking on at our strange manoeuvres. There was but one exception, in a staunch and massive dwelling—a manifest baron keep or stout domicile of that nature just on the border of the field in which the camp was pitched; it was apparently in the charge of two old spinster sisters whose men-folk were afield somewhere else, for they had shuttered the windows, barricaded the doors, and ever and anon would they show blanched faces as the tumult of our preparation disturbed them, and they came to the door and cunningly pulled it open a little and looked out on this warlike array. If a soldier made a step in their direction they

fled inside with terror, and their cries rang in the interior.

Those two spinsters—very white, very thin clad for a morn so rigorous, and with a trepidation writ on every feature—were all that saw us off on our march to the southeast. They came out and stood hand in hand on the door stoop, and I have little doubt the honest bodies thanked the God of Israel that the spoilers were departed furth their neighbourhood.

The country we now plunged into, as may be guessed, was a *terra incognita* to me. Beyond that it was Badenoch and an unhealthy clime for all that wear the Campbell tartan, I could guess no more. It was after these little wars were over I discovered the names of the localities, the glens, mounts, passes, streams, and drove-roads over which we passed in a march that Gustavus never faced the like of.

With good judgment enough our captors put a small advance-guard ahead, a score of Airlic's troopers, swanky blaspheming persons, whose horses pranced very gaily up Glen Tarf, guided by John Lom. M'Iver and I walked together with the main body, quite free and unfettered, sometimes talking with affability to our captors. The Irish were in good humour; they cracked jokes with us in their peculiar Gaelic that at first is ill for a decent Gael of Albion to follow, if uttered rapidly, but soon becomes as familiar as the less foreign language of the Athole men, whose tongue we Argiles find some strange conceits in. If the Irish were affable, the men of our own side of the ocean were most singularly morose—small wonder, perhaps, for we have little reason to love each other. Sour dogs! they gloomed at us under their bonnets and swore in their beards. I have no doubt but for their gentry

there had been dirks in us before we reached Corryarick.

It was with the repartee of the Irish and the scowls of the Gaels we went up the rough valley of the Tarf, where the wind moaned most drearily and drove the thin fine snow like a smoke of burning heather. But when we got to the pass of Corryarick, our trials began, and then such spirit did M'Iver put in the struggle with the task before us, such snatches of song, sharp saying and old story—such comradary as it might be named, that we were on good terms with all. For your man of family the Gael has ever some regard. M'Iver (not to speak of myself) was so manifestly the *duine-uasail* that the coarsest of the company fell into a polite tone, helped to their manners to some degree no doubt by the example of Montrose and Airlie, who at the earliest moments of our progress walked beside us and discoursed on letters and hunting, and soldiering in the foreign wars.

The pass of Corryarick met us with a grinning face and white fangs. On Tarf-side there was a rough bridle-path that the wind swept the snow from, and our progress was fairly easy. Here the drifts lay waist high, the horses plunged to the belly-bands, the footmen pushed through in a sweat. It was like some Hyperborean hell, and we the doomed wretches sentenced to our eternity of toil. We had to climb up the shoulder of the hill, now among tremendous rocks, now through water unfrozen, now upon wind-swept ice, but the snow—the snow—the heartless snow was our constant companion. It stood in walls before, it lay in ramparts round us, it wearied the eye to a most numbing pain. Unlucky were they who wore trews, for the same clung damply to knee and haunch and froze, while the stinging sleet might flay the naked limb till the blood rose among the felt of the kilted, but the suppleness of the joints was unmarred.

It was long beyond noon when we reached the head of the pass and saw before us the dip of the valley of the Spey. We were lost in a wilderness of mountain peaks; the bens started about us on every hand like the horrors of a nightmare, every ben with its death-sheet, menacing us, poor insects, crawling in our pain across the landscape.

I thought we had earned a halt and a bite of meat by this forenoon of labour; and Montrose himself, who had walked the pass on foot like his fellows, seemed anxious to rest, but Sir Alasdair pushed us on like a fate relentless.

"On, on," he cried, waving his long arms to the prospect before; "here's but the start of our journey; far is the way before; strike fast, strike hot! Would ye eat a meal with appetite while the Diarmaids wait in the way?"

M'Iver, who was plodding beside MacDonald when he said these words gave a laugh. "Take your time, Sir Sandy," said he; "you'll need a bowl or two of brose ere you come to grips with Mac-Cailein."

"We'll never come to grips with Mac-Cailein," said MacDonald, taking the badinage in good part, "so long as he has a back-gate to go out at or a barge to sail off in."

"I could correct you on that point in a little affair of arms as between gentlemen—if the time and place were more suitable," said M'Iver warmly.

"Let your chief defend himself, friend," said MacDonald. "Man, I'll wager we never see the colour of his face when it comes to close quarters."

"I wouldn't wonder," I ventured. "He is in no great trim for fighting, for his arm is——"

Sir Alasdair gave a gesture of contempt and cried, "Faugh! we've heard of the raxed arm; he took care when he was making his tale that he never made it a raxed leg."

Montrose edged up at this, with a red face and a somewhat annoyed expression. He put his gloved hand lightly on MacDonald's shoulder and chided him for debate with a prisoner of war.

"Let our friends be, Alasdair," he said, quietly. "They are, in a way, our guests; they would perhaps be more welcome if their tartan was a different hue, but in any case we must not be insulting them. Doubtless they have their own ideas of his lordship of Argile——"

"I never ask to serve a nobler or a more generous chief," said M'Iver firmly.

"I would expect no other sentiment from a gentleman of Argile's clan. He has ever done honestly enough by his own people. But have we not had enough of this? We are wasting our

wind that should be more precious considering the toils before us."

We found the descent of Corryarick even more ill than its climbing. The wind from the east had driven the snow into the mouth of it like a wedge. The horses, stepping ahead, more than once slipped into drifts that rose to their necks. Then they became wild with terror, dashed with frantic hoofs into deeper trouble, or ran back, quivering in every sinew and snorting with affright till the troopers behove to dismount and lead them. When we in the van reached the foot of the corrie we looked back on a spectacle that fills me with new wonder to this day when I think of it—a stream of black specks in the distance dropping, as it were, down the sheer face of white; nearer, the broken bands of different clansmen winding noiselessly and painfully among the drifts, their kilts pinned between their thighs, their plaids crossed on their chests—all their weapons a weariness to them.

In the afternoon the snow ceased to fall, but the dusk came on early notwithstanding, for the sky was blotted over with driving clouds.

At the head of Glen Roy the MacDonalds, who had lost their bauchles of brogues in the pass, started to a trot, and as the necessity was we had to take up the pace too. Long lank hounds, they took the road like deer, their limbs purple with the cold, their faces pinched to the aspect of the wolf, their targets and muskets clattering about them. "There are Campbells to slay, and suppers to eat," the Major-General had said. It would have given his most spiritless followers the pith to run till morning across a strand of rock and pebble. They knew no tiring; they seemingly felt no pain in their torn and bleeding feet, but put mile after mile below them.

But the Campbells were not in Glen Roy. They had been there and skirmished for a day among their old foes and had gone back to Lochyside, little thinking the fires they left in the Cameron barns at morning would light the enemy on ere night. The roofs still smouldered, and a granary here and there on the sides of the valley sent up its flames, at once a spur to the spirit of the MacDonalds and a light to their vengeance.

We halted for the night in Glen Spean, with Ben Chluraig looming high to the south, and the river gulping in ice beside our camp. Around was plenty of wood; we built fires and ate as poor a meal as the Highlands ever granted in a bad year, though it was the first break in our fast for the day. Gentle and simple, all fared alike—a whang of barley bannock, a stir-about of oat-and-water, without salt, a quaich of spirits from some kegs the troopers carried, that ran done before the half of the corps had been served. Sentinels were posted, and we slept till the morning pipe with sweet weariness in our bones.

Our second day was a repetition of the first. We left without even a breakfast whenever the pipers set up the Cameron rant, "Sons of the dogs, oh! Come and get flesh." The Campbells had spoiled the bridge with a charge of powder, so we had to ford the river among the ice-lumps, MacDonald showing the way with his kilt-tail about his waist. A hunter from a hamlet at the glen foot gladly left the smoking ruin of his home and guided us on a drove-road into the wilds of Lochaber, among mountains more stupendous than those we had left behind. These relentless peaks were clad with blinding snow. The same choking drifts that met us in Corryarick filled the passes between Stob Choire and Easan Mor and Stob Ban, that cherish the snow in their crannies in the depths of mid-summer. Hunger was eating at our hearts when we got to Glen Nevis; but the glen was empty of people, and the second night fell ere we broke fast.

I have hungered many times on weary marches, but yon was the most cruel hunger of my life. And though the pain of the starving could be dulled a little by draughts of water from the wayside springs, what there was no remedy for was the weakness that turned the flesh in every part of me to a nerveless pulp. I went down Nevis Glen a man in a delirium. My head swam with vapours, so that the hillside seemed to dance round and before me. If I had fallen in the snow I should assuredly have lain there and died, and the thought of how simple and sweet it would be to stretch out my heavy limbs and sleep the sleep forever, more than once robbed me of my will. Some of the Stewarts and Camerons, late

recruits to the army, and as yet not inured to its toils, fell on the wayside half-way down the glen. MacDonald was for leaving them—"We have no need for weaklings," he said cruelly, fuming at the delay; but their lairds gave him a sharp answer, and said they would bide by them till they had recovered. Thus a third of our force fell behind us in the march, and I would have been behind, too, but for M'Iver's encouragement. His songs were long done; his stories chilled on his lip. The hunger had him at the heart; but he had a lion's will and a lion's vigour.

"For the love of God!" he said to me, "do not let them think we are so much of the Covenanter that we cannot keep up! For a Scots Cavalier you are giving in over early."

"Campaigning with Lumsden was never like this," I pled wearily; "give me the open road and an enemy before me, and I would tramp gaily to the world's end. Here's but a choked ravine the very deer abhor in such weather, and before us but a battle we must not share in."

He said never a word for a few moments, but trudged on. My low-heeled shoon were less fitted for the excursion than his close-thonged brogues that clung to the feet like a dry glove, and I walked lamely. Ever and anon he would look askance at me, and I was annoyed that he should think me a poorer mountaineer than those unwearied knaves who hurried us. I must have shown my feeling in my face, for in a little he let-on to fall lame, too, and made the most grievous complaint of ache and weariness. His pretence deceived me only for a little. He was only at his old quirk of keeping me in good repute with myself, but he played the part with skill, letting us both fall behind the general company a little so that the MacDonalds might not witness the indignity of it.

Glen Nevis, as I saw it that night in the light of the moon, is what comes to me now in my dreams. I smell the odour of the sweat drenched, uncleanly cleeding of those savage clans about us; I see the hills lift on either hand with splintered peaks that prick among the stars; gorge and ravine and the wide ascending passes filled ever with the sound of the river, and the coarse, narrow

drove-road leads into despair. That night the moon rode at the full about a vacant sky. There was not even a vapour on the hills; the wind had failed in the afternoon.

At the foot of the hill Carn Dearg (or the Red Mount), that is one of three gallant mountains that keep company for Nevis Ben the biggest of all, the path we followed made a twist to the left into a gully from which a blast of the morning's wind had cleaned out the snow as by a giant's spade.

So much the worse for us, for now the path lay strewn with boulders that the dragoons took long to thread through, and the bare feet of the private soldiers bled redly anew. Some lean high fir-trees threw this part into a shadow, and so it happened that as I felt my way wearily on, I fell over a stone. The fall lost me the last of my senses; I but heard some of the Stewarts curse me for an encumbrance as they stumbled over me and passed on, heedless of my fate, and saw, as in a dream, one of them who had abraded his knees by his stumble over my body, turn round with a drawn knife that glinted in a shred of moonlight.

I came to, with M'Iver bent over me, and none of our captors at hand.

"I had rather this than a thousand rix-dollars," said he, as I sat up and leaned on my arm.

"Have they left us?" I asked, with no particular interest in the answer. It could work little difference whatever it might be. "I thought I saw one of them turn on me with a knife."

"You did," said M'Iver. "He broke his part of the parole, and is lying on the other side of you, I think with a hole in his breast. An ugly and a treacherous scamp! It's lucky for us that Montrose or MacColkitto never saw the transaction between this clay and John M'Iver, or their clemency had hardly been so great. 'You can bide and see to your friend,' was James Grahame's last words, and that's the reason I'm here."

M'Iver lifted me to my feet, and we stood a little to think what we should do. My own mind had no idea save the one that we were bound to keep in touch with the company whose prisoners we were, but M'Iver hinted at an alternative scarce so honest—namely, a desertion and a detour to the left that would maybe

lead us to the Campbell army before active hostilities began.

"You would surely not break parole?" said I, surprised, for he was usually as honourable in such matters as any Highlander I ever met.

"Bah!" he cried, pretending contempt at hesitation, though I could perceive by his voice he was somewhat ashamed of the policy he proposed. "Who quitted the contract first? Was it not that Stewart gentleman on your other side who broke it in a most dastardly way by aiming at your life?"

"I'm thankful for the life you saved, John," said I, "little worth though it seems at this time, but Montrose is not to be held responsible for the sudden impulse of a private. We made our pact as between gentleman and gentleman—let us be going."

"Oh, very well!" said he, shortly. "Let us be going. After all, we are in a trap any way we look at all; for half the Stewarts and Camerons are behind in the wood there, and our flank retreat among these hills might be a tempting of Providence. But are you thinking of this Athole corp and what his kin will be doing to his slayers?"

"I'll risk it," I said shortly. "We may be out of their hands one way or the other before they miss him."

On a sudden there rose away before us toward the mouth of the glen the sound of a bagpipe. It came on the tranquil air with no break in its uproar, and after a preparatory tuning it broke into a tune called "*Cogadh no Sith*"—and ancient braggart pibroch made by one Macruimen of the Isle of Skye—a tune that was commonly used by the Campbells as a night-retreat or tattoo.

My heart filled with the strain. It gave me not only the simple illusion that I saw again the regimentals of my native country—many a friend and comrade among them in the shelter of the Castle of Inverlochy, but it roused in me a spirit very antique, very religious and moving, too, as the music of his own land must be for every honest Gael.

"*Cruachan gu bragh!*" I said lightly to M'Iver, though my heart was full.

He was as much touched by that homely lilt as myself. "The old days, the old styles!" said he. "God! how that pibroch stings me to the core!" And as

the tune came more clearly in the second part, or *Crunluadh* as we call it, and the player maybe came round a bend of the road my comrade stopped in his pace and added with what in another I might have thought a sob—"I've trudged the world; I've learned many bravadoes, so that my heart never stirred much to the mere trick of an instrument but one, and the *piob mhor* conquers me. What is it, Colin, that's in us, rich and poor, yon rude cane-reeds speaks so human and friendly to?"

"'Tis the Gaelic," I said, cheered myself by the air. "Never a roar of the drone or a sob of the chanter but's in the Gaelic tongue."

"Maybe," said he, "maybe; I've heard the scholars like yourself say the sheep-skin and the drones were Roman—that or Spanish, it's all one to me. I heard them at Boitzenburg when we gave the butt of the gun to Tilly's *soldados*; they played us into Holstein; and when the ditch of Stralsung was choked with the tartan of Mackay and our lads were falling like corn before the hook, a Reay piper stood valiantly in front and played a salute. Then and now it's the pipes, my darling!"

"I would as lief have them in a gayer strain. My fondest memories are of reels I've danced to their playing," I said, and by now we were walking down the glen.

"And of one reel you danced," said he, quizzingly, "not more than two months gone in a town that was called Inneraora!"

"Two months!" I cried—"two months! I could have sworn offhand we have been wandering in Lorn and Badenoch for as many years!"

Such spirit did my native pipes, played by a clansman, put in me that my weariness much abated, and we made great progress down the glen, so that before the tune had ceased we were on the back of Montrose's men as they crept on quietly in the night.

The piper stopped suddenly enough when some shots rang out—an exchange of compliments between our pickets ahead and some wandering scouts of Argile.

And yonder below us, Loch Linnhe and Locheil glanced in the moonlight, and the strong towers of Inverlochy sat like a scowl on the fringe of the wave!

CHAPTER XX.

When we came up with the main body of MacDonald's army, the country, as I say, was shining in the light of the moon, with only a camp-fire down in the field beside the castle to show in all the white world a sign of human life. We had got the Campbells in the rear, barring any passage to Badenoch or Lochaber; but they never knew it. A few of their scouts came out across the fields and challenged our pickets; there was some exchange of musketry, but, as we found again, we were thought to be some of the Lochaber hunters unworthy of serious engagement.

For the second time in so many days we tasted food, a handful of meal to the quail of water—no more and no less; and James Grahame, Marquis of Montrose, supped his brose like the rest of us, with the knife from his belt doing the office of a horn-spoon.

Some hours after us came up the Camerons, who had fallen behind, but fresher and more eager for fighting than our own company, for they had fallen on a herd of roe on the slope of Sgur an Iolair, and had supped savagely on the warm raw flesh.

"You might have brought us a gigot off your take," Sir Alasdair said to the leader of them, Dol Ruadh. He was a short-tempered man of no great manners, and he only grunted his response.

"They may well call you Camerons of the soft mouth," said Alasdair angrily, "that would treat your comrades so."

"You left us to carry our own men," said the chief shortly; "we left you to find your own deer."

We were perhaps the only ones who slept at the mouth of Glen Nevis that woeful night, and we slept because, as my comrade said, "What cannot be mended may be well slept on; it's an ease to the heart." And the counsel was so wise and our weariness so acute, that we lay on the bare ground till we were roused to the call of a trumpet.

It was St. Bridget's Day, and Sunday morning. A myriad bens around gave mists, as smoke from a censer, to the day. The Athole pipers high-breastedly strutted with a vain port up and down their lines and played incessantly. Alasdair laid out the clans with amazing skill, as M'Iver and I were bound to confess

to ourselves; the horse (with Montrose himself on his charger) in the centre, the men of Clanranald, Keppoch, Locheil, Glengarry, and Maclean, and the Stewarts of Appin behind. MacDonald and O'Kyan led the Irish on the wings.

In the plain we could see Argile's forces in a somewhat similar order, with the tartan as it should be in the midst of the bataille and the Lowland levies on the flanks. Over the centre waved the black barge of Lorne on a gold standard.

I expressed some doubt about the steadfastness of the Lowlanders, and M'Iver was in a sad agreement with me.

"I said it in Glenaora when we left," said he; "and I say it again. They would be fairly good stuff against foreign troops; but they have no suspicion of the character of Gaelic war. I'm sore feared they'll prove a poor reed to lean on. Why, in heaven's name, does MacCailein take the risk of a battle in such an awkward corner? An old stager like Auchinbreac should advise him to follow the Kilcumin road and join forces with Seaforth, who must be far down Glen Albyn by now."

As we were standing apart thus, up to us came Ian Lom, shaking the brogue-money he got from Grahame in his dirty loof. He was very bitter.

"I never earned an honest penny," he said, looking up almost insolently in our faces, so that it was a temptation to give him a clout on the cunning jowl.

"So Judas thought, too, I daresay, when he fingered his filthy shekels," said I. "I thought no man from Keppoch would be skulking aside here when his pipers blew the onset."

"Och!" said M'Iver, "what need ye be talking? *Bardachd* and bravery don't very often go together."

Ian Lom scowled blackly at the taunt; but was equal to answer it.

"If the need arise," said he, "you'll see whether the bard is brave or not. There are plenty to fight; there's but one to make the song of the fight, and that's John MacDonald with your honours' leave."

We would, like enough, have been pestered with the scamp's presence and garrulity a good deal longer; but Montrose came up at that moment and took us aside with a friendly enough beckon of his head.

"Gentlemen," he said in English, "as Cavaliers you can guess fairly well already the issue of what's to happen below there, and as Cavaliers who, clansmen or no clansmen of the Campbell chief, have done well for old Scotland's name abroad, I think you deserve a little more consideration at our hands at this juncture than common prisoners of war can lay claim to. If you care you can quit here as soon as the onset begins, abiding of course by your compact to use no arms against my friends. You have no objection?" he added, turning about on his horse and crying to Alasdair.

The Major-General came up and looked at us. "I suppose they may go," said he, "though, to tell my mind on the matter, I could devise a simpler way of getting rid of them. We have other methods in Erin O, but as your lordship has taken the fancy, they may go I daresay. Only they must not join their clan or take arms with them until this battle is over. They must be on the Ballachulish road before we call the onset."

Montrose flushed at the ill-breeding of his officer, and waved us away to the left on the road that led to Argile by Loch Linnhe side, and took us clear of the coming encounter.

We were neither of us slow to take advantage of the opportunity, but set off at a sharp walk at the moment that O'Kyan on the right flank was slowly moving in the direction of Argile's line.

John broke his sharp walk so quickly into a canter that I wondered what he meant. I ran close at his heels, but I forbore to ask, and we had put a good lump of moorland between us and the MacDonalds before he explained.

"You perhaps wondered what my hurry was," he said, with the sweat standing in beads on his face, though the air was full of frost. "It wasn't for exercise, as you might guess at any rate. The fact is, we were within five minutes of getting a wheen Stewart dirks in our doublets, and if there was no brulzie on foot we were even yet as good as lost on Brae Lochaber."

"How does that happen?" I asked. "They seemed to let us away generously enough and with no great ill will."

"Just so! But when Montrose gave us the *congé*, I happened to turn an eye up Glen Nevis, and I saw some tardy Stew-

arts (by their tartan) come running down the road. These were the lads Dol Ruadh left behind last night, and they could scarcely miss in daylight the corpse we left by the road, and their clansmen missed in the mirk. That was my notion at the first glance I got of them, and when we ran they ran, too, and what do you make of that?"

"What we should make of it," I said in alarm, "is as good a pace into Lorn as we can; they may be on the heels of us now"—for we were in a little dip of the ground where the force we had just parted so gladly with were not to be seen from.

On that point M'Iver speedily assured me.

"No, no!" he said. "If Seumans Grahame himself were stretched out yonder instead of a Glenart Cearnoch of no great importance to any one, Alasdair MacDonald would be scarcely zealous fool enough to spoil his battle order to prosecute a private feud. Look at that," he proceeded, turning round on a little knowe he ran lightly up on and I after him—"look at that! the battle's begun."

We stood on that knowe of Brae Lochaber, and I saw from thence a spectacle whose like, by the grace of God, I have never seen the like of before nor since in its agony for any eye that was friendly to Diarmaid Clan. I need not here set down the sorry end of that day at Inverlochy. It has been written many times, though I harbour no book on my shelves that tells the story. We saw MacDonald's charge; we saw the wings of Argile's army—the rotten Lowland levies—break off and skurry along the shore; we saw the lads of the Diarmaid tartan hewn down on the edge of the tide till its waves ran red; but we were as helpless as the rush that waved at our feet. Between us and our friends lay the enemy and our parole—I daresay our parole was forgotten in that terrible hour.

John M'Iver laid him down on the *tulloch* and clawed with his nails the stunted grass that in wind-blown patches came through the snow. None of my words made any difference on his anguish, I was piping to the surrender of sorrow, nigh mad myself.

The horses of Ogilvie—who himself fell in the brulzie—chased the Lowlanders along the side of Loch Linnhe.

and so few of the flying had the tartan, that we had no great interest in them, till we saw six men with their plaiding cast run unobserved up the plain, wade waist deep through the Nevis, and come

somewhat in our direction. We went down to join them, and ran hard and fast and came on them at a place called the Rhu at the water of Crachnish.

(To be continued.)

THE BOOK HUNTER

The third and final portion of the magnificent collection of printed books belonging to the Earl of Ashburnham, was disposed of at Sotheby's from May 9 to May 14. The first and second portions were sold in 1897.

The three catalogues comprised together 4,075 lots, twenty days' sale, and the total amounted to £62,700. This is said to be the greatest amount received from the sale of any library, with the exception of the Beckford Library, sold at Sotheby's in 1882 and 1883, where a total of 9,837 lots, forty days' sale, realised £73,551 18s.

The library was mostly, and, so far as regards the rarer books almost entirely, brought together by the late Bertram, fourth Earl of Ashburnham, who was born in 1797 and died in 1878. He aimed to secure the rarest editions of those books to which his taste or fancy inclined him, and, moreover, he aimed to secure the most perfect copies of these books. At a time when many collectors were not particular as to condition, so long as they had copies of rare editions, even if more or less imperfect he strove to secure perfect and fine copies. And the present Earl, who has been selling the library, has realised most munificently upon his father's foresight.

One class of books always brings high prices even when imperfect, and when perfect they sometimes bring what buyers a half century ago would have called stupendous prices. We refer to books printed by England's first printer, William Caxton. The Ashburnham library included 20 distinct books printed by Caxton, some more or less imperfect, besides several quite imperfect duplicates. They perhaps show a greater proportionate advance upon their cost than any other class of books. We give below a list of these Caxtons, with their condition, the number of copies known, the price brought in the sale, and wherever possible the price paid for the copy by the late Earl, with the earlier history of some of the volumes.

The Recuyell of the Histories of Troye, translated from the French of Raoul Le Fevre by William Caxton. Printed probably in Bruges, about 1472-74 and the first book printed in the English language. It was during the progress of this book through the press that Caxton learned the new art of printing, as he himself informs us in the epilogue to the third book. Sixteen copies are known, only one of which is perfect. This copy lacked 49 leaves out of 352, one being blank, and brought £950. It cost the late Earl £155 in Utterson's sale in 1852. The same copy had been sold previ-

ously in 1816, in the Wygfair sale, for £126, in 1829, in Hibbert's sale, for £157 10s., and in 1847, in Wilk's sale, for £165. The Earl of Jersey's copy, the only perfect one known, sold in 1885 for £1,820, and the Roxburghe copy, lacking one leaf, sold in 1812 for £1,060 10s.

Le Recueil des Histoires de Troye, in French, printed abroad, by Caxton, about 1476. Six copies known to Blades, three of them perfect. This one lacked 33 leaves and brought £600. The late Earl bought it at Hanrott's sale, in 1833, for £27. It had sold previously in the Roxburghe sale, in 1812, for £116 11s.; in a sale of some duplicates from Earl Spencer's library, in 1834 (he having meanwhile paid £205 for a perfect, uncut copy) for £73 10s., and in Dent's sale, in 1827, for £36 10s. The British Museum paid £200 for the Libri copy, perfect, in 1844.

A Boke of the Hoole Lyf of Jason, translated by Caxton from the French of Le Fevre and printed abroad, about 1477. Seven copies known, three of them perfect. The Ashburnham is described by Blades as "the finest copy known, being uncut." It sold for £2,100. It was Heber's copy and was probably purchased by the late Earl from Payne, the bookseller, who bought it at Heber's sale for £87. We may hazard a guess that he did not pay more than £125 for it. The same copy had often before changed hands at varying prices. It sold in 1751, in Osborne's sale, for £1 1s.; in 1773 in West's sale, for £4 4s.; in 1776, in Ratcliffe's sale, for £5 10s.; in 1817, in Erskine's sale, for £162 15s.; in 1823, in Taylor's sale, for £95 11s., Heber being the purchaser.

The Dictes or Sayings of the Philosophers, first edition, printed at Westminster in 1477, and the first of Caxton's books to bear a definite statement of where, when and by whom printed. Blades knew of eleven copies, only four of which were perfect. This copy had three leaves slightly defective and some others wormed, but was perfect. It brought £1,320. The Duke of Buccleuch's copy, fine and large, wanting only a blank leaf, sold in 1889 for £650.

Chaucer's *Boke of the Tales of Canterbury*, first edition, printed about 1478. Only two perfect copies known. This copy lacked 15 leaves and sold for £720. It cost the late Earl £21, at Bright's sale, in 1845, though some leaves had since been added. It was Heber's copy and had been bought by Bright in his sale in 1834 for £10 15s. Three other fragments of this edition were sold in the Adenda to Part III. of the sale. One with 295 leaves out of 372, brought £230, another, with

277 leaves, some of them defective, brought £60, and a third copy, with only 165 leaves, brought £65. A copy, lacking 4 leaves, sold two years ago for £1,880, and one lacking 10 leaves for £1,020.

Boethius' *De Consolacione Philosophiæ*, translated into English by Chaucer, and printed about 1478. Sixteen copies are known, 7 of which are perfect. This lacked two leaves, but was otherwise fine and large. It fetched £510. A perfect copy, somewhat stained, sold at Sotheby's in 1887 for £156.

The Boke Named Cordyal, translated from the French and printed in 1479. Ten copies are known, five of which are imperfect. This copy lacked 8 leaves, but was in the original binding and with rough leaves. It brought £760.

The Mirrour of the Worlde, first edition, printed in 1481, and containing some of the earliest specimens of wood engraving in any English book. Fifteen copies were known to Blades, nine of which were perfect. This copy lacked 4 leaves and some others were defective. It brought £225. The Duke of Roxburghe's copy brought £351 15s., in 1812, and the Earl of Jersey's £195 in 1885. Both were perfect.

Cicero's *De Senectute*, etc., printed in 1481. A fragment only, not described by Blades, who knew of 20 copies. It brought £102. The Earl of Jersey's copy, fine and perfect, sold for £350, in 1885, and Lord Crawford's, perfect, for £320, in 1889.

The Cronycles of England, the second edition, with long commas, printed in 1482. Seven copies are known, all imperfect. This copy had the last 4 leaves in fac-simile. With it was bound the *Description of Britayne*, printed in 1480, one of five perfect copies known. The volume brought £610. It was purchased by the late Earl, in 1860, for £180, at the sale of the library of Mr. E. A. Crowinshield, of Boston, but was one of the books which was added to the collection after it was taken to England.

Higden's *Polyconicon*, first edition, printed in 1482, and one of the commonest of Caxton's books in better or worse condition. Twenty-two copies were known to Blades. This copy lacked 46 leaves and sold for £201. Lord Charlemont's copy, which, imperfect, sold in his sale for £477 15s., was perfected from another copy and was sold a few years ago by the publishers of THE BOOKMAN for upward of \$6,000. It is the finest copy known, with more than 200 uncut leaves. The binding alone cost £50. It is now in Mr. Hoe's library.

Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, first edition, printed in 1483 (though by a typographical error the date appears in the colophon as 1493). Fifteen copies were known to Blades, five of them perfect. This copy was a poor one, lacking about 30 leaves and close cropped at the head. It brought £188. Another copy, lacking 41 leaves, sold for £100. One of these two copies, we are unable to determine which, cost the late Earl £24, at Pickering's sale, in 1854. The Earl of Jersey's copy, fine and perfect, with all the blank leaves, brought £810, in 1885, and is now in Mr. Hoe's library.

The Book whiche is sayd or called Cathon, printed in 1483. Blades knew of 11 copies, 8 of which were perfect. This copy lacked 14 leaves and brought £295. It was bought by the late Earl privately for £15 15s. There is a fine and perfect copy in the Lenox Library, which cost Mr. Lenox £81 in 1854.

The Book of the Ordre of Chyvalry or Knyghthode, printed about 1483-85. Only four copies known to Blades, two perfect and two imperfect. This copy lacked two leaves and sold for £345. It was Lord Lovat's copy and cost the late Earl £55 10s. at his sale in 1852.

Chaucer's *Book of the Tales of Caunterbury*, second edition, printed in 1484. Only one perfect copy known. This one lacked 28 leaves and some others were defective. It sold for £300. It was bought at Heber's sale, in 1834, for £78 15s. Heber paid £10 10s. for it in Brand's sale, in 1807. Three other fragments of this edition were sold with the Addenda to Part III. of the Catalogue. They brought successively £100, £40 and £34.

Speculum Vitæ Christi, printed about 1488. Ten copies are known, three of them perfect, this being one. It sold for £510. Its early history is not traced.

The Doctrinal of Sapience, printed in 1489. Ten or eleven copies are known, four of them are perfect. This copy lacked the first and last leaves, and was unknown to Blades. It sold for £660. Thomas Bateman's copy, with six leaves in manuscript by W. Herbert, sold in 1893 for £58. It had sold previously for £63, in the Towneley sale, in 1814; £8 12s., in 1815, at a sale of some duplicates belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, and £28 at Dawson Turner's sale, in 1859.

A Boke of Divers Fruytful Ghostly Matters, printed about 1490. The second of the three tracts only, the *XII. profitis of Tribulacyon*. A rare Caxton, Blades being able to describe only one perfect copy. It sold for £310. This copy was offered for private sale, in 1858, for £25, and we may presume that the Earl paid about this sum for it. William Stuart's copy, lacking 42 out of 96 leaves, sold, in 1895, for £117.

Voragine's *Golden Legende*, Caxton's third edition, really printed, probably, by Wynken de Worde, after Caxton's death, though the colophon reads "By me Wyllyam Caxton." Blades enumerates nine copies, only one of them perfect. This copy lacked 29 leaves and sold for £151.

Mr. Quaritch has, in previous sales, usually been the buyer of Caxtons. In this sale, however, he seems to have secured only two, in the first and second parts of the sale, while Messrs. Pickering & Chatto were the buyers of thirteen. We have not yet received the names of buyers at the third sale.

Although the collection of printed books was remarkable, the late Earl's collection of manuscripts was even more so. His active buying of manuscripts began by the purchase, in 1847, from Count Libri, of a collection of nearly 2,000 specimens. This Count Libri was an Italian, who had been for a number of years in France. He had been commissioned to form a general catalogue of manuscripts in the public libraries of France and while os-

tensibly performing this work, he had been in the habit of abstracting valuable manuscripts, sometimes leaving in their place, to fill the vacancies on the shelves, other manuscripts of little value. Some of the volumes were rebound, while others were more or less altered to hide their origin. In this way he had secured a number of the manuscripts, which he sold to the Earl of Ashburnham, though probably the greater part of them had been honestly come by.

In 1849 the Earl purchased from a Frenchman, named Barrios, a second collection of about 700 manuscripts, for £6,000. Many of Barrios' manuscripts had been stolen from French libraries also. In the same year the Earl purchased the collection of English manuscripts, known as the "Stowe Collection," comprising 996 pieces, paying £8,000 for it. From other sources he purchased about 250 additional manuscripts, at a cost of perhaps another £8,000, and his collection became, probably, the most famous in private hands in all Europe.

In 1880, after the death of the old Earl, his son offered the library, books and manuscripts for sale to the British Museum for the lump sum of £160,000, but they purchased only the Stowe Collection of manuscripts, paying therefor £45,000, being five and one-half times what they had cost thirty years before.

The manuscripts in the Libri and Barrios Collections, which could be positively identified as having been stolen from French libraries, amounting to 166 pieces, were transferred through Trübner, the German bookseller, to the French Government, in 1888, for £24,000.

The Italian Government, four years before, had bought the balance of the Libri collection, and it is understood that quite recently Mr. H. Yates Thompson has purchased an important selection of the remaining manuscripts. From these various sales and from the sales of the printed books the owner has probably realized at least the sum asked for the entire collection, £160,000.

Mr. Herbert Putnam, librarian of the Boston Public Library, has an interesting article on the Libri Manuscripts in *The Atlantic Monthly* for April, under the title of "The Romance of a Famous Library."

The dispersion of the Ashburnham Library leaves in England only two great general collections which can be compared with it, in private hands, providing Lord Spencer's library, purchased *en bloc* by Mrs. Rylands, of Manchester, becomes public property. These two are the Huth Collection and the Britwell Collection.

Mr. Wakefield Christie Miller, the late owner of the Britwell Library, died in February last, and collectors, who knew of the treasures in his library, have been wondering whether they would have a chance to compete at public auction for some of them. His will, however, has recently been published, in which he leaves the library to his two sons jointly and expresses a wish that it be kept intact and added to, from time to time, to be transmitted from generation to generation to members of the family who are likely to maintain and care for it. This collection is said to contain eleven books printed by Caxton.

L. S. Livingston.

THE BOOK MART

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, June 1, 1898.

The publications during the month past have been up to the average in point of number for this time of year, but the outlook for the immediate future is not so promising, as several of the larger publishers report that owing to the unsettled conditions of trade, they will postpone until autumn the bringing out of a number of books originally intended for Spring publication. The May output of new fiction includes *American Wives and English Husbands*, by Gertrude Atherton; *The General Manager's Story*, by H. E. Hamblen; *The Forest Lovers*, by M. Hewlett, and *The Gray House of the Quarries*, by Mary H. Norris. The two latter books their respective publishers are particularly enthusiastic over and predict for them large sales. In miscellaneous subjects *Northward Over the "Great Ice,"* by Robert E. Peary, in a handsome two-volume edition, profusely illustrated, is by far the most important book of the month and is expected

to equal in sale *Farthest North*, by Nansen. *American History Told by Contemporaries*, volume II., 1689-1783, by A. B. Hart; *The Christian Pastor and the Working Church*, by Washington Gladden, and *The World Beautiful*, third series, by Lillian Whiting, are also among this month's list of new works.

The demand for war literature, from the ten-cent pamphlet of navy illustrations up to the expensive editions of scientific works, continues unabated, and every day adds something new to the now innumerable list of publications on the various phases of this subject. The supply in this country of Foreman's *Philippine Islands* was immediately exhausted and Congress had to borrow copies from the public libraries that its members might be informed. The call for Mrs. Latimer's *Spain in the Nineteenth Century* was so far in advance of the expectations of the publishers that it has been out of print for three weeks. Captain Mahan's works have been largely read, *The Interest of America In Sea Power* perhaps being the most popular of them. *The Spaniard in*

History, by J. A. Fernald, is a timely little book of interest in connection with this subject.

While, as noted last month, no particular book now has a pronounced lead in point of sale, several of the recent publications are selling very readily, notably *The Pride of Jennico*, *Penelope's Progress*, *Caleb West—Master Diver*, *The Girl at Cobhurst* and *The Standard Bearer*.

Outside of war books and fiction sales are comparatively light, very few titles selling to any noticeable extent. The customary orders for seasonable books on outdoor subjects, such as birds, flowers, guide books, etc., and paper bound books are received, but they are less numerous than those of previous years and there are not so many new meritorious publications of this class as formerly.

The general condition of trade is unsatisfactory, for while returning salesmen from the Pacific coast report a fair business, those in the nearby States are meeting with a general inclination to postpone the placing of stock orders awaiting a more settled state of business affairs.

The following list gives in the order of their demand the popular books for the month past:

Quo Vadis. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Paper, 25 cts.; cloth, \$1.00.

In His Steps. By Charles M. Sheldon. Paper, 25 cts.; cloth, \$1.00.

The Pride of Jennico. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. \$1.50

Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell. 2 vols. \$2.00.

Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. \$1.25.

The Honorable Peter Stirling. By P. L. Ford. \$1.50.

Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. \$1.50.

The Gadfly. By E. L. Voynich. \$1.25.

The Story of an Untold Love. By P. L. Ford. \$1.25.

Cuba in War Times. By Richard Harding Davis. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, \$1.25.

The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen. \$1.50.

Billy Hamilton. By A. C. Gunter. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, \$1.25.

The Girl at Cobhurst. By Frank R. Stockton. \$1.50.

The Standard Bearer. By S. R. Crockett. \$1.50.

Spain in the Nineteenth Century. By Elizabeth W. Latimer. \$2.50.

American Wives and English Husbands. By Gertrude Atherton. \$1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, June 1, 1898.

Business continues to be quiet, and the outlook does not disclose much ground for anticipating anything in the way of activity until the autumn. Considering the war, however, and the present state of business, there is a distinctly good feeling among the trade, and as soon as the end of the present trouble is in sight business may be expected to revive rapidly.

The call for war books was again the most

prominent feature in the demand last month. From the number of books sold on military tactics it would appear that nearly every one is learning the army drills. In fact, so far as mere number is concerned the *Infantry Drill Regulations* is outselling everything else, and is by the same test fairly entitled to the distinction of being called the most popular book of the hour.

The annual May display of the various lines of twelvemos and sixteenmos, which are being prepared for fall trade, took place here last month. There are several novelties in these lines, but nothing especially striking, most of the different series being conventional in design and manufacture. As a whole, however, this class of books will show much improvement, and there is every reason to believe that they will be as popular as ever during the coming season.

Northward Over the "Great Ice," by Lieut. R. C. Peary, was received late last month, and indications point to its having a good sale during the summer.

Commercially speaking the books issued this spring, while as great in number, have not attained the level of those published during the corresponding period last year. Nothing issued in fiction this year has had, at least in the West, the astonishing sales that *The Choir Invisible* and *Soldiers of Fortune* met with last spring. Nor have we had in any other class a work so successful as *Farthest North*.

Mrs. Latimer's *Spain in the Nineteenth Century* had an exceptionally large sale for a book of this class last month, and is at present meeting with a greater demand than any other work on Spanish history.

May was a very quiet month in publishing circles, very few books reaching the trade for which anything beyond a moderate sale can be expected. The tendency is now to hold back books until the war is over, but notwithstanding some very promising books will leave the presses this month, notably *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, by Mrs. Humphry Ward; *Kronstadt*, by Max Pemberton, and *The King's Jackal*, by Richard Harding Davis.

Penelope's Progress, by Kate Douglas Wiggin, and *Caleb West*, by F. Hopkinson Smith, were very successful in point of sale. *The Girl at Cobhurst*, by F. R. Stockton, also made a good record. Most of the older favorites, however, show a falling off.

Several books on Gladstone are already announced for early publication. It is more than probable that the expectations of publishers will be realised, for lives of Gladstone have always sold well and the recent volume, by Justin McCarthy, although somewhat expensive, was remarkably successful in the West.

Sales of Klondike literature, which were so lively a few months ago, are now at a low ebb. The war has completely robbed that region of all its interest.

Appended below is the customary list of the best selling books of the month, and the position of the leading work indicates very clearly the subject that is chiefly interesting readers at present:

Spain in the Nineteenth Century. By Mrs. E. W. Latimer. \$2.50.

- Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz. \$1.00.
 Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. \$1.25.
 Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. \$1.50.
 Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell. 2 vols. \$2.00.
 The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen. \$1.50.
 The Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Thomson J. Hudson. \$1.50.
 The Girl at Cobhurst. By F. R. Stockton. \$1.50.
 With Fire and Sword. By H. Sienkiewicz. \$1.00.
 The Gadfly. By L. Voynich. \$1.25.
 An Imperial Lover. By M. Imlay Taylor. \$1.25.
 The Hon. Peter Stirling. By P. L. Ford. \$1.50.
 Folks from Dixie. By Paul L. Dunbar. \$1.25.
 The Story of an Untold Love. By P. L. Ford. \$1.25.
 The Standard Bearer. By S. R. Crockett. \$1.50.
 Simon Dale. By Anthony Hope. \$1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, April 25 to May 20, 1898.

Owing probably in some measure to the unsettled condition of the elements, there has been a fair trade during the past month, bearing in mind that this statement is qualified by remembering that the comparison is always founded upon the amount of business usually transacted during the season under notice. But in any case those connected with the wholesale bookselling trade can always find plenty to do. Trade with the colonies and foreign countries continues steady, and there is always room for improvement.

The decease of Mr. Gladstone has awakened a renewed interest in the writings and works dealing with the life of the great statesman. On the day of his death, indeed a few hours only after the sad event, Messrs. Ward & Locke delivered an octavo Life of Mr. Gladstone, containing an account of his last hours and passing away. Such speed in production is without parallel in the history of publishing.

Works upon Cuba and other countries connected with the war are in considerable demand, as also are maps of the scene of the fighting, or rather where it is expected to take place.

The six-shilling novel still pursues its merry career, and the works of this class now being published have in some instances a longer existence than was the case a short time since. Several of those named in the list below have been before the public for a considerable time. There may after all be some "literature" among them. The leading novel at the time of writing is *The King with Two Faces*, by M. E. Coleridge, followed by *Simon Dale*, by Anthony Hope, and *American Wives*, by Gertrude Atherton. There has been a supplementary school season, marked by large sales of Meiklejohn's school books, notably the history and geography. These still hold a leading place. Very little attention continues to be

paid to theological literature. The public takes its instruction in this department in another form. *John Halifax*, of which several editions have lately appeared, is as great a favourite as ever.

The enormous output of illustrated six-penny magazines continues, each new comer endeavouring to surpass its rivals. What eventually becomes of the hundreds of tons of this class of literature is a wonder.

The naval and military spirit in the public is still very noticeable. Several publications on the navy have met with a good reception, and there is still considerable enquiry for works dealing with the Frontier War in India.

Appended is a list of the principal works in demand at the time of writing. Although this report is made up only to May 20, the day following Mr. Gladstone's death, there is already what may be called a boom in Gladstone literature.

The King with Two Faces. By M. E. Coleridge. 6s. (Arnold.)

Simon Dale. By Anthony Hope. 6s. (Methuen.)

American Wives, etc. By G. Atherton. 6s. (Service.)

The Londoners. By R. Hichens. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The Dreamers of the Ghetto. By I. Zangwill. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The Millionaires. By F. F. Moore. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Kronstadt. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Cassell.)

The Standard Bearer. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Methuen.)

Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder.)

Penelope's Experiences in Scotland. By K. D. Wiggin. 6s. (Gay.)

The Pride of Jennico. By A. and E. Castle. 6s. (Bentley.)

The Lake of Wine. By B. Capes. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The Lust of Hate. By Guy Boothby. 5s. (Ward, Lock.)

Convict 99. By M. and R. Leighton. 3s. 6d. (Richards.)

R. N. Carey's 3s. 6d. Novels. (Bentley.)

The Induna's Wife. By B. Mitford. 3s. 6d. (White.)

Quo Vadis? By H. Sienkiewicz. 2s. (Dent.)

Poems. By W. E. Henley. 6s. net. (Nutt.)

Paris. By E. Zola. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)

The Prisoner of Zenda. By A. Hope. 3s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)

John Halifax. By Mrs. Craik. 2s. and 3s. 6d. (Hurst and Blackett.)

Meiklejohn's School Series. (Holden.)

Gladstone, Rt. Hon. W. E. *Lives and Works*.

Christian Profiles. By J. Parker. 3s. 6d. (Hurst.)

Sermons on Texts. Vol I. By J. Parker. 3s. 6d. (Marshall & Son.)

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between May 1, 1898, and June 1, 1898.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Vanity Fair. By Thackeray. \$1.50. (Harper Bros.)
2. Pendennis. By Thackeray. \$1.50. (Harper Bros.)
3. Standard Bearer. By Crockett. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Pride of Jennico. By A. and E. Castle. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Marching with Gomez. By G. Flint. \$1.50. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
6. Caleb West. By Hopkinson Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Caleb West. By Hopkinson Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. The Girl at Cobhurst. By Frank Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
3. A Desert Drama. By A. Conan Doyle. \$1.50. (J. Lippincott Co.)
4. The Gadfly. By Voynich. \$1.25. (Holt.)
5. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. The Pride of Jennico. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. \$1.25. (Macmillan.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Caleb West. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Folks from Dixie. By Dunbar. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. War Stories. By Gen. Miles and others. 25 cts. (Doubleday & McClure.)
5. Incidental Bishop. By Grant Allen. \$1.00. (Appleton's.)
6. Peacemakers. By Winter. \$1.25. (Lippincott.)

ATLANTA, GA.

1. M'lle De Berney. By Mackie. \$1.50. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
2. Simon Dale. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
3. Son of the Czar. By Graham. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
4. In His Steps. By Sheldon. 25 cts. (Advance Publishing Co.)
5. Romance of Zion Chapel. By Le Gallienne. \$1.50. (Lane.)
6. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Girl at Cobhurst. By F. Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. \$1.50. (Harper.)
3. The Valley Path. By Dromgoole. \$1.25. (E. & L.)
4. School for Saints. By J. O. Hobbes. \$1.50. (Stokes & Co.)
5. Miss Balmain's Past. By Croker. 50 cts. (Lippincott.)
6. Lost Man's Lane. By A. K. Green. 50 cts. (Putnam's.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Marching with Gomez. By Flint. \$1.50. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
2. Bird Neighbors. By Blanchan. \$2.00. (Doubleday & McClure.)
3. Caleb West. By Hopkinson Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Auld Lang Syne. By Max Muller. \$2.00. (Scribner.)
5. Emerson and Other Essays. By Chapman. \$1.25. (Scribner's.)
6. Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Marching with Gomez. By Grover Flint. \$1.50. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
2. Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. The Londoners. By Robert Hichens. \$1.50. (H. S. Stone & Co.)
4. Girl at Cobhurst. By F. R. Stockton. \$1.50. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)
5. General Manager's Story. By Herbert E. Hamblen. \$1.50. (Macmillan Co.)
6. Gray House of the Quarries. By Mary Harriott Norris. \$1.50. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Caleb West. By F. H. Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. For Love of Country. By Brady. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
3. The Eugene Field I Knew. By Wilson. \$1.25. (Scribner.)
4. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Fighting with Gomez. By Flint. \$1.50. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Spain in the 19th Century. By Mrs. Latimer. \$2.50. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)
2. Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Thomson J. Hudson. \$1.50. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)
6. Hugh Wynne. 2 vols. By S. Weir Mitchell. \$2.00. (The Century Co.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Infantry Drill Regulations of the U. S. Army. Paper, 30 to 50 cts.; leather, 75 cts. to \$1.00. (D. Appleton & Co.)
2. Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. The Girl at Cobhurst. By Frank R. Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
4. The Head of the Family. By Alphonse Daudet. \$1.50. (Putnam's.)

5. Auld Lang Syne. By Max Muller. \$2.00. (Scribner.)
6. Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell. \$2.00. (The Century Co.)

DETROIT, MICH.

1. Hassan: A Fellah. By Henry Gillman. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. The Girl at Cobhurst. By Frank R. Stockton. \$1.50. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)
5. The Gadfly. By E. L. Voynich. \$1.25. (Henry Holt & Co.)
6. How to Play Golf. By H. J. Whigham. \$1.50. (H. S. Stone & Co.)

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Caleb West. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Romance of Zion Chapel. By Le Gallienne. \$1.50. (Jno. Lane.)
3. Girl of Cobhurst. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Simon Dale. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
6. Desert Drama. By Doyle. \$1.50. (Lippincott.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. The Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner's Sons.)
5. Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Caleb West. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. For Love of Country. By Brady. \$1.25. (Scribner's.)
4. War of Worlds. By Wells. \$1.50. (Harper.)
5. Awakening of a Nation. By Lummis. \$2.50. (Harper.)
6. Dreamers of the Ghetto. By Zangwill. \$1.50. (Harper.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Simon Dale. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
4. The Gadfly. By Voynich. \$1.25. (Holt.)
5. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans.)
6. Kentuckians. By Fox. \$1.25. (Harper.)

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Simon Dale. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
2. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
3. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
4. Celebrity. By Churchill. \$1.50. (Macmillan & Co.)
5. The Gadfly. By Voynich. \$1.25. (Holt.)
6. Romance of Zion Chapel. By Le Gallienne. \$1.50. (Jno. Lane.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Simon Dale. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
2. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Caleb West. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
5. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
6. Standard Bearer. By Crockett. \$1.50. (D. Appleton & Co.)

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton.)
2. For Love of Country. By Brady. \$1.25. (Scribner.)
3. Bird Neighbours. By Blauchan. \$2.00. (Doubleday, McClure & Co.)
4. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. \$1.25. (Houghton.)
5. Continental Dragoon. By Stephens. \$1.25. (Page.)
6. Spain in 19th Century. By Latimer. \$2.50. (McClurg.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Caleb West. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Oregon Boyhood. By Banks. \$1.25. (Lee & Shepard.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Gadfly. By Voynich. \$1.25. (Holt.)
5. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans.)
6. Standard Bearer. By Crockett. \$1.50. (Appleton.)

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Marching with Gomez. By Grover Flint. \$1.50. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
2. Caleb West. By F. H. Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Girl at Cobhurst. By F. P. Stockton. \$1.50. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)
4. Penelope's Progress. By K. D. Wiggin. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Hugh Wynne. By S. W. Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
6. Short History of Spain. By Mary E. Pratt. 10 cts. (W. B. Harrison.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Standard Bearer. By S. R. Crockett. \$1.50. (D. Appleton Co.)
2. Paris. By E. Zola. \$2.00. (Macmillan Co.)

3. Simon Dale. By A. Hope. \$1.50. (F. A. Stokes & Co.)
4. Spain in the 19th Century. By E. W. Latimer. \$2.50. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)
5. Interest of America in Sea Power. By Capt. Mahan. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
6. Infantry Drill Regulations of the U. S. Army. 50 cts. (D. Appleton Co.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Caleb West. By Hopkinson Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. The Gadfly. By Voynich. \$1.25. (Holt & Co.)
4. The Standard Bearer. By Crockett. \$1.50. (Appleton & Co.)
5. Auld Lang Syne. By Müller. \$2.00. (Scribner.)
6. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
3. The Girl at Cobhurst. By Frank Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner's Sons.)
4. A Desert Drama. By A. Conan Doyle. \$1.50. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)
5. Shrewsbury. By Stanley Weyman. \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
6. The Standard Bearer. By S. R. Crockett. \$1.50. (D. Appleton & Co.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner's.)
2. Caleb West. By Hopkinson Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Rubáiyát. By Fitzgerald. Paper, 25 cts. (Doxey.)
4. Paris. By Zola. 2 vols. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
5. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Longman's.)
6. Folks from Dixie. By Dunbar. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

TOLEDO, O.

1. Caleb West. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)
6. Choir Invisible. By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan & Co.)

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. The Girl at Cobhurst. By Frank Stockton. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, \$1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co.)

2. The Pride of Jennico. By Agnes and Eger-ton Castle. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, \$1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co.)
3. American Wives and English Husbands. By Gertrude Atherton. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, \$1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co.)
4. The Birthright. By Joseph Hocking. Paper, 50 cts. (The Copp-Clark Co.)
5. †The Final War. By Louis Tracy. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, \$1.25. (Geo. Bell & Sons.)
6. Story of Gladstone's Life. By McCarthy. Cloth, \$2.50. (The Copp-Clark Co.)

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. †Standard Bearer. By Crockett. 75c. and \$1.25. (Wm. Briggs.)
2. *Kentucky Cardinal and Aftermath. By Allen. 75 cts. and \$1.25. (G. N. Morang.)
3. *Celebrity. By Churchill. 50 cts. and \$1.00. (G. N. Morang.)
4. *With Fire and Sword. By Sienkiewicz. 75 cts. and \$1.25. (G. N. Morang.)
5. †The Final War. 75 cts. and \$1.25. (G. Bell & Son.)
6. †Corleone. By Crawford. 75 cts. and \$1.25. (McMillan.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. In Old Narragansett. By Alice Morse Earle. 75 cts. (Scribner.)
2. The Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Pride of Jennico. By A. and E. Castle. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Head of the Family. By Daudet. \$1.50. (Putnam's.)
5. Ars et Vita. By Sullivan. \$1.25. (Scribner.)
6. Hassan: A Fellah. By Gillman. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in order of demand during the month are—

1. Caleb West. By Smith.
2. The Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton.
3. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin.
4. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell.
5. The Standard Bearer. By Crockett.
6. The Pride of Jennico. By Castle.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY,
Philadelphia.
The Attractive Christ and Other Sermons,
by Robert Stuart MacArthur.

D. APPLETON & Co., New York.
The Story of Photography, by Alfred T. Story.
A Trooper of the Empress, by Clinton Ross.
Outlines of the Earth's History, by Nathaniel S. Shaler.
Torn Sails, by Allen Raine.
Mater-Familias, by Ada Cambridge.
Political Crime, by L. Proal.

*Canadian edition.

†Colonial edition.

RICHARD G. BADGER & Co., Boston.

Poems by Philip Becker Goetz.

A. S. BARNES & Co., New York.

A Cape Cod Week, by Annie Eliot Trumbull.

A Christmas Accident and Other Stories, by Annie Eliot Trumbull.

Rod's Salvation, by Annie Eliot Trumbull.

W. W. BATEMAN, Toledo, Ohio.

"Montezuma" and Other Poems, by C. T. Bateman.

BRENTANO'S, New York.

The Red Lily, by Anatole France, translated from the French.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Toronto.

The Making of the Canadian West, by R. G. MacBeth, M. A.

THE CENTURY COMPANY, New York.

The Century Atlas of the World.

The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine, Vol. LV.

T. Y. CROWELL & Co., Boston.

Congressional Committees, by Lauros G. McConachie, Ph.D.

The Poems of Shakespeare, edited by George Wyndham.

The Evolution of a College Student, by William DeWitt Hyde.

The Glory of the Imperfect, by George H. Palmer.

DONOHUE, HENNEBERRY & Co., Chicago.

It Was Marlowe, A Story of the Secret of Three Centuries, by Wilbur Gleason Ziegler.

DOUBLEDAY & McCURE Co., New York.

Tales from McClure's, War, Being True Stories of Camp and Battlefield, by Nelson A. Miles and others.

WILLIAM DOXEY, San Francisco.

Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyam, translated into English Verse, by Edward Fitzgerald.

DREXEL BIDDLE, Philadelphia.

Shantytown Sketches, by Anthony J. Drexel Biddle.

The Revenge of Lucas Helm, by Auguste Blondel.

Word for Word and Letter for Letter, by A. J. Drexel Biddle.

A Duel with Destiny, and Other Stories, by Edith Townsend Everett.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York.

Navy Blue, by Willis Boyd Allen.

FUNK & WAGNALLS Co., New York.

The Spaniard in History, by James C. Fernald.

EATON & MAINS, New York.

Christian Science and Its Problems, by J. H. Bates, Ph.M.

Easy Lessons in Vocal Culture and Vocal Expression, by S. S. Hamill.

H. D. EVERETT, Boston.

Morrow-Songs, 1880-1898, by Harry Lyman Koopman.

GINN & Co., Boston.

Cæsar's Gallic War, Allen and Grenough's edition.

HARPER & BROS., New York.

The History of Pendennis, by W. M. Thackeray, with illustrations by the author.

Milton's Paradise Lost, by John Milton, with an introduction and notes on its structure and meaning, by John A. Himes.

Thirty Strange Stories, by H. G. Wells.

FRANCIS P. HARPER, New York.

Facts About Bookworms, by Rev. J. F. X. O'Connor, S. J.

Journal of Jacob Fowler, Arkansas, Colorado, etc., 1821-2, edited by Elliott Coues.

D. C. HEATH & Co., Boston.

The Essentials of Argumentation, by Elias J. MacEwan, M. A.

B. HERDER, St. Louis.

From the Land of St. Laurence, by Maurice Francis Egan.

HENRY HOLT & Co., New York.

Her Ladyship's Elephant, by David Dwight Wells.

The Federalist, by Alexander Hamilton, James Madison and John Jay, edited by Paul Leicester Ford.

WILBUR B. KETCHAM, New York.

The Panacea for Poverty, by Madison C. Peters.

Berth-Deck Ballads, "Old Glory" and Other Poems, by William S. Bate.

LAMSON, WOLFFE & Co., New York.

The Gray House of the Quarries, by Mary Harriott Norris.

JOHN LANE, New York.

The Child Who Will Never Grow Old, by K. Douglas King.

LITTLE, BROWN & Co., New York.

The Duenna of a Genius, by M. E. Francis. With Fire and Sword, by Henryk Sienkiewicz.

LOTHROP PUBLISHING Co., Boston.

The Deserter and Other Stories, by Harold Frederic.

Cian of the Chariots, by William H. Babcock.

Labor of Love, by Julia Magruder.

A Little New England Maid, by Kate Tannatt Woods.

An Island Heroine, by Mary B. Sleight.

The Prince of Peace, by Pansy.

The True Story of Benjamin Franklin, by Elbridge S. Brooks.

Child Stories and Rhymes, by Emilie Poulsson.

As in a Mirror, by Pansy.

THE MACMILLAN CO., New York.

The General Manager's Story, by Herbert E. Hamblen.

The Forest Lovers, by Maurice Hewlett.

The Young Queen of Hearts, a story of the Princess Elizabeth and Henry, Prince of Wales, by Mrs. Marshall.

The Concert Director, by Nellie K. Blissett.

Greek Tragedy in the Light of Vase Paintings, by John H. Huddilston.

At You All's House, by James Baskett.

M. F. MANSFIELD, New York.

The Red, White and Blue.

Voces Academicæ, by C. Grant Robertson, M. A.

PERRY MASON & CO., Boston.

Arthur Henry Hallam, by William Ewart Gladstone.

MEYERS BROS & CO., New York.

Love in Friendship, Preface in Fragments from Stendhal, translated by Henri Pène Du Bois.

JOHN P. MORTON & CO., Louisville, Ky.

Idyllic Monologues, Poems, by Madison Cawein.

F. TENNYSON NEELY, New York.

A Wounded Name, by Captain Charles King, U. S. A.

The Soul of a Woman, by Dolores Marbourg.

An Unusual Husband, by Chando Fulton.

A Runaway Couple, by Oliver Lowrey.

Under Pike's Peak, by Charles L. McKesson.

The Stone Giant, by C. C. Dail.

Anita, The Cuban Spy, by Gilson Willets.

His Pretty Cousin, by Katharine Schuyler Baxter.

L. C. PAGE & CO., Boston.

Paul Kruger and His Times, by F. Reginald Statham.

In Kings' Houses, by Julia C. H. Dorr.

Bobbie McDuff, by Clinton Ross.

THE PETER PAUL BOOK CO., Buffalo.

Before the Dawn, by Joseph Leiser.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York.

The Cross in Tradition, History and Art, by the Rev. William Wood Seymour.

Bird Studies, by William E. D. Scott.

Coffee and Indiarubber Culture in Mexico, by Matias Romero.

The Encyclopædia of Sport, parts xiv. and xv.

RAND, McNALLY & Co., Chicago.

The Waters of Caney Fork, by Opie Read.
A Woman Worth Winning, by George Manville Fenn.

THE RUDDER PUBLISHING CO., New York.

Songs of Sea and Sail, by Thomas Fleming Day.

R. H. RUSSELL, New York.

Cuba at a Glance, by Emma Kaufman and Anne O'Hagan.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York.

Adventures in Criticism, by Quiller-Couch.

The Blue Pavilions, by Quiller-Couch.

I Saw Three Ships, by Quiller-Couch.

The Splendid Spur, by Quiller-Couch.

Thoughts and Crosses, by Quiller-Couch.

The Delectable Duchy, by Quiller-Couch.

Dead Man's Rock, by Quiller-Couch.

Wandering Heath, by Quiller-Couch.

Troy Town, by Quiller-Couch.

Stories by Foreign Authors—German, I.

Seven Months a Prisoner, by J. V. Hadley.

Pastime Stories, by Thomas Nelson Page.

Stories by Foreign Authors, French, III.

The Christian Pastor, by Washington Glad-den, D. D.

The Temple Edition of the Waverley Novels, Ivanhoe. 2 vols.

Thomas Carlyle, in 8 vols., Vol. VI.

Princeton Old and New, Recollections of Undergraduate Life, by James W. Alexander, A. M.

How to Name the Birds, by H. E. Parkhurst.

SMALL, MAYNARD & CO., Boston.

In This Our World, by Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

Selections from The Prose and Poetry of Walt Whitman, edited with an Introduction by Oscar Lovell Triggs, Ph.D.

F. A. STOKES CO., New York.

The Great Polar Current, by Henry Mellen Prentiss.

Javan Ben Seir, by Walker Kennedy.

Northward Over the "Great Ice," by Robert E. Peary, 2 vols.

H. S. STONE & CO., Chicago.

A Revolutionary Love Story, by Ellen Olney Kirk.

Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant, by Bernard Shaw, 2 vols.

A Champion in the Seventies, by Edith A. Barnett.

WAY & WILLIAMS, Chicago.

Pearce Amerson's Will, by Richard Malcolm Johnston.

JAMES H. WEST, Boston.

Love Does It All, by Ida Lemon Hildyard.
What Are You Doing Here? by Abram Conklin.

THE BOOKMAN

An Illustrated Literary Journal.

VOL. VII.

AUGUST, 1898.

No. 6.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The Editors of THE BOOKMAN cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts, whether stamps are enclosed or not; and to this rule no exception will be made.

Of the greater and more stirring episodes of the war this is no place to write. The bookiest bookman, no less than the most vociferous Jingo, must be thrilled by them and must, for the moment, wish that his pen-work could be done in a sphere that might enable him to give full vent to his patriotic exultation. All that we can do, however, is to note and comment upon those minor incidents which have some remote relation to literature or at least to journalism. We are amused, for instance, to observe how the newspaper correspondents colour their reports to suit the popular fancy. Thus, we imagine that Captain Robley D. Evans of the battleship *Iowa*, must at some time or other, from month to month, and on some subject or other, be able to open his mouth and make at least a casual observation without introducing into it the word "hell;" but the newspaper men will never allow him any other form of locution. This is because they have been industriously parading him before the country for many months as "Fighting Bob," and so they are bound to see that he never says anything, in print at least, that is not as sulphurous as the smoke of his thirteen-inch guns.

Very characteristic, also, is the official despatch of Major-General Shafter to the Secretary of War on July 4th, announcing with much gravity that when the army before Santiago heard the news of the smashing of Admiral Cervera's fleet, the regimental bands at once started in to play *A Hot Time in the Old Town To-*



RUDYARD KIPLING AS HE APPEARS
TO MAX BEERBOHM.

Drawn for a schoolboys' magazine in
England.

night. Fancy a major-general in the British service, imbued with all the pipe-clay traditions, telegraphing to the War Office a formal announcement of that sort! But this is just where General Shafter is so characteristically American; for an American in the matter of war gets out of the thing not only all the fighting there is in it, but also all the fun; and the fighting and the fun are both first-class.

We are sorry to hear that, owing to the depressed condition of the bookselling trade caused by the War, the Doubleday and McClure Company has decided to postpone the publication of Dr. Conan Doyle's *Songs of Action* until the autumn. The book has just been issued in England by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Company and Mr. Doyle has proved, what indeed he showed long ago, that he can write good, stirring verse. There is perhaps nothing better in the book than "The Song of the Bow" which appeared many years ago in *The White Company*. Mr. Doyle has all the qualities essential to the popular singer of the hour, and not even Rudyard Kipling can better catch the rhythm of rough riding or marching tunes. What comforting music for the sincere sportsman is in this:

Christopher Davis was up upon Mavis,
And Sammy MacGregor on Flo,
Jo Chancey rode Spider, the rankest outsider,
But *he'd* make a wooden horse go.

Such rhyming is not to be sneered at. It is made after an instinctive pattern; it is a natural aptitude with children—"Hey diddle-diddle" is immortal. There are spirited echoes of Macaulay's Lays; there are soldiers' ballads that stir the blood; there are ditties for those who find the country a fine place to be restless in, and there are one or two songs of genuine and restrained pathos. If Mr. Kipling be first favourite with the soldiers there is no question but that Mr. Doyle should be their laureate's lieutenant, and that huntsmen and golfers should have his songs in their hearts and upon their lips. Mr. Doyle's versatility is further shown in "The Groom's Story" which appeared recently in the *Cornhill Magazine*. It is exceedingly humorous, and in this vein the author need fear no comparisons. A "big, bay 'orse" which has never shown any pace in all his life is harnessed to a motor car and the car suddenly starts off and makes the animal forge ahead at a terrific speed—here are three of the verses:

Master 'eld the steerin' gear, an' kept the road
all right,
And away they whizzed and clattered—my
aunt! it was a sight.
'E seemed the finest draught 'orse as ever lived
by far,
For all the country Juggins thought 'twas 'im
wot pulled the car.

'E was stretchin' like a grey'ound, 'e was goin'
all 'e knew;
But it bumped an' shoved be'ind 'im, for all
that 'e could do;
It butted 'im an' boosted 'im an' spanked 'im
on a'ead,
Till 'e broke the ten-mile record, same as I
already said.

Ten mile in twenty minutes! 'E done it, sir.
That's true.
The only time we ever found what that 'ere
'orse could do.
Some say it wasn't 'ardly fair, and the papers
made a fuss,
But 'e broke the ten-mile record, and that's
good enough for us.



The news comes to us direct from Tokyo, Japan, that an interesting book on the modern history of Formosa is being put through the press there by Messrs. Kelly and Walsh. The author is Mr. James W. Davidson, United States Consular agent on the island, who has been in the Far East for three years as a newspaper correspondent. During the rebellion in Formosa he was with the Chinese army for three months, and afterward with the Japanese army of occupation for six months. He has enjoyed the privilege of being the only newspaper correspondent on the whole island. He has devoted a great deal of attention to his book which will be an extra octavo of some four hundred pages with numerous illustrations, engravings and maps. Mr. Davidson, we may add, was a member of the Pennsylvania Arctic Exploring Expedition in 1893-94.



The Century Company will publish in the autumn a remarkably candid record of adventure on sea and land in the antipodes, entitled *The World's Rough Hand*, by Mr. H. Phelps Whitmarsh. Mr. Whitmarsh was a foremast sailor at one time, a "sundowner" in Australia, a beach comber and a pearl diver. He has been a careful observer, and has already shown unusual skill in weaving his experiences into narrative in several clever and boldly original sea stories which have appeared from his pen in the *Century Magazine*. A new edition of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's novel, *Far in the Forest*, will be issued shortly by the same firm. Barring this writer's *Hugh Wynne*, which has recently given him a wider reputation than he hitherto enjoyed through his

books, this story of life among the rugged backwoodsmen of the Pennsylvania forests in the early part of the century has been the most successful of his novels. Dr. Mitchell has written an additional chapter for the new edition which we understand, makes the conclusion less abrupt.

Someone who carefully read the poem by Mr. H. M. Hopkins published in the June BOOKMAN and entitled, "On the March," has sent us the following companion piece which we reproduce here. Mr. Hopkins need not be offended by the parody, for poems are never parodied unless they have made a pretty strong impression on the mind of the parodist.

AT THE DRILL.

(Dedicated to the Editors of THE BOOKMAN.)

Near the mountain in the camp,
On earth's carpet green and damp,
Where the ladies, silent, dumb,
Hover gazing, chewing gum,
Stand the soldiers stiff and still
Ready for the daily drill,
Through the air with whirring hum,
Comes the rolling of the drum:
Rada-bum, rada-bum, rada-bum bum bum,
Rada-bum, rada-bum, rada-bum bum bum,
Rada-bum bum bum,
Rada-bum bum bum,
Rada-bum, rada-bum, rada-bum bum bum!

Not to be behind the time
I have writ this martial rhyme,
Now's the time to get in print;
Ye young writers make a sprint.
Take a banner and a cheer
And a battle and a tear,
Find some words to rhyme with drum,
End them up with bum bum bum.
Rada-bum, rada-bum, rada-bum bum bum,
Rada-bum, rada-bum, rada-bum bum bum,
Rada-bum bum bum,
Rada-bum bum bum,
With the accent on the *Bum!*

Some months ago in noting the death of Professor George M. Lane, of Harvard University, we announced that the manuscript of the very important Latin Grammar upon which Professor Lane had been engaged for nearly thirty years, was sufficiently complete to justify its publication with some additions and supplementary notes which have been made by Professor Lane's former associate, Dr. Morris H. Morgan. The Messrs. Harper and Brothers announce the almost immediate publication of this work, which

from Professor Lane's very high reputation will, we are sure, be an extremely important contribution to the study of the Latin language.

The wrangling in the Senate about Hawaii has at last ceased, with the annexation of the islands by the United States. Few persons have been more enthusiastically in favour of this consummation than Miss Mary H. Krout, whose long-cherished hope of securing an appointment as special war correspondent from that island was finally realised when the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* yielded its prejudices against employing a woman in that capacity and decided to avail itself of her services. Miss Krout's departure for Honolulu was delayed for some time on account of an unfortunate accident which resulted in a seriously injured ankle. But her determination to accept the offered position was unshaken, and she set out upon her hazardous journey on crutches and in open defiance of her physician and friends. It was not however, until after the outbreak of the revolution that she reached her destination. In the beginning Miss Krout's sympathies were altogether with the natives and their queen, but a fuller knowledge of existing conditions resulted in a complete change of view, and she soon became a warm friend of the Provisional Government, and, later, an ardent advocate of annexation. Her book, *Hawaii and a Revolution*, to be published in this country in the early autumn by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, and in England at the same time by Mr. John Murray, is the outgrowth of several months' residence in the Sandwich Islands. While a considerable portion of the volume is devoted to a study of the politics of the country, about which Miss Krout had unusual opportunities of obtaining information, it contains for the most part her personal experiences, descriptions of the beautiful islands and their products, and brief sketches of the native and foreign residents and their mode of living. Notwithstanding that several books about Hawaii have been issued during the past few years when it has been so much in the minds of the people, the somewhat peculiar conditions under which *Hawaii*

and a Revolution was written lend to it an especial interest, and the book does not seem in any essential particular to have been forestalled.

We wondered some time ago at the strange projection of the *Month* which entered the magazine field under the auspices of the *Critic* for a number of moons, and then as strangely disappeared, leaving not a wrack behind. But in the announcement made by the *Critic* in June that it would cease to be a weekly and become a monthly on and after August 1st, the meaning of this project became apparent. The *Month* had evidently been sent out to spy the Promised Land of monthly literary journalism and the report would seem to have been a good one now that the *Critic* has determined to enter also and take possession. It is a daring thing to do, to desert the old form of a periodical in which it has won distinction and become a literary institution, and to launch out on a new venture. We admire the courage of the editors, Mr. Joseph B. Gilder and his sister Jeannette, and we welcome them to our side in a race which must yield benefit to all in quickening the pace, heightening the zest and generally advancing the standard of literary journalism. It is a sign of the times, which we have noted on more than one occasion, that the weekly seems doomed and that it must eventually give place to the newspaper and the magazine. After all then, it would seem a wise move and one that has been deliberated with sound judgment that the editors of the *Critic* in recognition of this tendency should change their publication to a monthly in form and issue. All the same the regret that follows the passing of old things marks the disappearance of the *Critic*, as we have known it.

Mr. Charles W. Chesnutt, whose touching story, "The Wife of His Youth," published in the July *Atlantic* has, perhaps, caused more favourable comment than any other story of the month, is more than a promising new writer in a new field. Mr. Chesnutt has a firmer grasp than any preceding author has shown in handling the delicate relations between the white man and the ne-

gro from the point of view of the mingling of the races. Perhaps the most tragic situation in fiction that has ever been conceived in this country is that in which a mulatto finds himself with all the qualities of the white race in a position where he must suffer from the disadvantages of the coloured race. Mr. Chesnutt has for several years treated this subject in a capable and artistic manner, and has proved himself not only the most cultivated but also the most philosophical story writer that his race has as yet produced; for, strange to relate, he is himself a coloured man of very light complexion. Born in North Carolina, he made a career for himself in his native state as a teacher and a man of enterprise, and he won the high respect of the community by his integrity of character. He is also a scholar of no mean attainments. Seeking a wider field of usefulness he eventually went to Cleveland, Ohio, where for a number of years he has had his home and is known as a very successful lawyer.

Mr. Chesnutt has published more of his short stories through the *Atlantic Monthly* than in any other magazine, and this fact in itself speaks for the high literary quality of his work. We understand that he is now giving more of his time to literary work and that one of these days we may look for a novel from him in which his philosophical grasp, his imaginative power and literary skill may combine to give us an expression of the life of his people not yet realised by any writer either white or coloured in the States. Mr. Chesnutt is still a man in middle life, of a quiet, tranquil temperament, ambitious, industrious and successful. There is no reason why great things should not be expected of him.

Nowhere was the charm of Stevenson's personality so evident as in his correspondence, and for this reason we are indebted to the *Atlantic Monthly*, in its July number, for publishing three new letters by him, one of which is exceedingly characteristic. The recipient was the late Mr. Alexander Ireland, whose *Book-Lover's Enchiridion* will long keep his name in remembrance among the reading fraternity. Stevenson's first letter to

him was dated from Davos, Switzerland, presumably in 1881. "I was pleased to hear you were a Scot," he writes; "I feel more at home with my compatriots always; perhaps the more we are away, the more we feel that bond"—another refutation of the charge sometimes brought against Stevenson that he was not a lover of his country. He goes on:

You ask about Davos. I have discoursed about it already, rather sillily, I think, in the *Pall Mall*, and I mean to say no more; but the ways of the Muse are dubious and obscure, and who knows? I may be wild again. As a place of residence, beyond a splendid climate, it has to my eyes but one advantage—the neighbourhood of J. A. Symonds. I dare say you know his work, but the man is far more interesting. Davos has done me, in my two winters of Alpine exile, much good; so much that I hope to leave it now forever, but would not be understood to boast. In my present unpardonably crazy state, any cold night sends me skipping, either back to Davos or further off. It is dear, a little dreary, very far from many things that both my taste and my needs prompt me to seek, and altogether not the place I should choose of my free will.

And in the same letter we find this interesting obiter dicta:

The best of the present French novelists seems to me, incomparably, Daudet. *Les Rois en Exil* comes very near being a masterpiece. For Zola I have no toleration, though the curious, eminently bourgeois, and eminently French creature has power of a kind. But I would he were deleted! I would not give a chapter of old Dumas (meaning himself, not his collaborators) for the whole boiling of the Zolas. Romance with the smallpox (or the great one) diseased and blackhearted, and fundamentally at enmity with joy.

How characteristic this last utterance from one who breathed romance and who was himself one of the Sons of Joy!

In the same number of the *Atlantic* there is a valuable and informing article on "The Russian Jew in America," by Mr. Abraham Cahan, who contributed "A Ghetto Wedding" to the same magazine last February, if we mistake not. Mr. Cahan has been attempting to do for the Jew in America, especially in New York, what Mr. Zangwill has achieved for the children of the Ghetto in London. His novel, *Yekl*, published over a year ago by the Messrs. Appleton, attracted a good deal of attention, and he has recently put forth, through Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, a collection of

shorter stories, called *The Imported Bridegroom and Other Tales*, which is reviewed on another page.

The death of Sir Walter G. Simpson, who was an intimate friend of Stevenson, and his comrade of the *Cigarette* in *An Inland Voyage* has brought us a remarkably interesting article (see page 472) disclosing the warm relationship which existed between the two men, and incidentally throwing a curious light on Stevenson himself and the scepticism with which his friends viewed his literary career. We understand that Mr. Charles Baxter, to whom he dedicated *Kidnapped* and its sequel *David Balfour*, is in possession of the novels referred to in this article as written by Simpson, Stevenson and Mr. W. E. Henley, but it is not probable that they will ever be published.

For a long time the reading world was perplexed by the versatility of Stevenson; it did not know whether to take him most seriously as story writer, essayist or poet; indeed, it may be yet questioned whether his popularity has not been impaired for many a day by this playing jack of all trades with literary forms. We fear that Mr. Quiller-Couch is in danger of making the same mistake. His parodies may be dismissed as an escapade of his salad days; they are not known to the reader at large, and it is only as a passing phase of clever jugglery with poetic forms that we present some of his Juvenilia in this field to admirers of the art of parody. But as a writer of delightful stories he has won a well-deserved prestige, and it is this prestige which we are afraid is, to some extent, being neutralised by his ambition to be a critic and essayist as well. We are inclined to share the opinion of a London critic who said recently that he believed Mr. Quiller-Couch can reach the highest excellence in his fiction, and that if he does not take as high a place to-day as some of the young men with whom he started on equal terms ten years ago, it is solely because he has cherished an ambition to be a critic, while they have contented themselves with being only novelists. Nothing is more tantalising to the watcher of new stars that rise above the

horizon than to behold their light clouded by their own vapours. It is with eager expectation therefore that we look forward to the publication of the novel upon which Mr. Quiller-Couch has been at work so long. He is still engaged in the completion of this novel, and has not definitely settled on the title for it yet. It has been decided to publish it in *Scribner's Magazine* next year.

A curious blunder which the *Nation* fell into a short time ago in reviewing a story by Mr. Quiller-Couch's sister was not calculated to enhance his reputation. The book in question, *A Spanish Maid*, by Miss L. Quiller-Couch, we were gravely told by the *Nation* is not quite so great a gain to literature as Mr. Quiller-Couch's short stories!

A somewhat remarkable article on "Literary Life in London," by Mr. W. H. Rideing, appears in the June number of the *North American Review*. Mr. Rideing is known to journalism and letters through his connection with the *Youth's Companion* of Boston, and through the *North American* itself. It is not very easy to write on the vast subject which he has chosen in this article without making mistakes. Mr. Rideing says, for example:

One might point to a forlorn figure coming down a dingy stairway from an editorial office in Paternoster Row, and say that that was literary life in London—a woman in seedy black, poverty and unspeakable dejection expressed in dress and face, with red, tearful eyes and a roll of manuscript in her split and ripped gloves. Paternoster is a poor name for the rag-fair of Literature, and the slop shop of penny books, where the "sweater" plies his trade, but within its dismal precincts there is a whole class of women like this one, and similar men, and the chronic disappointment of the accepted calls as loudly for prayers as the anguish of the rejected.

We know a good deal about Paternoster Row, but we do not know anything about the "whole class of literary women like this one" who dwell within the "dismal precincts" of Paternoster Row. We doubt whether there is one such. Neither do we understand that Paternoster Row is the headquarters of penny books. As for the "chronic disappointment of the accepted," surely all periodicals have their regular rates, and they are in most cases moderately

good rates, enough at least to give women as much as they can earn at any other occupation.

Mr. Rideing speaks of "adventure books which in the holiday season sell by the tens of thousands," and tells us that the author gets some £20 (\$100) for writing them. Here again we seem to be in the region of romance. We have it on the best English authority that adventure books do not sell by tens of thousands, and that this would be an exaggeration if it were applied to the most popular works of adventure. Certainly when the circulation comes anything within sight of these figures, the authors are very well paid indeed. Mr. Rideing continues:

In fact, the author of successful fiction is rapidly approaching the point where he will take all the profit, and the outlook for the publisher is obscured by a hopeless gloom, which is not any more bearable to him from the consciousness that the author sees in it the shadow of retribution. A story illustrative of the relative position of the two is familiar in some of the clubs, and may be repeated here, though to have full effect it needs the oral mimicry of the sonorous speech and lofty manner of the very successful novelist who tells it of himself. His publisher approaches and says, "Highflyer, I want your next book." "Very good, Buckram, you shall have it." "On what terms, Highflyer?" "Two shillings per copy on a six-shilling book." Buckram collapses, being driven to drink in despair, and a week elapses before he reappears with a humbled manner to say, "Highflyer, I accept your terms."

We doubt whether the outlook of the publisher of successful fiction, like Mr. Heinemann, for example, is obscured by hopeless gloom. In any case we should like to know who the novelist is who has compelled his publisher to give him two shillings a copy. We have known a few cases where new publishers, in their desire to gain a position, have offered this sum, and even more, to get a good name on their list. We doubt, however if the sum has been paid by any house of high standing. Authors are sensible enough to recognise that extensive advertising is a matter of the first importance, and that this advertising cannot be given to books if the royalty is immoderate.

Again Mr. Rideing says:

Let us figure on one novel of which I have some information. The author received \$18,000 for its use serially in the United States,

and about the same sum for its use in an English magazine during the same period—that is, \$36,000 in all. When it had run its course through twelve numbers of the magazines, it became his property again to publish in a book. The book was published at six shillings a copy there, and here at a dollar and a half a copy. Although fully one hundred and fifty thousand copies of it (probably more) have been sold, and assuming the royalty to be only twenty per cent., we have \$45,000 to add to the previously mentioned \$36,000. This gives us a total of \$81,000—far more than George Eliot received for her masterpiece, or Disraeli in the heyday of his glory as the prodigy of politics and literature for his, or Thackeray, the supreme genius of English fiction, for his. Yet the earning power of the book is by no means exhausted. Cheaper editions are to appear, adding to the revenue, and royalties for serial use in far-off colonies, the Cape, Australia, New Zealand, and Canada, and the rights of translation are still to be reckoned, and then the story is to be turned into a play, which is not likely to bring the author less than \$50,000, and may bring him twice or thrice \$50,000 more.

The reference is evidently to Mr. Hall Caine's book *The Christian*, but the figures are extremely inaccurate. The sum paid for the publication of *The Christian* in the *Windsor Magazine* was £1,500 (\$7,500), and in *Munsey's* about half that sum. Consequently Mr. Rideing has doubled the figures received for serial publication. This is not a very important matter, but if the subject is to be written upon at all the thing had better be done accurately. We should doubt whether Mr. Hall Caine's dramatic rights had brought him in even \$50,000 a story, not to speak of twice or thrice that amount. Figures like these are entirely wild. It does not follow at all that because a man writes a popular novel he can make it a popular drama. Of these instances enough might be given. The fact is that the dramatist's skill and the novelist's skill are different matters, and the dramatist needs not only a given subject but the power to treat it well.



Mr. Rideing winds up with an attack on the literary agent. He says:

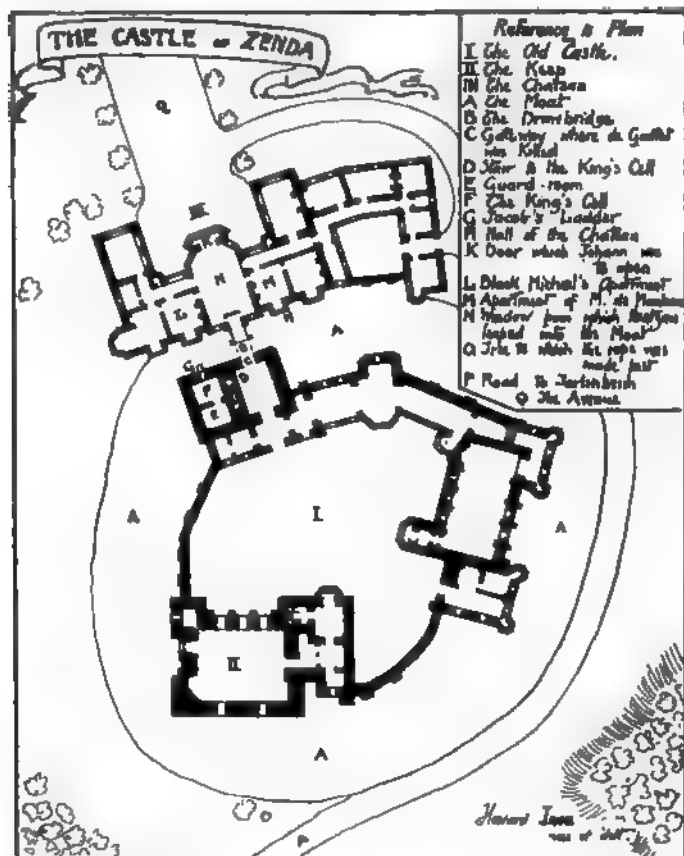
The literary agent must not be overlooked in accounting for the "boom." Usually a shrewd man of business, he makes bargains for the author, and pushes all the work entrusted to him after the noisy and mendacious manner of the advance agent of a circus. He flourishes the trumpet and beats the big drum for each of his clients in turn, and if it is Highflyer who has a novel for sale, the possible

purchaser is advised that, of all novelists, Highflyer is the one who has the largest sales and commands the highest prices, while if Highflyer is out of the market and Windebagge or somebody else is in it, it is he who is proclaimed paragon. . . . The more manuscripts he sells and the higher the price he obtains the larger are his own commissions. The young author in his hands who has made a success at the start, is not allowed to choose his own time for further work and to prepare for it, but is urged and tempted to add book to book until he becomes a diffuse and tedious hack, undesired by anybody, undesired even by the literary agent himself. An instance occurs to me. The young author was "boomed" so persistently that in order to fulfil his orders he had to rise at four in the morning, and then sitting down with a type-writer before him and a phonograph at his elbow, he would carry along two stories at once. His first book was an instant success when it appeared a few years ago, but his last manuscript, delivered "as per invoice" in the words of the agent, has been rejected by thirteen different periodicals, and is still in the market. "As per invoice" expresses the agent's view of literature precisely.

We should like to know who this young author is. Till we are told we shall permit ourselves to look on the story as pure fiction. It might be possible to guess who is in Mr. Rideing's mind, and if the guess is correct he is a very long way from the truth. It must be admitted that the literary agent has in some cases done too much to stimulate the activity of his clients, but there are instances known to us where he has done what he could to restrain it. Literary agents, in fact, are quite intelligent enough to know that there is no way in which an author can so speedily and surely destroy himself as by publishing too many books. Even there, however, a question of difficulty arises, for in these days it is hard for any novelist to keep up his vogue beyond a certain number of years, and it is astonishing how soon the sale stops even of a very successful book. On the whole, Mr. Rideing's contribution to this subject is not illuminating.



Mr. Paul Leicester Ford, who is now in Europe, left behind him the manuscript of a volume of short stories, written in a light and humorous vein, and containing also two plays planned for amateur performance, entitled "The Best Laid Plans" and "Man Proposes." The book will be called *Tattle Tales of Cupid* and will be published in the autumn.



GROUND PLAN OF THE CASTLE OF ZENDA.

We print the following interesting animadversions regarding Dante's knowledge of Homer which was affirmed by our reviewer of Mr. Garnett's *Italian Literature* in June.

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

Sirs—Permit me to correct an unwarrantable assertion in your review of Garnett's *Italian Literature*. Says the reviewer: "The author, however, makes in reference to Dante, an assertion quite unsupported. He states (page 46) that the great poet was unacquainted with Homer." And in refutation of Dr. Garnett's very orthodox statement there is adduced the following passage:

Mira colui con quella spada in mano
Che vien dinanzi a tre sì come a sire;
Quegli è Omero poeta sovrano.

It is of course, impossible to be certain about negative statements where the evidence is circumstantial only. But almost every bit of evidence that we possess points to the conclusion that Dante knew Homer only by hearsay, and by such notices of him as are embodied in Latin authors. The quotation given above seems to indicate that Dante thought

that Homer was himself a warrior "con quella spada in mano;" whereas to-day innumerable school-boys could aver that we know only that Homer sang about warriors. The passage in question, therefore, goes to prove rather than to disprove Dr. Garnett's statement.

It is well known that in the Middle Ages certain rather inconsiderable differences in theological doctrine served to separate the cognate and Christian civilisations of Greece and Rome more completely than radical differences of race, language and religion separated the Italians, for instance, from the Spanish Moors. All through the Middle Ages Greek appears to have been spoken, to some extent, in Southern Italy, particularly in Calabria. But this was very corrupt Greek and by no means the possession of scholars. Leontius Pilatus, the Calabrian who pretended to teach Greek to Petrarch and Boccaccio, was so enlightened as to derive Achilles from *α*, privative and *χιλδς*, "fodder." So little did Petrarch profit by the instruction of this sciolist,

that the great inaugurator of the Revival of Learning was constrained, to the end of his days to caress without being able to read the copy of Homer presented to him at Avignon by the Greek refugee Nikolaos Sigeros. There was in Italy no knowledge of classical Greek worth mentioning before the arrival at Florence of the great Byzantine scholar Manuel Chrysoloras (1396).

Pilatus ground out a translation of Homer into Latin under the direction of his illustrious pupils. This was, however, many years after the death of Dante, and we have no knowledge of any earlier translation. A few lines by Pilatus will give some idea of its merit:

Iram cane Dea Pelidae Achillis
Corruptibilem, quae innumerales Graecia dolores
posuit,

is the opening of the *Iliad*, and the *Odyssey* begins in this way:

Virum mihi pande, Musa, multimodum qui valde
multum
Erravit postquam sacram civitatem Troiam depredatus fuit.

It was from such a source that Petrarch derived his best knowledge of Homer, and even this source of knowledge did not exist for Dante.

Very sincerely,
HENRY B. HINCKLEY.



THE CASTLE OF ZENDA.

Messrs. Henry Holt and Company have conceived the happy idea of issuing *The Prisoner of Zenda* and its sequel *Rupert of Hentzau* in a uniform edition, two volumes in a box. Booklovers will still cling to the dainty buckram covered edition of the former, of course, but even at the expense of purchasing two copies many will find the temptation irresistible. An interesting feature of the illustrations is a representation of the Castle of Zenda and a ground plan of the castle. These two drawings, which are herewith reproduced, originally appeared in the *Architectural Review* a few months ago in an article dealing with "Architecture in Poetry and Fiction." Mr. Howard Ince, the writer of the article is also the designer of the accompanying plans with which he enhanced the value of his observations. Referring to the plans based on Anthony Hope's descriptions Mr. Ince says, "It is an elaborate and complicated piece of design. Even Mr. Hope gets a little confused." He continues:

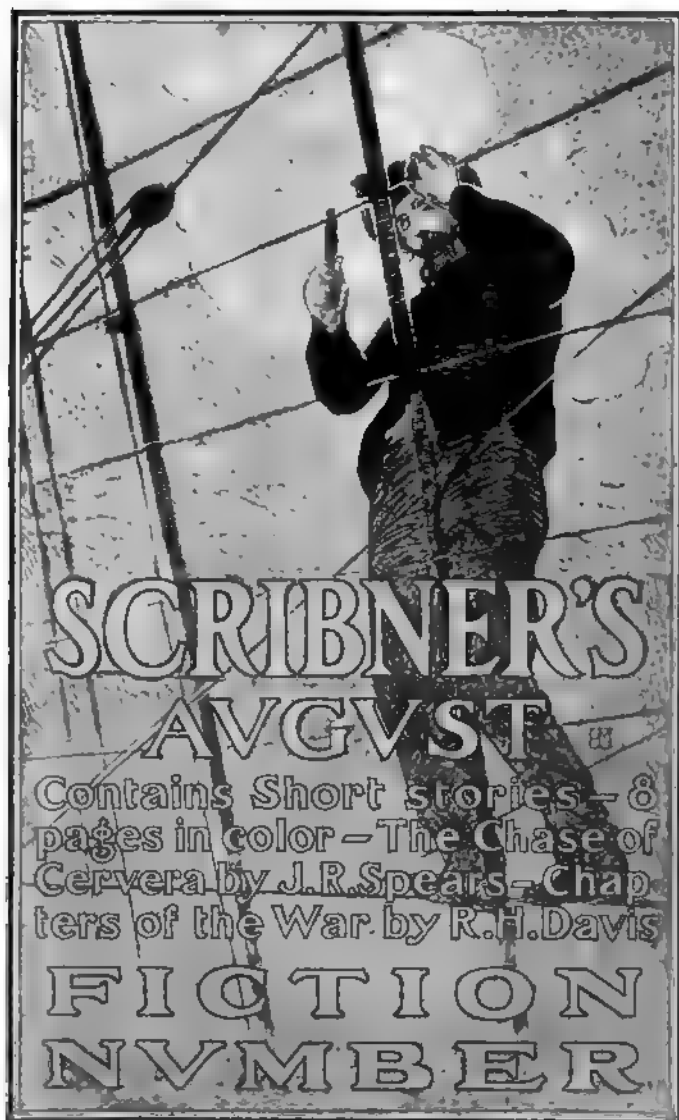
He tells us that, as "the play actor" stood in the shadow of the gateway watching the fight between the Duke and Rupert of Hentzau in Madame de Mauban's apartments, he heard a stir down to the "right," in the direction of the King's cell and Jacob's Ladder. Now a reference to the plan will show that as these were nearly opposite the Duke's apartments on the other side of the draw-bridge, and Ras-

sendyll would naturally stand with his back to the gateway of the old castle to look across to the château, the King's cell was on his left hand. This position, too, would leave his sword-arm free for the swift and deadly stroke which slew de Gautet. One would have thought, too, that Hentzau would have noticed this corpse lying in the gateway when he climbed up after his plunge into the moat and defied the Duke's retainers from the reinstated drawbridge, but there was little light so early in the morning and Rupert was "drunk with blood." The author may well be proud of this splendidly constructed piece of architecture. He must have studied it long and carefully.

A review of these two books, now inseparably linked, including a survey of Anthony Hope's literary performances is given on another page.

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Probably the most ambitious scheme in colour-printing which has yet been undertaken by any magazine is the reproduction of eight full-page designs by Henry McCarter which will accompany a poem by Mr. E. S. Martin called "The Sea is His," in the August *Scribner's*. The manner in which the shading of colour has been executed is mechanically ingenious and very effective from an artistic point of view. It is considered a novelty in colour-printing even for experts. Mr. McCarter has also designed the poster for this number of *Scribner's*



Magazine, a fac-simile of which is given herewith. It need hardly be said that the black and white reproduction does not do justice to the colour effect of the original.

Among books that have already been published in England during the spring and held back for publication in this country until the autumn, owing to the all-absorbing and omnipresent war interest is Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace's important book, *The Wonderful Century*. The work grew out of a lecture which

was suggested to him at Davos in 1896 on "Personal Recollections of the Scientific Discoveries of the Century." His first choice of a title was *A Century of Progress*, which he discovered had already been pre-empted. "I have sketched," said the author to an interviewer not long ago, "the material and scientific progress of the century, and also the progress in ideas and principles. The distinctive feature of the book is that while I make more of the successes of the century than I believe any other writer has done, yet I show that the failures have been quite as great as the successes. I have a great many heresies," Dr. Wallace continued, smiling. "For example, I have been a strong anti-vaccinator for the last twenty-five years." One of the chapters in *The Wonderful Century* is headed "Vaccination a Delusion, and its Penal Enforcement a Crime; Proved by the Official Evidence in the Reports of the Royal Commission." Another chapter is devoted to a defence of phrenology, in which Dr. Wallace has all his life been an ardent believer.

There appears to be no end to the humours of examination. Here is the latest story that has come to us and that to us at least is new. It appears that at an elementary examination in English which was lately held in a school near this city, two sentences were given out to be corrected by the younger scholars. The first sentence was to be corrected as

to its subject matter and the second sentence as to its syntax. These were the sentences:

The hen has three legs.
Who done it?

When the papers were handed in, it was found that one of the examinees had apparently regarded the sentences as subtly connected in thought, for his answer was as follows:

The hen didn't done it; God done it.

Rolf Boldrewood, the Australian novelist, has collected a number of his short stories, which have been published in various periodicals during the last few years, and will issue them in volume form during the forthcoming autumn season. We hear that the Messrs. Macmillan will, as usual, be the publishers both here, in the Colonies, and in England.

Mr. William Le Queux's *Scribes and Pharisees* has, we hear, had an unusually large sale in England. Mr. Le Queux, who now resides most of his time in Italy, is at present in London and has brought with him the corrected proofs of a new novel to which he has given the title of *The Day of Temptation*. *Scribes and Pharisees* will be published here in the autumn by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company.

Mr. John Lane has published a volume of stories by Mr. Henry Harland under the title, *Comedies and Errors*, which is reviewed on another page. Mr. Harland has lived in England so long and has so entirely separated himself from the land of his birth that we are in danger of forgetting that he, like Mr. Harold Frederic, is an American. He was born in New York thirty-eight years ago and was educated here and at Harvard. His first novel was a story of Jewish life called *As it Was Written*, and was published in 1885 under the pseudonym of "Sidney Lusk." This novel and several others which followed were distinguished by their treatment of Jewish life, indeed, it is averred that Jewish life has never been more sympathetically treated than in this early work of his. In 1889 Henry Harland went to Europe, and since then he has

oscillated between Paris and London, his real residence being in the latter city. It was his work in *The Yellow Book* and his editorship of that remarkable monthly miscellany which brought him again into



HENRY HARLAND.

public notice a few years ago, and made his stories better regarded. The accompanying portrait is taken from a new photograph.

Among the numerous elegies that have appeared on the late Mr. Gladstone none seems to us so felicitous and so noteworthy as the tribute in blank verse by Stephen Phillips in the *London Daily Chronicle*. We quote three of the stanzas:

The saint and poet dwell apart; but thou
Wast holy in the furious press of men,
And choral in the central rush of life.
Yet didst thou love old branches and a book,
And Roman verses on an English lawn

Thy voice had all the roaring of the wave,
And hoarse magnificence of rushing stones;
It had the murmur of Ionian bees.
And the persuading sweetness of a shower.
Clarion of God! thy ringing peal is o'er!

Thou gav'st to party strife the epic note,
And to debate the thunder of the Lord;
To meanest issues fire of the Most High.
Hence eyes that ne'er beheld thee now are
dim,
And alien men on alien shores lament



Mary A. Ward

Many are the authors who received a helping hand from the late Mr. Gladstone. *The Academy* recently devoted a half dozen pages to Mr. Gladstone's literary opinions, quoting many of the letters, postal cards and reviews which fell profusely from his generous pen. Perhaps, after *John Inglesant*, which was one of the books that Mr. Gladstone "sat up all night to read," *Robert Elsmere* was the book to be most helped through his influence. Up to the time of the appearance of his famous article on "Robert Elsmere and the Battle of Belief" in the *Nineteenth Century*, the novel in question had not provoked any extraordinary serious criticism or attention, but immedi-

ately upon its publication the book and its authorsprang into fame, and the article was itself published separately as a brochure. The qualities which made the writing of *Robert Elsmere* possible were Mrs. Humphry Ward's by inheritance. She is an Arnold, which counts for much. Her birthplace was at Hobart, Tasmania, where her father, Mr. Thomas Arnold, the son of the famous Master of Rugby and brother of Matthew Arnold, held an educational appointment. Only the first five years of Mrs. Ward's life were passed in Tasmania, so that her recollections of colonial life are dim. She received her education at boarding schools in the Lake District and at Clifton; and upon leaving school she began her literary career as a girl in the academic atmosphere of Oxford under her father's guidance and inspired by the society of such men as Mark Pattison and T. H. Green, Professor of Moral Phi-

losophy. While very young she became the bride of Mr. Humphry Ward, Fellow and Tutor of Brasenose College, and for the first eight years of her married life she remained in the classic shades of Oxford pursuing her literary studies in the Bodleian Library. She wrote critical essays for the reviews and also essayed fiction in the shape of an unpretentious story for children entitled *Milly and Olly*. Removing from Oxford to London with her husband, she assisted him there in the preparation of *The English Poets*, and wrote *Miss Bretherton*, a light and pleasant novel, and translated Amiel's *Journal Intime*.—one of the things for which we thank her chiefly. The thoughtful preface



STOCKS, MRS. WARD'S RESIDENCE.

to this book conveyed to the reading public the first indication of the trend of Mrs. Ward's mind. During those years of study and mental stress at Oxford there lay in her desk an essay unpublished for want of sympathisers, which contained the germ of *Robert Elsmere*,—the book through which she was to make her mark in fiction as the delineator of a soul struggling with religious doubt. *Robert Elsmere* was published in 1888 and four years later appeared *David Grieve*. Since then she has published *Marcella* and its sequel *Sir George Tressady* and a shorter novel *The Story of Bessie Costrell*. The new novel upon which she has been engaged for some time, *Helbeck of Banisdale*, has just been published by the Macmillan Company, and is reviewed on another page.

✻

Mr. and Mrs. Humphry Ward keep very hospitable house near the village of Aldbury, an hour's railway ride from London. This delightful and sequestered spot has been her country home for the last five years and has furnished her with scenery and not a few incidents for the novels written during that period. Mrs. Ward's social tastes are not for the

fashionable world; culture is the predominant note in her home. Reserved and somewhat constrained in manner when in public, she displays a quiet wit to her intimates, and is a pleasant and bright conversationalist. There is nothing of the blue stocking or of the recluse about Mrs. Ward; she is a woman upon whom learning sits naturally and gracefully. In appearance she is tall and distinguished looking, with dark, wavy hair simply arranged, brown eyes and full red lips. She has a very sweet smile, and a clear and melodious voice. Despite the fact that she has been identified with the Woman's Movement, and with University Hall, which grew out of *Robert Elsmere*, there is something offensive to her æsthetic soul in the drudgery of platform work, and the agent who could persuade her to undertake a transatlantic tour is certainly not born.

✻

The *Book of Leviticus* just published in the Polychrome Bible by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company brings to the attention of a wider public the name of an eminent scholar, deeply revered and honoured within the gates of his own profession. Canon Driver is but fifty-two



ALDBURY VILLAGE.

years old, yet he is undoubtedly the leading Biblical critic of the English-speaking world. Formerly Fellow of New College, he is now Regius Professor of Hebrew and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. As one of the greatest living Hebrew scholars, thorough, cautious and conservative, he has exerted a widespread and beneficial influence in clearing up the many misconceptions and erroneous interpretations pertaining to the literary criticism of the Bible. His best known and most popular work is his *Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament* which has passed through several editions, and has enjoyed a remarkably large sale, considering the limitations of its scholarly character. He is also the author of a critical commentary on *Deuteronomy* in the series of *International Critical Commentaries on the Old and New Testaments*. His careful treatise on the *Use of the Tenses in Hebrew* is now a universally standard work on the subject. In 1890 he published a valuable book entitled *Notes on the Hebrew Text of the Books of Samuel*, with an introduction on the Hebrew paleography and the ancient versions. His co-operation has been engaged for the great new Hebrew-

English Lexicon, edited by Professor Francis Brown of Union Seminary, New York. In conjunction with Canon Cheyne, whose lectures were so well received in this country a few months ago, Canon Driver prepared the Variorum Reference edition of the Authorised Version, with various readings and renderings from the best authorities. In the Polychrome edition of *Leviticus* he has contributed for the first time a really new version of a Biblical book, with so rich an accompaniment of literary, historical and archæological notes as to make the library of the Biblical student and reader poverty stricken without it. In all future studies of this book Canon Driver's work will be found indispensable. He has so got at the heart and meaning of *Leviticus* as to give it a new aspect and deeper spiritual significance. Canon Driver's rendering is startling and illuminating in the highest degree.

■

Miss Gertrude Smith is to follow up the success of her *Arabella and Araminta Stories* with another series of infantile yarns about a very small boy and his very young papa. *The Boo Boo Stories*, as the book is to be called, will be published in



"THE COUNTRY HERE IS SWARMIN' WITH THE MOST ALARMIN' KIND O' VARMIN."

From *The Biglow Papers*, illustrated by George Cruikshank.

the autumn by S. E. Cassino of *Little Folks* fame, in which periodical the stories have already made a successful début. *The Arabella and Araminta Stories* has gone into the hands of thousands of readers since its publication a year and a half ago, and a large new edition has just been published to meet the increasing demand of this favourite with "the littlest ones." Miss Smith, who is also the author of *Ten Little Comedies*, published by Messrs. Little, Brown and Company last Christmas, has nearly finished the manuscript of a more ambitious story of adventure for boys which she calls *The Boys of Marmiton Prairie*. It is a tale of Kansas life.

■

The fanciful stories which Mr. Bernard Capes has brought to a close in *Blackwood's*, under the title *The Adventures of the Comte de la Muctte*, will be published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company in the autumn.

■

In the fifties we find an enterprising English publisher of no mean literary tastes, to wit, Mr. John Camden Hotten, Piccadilly, London, issuing a series of humorous classics in what he styled "The Choicest Humorous Poetry of the Age." Mr. Hotten was quick to note that Low-

ell, already known as a poet and essayist, at that time had not yet been introduced to the British public as a writer of humorous poetry, and in 1859 he brought out an edition of *The Biglow Papers*, "now, for the first time published in England." In his preface, dated October 25, 1859, Mr. Hotten tells us that "the work had previously been very highly spoken of here (England) by some eminent personages, when John Bright drew public attention to it by quoting from its pages in the House of Commons. An immediate demand arising from this notice has induced the editor to publish an English edition." To us now the most interesting feature of this edition is the work of George Cruikshank which adorns it. Cruikshank's contribution consists of a frontispiece and two other illustrations in colour. An "insert" is prefixed to the last illustration in the book with the following naïve announcement:

The frontispiece was designed and etched expressly for this work by George Cruikshank, Esq. The other illustrations were drawn by that inimitable artist some years ago, but will be found admirably adapted to illustrate our subject. So full are they of humour and spirit, that it is believed no apology will be necessary for their insertion here.

In none of the catalogues we have seen are these two "extra" illustrations men-



"BIRDOFREEDOM SAWIN WITH ONLY ONE LEG TO STAND UPON."

Frontispiece from *The Biglow Papers*, illustrated by George Cruikshank.

tioned. The copy from which we have reproduced them is in the possession of Mr. A. D. Hurd, Boston. The original illustrations in colour naturally lose much in being reproduced in half-tone, but enough of their "humour and spirit" remains to make them interesting.



A belated correspondent who says he is a son-in-law of Dr. Poole calls our attention to a slip made by the writer of the article on "Libraries and Librarians," which appeared in our January number. It is there stated that *Poole's Index* originated with Mr. John Edmonds, librarian

of the Mercantile Library of Philadelphia; and that while a student at Yale Mr. Edmonds prepared a system of reference to subjects in magazines and reviews which was to be the germ of the work usually called *Poole's Index*. If the name of William Frederick Poole is substituted for that of John Edmonds, our correspondent writes, the statement will then be the exact truth. We are further referred to the following passage in the preface to the third edition of *Poole's Index*, published in 1882, which we gladly reprint:

Thirty-five years ago, when a student at Yale College and connected with the library of one of the literary societies, I [Dr Poole] indexed such reviews and magazines as were accessible, and arranged the references under topics for the purpose of helping the students in the preparation of their written exercises and society discussions. I had noticed that the sets of standard periodicals with which the library was well supplied were not used, although they were rich in the treatment of subjects about which inquiries were made in vain every day.

My work, though crude on its bibliographical side, answered its purpose, and brought to me the whole body of students for a kind of help they could not get from the library catalogues, nor from any other source. My manuscript was in great demand, and as it was rapidly wearing out, and printing seemed to be the only expedient for saving the work, it was put to press, and appeared with the title, *Index to Subjects treated in the Reviews and other Periodicals*, New York, 1848, 8vo. 154 pp. The edition of five hundred copies was chiefly taken by other colleges and soon disappeared. The little book is now a curiosity in more senses than one. For nearly twenty years I had not seen a copy, when, in 1877, I saw one in the reading room of the British Museum. Its leaves were discoloured and nearly worn through by constant handling.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett whose charming novel *The Forest Lovers* was reviewed in our last number, was born in 1861, and owes much of his training as a scholar and his literary skill as a man of letters to his father. School life was, it seems, never much to his taste. He cared nothing for the ordinary routine lessons, but spent most of his time reading and scribbling. He was quite indifferent to his chances of an Oxford scholarship and ended his college days without one. In describing this period of his life he has said: "I wasted my time, I dreamed, I tried to do things too big for me, and threw them up at the first failure; I diligently pursued every false god; I don't think I was very happy, and I am sure I was very disagreeable; I doubt now if I was ever a boy, except for a short period when by rights I should have been a man." Mr. Hewlett's friends, however, may not take quite his own view. Ultimately he got his share of discipline, for while still under twenty he was sent to London and set down to a steady grind at blackletter law—a study which has been hereditary in his family ever since his great-grandfather left his Somersetshire home and settled in London. In 1888 Mr. Hewlett married and in 1890 he was called to the bar. Some time afterward he fell ill, and a tour abroad which followed awoke in him the desire seriously to enter the field of literature. He lectured at South Kensington, University College and other places upon Mediæval Thought and Art, wrote reviews for the *Academy* along the same



"BUT GLORY IS A KIN' O' THING I SHAN'T PURSUE NO FURDER."

From *The Biglow Papers*, illustrated by George Cruikshank.

lines, and indeed contributed to most of the weekly and monthly reviews from this time on.

■

Mr. Hewlett's first book was published in 1895 by the Messrs. Dent. It was called *Earthwork Out of Tuscany* and comprised a collection of Italian studies and inventions. It is now out of print but there is to be a new edition this year with illustrations by Mr. Kerr-Lawson. In passing we may say that it has received the distinction in America of

being published in dainty form by Mr. Thomas B. Mosher of Portland, Maine. An edition was also imported by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. In the same year the Messrs. Dent issued a poem by Mr. Hewlett called *The Masque of Dead Florentines*, with illustra-

and masque. Mr. Hewlett occupies the position of head of the Land Revenue Record Office, to which he was appointed by the British Treasury two years ago. His career has not been an adventurous one; as he himself would put it, "most of a writer's adventures take place in his head." But, quiet or stirring, the life of the author of such a book as *The Forest Lovers* cannot be an uninteresting one.



MAURICE HEWLETT.

tions by Mr. J. D. Batten. His next book published in 1896 by Messrs. Archibald Constable and Company, was also a volume of poetry entitled *Songs and Meditations*. And now comes *The Forest Lovers* which promises to bring its author a well deserved success. The story goes to the tune of the ringing catch that we find in its pages:

Love is Lord of the land,
Master of maid and man;
Goeth in green with a ruddy face
Heartening whom he can

The Forest Lovers is of the same family as Mr. William Morris's prose romances, but while it has not perhaps so much body as these, it has a great deal more life. This book will be followed shortly by one which was intended to precede it bearing the title *Pan and the Young Shepherd*, a blend of pastoral, fairy tale

and masque. It has been said that the problems that made Swift savage made Thackeray sad. But the deeper causes of Thackeray's sadness need to be known to enable us to appreciate fully the passages of deepest pathos in his writings. As the memoir of Thackeray's life unfolds itself in his daughter's hands through her Introductions to the Biographical Edition of his works we begin to get something like a true measure of the man's greatness. The loss of his second child in infancy was always an abiding sorrow, and is described in "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," included in the third volume just issued, in a passage of surpassing tenderness, too sacred to be severed from its context. But the great tragedy of Thackeray's life was the illness of his wife, which set in after only four years of wedded happiness. "I can't live without the tenderness of some woman," wrote Thackeray to Mrs. Brookfield. And yet this was the man who before he was thirty, had to face a lifelong separation from the wife he loved, and a long separation from his children; the man also who two years after his marriage could write to his young wife:

Here have we been two years married and not a single unhappy day. Oh, I do bless God for all this happiness which He has given me. It is so great that I almost tremble for the future, except that I humbly hope (for what man is certain about his own weakness and wickedness?) our love is strong enough to withstand any pressure from without, and as it is a gift greater than any fortune, is likewise one superior to poverty or sickness, or any other worldly evil with which Providence may visit us. Let us pray, as I trust there is no harm, that none of these may come upon us; as the best and wisest Man in the world prayed that he might not be led into temptation. . . . I think happiness is as good as prayers, and I feel in my heart a kind of overflowing thanksgiving which is quite too great to describe in writing. I don't

know that I shall have done much by coming away, except being so awfully glad to come back again. . . . God bless you, dearest wife

✻

To us who see the years that followed there is a terrible pathos in the wistful earnestness and passionate tenderness of these words, which are taken from a letter just published by Mrs. Ritchie. After the birth of their third child Mrs. Thackeray's health failed. Some mental disease attacked her which totally unfitted her for her duties as wife and mother. She had finally to be put under proper care and protection; and the happy home was broken up. "Though my marriage was a wreck as you know," wrote Thackeray years afterward to one contemplating an alliance, "I would do it over again, for behold Love is the crown and completion of all earthly good." Again he writes, "I sat with the children, and talked with them about their mother last night." "I was as happy as the day was long with her," he said to a cousin once. Most pathetic is the story which tells how an old groom in Trollope's stables remarked to Thackeray: "I hear you have written a book about Ireland, and have made great fun of the Irish—you don't like us?" "God help me!" said Thackeray, turning his head away as his eyes filled with tears, "all that I have loved best in the world is Irish." For Isabella Shawe came from "the parish of Donerail in the county of Cork."

✻

Mr. George Moore has already mapped out a sequel to *Evelyn Innes* which will deal with the heroine's convent life. Mr. Moore has collected his material with the scrupulous industry that he brings to bear on all his fiction. It is interesting to note that Mr. Moore first writes out his novels in the form of a short story, around which he afterwards builds. An extensive review of his new book appears on another page.

✻

The many readers who have not access to the works of Hermann Sudermann, through ignorance of the German tongue, have had to wait too long for a translation of his great novel *Der*

Katzensteg which has just been translated by Miss Beatrice Marshall and published by Mr. John Lane. The heroine gives the title to the English version which is called *Regina*. Readers unacquainted with the original owe Miss Marshall a debt of gratitude for introducing them to a book of exceptional force through a very creditable translation. We note a



GEORGE MOORE.

From a painting by Manet. Reproduced by the kind permission of Messrs. Walter Scott, Ltd.

few inaccuracies, but they are not important, and of some of the most striking passages she has given a fine rendering. Sudermann is at the head of the forward movement in German literature. Probably more than any one else is he responsible for stemming the tide of sickly sentiment that swamped the German fiction and drama of twenty years ago. He has written not for *Backfische* but for men and women. Yet in his daring he has followed no leader in particular and has always been a romancist as much as a

realist. This, the best known of all his work, is a grimly tragic story, lit up by a great truth which a much-vexed, hard-driven man wrings out of his own mistakes and out of the life of an outcast woman who dies to save him.

✱

Far away in the little village of Re-



HERMANN SUDERMANN.

canati, nestling among olives and vines and wheat, and overlooking the little seaport town of the same name there was born one hundred years ago one of Italy's eminent poets; and on June 29th, last, there was celebrated at the place of his nativity the centenary of Giacomo Leopardi. Although preparations for the event had been going on during the past two years, the commemoration touched these shores with but a ripple of comment here and there in the papers. On another page we give an account of a visit to "Leopardi's Home," previous to the celebration, by Sir George Douglas, who made a pilgrimage through the Ital-

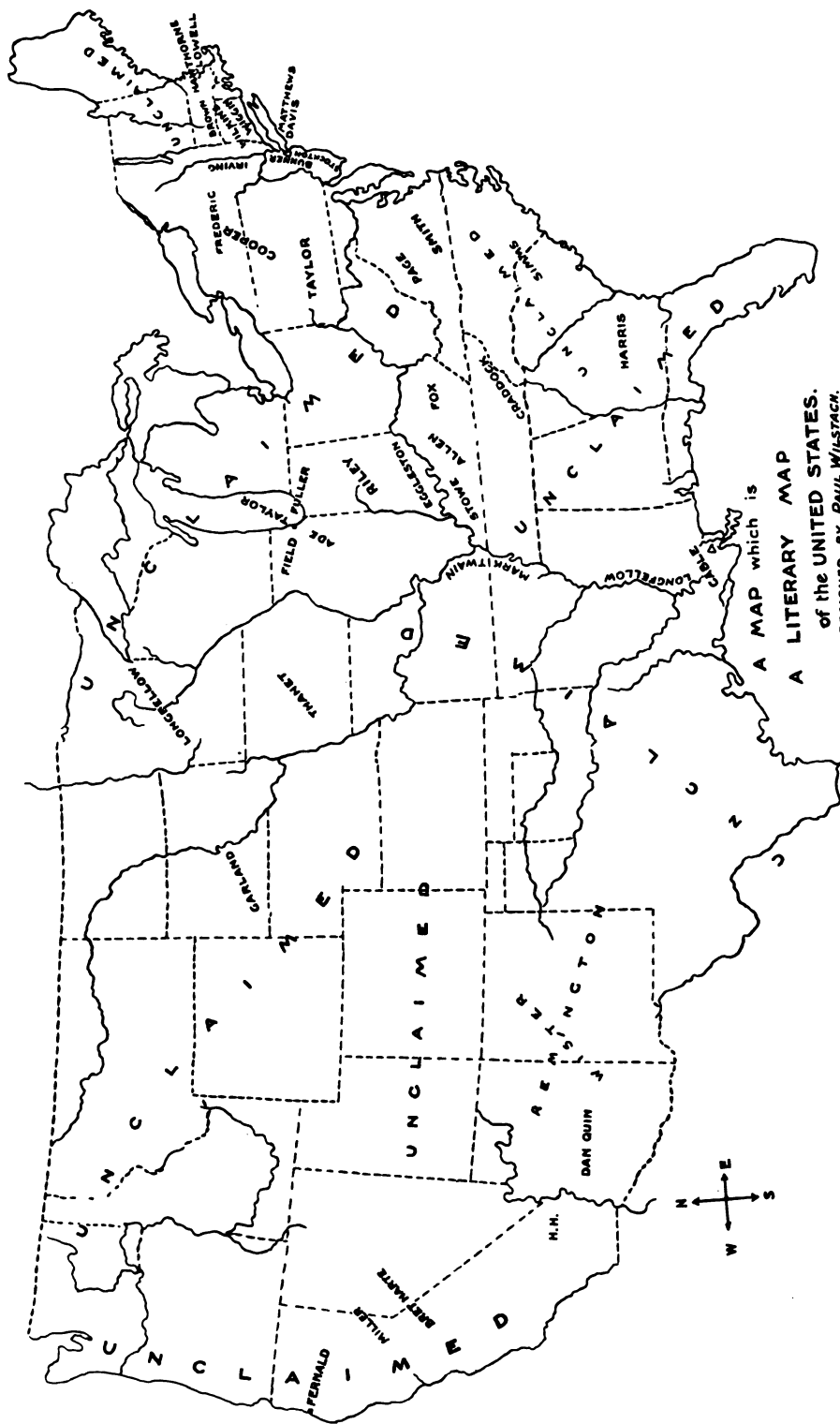
ian country immortalised by the name and fame of the poet of pessimism.

✱

Arrangements have been made with Mr. Clement Shorter to publish an edition of Mrs. Gaskell's *Charlotte Brontë* to serve as a companion volume to his *Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle*, which has had a large sale on both sides of the water. The new edition of Mrs. Gaskell's famous book will contain an introduction, a large number of notes and numerous illustrations, hitherto unpublished. For the introduction of notes Mr. Shorter will be able to draw upon a mass of new correspondence and documents which have come into his hands since the publication of his *Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle*.

✱

The accompanying geographical map of American Literature needs no key for its comprehension by the intelligent reader and student of our literature. It shows the geographical relations of accepted and familiar American authors to each other, delimiting the haunts of their "local colour," and marking off the territorial rights to which they may be said to lay claim as pioneers and conquerors. It will also serve as a valuable guide to ambitious writers looking for fresh fields and pastures new. Not the least interesting feature is the vast extent of lands that are indicated as still "unclaimed." The names of several American authors will occur to the observer as being omitted on this map, but a moment's reflection will show that they have failed to identify themselves distinctively with any one State or tract of country. And again, Mr. James and Mr. Crawford could only be exhibited adequately on an international map, while Mr. Howells on the other hand would have to be scattered over various sections of a literary map of America. The ingenious literary geographer who designed this map is Mr. Paul Wiltach, who was for some time the literary editor of the *Washington Times* and is now Mr. Richard Mansfield's press representative.



LEOPARDI'S HOME.

A continuous ascent of several miles leads from the little seaport of Recanati to the town of the same name. The wide expanse of undulating country seen from the road is bare and open, and except for the stunted growth of the olive, absolutely treeless. Being plentifully blessed with vines and wheat, it certainly cannot be described as a poor country; but while lacking the smiling beauty of other parts of Italy, it is also singularly deficient in that air of rural homeliness and comfort which is found in best perfection—and perhaps alone—in England, and for which, under Heaven, England is indebted to her landed gentry. Witness the case of France and Germany, where there exists no such gentry to speak of, nor any such beauty, either. And here, too, in this Italian scene, the rural buildings are harsh in outline, new-looking, or at least without history, and there is no trace of the care of an affluent race which for generations past has found its best pleasures and its warmest affections in the country. No, the gentlefolk of this neighbourhood have obviously turned their backs on country life, and crowded their dwellings together in the town. Thus the effect of the landscape, and its suggestions, strike one as peculiarly harsh and utilitarian. A new element is introduced when, a mile or two from the sea, a view is obtained of a glaring and imposing cathedral in the Roman style of architecture—the church of Our Lady of Loreto, built to commemorate the miraculous transportation of the house of Nazareth to that spot, and to this day the bourne of countless pilgrims. My pilgrimage being of another kind, I chose to pass on; but to a traveller mindful of the law of reaction whose thoughts were running on the Poet of Pessimism, this feature, too, was not without significance. Such, then, is the landscape which suggested to that poet the paradoxical notion of a treatise *Dell' Odio della Patria*.

Dismissing my vehicle, after what had seemed a tedious drive, I approached the town on foot. Recanati, which occupies a strong position, lying along the "hog's back" of a hill, may perhaps be best de-

scribed as a Village of Palaces—vast, gloomy, dilapidated, almost windowless structures, with the like of which I had become already too familiar in Spain. But I hasten to add that the *Palazzo* Leopardi, which lies at the further side of the town, is not one of these. Vast it certainly is, but neither gloomy nor dilapidated, and it has the usual complement of windows. Passing through a noble entrance-hall, with lofty domed roof, I ascended by a handsome double staircase of white marble to what was the object of my pilgrimage—the library. And here an altogether unlooked-for piece of good fortune awaited me, for the servant sent to act as my guide—a man over eighty years of age—proved to be one who had spent his life in the service of the family, and who had lived for many years under the same roof with the poet, though, as he frankly acknowledged, he had never spoken to him. In three minutes this dear old man was my friend—not, reader, because I fee'd him, though there was a pleasure in the anticipation of so doing from which I would not have parted lightly; but because he, too, had his feelings in connection with the place, and he saw that I was no mere idle sightseer. And, indeed, the atmosphere of that room was heavy with poignant associations, and I gazed on bust and portrait of the poet with affection, as on the likeness of some "soul's best brother," unseen in the flesh, but made immortal by his genius.

A noble room, too, was this library, divided in the orthodox manner into successive compartments, which left a passage free, and lined with books, bound mostly in white vellum. In the first and largest compartment, my guide pointed to a writing-table as that of the elder Leopardi, where, it seems, he would spend his days, consuming a vast quantity of tobacco, and drinking as many as five or six cups of coffee in a day. The poet sat at a smaller table in the next compartment, where his inkstand, in the form of a pretty little classic urn, is still to be seen. And thus these two studious lives were passed. "Why were they not more happy?" one could not help asking

one's self. Then one reflected on the father's strange notion of his duty to his sons, on his crippling debts, and on the poet's miserable health. But at any rate this little glimpse of father and son working together in their library is in pleasant contrast to the stern and just indictment of the father contained in the celebrated letter written on the eve of the son's meditated flight from home. Then I turned to examine the poet's childish manuscripts, which are carefully preserved under glass. These date from his twelfth year, and consist of neat little books, written in a child's clear hand, ornamented with tasteful designs and tail pieces, and dealing with learned subjects of the most varied kinds; which include a History of Astronomy from the Earliest Times up to the Present, a Treatise on Natural History, Philosophical Dissertations, "Catone in Africa," a poem, and many others, and which recalled the singular and touching docquet appended by Count Leopardi to his son's text of the *Life of Plotinus*: "Oggi 31 Agosto 1814. questo suo lavoro mi donò Giacomo, mio primogenito figlio, che non ha avuto maestro di lingua greca, ed è in età di anni 16, mesi due, giorni due." From the library I passed on to a sunny little flower-garden, commanding a wide prospect over dark country to the dark Apennines beyond, and thence my guide pointed out to me the Casino, or country-house, of the Leopardis, lying some sixteen miles off in the distance. Then, when he had gathered me some pansies and ivy-leaves, and I had made him understand my gratification in having conversed with him, I bade him adieu and started upon Leopardi's favourite walk—a walk of about three-quarters of a mile in length on the outskirts of the town, whence he could catch a glimpse of the Adriatic. Before leaving the town, I also examined his monument; for, as Schopenhauer has now a monument in Frankfurt, so Leopardi has one in Recanati, where during life he complained of being held in such slight esteem:

Virtu viva sprezzanti, lodiamo estinta

The statue represents the poet standing, attired in a flowing cloak: and the head and shoulders are identical with those of the bust on the Pincian Hill—a head which with its studious air and rarely

sympathetic expression appeals—to the male eye, at least—a thousand times more effectively than any of the Tassos, handsome men, or sculptors' ideals by which it is surrounded. It brings back to one's mind Ranieri's description of the poet's smile, "ineffabile, e quasi celestiale," and even without the assurance of the old serving-man one would have divined it to be life-like.

Ancona has been making preparations to celebrate the centenary of Leopardi's



GIACOMO LEOPARDI.
From the death mask.

birth* for two years past, and the reflection that Leopardi belonged to the same decade with Shelley, whom he survived by but fifteen years, brings before one with surprise the "modernness" of the Italian's philosophy as contrasted with the discredited revolutionaryism of Shelley, his vegetarian whims, and his tirades against priests and kings. But, of course, Shelley's strength lay not in his philosophy. And among our own poets it is perhaps rather in Gray that Leopardi meets his counterpart. In both, an equal richness and perfection of style is united with equal elevation of feeling and an inspiration which neither fails nor flags. But in the possession of a strongly-marked personality and of a philosophy which compels attention, the younger poet has immeasurably the advantage.

George Douglas.

* Leopardi was born in Ancona, on June 29, 1798.

THE "CIGARETTE" AND "ARETHUSA" OF STEVENSON'S "AN INLAND VOYAGE"

The recent death of Sir Walter G. Simpson, Bart., the "Cigarette" of *An Inland Voyage*, recalls his close companionship with Robert Louis Stevenson. For a decade they journeyed frequently together, and in Edinburgh saw much of one another. Many who knew the "Arethusa's" companion were amused at the many drily salient remarks, the one ebullition of temper, and the one burst of possessed romancing over a Norway knife which were chronicled of the friend whom Stevenson calls "the imperturbable Cigarette," and whose love of canoeing fired Stevenson to take the trip, the log of which he turned into a classic. Sir Walter, though the antipodes of Stevenson in manner, complexion and build, shared his dislike to tourist-haunted routes. He had a yacht on the river



Example

"R. L. S. IN THE BART'S HAT," 1876.



SIR WALTER G. SIMPSON, BART.

Clyde for some seasons and cruised among the Western Isles. Stevenson, who knew the Ultima Thule of his native land from the *Pharos's* travel, sometimes joined Sir Walter, and "merry of soul" they sailed "by islands and seas and mountains of rain and sun." But there had been for some seasons more rain than sun and both friends liked plenty of the latter. The "Cigarette" inherited a taste for seafaring from his grandfather Walter Grindlay, a Baltic trading skipper. He and his brothers often launched their slim-built canoes on the gurdy Firth of Forth, and paddled up to Stevenson's pet haunt, the Hawes Inn, by the Firth's broad watery high road. When an unconventional autumnal holiday was spoken of, Sir Walter, remembering his good ship *Cigarette* and being weary of misty summers and grim seas, suggested combining canoeing and sunshine.

The history of this familiar friend of

Stevenson's is easily summed up. Walter Grindlay Simpson was born some four years before his father, then a professor in Edinburgh, discovered in 1847 what a good man called "God's best blessing to His suffering children—chloroform." Simpson was seven years Stevenson's senior, and, like him, was a docile, lovable little chap, chiefly remarkable for his attractive looks and the colour and quantity of his golden hair. He was a second son and a devoted admirer of his elder brother David, a youth formed in a sterner, stronger mould. To Stevenson, who was always seeking after new experiences, it was a revelation to hear his friend the "Cigarette" speak of his juvenile days when, as one of five sons, he had had many adventures, enjoyments and disciplining knocks. Stevenson, sole ruler of his "bright fireside nursery clime," was amused to hear how "Cigarette" when a yellow-haired laddie was in receipt of an annual income of a half-penny, which he earned by running all his brother David's errands. If he demurred, he was beaten with his masterful senior's glossy leather belt with a pain-giving clasp, a serpentine S, on it. Louis, having been a model little boy himself, hearkened with amused horror to the accounts of some escapades of his friend's youth. When David, who had a spice of dare-deviltry in him, escorted Walter to parties, he made a cat's-paw of his gentle-mannered, easily governed junior brother. His victim once had a gallows-like experience at his hands. David accidentally heard that some medical knowledge might be obtained from seeing a man hung; he wished even when in socks and blouses to be a doctor. So with a hangman's skill he strung up the protesting but ever-obedient Wattie and was watching his rosy face turning black, when a nurse cut short his precocious studies and rescued the choking "Cigarette." David went to the Edinburgh Academy, and his fair shadow Wattie of course followed him. "Cigarette" and "Arethusa" were at this school together, but Stevenson was in the "gytes" when his future friend was a sixth-form boy. At school, even if years had not separated them, they would have had little in common, for Walter Simpson though short was strongly built and athletic, a keen cricketer, and stood well to the fore in the play

yard. Lew Stevenson shrank from boyish sports and consequently knew few even of the lads who sat on the bench with him. "Cigarette" would fain have played truant, as the "Arethusa" did, but a doctor's house is not a good place to malingering in. Assumed toothache kept him constantly from school, but the tooth was removed, and when the guileless Walter next feigned a headache he was told that it was instantly curable by the removal of the offending member. After that he plodded to his classes punctually. As he showed no special bent, and amiably wished to do as his elders bade, a merchant's career was chosen for him, and he was placed under the care of his father's comrade, Sir John Pender, of Atlantic cable fame. From the Manchester office he was advanced to Cairo, and while mastering his business there his prospects changed. He heard his father had at last accepted a baronetcy on New Year's Day, 1866—the first ever offered to a physician practising north of the Tweed. A few days later the new Sir James's distinguished son and able colleague, for he had become Dr. David, died after a brief illness, and a telegram recalled the quiet-going Walter from Egypt. He returned to a house of mourning, where the sorely bereaved father found that the new honours were "such baubles," for within a month, as well as his helpful first-born son, he lost his daughter, a girl of seventeen. Sir James sent the future baronet to Cambridge, where he was, as at school, well liked. He rowed for his college (Caius), locally, not as stroke of the 'Varsity boat, as some have stated, and he took his degree, as he took life, easily and unpretentiously. His father's health failing through overwork, he was recalled to Edinburgh, and helped to nurse his dying parent during his last month of forced inactivity. The "Cigarette" being, unlike the "Arethusa," anxious to please his father, offered to join his profession, but Sir James advised "his Wattie" to study for the bar, where he thought his title would help, instead of hampering him; so when in midsummer, 1870, he became Sir Walter, he turned his attention to his legal curriculum. About that time Louis, rebelling against his hereditary business, had, he says, a "dreadful evening walk" with Mr. Stev-

enson senior, which ended in his abandoning engineering, and promising to do his best to have a plate fixed on 17, Heriot Row, with R. L. Stevenson, Advocate, thereon engraven. Thus it came about that Simpson and Stevenson, who had lived opposite one another for years, met one Speculative Society evening.

Stevenson was erratically wayward, but in the main very true to his impulsively formed friendships. Sir Walter was always "Wattie" to those in Edinburgh who had been to school with him; to those who knew him at Edinburgh University, at his club or golf green he was "the Bart.," or to his still more intimate companions "the Barry." Stevenson dropped into the use of the latter name, for he became a welcome guest at his friend's bachelor establishment in St. Colme street. The Bear's Den was one of his names for the Simpsons's new home, where Sir Walter and two other members of the doubly-orphaned 52 Queen street household lived together. Stevenson said the three bears growled if their special seats or special dishes were meddled with. The Bart. had his pipe and book on a shelf hard by a red velvet rocking-chair, and if anyone, even his favourite dog, sat on it, he, whose temper was hard to ruffle, grew testy. He also raised loud objections to the "Arethusa's" clothes, for, what with them and the sailor-like sacks they carried their canoeing luggage in, they were mistaken twice on their voyage for peddlers. He was simpler in his tastes than Stevenson, but preferred comfort to unnecessary roughing of it among grimy surroundings. From Stevenson's *outré* choice of dress he suffered often. He himself on tour was unvaryingly dressed in successive suits of pale grey flannel with unmistakable British-cut knee breeches. "Here," writes Stevenson of him in the "Epilogue" to *An Inland Voyage*, when the "Cigarette" had been "culled like a wayside flower by a gendarme" and brought before the authorities to bear out the imprisoned and suspected "Arethusa's" tale, "here was a man about whom there could be no mistake, a man of unquestionable and unassailable manner, in apple-pie order, dressed not with neatness merely, but with elegance, ready with his passport at a word, and well sup-

plied with money." Stevenson, standing smoking by the Bart.'s hearth (for he preferred standing to sitting, and he could slue around as on a pivot and face, while he addressed, a Little, a Middle, or a Big bear), used to like to see his friend in his conservative grey smoking-jacket, which had been part of his previous summer suit. As Stevenson said, it was to him a fellow-voyager and recalled rivers and sea or greenwood ruminations. Many a winter's evening Stevenson spent in Sir Walter's library, pacing the floor when excited, while his host sat with his pipe between his teeth and listened, unless he had some carefully thought-out views, always original, oftentimes oddly droll, to expound. Stevenson was a patient listener, notwithstanding his ability to talk like a well-written book. He helped his slower, hesitating friend from out of his store of words, helped, as it were, to clothe gracefully the strong framework (for the "Cigarette's" ideas had plenty of backbone in them) "our Barry" reared. Sir Walter was a deep-thinking, well-read man, studying philosophic works carefully. He had not his father's gift of taking the heart out of a book in a space as brief as a skillfully executed surgical operation, but having ample leisure he read slowly and digested what he perused thoroughly. He was well versed in foreign literature, but abroad his shy, halting expression luckily marked him as a British subject, so when Stevenson's unnatural glibness of tongue, along with his strange appearance, brought about his arrest, Sir Walter rescued him. "This *beau cavalier* unblushingly claimed the 'Arethusa' for his comrade!" Louis says in the "Epilogue." That was the time the "Cigarette's" Casabianca truthfulness very nearly landed them both in prison as he would not allow the commissary to dock his title of *et* and advance him to a baron. That walking sequel to their canoe cruise was stopped by the authorities, owing to Stevenson's unclassable appearance. The "Cigarette's" clean-shaven face and well-cropped head was a passport to his nationality; his juvenile fairness had toned down with years to an Anglo-Saxon *écru*, ashen colour. An American, writing of him from Gretz in a well-known transatlantic magazine, described him as Sir Walter Wimpson, the baronet with the

neat legs who sat and read Kant in that artistic Bohemian centre.

Stevenson and his friend had opposite bents of mind, but they agreed well while differing. In the walking trip alluded to when the "Arethusa" was as usual arrested, they arranged to meet of an evening, but did not journey together. Their paces did not suit one another. Stevenson walked along with a precise toe-and-heel, swinging stride. Sir Walter's manner of locomotion was the reverse of Stevenson's. He took pounding, toddling, stumpy heel-and-toe steps. Once Stevenson and his artist cousin were at Fontainebleau with the baronet and his brother, and at the end of an avenue the Stevensons stopped and looked back. While talking volubly they had hurried ahead of their sturdy companions. The two Simpsons enquired why the Stevensons had been stabbed with laughter on their approach, and had it explained to them that their abrupt steps, along with their small, square-toed shoes, had suggested to the freakish cousins that it was a pity the brothers had not lived in the time of Louis XIV., and found royal favour by dumping in the uneven stone "causey" in the Route de Paris. The "Cigarette" and his diverse friend, however, accommodated their views as they did their pace, and both enjoyed meeting and exchanging ideas. When Stevenson was radiantly elated over a book or a friend he had newly found to his taste, the Barry hearkened, and let the "Arethusa's" excitement froth over before he expressed an opinion on either. Stevenson enlisted Sir Walter's generous practical sympathy for W. E. Henley, whom he found ill in Edinburgh Infirmary. Simpson's library was placed at the sick man's disposal. At once Louis began to climb to the highest shelves to select literature. He threw down his chosen volumes clumsily, and finally, when really but a few feet from the floor, feared to drop. He hung there as over an abyss in an agony of terror, till the kind-hearted baronet arose and helped him down and climbed his own shelves with sailor-like skill. He bowled the books on to his vacated chair with an unerring aim, and Stevenson, who had been prostrate with exhaustion, vowing Henley would have to read nothing but tract literature bestowed by religious visitors

on him, for he could not face these precipitous shelves again, looked with admiration on his companion's nimble scaling powers; at the same time he abused him for being so selfish as to keep no ladder for feebler mortals.

Sir Walter, like Stevenson, practised little at the bar. He did not, like Stevenson, bolt when he had a few words to say, for he had a stubborn sureness about him as to what he wanted to express, though his tongue was not ready. The Speculative Society, for which Stevenson cherished such lasting tender recollections, heard more brilliant speeches from the Bart. than the bar. He was at home amongst its members, and they knew, despite his jerky delivery, that he could say his say in a dogged, emphatic, if not fluent form. He was not garrulous. He never spoke unless he had something he wished to explain, and his well-weighted speeches were also often full of singular keen contagious humour. The Bart.'s "Spec." dinners were in high repute in Stevenson's day. He was a free and easy, untroubled host. Simpson was very popular, being amiable, good-looking, hospitable, and endowed as eldest son with worldly possessions. "Who is that seedy looking boy Wattie Simpson walks across the Dean Bridge with every Sunday?" someone asked, observing Sir Walter and his friend who was little known in his native Edinburgh. When told who he was, he exclaimed, "What a daft-like laddie for a decent man to have for a son. I thought he was some foreign waif our good-humoured Bart. was befriending."

If Sir Walter did not pay much attention to law in the Parliament House, he was bitten there with a fancy for golf. By constant practice he became wonderfully proficient, and his difficulties in learning the game, his pleasure in wielding cleek or putter, he relates in his capital book, *The Art of Golf*. He inclined, like many otherwise idle advocates, to literature, edited some posthumous papers of his father's, and it was a source of regret to him and others that diffidence kept him from undertaking Sir James's biography instead of Dr. Duns. He wrote a variety of papers on a diversity of subjects, one a record of the cruise of a bigger *Cigarette*, a centre-board boat he yachted in on the Seine. He also finished some unpublished novels and

stories, one short tale written in a competition with Stevenson and other three boon companions. This novel of Stevenson's with its rivals is likely, if not destroyed, to remain in manuscript, for it was, under promise, composed for three readers only. The capricious Stevenson was amused at the Bart.'s constancy to his fads and hobbies. By assiduous plodding he acquired excellence in golf and whist. His fancy for canaries, boating, French novels or philosophy was inborn. Sir Walter was interested in his friend's budding attempts at authorship, but he, like many others in the cold grey capital of the North, blinded by Louis's assumed, irresponsible, flighty manner of thought and action, believed that that and his poor health would prevent him from ever becoming more than a brilliant chatterer, a dabbling, amusing amateur writer. The Bart., clearing out his smoking-jacket pockets, which were bulging with a week's accumulation of letters, came to the conclusion they were burdened by unnecessarily superfine compositions from Stevenson, instead of the bare yea or nay or hour of meeting required. Looking over to Stevenson towering above him, his elbow on the ledge of the bookcase, he remarked, "I believe you expect to be famous some day and have a bulky biography written?" Others present laughed at the idea, and so did Stevenson. "Well, look here," continued the baronet, knocking the ashes out of his tawny meerschaum and filling it slowly; "don't you trouble writing highfalutin' notes to me, for every letter of yours goes into the fire." This was about the time the "Cigarette" followed his travels alongside the "Arethusa's" again, for Stevenson in the subsequent winter reported frequently how with toil and trouble he compiled "the log" of their mutual journeyings. Stevenson somehow annexed a grey wide-awake which had voyaged with the "Cigarette" from Antwerp to Pontoise. He was photographed in it. "R. L. S. in the Bart.'s hat," Mrs. Stevenson called this portrait of her son. Sir Walter on being presented

with a picture of his late headgear, remarked that Louis had not the knack of cocking his beaver, and made a once decent hat look disreputable. It was not only on water they travelled side by side, but regularly spring and autumn they went to Fontainebleau Forest. Stevenson liked Barbizon, Simpson preferred Gretz, where there was river and boats and bathing, for the baronet was as expert a swimmer as he was a skater, arts he learned in youth and not acquired like golf, after twenty-five. Stevenson and Simpson walked together on winter Sunday afternoons, and had many fireside talks, sometimes serious, frequently argumentative, and very often full of quirk, jest, and happy repartee, for Stevenson was as able a hand at compiling a book of nonsense as at rivalling Sterne in recording the sentimental side of his journeyings. Louis in these days posed only as a mirthful, inconsequent talker, full of fantastic chimeras, a great builder of castles in the air. His friend, "Cigarette," was so earnest over his play, so studious too, in his way, that it seemed he was the more likely to make his mark than the "Arethusa." No one suspected that under the sunny butterfly nature, the superficial, flighty manner of Stevenson, there was a tortoise-like surety of progress towards his goal, namely to become a consummate master of the pen. He looked more like the hare, anxious one minute to speed ahead, turning aside the next to loiter in pastures green.

After some ten years of constant companionship the "Cigarette" and "Arethusa" steered their courses in different directions. Stevenson married in 1880, and his friend soon followed his lead. Stevenson was willingly forced to live in the south, and after his marriage he only paid his native land an occasional visit. The "Cigarette" also left Edinburgh for the seclusion of the country, where he spent some years of sadly impaired health, hard to bear, for a once strong man, and did not very long survive his fellow voyager in the water ways of France.



MR. A. T. QUILLER-COUCH AS A PARODIST

There is one phase of Mr. Quiller-Couch's literary career which is not represented in his published writings. The new reprint in nine volumes recently published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons entirely overlooks it. It would seem as if Mr. Quiller-Couch himself wished to forget it, and yet good parodists are not so common that their work can be so lightly overlooked or so readily forgotten.

During Mr. Quiller-Couch's Oxford years he contributed a number of fugitive pieces to the columns of the *Oxford Magazine*, which began its issue in January, 1883. Many of these were collected in a volume entitled *Echoes from the Oxford Magazine*, being reprints of seven years and published by Henry Frowde, London, in 1890; but the book is so very rare and the opportunity so tempting that we have concluded to give our readers some specimens of Mr. Quiller-Couch's work in this field. In every case the effusions were signed with the simple letter "Q," which, however, has been identified with Mr. Quiller-Couch.

WILLALOO.

By E. A. P.

In the sad and sodden street,
To and fro,
Flit the fever-stricken feet
Of the freshers as they meet,
Come and go;
Ever buying, buying, buying
Where the shopmen stand supplying,
Vying, vying
All they know,
While the Autumn lies a-dying,
Sad and low
As the price of summer suitings, when the
winter breezes blow,
Of the summer, summer suitings that are
standing in a row
On the way to Jericho.

See the freshers as they row
To and fro,
Up and down the Lower River for an after-
noon or so—
(For the deft manipulation
Of the never-resting oar,
Though it lead to approbation,
Will induce excoriation)—
They are infinitely sore:
Keeping time, time, time
In a sort of Runic rhyme

Up and down the way to Iffley in an afternoon
or so:

(Which is slow).

Do they blow?

'Tis the wind and nothing more;

'Tis the wind that in vacation has a tendency
to go:But the coach's objurgation and his tendency
to "score"

Will be sated—nevermore.

See the freshers in the street,

The élite!

Their apparel how unquestionably neat!

How delighted at a distance,

Inexpensively attired,

I have wondered with persistence

At their butterfly existence!

How admired!

How I envy the vermilion of the vest!

And the violet imbedded in the breast!

As it tells,

"This is best

To be sweetly overdressed,

To be swells,

To be swells, swells, swells, swells,

Swells, swells, swells,

To be simply and indisputably swells."

See the freshers one or two,

Just a few,

Now on view,

Who are sensibly and innocently new;

How they cluster, cluster, cluster

Round the rugged walls of Worcester!

Book in hand,

How they stand

In the garden ground of John's!

How they dote upon their Dons!

See in every man a Blue!

It is true

They are limited and lamentably few.

But I spied

Yesternight upon the staircase just a pair of
boots outside

On the floor,

Just a little pair of boots upon the stairs
where I reside,

Lying there and nothing more

And I swore

While these dainty twins continued sentry by
the chamber doorThat the hope their presence planted should
be with me evermore,

Should desert me—nevermore.

TWILIGHT.

By W.-H.-M. C.-W.-P.-R.

'Tis evening. See with its resorting throng
Rude Carfax teams, and waistcoats, visited
With too familiar elbow, swell the curse
Vortiginous. The boating man returns,
His rawness growing with experience—
Strange union! and directs the optic glass
Not unresponsive to Jemima's charms

Who wheels obdurate, in his mimic chaise
 Perambulant, the child. The gouty cit
 Asthmatical, with elevated cane
 Pursues the unregarding tram as one
 Who, having heard a hurdy-gurdy, girds
 His loins and hunts the hurdy-gurdy-man
 Blaspheming. Now the clangorous bell pro-
 claims
 The *Times* or *Chronicle*, and Rauca screams
 The latest horrid murder in the ear
 Of nervous dons expectant of the urn
 And mild domestic muffin.

To the Parks
 Drags the slow crocodile, consuming time
 In passing given points. Here glows the lamp,
 And teaspoons clatter to the cosy hum
 Of scientific circles. Here resounds
 The football field with its discordant train,
 The crowd that cheers but not discriminates,
 As ever into touch the ball returns
 And shrieks the whistle, while the game pro-
 ceeds
 With fine irregularity well worth
 The paltry shilling.
 Draw the curtains close
 While I resume the night-cap dear to all
 Familiar with my illustrated works.

D. T. FABULA:

Or, Plain Language from Truthful James.*

Do I sleep? Do I dream?
 Am I hoaxed by a scout?
 Are things what they seem,
 Or is Sophists about?
 Is our *rò ri òu elvai* a failure,
 Or is Robert Browning played out?

Which expressions, though strong,
 Are (or mild
 As the Warden's Souchong)
 To the words of this child
 When he sees a Society busted,
 Or otherwise sp'iled.

'Twas December the third,
 And I said to Bill Nye,
 "Which it's true what I've heard,
 If you're, so to speak, fly,
 There's a chance of some tea and tall culture—
 The sort they call 'High.'"

Which I mentioned its name,
 And he ups and remarks,
 "If dress coats is the game
 And pow-wow in the parks,
 I'm nuts on the Rabbi Ben Ezra,
 The same I call larks."

But the pride of Bill Nye
 Cannot well be expressed;
 For he wore a white tie
 And a cutaway vest.
 Says I, "Solomon's lilies ain't in it,
 And *they* were well-dressed."

But not far did we wend
 When we met an old Don.

*The Oxford Browning Society expired at
 Keble the week before this was written—De-
 cember 8, 1886.

Who was sobbing no end,
 With his Sunday best on;
 And he groaned and said "Busted, by jingo!"
 And then he was gone.

And I said, "This is odd;"
 But we came pretty quick
 To a sort of quad
 That was all of red brick;
 And I said to the porter, "R. Browning,
 And kindly look slick."

But he looked on Bill Nye,
 And he looked upon me;
 And the gleam in his eye
 Was quite dreadful to see.
 Says he, "The Society's busted,
 Which some say it's Tea."

Then we took off our coats,
 Showed our sleeves (which were b'iled)—
 Which the same denotes
 That a party is riled—
 And we went for that man till his mother
 Had doubted her child.

But I ask, Do I dream?
 Am I hoaxed by a scout?
 Are things what they seem,
 Or is Sophists about?
 Is our *rò ri òu elvai* a failure,
 Or is Robert Browning played out?

CALIBAN UPON RUDIMENTS.*

Or, Autoschediastic Theology in a Hole.

By R. B—g.

Rudiments, Rudiments, and Rudiments!
 Thinketh one made them i' the fit o' the blues.

Thinketh, one made them with the "tips" to
 match,
 But not the answers: doubteth there be none.
 Only Guides, Helps, Analyses, such as that;
 Also this Beast, that growth sleek thereon,
 And snow-white bands that round the neck
 o' the same.

Thinketh, it came of being ill at ease.
 Hath heard that Satan finds some mischief
 still
 For idle hands, and the rest o't. That's the
 case.

Also hath heard they pop the names i' the hat,
 Toss out a brace, a dozen stick inside;
 Let forty through and plough the sorry rest.

Thinketh, such shows nor right nor wrong in
 them,
 Only their strength, being made o' sloth i' the
 main—

Am strong myself compared to yonder names
 O' Jewish towns i' the paper. Watch th'
 event—

Let twenty pass, have a shot at twenty-first,
 Miss Ramoth-Gilead, take Jehoiakim.
 Let Abner by and spot Melchizedek,
 Knowing not, caring not, just choosing so,
 As it likes me each time, I do; so they.

*Caliban museth of the new extinct exami-
 nation in the Rudiments of Faith and Re-
 ligion.

Saith they be terrible; watch their feats i' the
Viva.
One question plays the deuce with six months'
toil.
Aha, if they would tell me! No, not they!
There is the sport. "Come read me right or
die!"
All at their mercy—why they like it most
When—when—well, never try the same shot
twice!
Hath fled himself and only got up a tree.
* * * * *
Will say a plain word if he gets a plough.

KENMARE RIVER

'Tis pretty to be in Ballinderry,
'Tis pretty to be in Ballindoon,
But 'tis prettier far in County Kerry
Coortin' under the bran' new moon—
Aroon, Aroon!

'Twas there by the bosom of blue Killarney
They came by the hunter' a-coortin' me;
Sure I was the one to give back their blarney.
And ivery man an I. R. B.

But niver a stip in the lot was lighter
An' divvle a boulder among the bhoys,
Than Phelim O'Shea, me dynamither,
Me illigant arthist in clock-work toys.

'Twas all for love he would bring his figgers
Of imminent statesmen, in toy machines,
An' hould me hand as he pulled the thriggers
An' blew the thraytors to smithereens.

An' to see the Queen in her Crystial Pallus
Fly up to the roof, an' the windeys broke!
And all with divvle a thrace of malus—
But he was the bhoys that enjoyed his joke!

Then, oh! but his cheek would flush, an'
"Bridget,"
(He'd say) "will yez love me?" But I'd be
coy,
And answer him, "Arrah, now dear, don't
fidget!"
Though at heart I loved him, me arthist
bhoys!

One night we stood by the Kenmare River,
An' "Bridget, creina, now whist," said he,
"I'll be goin' to-night an' maybe for iver,
Open your arms at the last to me."

An' there by the banks of the Kenmare River,
He tuk in his hands me white, white face,
An' we kissed our first an' our last for iver—
For Phelim O'Shea is disparsed in space.

'Twas pretty to be by blue Killarney.
'Twas pretty to hear the linnet's call.
But whist! for I cannot attind their blarney
Nor whistle in answer at all, at all.

For the voice that he swore 'ud out-call the
linnet's
Is cracked intoirely, an' out of chune,
Since the clock-work missed it by thirteen
minutes
An' scathered me Phelim around the
moon—
Aroon, Aroon!

"BEHOLD! I AM NOT ONE THAT
GOES TO LECTURES."

By W. W.—n.

Behold! I am not one that goes to lectures or
the pow-wow of professors.
The elementary laws never apologize; neither
do I apologize.
I find letters from the Dean dropt on my
table—and every one is signed by the
Dean's name—
And I leave them where they are; for I know
that as long as I stay up
Others will punctually come forever and ever.
I am one who goes to the river,
I sit in the boat and think of "life" and of
"time."
How life is much, but time is more; and the
beginning is everything.
But the end is something.
I loll in the parks, I go to the wicket, I swipe.
I see twenty-two young men from Foster's
watching me, and the trousers of the
twenty-two young men.
I see the Balliol men en masse watching me.
The Hottentot that loves his mother, the
untutored Bedowie, the Cave man that
wears only his certificate of baptism,
and the Patagonian that hangs his tes-
tamur with his scalps.
I see the Don who ploughed me in rudiments
watching me; and the wife of the Don
who ploughed me in rudiments watch-
ing me.
I see the rapport of the wicket-keeper and
umpire.
I cannot see that I am out.
Oh! you umpires!
I am not one who greatly cares for experi-
ence, soap, bull-dogs, cautions, major-
ities or a graduated income tax,
The certainty of space, punctuation, sexes, in-
stitutions, copiousness, degrees, com-
mittees, delicatessen, or the fetters of
rhyme—
For none of these do I care; but least for the
fetters of rhyme.
Myself only I sing. Me Imperturbe! Me
Prononce!
Me progressive and the depth of me progress-
ive,
And the *βάνος Ἀγγλῆς* bathos
Of me chanting to the public the song of
Simple Enumeration.

UNITY PUT QUARTERLY.*

By A. C. S.—n.

The centuries kiss and commingle,
Cling, clasp and are knit in a chain;
No cycle but scorns to be single,
No two but demur to be twain,
'Till the land of the lute and the love-tale
Be bride of the boreal breast,
And the dawn with the darkness shall dovetail,
The East with the West.

*Suggested by an article in the *Quarterly Review* (1887) enforcing the unity of litera-
ture ancient and modern, and the necessity of
providing a new School of Literature in Ox-
ford.

The desire of the grey for the dun nights
 Is that of the dun for the grey;
 The tales of the Thousand and One Nights
 Touch lips with the *Times* of to-day.
 Come, chasten the cheap with the classic;
 Choose, Churton, thy chair and thy class,
 Mix, melt in the must that is Massic
 The beer that is Bass!

Omnipotent age of the Aorist!
 Infinitely freely exact,
 As the fragrance of fiction is fairest
 If frayed in the furnace of fact—
 Though nine be the Muses in number
 There is hope if the handbook be one—
 Dispelling the planets that cumber
 The path of the sun.

Though crimson thy hands and thy hood be
 With the blood of a brother betrayed,
 O Would-be Professor of Would-be,
 We call thee to bless and to aid.
 Transmuted would travel with Er, see
 The Land of the Rolling of Logs,
 Charmed, chained to thy side, as to Circe
 The Ithacan hogs.

O bourne of the black and the godly!
 O land where the good niggers go,
 With the books that are borrowed of Bodley,
 Old moons and our castaway clo!
 There, there, till the roses be ripened
 Rebuke us, revile, and review,
 Then take thee thine annual stipend
 So long overdue.

TITANIA.

By Lord T—n.

So bluff Sir Leolin gave the bride away.
 And when they married her, the little church
 Had seldom seen a costlier ritual.
 The coach and pair alone were two-pound-ten,
 And two-pound-ten apiece the wedding cakes—
 Three wedding cakes. A Cupid poised a-top
 Of each hung shivering to the frosted loves
 Of two fond cushats on a field of ice.
 As who should say, "I see you." Such the joy

When English-hearted Edwin swore his faith
 With Mariana of the Moated Grange.

For Edwin, plump head-waiter at the Cock,
 Grown sick of custom, spoilt of plenitude,
 Lacking the finer wit that saith, "I wait,
 They come; and if I make them wait, they go,"
 Fell in a jaundiced humour petulant-green,
 Watched the dull clerk slow-rounding to his
 cheese,
 Flicked a full dozen flies that flecked the
 pane—
 All crystal-cheated of the fuller air,
 Blurred a free "Good-day t' ye," left and right,
 And shaped his gathering choler to this end.

"Custom! And yet what profit of it all?
 The old order changeth giving place to new,
 To me small change, and this the counter-
 change
 Of custom beating on the self-same bar—
 Change out of chop. Ah, me! the talk, the
 tip,
 The would-be-evening should-be-morning suit,
 The forged solicitude for petty wants
 More petty still than they—all these I loathe
 Learning they lie who feign that all things
 come
 To him that waiteth. I have waited long,
 And now I go, to mate me with a bride
 Who is a-weary waiting, even as I!"

But when the amorous moon of honeycomb
 Was over, ere the matron-flower of Love—
 Step-sister of To-morrow's marmalade—
 Swooned scentless, Mariana found her lord
 Did something jar the nicer feminine sense
 With usage, being all too fine and large,
 Instinct of warmth and colour, with a trick
 Of blunting "Mariana's" keener edge
 To "Mary Ann"—the same but not the same;
 Whereat she girded, tore her crisped hair
 Called him "Sir Churl," and ever calling
 "Churl!"
 Drove him to Science, then to Alcohol,
 To forge a thousand theories of the rocks,
 Then somewhat else for thousands dewy-cool,
 Wherewith he sought a more Pacific isle
 And there found love, a darker love than hers.

AT THE EQUINOX

While light and darkness hold the scales in starry equipoise,
 And south winds wake in greenning vales the spring-tide's budding
 joys,

The wood-thrush answers tenderly the bluebird's liquid trills,
 The marsh-frogs pipe a note of glee in hollows of the hills,
 Above the growing twilight blush the cry of wild geese rings
 Far sailing o'er the valley's hush with sunlight on their wings.

Benjamin F. Leggett.

ENGLISH NOVELISTS AS DRAMATISTS

The novelist and the dramatist work toward the same end by such different means that it is not astonishing how few writers have succeeded alike, as Bulwer Lytton succeeded, in one medium of fiction and the other. Novelists have written plays, and dramatists have written novels, though I do not remember any other example of a living dramatist's novel than Mr. Sydney Grundy's *The Days of his Vanity*, of which I recall nothing but the name. Mr. Wilson Barrett's narrative version of his drama, *The Sign of the Cross*, was only the play in novel form. If such a sordid consideration may be entertained for one moment, the dramatist's reward—in a mere worldly sense—is much greater than the publishers can offer. A very popular novelist not long ago assured the present writer that the fees he had divided with the author of a dramatic version of one of his novels had made him richer than all his books put together. At the time of writing, I believe, Mr. J. M. Barrie still derives from the representations of *The Little Minister*, in England and in America, a tidy sum of \$2,000 a week. In condescending to such "disgusting details," as Dr. Johnson said in discussing a question of domestic finance, it is simply my intention to show that it is with no beggarly gift to Fame that the theatre in these days appeals to the literary man. The theatre is sadly in want of good plays, and the theatre can afford to pay for them.

The novelists are not irresponsive. At the Haymarket Theatre, London, where *The Little Minister* of Mr. J. M. Barrie is an established success, a novelist will follow a novelist, for the next piece at that theatre will be by Dr. Conan Doyle. The name of a third novelist is indirectly associated with Dr. Doyle in the authorship of *The Brothers*, for the piece was suggested by a story by Mr. James Payn, who had produced, many years ago, a play upon the subject—his first and last contribution to the theatre. Reversing the ordinary process, Mr. Payn turned his unsuccessful play into a book, in which Dr. Doyle has found the germ, at least,

of his new piece. Dr. Conan Doyle is also writing a play in which a character he has already made famous in fiction—Sherlock Holmes, the detective—will take the stage. This play, however, is no mere adaptation of the well-known stories of Sherlock Holmes, for the detective will appear as the hero of fresh adventures. It is not improbable that the character may be taken by a popular actor who has already been furnished with one of his most effective parts by the same author. For Dr. Doyle's little play, *A Story of Waterloo*, gave a fine part to Sir Henry Irving, whose impersonation of the aged, decrepit, tetchy Corporal Brewster, with his enthusiasm, to the last, for "the Dook," is certainly not the least memorable of that actor's achievements in his later years. This little play was so dexterously adapted to the stage from a short story by the same hand, that the obligations of Dr. Doyle, the dramatist, to Dr. Doyle, the novelist, were not even suspected by the critics of the theatre. In the play, the author's faculty as a dramatist is shown by the selection as well as by the rejection of materials in the story. Dr. Conan Doyle began as a dramatist by "trying his wings," as Alexandre Dumas advised young dramatists to do, with a short piece. Although his name had appeared in a playbill before the production of *A Story of Waterloo*, as joint author with Mr. Barrie of the comic opera *Jane Annic; or, The Good Conduct Prize*, his first contribution to the theatre was a witty, ingenious trifle called *Foreign Policy*, played for a short season, five years ago, at Terry's Theatre in London.

A new comedy, by Mr. Anthony Hope, called *The Adventures of Lady Ursula*, has already been played in America and will be produced later on in England. In the dramatic version of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, which introduced Mr. Hope to the theatre, there was not so much of Mr. Hope as of Mr. Edward Rose, who prepared the story for the stage. If the play did not reproduce the characteristic graces of the author of the story of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, the fault lies

with the adapter, and not altogether with him, but with the nature of things, for Mr. Hope's wit is of a volatile kind, which evaporates on the stage. Even when the very words of the novel were repeated on the stage they were less effective than the commonplace language of the theatre, in which the play, for the most part, was written. Wit is not the sole substance of a play. It is not even an essential. A play appeals not so much to the understanding as to the feelings, not so directly to the mind as to the heart and the eye; and Mr. Rose's homespun was better suited to the wear and tear of the stage than the airy texture of Mr. Hope's work.

Mr. Stanley Weyman has given nothing more to the theatre than his consent to the dramatisation of his novel *Under the Red Robe*. Two authors more unlike than Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr. Stanley Weyman could hardly be named, yet Mr. Edward Rose, who understands the business of the stage, has reduced them to a common denominator, and has made of *Under the Red Robe* a popular play in exactly the same style and of the same class exactly as *The Prisoner of Zenda*. Mr. Weyman, however, has nothing of Mr. Hope's ardour for the theatre. I am told that he did not even see the play founded on his novel till long after it was produced on the stage. Of *The Man in Black* a dramatic version has already been produced outside London. But the drama of "cape and sword" is already going out of fashion, and Mr. Weyman's novels for the future may escape the attentions of the dramatist in search of the picturesque. Dramatic as the episodes are in Mr. Weyman's stories, the feeling for the theatre is not exhibited in his work as it is in that of Mr. Anthony Hope, who has the instinct of polite comedy, and even adopts a dramatic form in the dialogue of his novels. A succession of episodes, dramatic in themselves, does not constitute a drama. Every scene of a play must be a dependent part of the whole; on the other hand, in a novel of adventure, the scenes are connected only like the separate railway carriages of a train. In adopting such novels for the stage, the dramatist has to leave out even more than he has to put in; and neither course is an improvement upon the orig-

inal design. The sentimental blackguard of the acting version of *Under the Red Robe* is a less consistent character than the Gil de Berault of the novel, and the dignity of Cardinal Richelieu was demeaned on the stage by the mean theatrical artifice to which he resorted for the purpose of making the lovers happy in the end.

When the author of a popular novel dramatises his own work, he may fare no better. He may fare even worse. Mr. Gilbert Parker's experiment with *The Scats of the Mighty* may be taken as an example—and a warning. Mr. Parker, however, is commonly said to have written this piece under the very eye of the actor who played the leading part. Such a course is not invariably an advantage. The result in this particular case was that the interest of the play was concentrated upon the figure of Doltair, instead of upon the intrigue in which he was concerned, and the hero and heroine of the novel were unceremoniously pushed aside to make way for the overweening villain. For this breach of the rules, Mr. Parker had to pay the penalty. That he should have erred in this way, and erred deliberately, is surprising, for Mr. Parker was not, as was generally supposed, a writer utterly inexperienced in the ways of the theatre. In his colonial days, before he made a world-wide reputation as a novelist, he wrote for the stage.

To write for the theatre one must have a taste for the theatre. Now Mr. George Moore has not followed his natural inclination, but has endeavoured, on the contrary, to master it, in directing his literary talent to the stage. He has no sympathy with the theatre; indeed, he has not dissembled his dislike for it. No man has written more contemptuously of the actor; and I am not aware that Mr. Moore ever has expressed any faith in the ideal drama. Mr. Moore is a critic and a novelist, and even in his novels the critical faculty is more remarkable than the creative. He is one of those who take the novelist's calling more seriously than the casual reader. It is not merely for the sake of telling a story, but as a criticism of life, that such a work as *Esther Waters* is written. There is nothing of the "theatrical" in

Mr. Moore's novels. Tacitly, he has allowed it to be understood that he saw, at least, a ray of hope for the drama when he associated himself with the council of the Independent Theatre Society. He gave something more than his blessing to the Society, for it was under the direction of the Independent Theatre that his most important contribution to the stage was performed.

The production of *The Strike at Arlingford* had all the excitement of a challenge. Mr. George R. Sims appeared as the champion of the dramatists who had been attacked by Mr. Moore. Mr. Sims asked the Independent Theatre Society to show the world an example of the more artistic form of play. In calling for the tune, he agreed to pay the piper. He offered a donation of a hundred pounds to enable them to produce a play different from, and better than, that of "the ordinary commercial stage." In due course the Society responded with Mr. Moore's drama, in which the relations of capital and labour were illustrated in a manner quite as fantastic as the arrangement for the performance by which Mr. Moore provided the labour and Mr. Sims the capital. In a note to the printed edition of *The Strike at Arlingford*,* Mr. Moore says of his play that "the labour dispute is an externality to which I attach little importance." This will not do. An audience will not accept that as an excuse for the unbusinesslike management of the strike. Ignorance of economical principles and errors of detail, which the author might have corrected simply by reference to the reports of the Labour Commission, produce a more damaging impression of unreality in the printed play than they do on the stage. Yet the piece is more interesting to read than it was in representation; not because "the development of the moral idea," which is avowedly the author's chief concern, is any more convincing one way than the other, but because the play is in a sense—which is not the dramatic sense—well written. The scene in which Lady Anne and Baron Steinbach watch John Reid's hand-to-hand fight with the miners is (like the "moral idea") insufficiently developed for effect on the stage. No actress could make anything

of Lady Anne's "See if they've killed him. Here, take the glasses"; and when the poor wretch staggers into Lady Anne's drawing-room, where he sees her in Steinbach's arms, and she asks, "Are you hurt?" John Reid is simply speaking the fine language of the theatre when he says, "Mortally, though hardly a blow reached me." His irony, however, is wasted upon Lady Anne, who goes on preparing for her departure as unconcernedly as Charlotte "went on cutting bread and butter" when Werther was carried by on a shutter. The tendency to fine writing, which affects most novelists when they write for the stage, is not absent, for once, from Mr. Moore's work; and I confess that I am baffled by the unfathomable profundity of such remarks by the capitalist Steinbach as "Renunciations are often but the efforts of the feeble to realise themselves," and "In the modern world mysticism finds expression in socialism and science." It might just as well be said that socialism finds expression in mysticism and science, or that science finds expression in mysticism and socialism, or—exactly reversing the proposition—that socialism and science find expression in mysticism. At the end of the play—when, by the way, there is no indication of the end of the strike, which is, presumably, to be left to settle itself—John Reid commits suicide, Ellen Sands approving. Suicide as a "logical conclusion" is only one more of the conventionalities of the drama. To me, the greatest surprise of *The Strike at Arlingford* was to find an uncompromising realist like Mr. Moore putting his name to a play of the sort.

An elegant trifle, *Journeys End in Lovers Meeting*, in the authorship of which Mr. George Moore was associated with "John Oliver Hobbes," was played three or four years ago at a "morning performance," and has since then had an uncertain existence on the stage, owing only to the fact, I believe, that it became the property of Miss Ellen Terry, who has rarely had an opportunity of presenting it. This little piece, which was described in the French style as a "proverb," was a variation of a theme of a little play in the repertory of the Théâtre Français, in which the situation occurs of a husband who is playfully blindfolded, and so allows his wife's import-

* London: Walter Scott, 1893.

fortunate lover to escape unseen. The names of the characters—Lady Soupise and Captain Maramour—are a little precious, and it hardly affects the merits of the piece that the proverb which gives it a title has no application whatever to the matter of the story. The only reason I can find for calling it *Journeys End in Lovers Meeting* is that it had to be called something. Mr. Moore has also written a little French play, entitled (if I may trust my memory) *Le Sycomore*; and a translation of a French comic opera (if an anonymous work of his salad days may be included in this record) completes the tale of his contributions to the theatre.

Mr. F. Frankfort Moore is not a dramatist "with a past," but with a future. As readers of his novels know to their amusement, he has the gift of dramatic exposition and a talent for writing sprightly dialogue which seems, if I may say so, to take the stage. A play in one act and in blank verse—these are the ordinary, early symptoms of stage fever in a literary man—was his first work for the stage. In *The Queen's Room*, which was played at the Opera Comique Theatre, the feeling for the stage was more remarkable than the feeling for poetry. Upon an historical basis Mr. Moore founded a purely imaginary "episode"—the play was not described as a play, but simply as an "episode," and an episode is, at best, but part of a play—in the love affairs of Queen Mary and Chastelard. Mr. Moore has probably since discovered that he is not a poet, though he can spin verses with fluency and with taste. Such a line as that which says of love that it becomes, when in the presence of the adored one, "as ghastly as an oyster on the seas," either means that the oyster is a sad rover, or it means nothing. *Kitty Clive*, which was derived from one of the

author's stories, is not only as striking an example of successful adaptation of narrative fiction to the stage as Mr. Conan Doyle's *Story of Waterloo*, but is, like that little piece, one of the few really good plays in one act of a generation. As a medium for the exhibition of acting, Mr. Moore's little play is perhaps the better work, and Kitty Clive, as the character is elaborated and diversified by Mr. Moore, affords such an opportunity for fine acting as may not be found in plays of greater length. The circumstances in which Kitty Clive finds herself at a country inn, where she befools a pompous comedian by the force of her acting, are well imagined; and this compact little play is not less remarkable for the author's skill in the artifices of the stage than for the literary ability with which the historic sense is sustained in the pretty wit of the dialogue. Mr. Moore very cleverly catches the manner of a bygone period for the purpose of the stage. Another little play of his, *Oliver Goldsmith*, dealing with the story related by Boswell of the sale of the manuscript of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, was first presented five years ago in Dublin on the occasion of the Trinity College Tercentenary, and has since been played all through the British Isles. Mr. Moore's success in dealing tactfully with historic personages, without making them talk in the big bow-wow style, is strongly contrasted with the emphatic failure of a little play on precisely the same subject produced in London.

Mr. Moore's *Phyllis of Philistia* already exists as an unacted comedy, and he is engaged in preparing a version for the stage of his latest novel, recently published, *The Millionaires*. Of these things, however, it is yet too soon to write. For the present purpose, *de non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio*.

Edward Morton.



CONTEMPORARY GERMAN LITERATURE

II.—HEINRICH SEIDEL.

What a pleasure it is (and what a rare one) to meet a man who in the midst of an active and busy career, surrounded by humdrum cares and duties, struggling with the stern realities of existence, has still preserved all the joyfulness, receptivity, and fancifulness of his childhood and who above the noise and din of his work-a-day world leads a life of gay and sunny visions! Such a man is Heinrich Seidel. In reading him we are made to forget that there is a threatening social question, that there is an imperious popular demand for sweeping political reforms; or rather, we are made to feel that these social and political reforms will be of no avail, if they do not involve the maintenance and strengthening of those virtues of individual character which are the foundation of all society: faith, purity, discipline, cheerfulness, loyalty, love.

Seidel is the poet of the commonplace, more especially of the commonplace in modern city life. He has the pure and unclouded eye which detects joy and inspiration even in the monotonous drudgery of the factory and the counting room, and which finds a reflex of the divine even in back alleys and tenement houses. He has that reverence for the humble and the unpretentious which makes him discover worlds of feelings, longings, and aspirations where others would see nothing but anonymous philistinism. He is the Ludwig Richter of modern German burgherdom.

To what extent Seidel even now, as a man of over fifty, is dominated by the impressions of his youth, we see in his recently published autobiography. It is a touching sight to see this strong, martial looking man, this hardy Mecklenburger who made his way from his father's country parsonage to a leading position in the engineering department of one of the foremost German railway systems, who may justly claim the honour of having achieved one of the most remarkable feats of modern iron architect-

ure: the huge iron frame roof that over-arches the Anhalter Bahnhof at Berlin—to see such a man revelling in the simplest odds and ends of family recollections, and taking an infinite delight in the most harmless kind of friendly jokes.

I select a few scenes which will give an idea of the poetic charm that surrounds the matter-of-fact experiences of this honest German burgher. Speaking of the fine sense of justice which surprises us so often in children with regard to the kind of punishment meted out to their offences, Seidel recalls an occasion where the fact that he received less of a retribution than he knew he deserved tormented him more deeply than any chastisement that had ever been inflicted on him.

I had teased my little brother Werner by bending a piece of whalebone back and letting it snap against his hand—as every boy knows, a very painful device. He cried for mother. She came, and as a punishment simply struck me with the slender whalebone a few times on the palm of my hand, which of course I hardly felt. But in my heart I felt it deeply, and a boundless admiration seized me for the goodness and magnanimity of my mother who thus misjudged me *melio rem partem*. I stole into a corner and my tears flowed freely. Even in after years, I could not get over the feeling of contrition that took hold of me, whenever I thought of this little incident. Had my mother punished me in the same painful way in which I had sinned, we should have been quits, and never would she have appeared to me in such an angelic light as was now the case.

The father appears to have entered much less deeply into young Seidel's life than the mother. He seems to have been a man entirely absorbed in his clerical duties and occasional poetic musings, and one cannot help thinking that the son often longed in vain for closer intimacy with him. There is, then, a peculiar pathos in the fact that after his death the thought of him seems to have been for years so constantly in Seidel's mind that it took the form of an ever and ever recurring dream. Seidel describes this dream in the following manner:

My father had not really been buried, but in his place a coffin laden with stones; while he himself had gone far away and was now living as a wanderer in distant mountains. He had regained his health, and though he looked very emaciated, he had a brown healthy complexion and an elastic step. The longing to see his family again would from time to time draw him back to us; but it was a deep secret that he was still alive, and nobody was to know it. After a short sojourn with us, he would wander away again. Once I had this dream again, this time with the variation that people were on his track and we had to conceal him. We took him into a large subterranean wareroom, where one vault led to another, and sought for a hiding place among the innumerable boxes and bales that were stored there. All the while we heard the talking and walking about of the people who were in search of him. Finally the danger was past and we took him to the sea and bade him farewell. Over the sea a wooden bridge had been built, which toward the horizon lost itself in the distance. He took his long walking staff which was higher than himself, seized it about two-thirds of its length, and went out on the bridge, putting down the staff for support at every step. We stood on the shore looking after him, and he became smaller and smaller and finally disappeared at a little point in the distance. Since then this dream has not come again.

Even if we did not hear from Seidel himself that he is a great admirer of Amadeus Hoffman, the Romanticist of Romanticists, in conceptions like these—and there are many similar ones—we should detect the romantic element as an important part in Seidel's literary make-up. Fortunately, his romanticism has not a trace of Hoffmann's morbidness; it is inwardly sound; it is tempered by common sense and humour; and the result is that, far from leading us into a world of incongruous hallucinations, it gives us an enlarged view of reality, because it shows us reality in the glamour of an inner light which has its origin in regions inaccessible to the intellect.

None of Seidel's creations shows this two-fold character of his fancy more strikingly than that figure by which his name will probably longest be remembered; the inimitable Leberecht Hühnchen and his circle.

Here again we observe the intimate connection between Seidel's literary activity and the impressions of his own life; for the prototype of Leberecht Hühnchen was a fellow student of Seidel's at the *Polytechnikum* of Hanover whom in his autobiography he characterises thus:

Being of extremely slender means, he had to peg along through all sorts of hardships. But all the time something like sunshine emanated from him, and he knew how to find a serene side in everything. He could take infinite glee in grotesque conceptions and inventions. Once I found him sitting at his window and looking out upon the square in front with an expression of intense amusement. I asked him what entertained him so much. "Oh," said he, "I am only imagining that I could suddenly dart out my nose way off into the square and quickly draw it in again, so that I could tip with it the people yonder on the shoulder; and then, when they looked round, frightened and surprised, nobody would be there."

Here is the germ of that harmless, contented, moderately fantastic, and withal so thoroughly sound and useful life of which the good Leberecht forms the centre. But how this life has expanded under Seidel's hands, how its meaning has deepened!

The very opening scene suggests the charm of all that is to follow. For years the poet has lost all trace of his old college friend, when by accident he learns that he has obtained a subordinate position in one of the large Berlin iron foundries and is living somewhere in the outlying districts of the city. All the dear old recollections of their student days are revived by this news in Seidel's mind, and he starts out at once in quest of the long lost companion. Sauntering about in the quarter of the town to which he has been directed, he sees a little boy and girl playing on the front steps of an apartment house and deriving an immense amount of delight from turning their heads backward and letting it rain into their wide open mouths. At once the thought crosses Seidel's mind: these cannot but be Leberecht Hühnchen's children! He speaks to them, and forsooth! Hühnchen is their father! Merrily they run upstairs, three stories high, to announce the stranger, and soon the two friends have clasped hands once more.

From this scene to the last ones, depicting the joys and sorrows of Hühnchen's old age, his domestic comfort, the merry-making and holiday pleasures of the circle of friends that has gathered about him, the engagement and wedding of his daughter, the birth of the first grandson, and later on the death of a dear little grand-daughter—what a world of tender feeling, of genuine poetry, of

deep religious faith, and of sturdy honesty there is revealed to us! It is not too much to say that not since Jean Paul's *Quintus Fixlein* has there been drawn a lovelier picture of what is most charming, most wholesome, and most German in German family life. And I doubt whether parental feelings have ever been described more truthfully and more poetically than in the following account of a night spent by a father at the sick-bed of his little boy:

The crisis of the illness had come, and when I had just lain down a little on the bed in my clothes, the boy began to be delirious. Suddenly he was on his knees and played eagerly with imaginary things. Something that could not be seen he would put constantly now here, now there, and then he would quickly grope with the hand after it, as though it were running away from him. "Wolfgang, what are you doing?" I asked. "Oh, I am playing with my store," he said, "but don't you see it is all running away from me, all the time, there—there—there." "My boy, you are dreaming," I said, and pressed him gently back on his pillow. "Ah, yes," said he then and lay patiently down on his side. But after a while he began again playing in the same manner. Then there seized me a nameless fright, and I began softly walking up and down, up and down through the room. And once as I stepped to the window and was staring out into the misty night, I saw something or believed to see something. Was it a vision with which my excited imagination deluded me? There, between the bushes of the garden it stood, like a long, lean, closely buttoned figure, shadowy but discernible. It was as though it were waiting for some one. And

now it seemed as though this shadowy being took out a watch and looked at it searchingly, and then turned its dark, hollow eyes to the window where I was standing. And then it nodded its head, as if to say: "It is time." Then there spoke something in me, imploringly, although I could not bring a sound to my lips: "Go, go! thou frightful, cruel, pitiless one, go, go! and leave him to me, I beseech you from the depths of my soul. There are so many who long for thee, to whom thou comest as a redeemer, as a messenger of peace. Turn thy steps yonder, and leave him to me, leave my child to me!"

And it seemed to me, as though he was hesitating, the frightful shadow. Did he not stoop down and pick a poor little flower that stood there between some thin stalks, and did not he then vanish away in the mist? From the bed of my son I heard the sound of quiet breathing, for the first time this night. He was asleep. The next morning the doctor came, and his eyes shone when he saw the child. "Thank God!" he exclaimed, "now we are through!"

Although Heinrich Seidel is not a young man any more (he was born in 1842), there is no sign of waning power in his recent writings. Indeed, his latest volume, *The Eyes of Memory and other Sketches*, has all the charm of sentiment and droll humour that pervades his early work. But even if his task were in the main done now, it would have been a task than which no man could wish for a worthier one. For what cannot be said of very many literary productions of our time, can be said of his: they have helped to make men happier and healthier.

Kuno Francke.

THE IMAGINATION IN WORK

The uses of the imagination are so little understood by the great majority of men, both trained and untrained, that it is practically ignored not only in the conduct of life, but of education. It receives some incidental development as a result of educational processes, but the effort to reach and affect it as the faculties of observation, of reasoning and of memory are made specific objects of training and unfolding is rarely made. It is relegated to the service of the poets and painters if it is recognised at all; and so far as they are concerned it is assumed that they will find their own way of educating this elusive faculty. As for other men, dealing

with life from the executive or practical sides, it is taken for granted that if they have imagination they can find no proper use for it. Individual teachers have often understood the place and function of the imagination, and have sought to liberate and enrich it by intelligently planned study; but the schools of most, if not of all, times have treated it as a wayward and disorderly gift, not amenable to discipline and training, and of very doubtful value. There has always been, in every highly civilised society, a good deal that has appealed to this divinest of all the gifts with which men have been endowed; there have been periods in which the

imagination has been stirred to its depths by the force of human energy and the play and splendour of human experience and achievement; but there has never yet been adequate recognition of its place in the life of the individual and of society, nor intelligent provision for its education. The movements of thought along educational lines in recent years show, however, a slow but steady drift toward a clearer conception of what the imagination may do for men, and of what education may do for the imagination.

So long as the uses of the imagination in creative work are so little comprehended by the great majority of men it can hardly be expected that its practical uses will be understood. There is a general if somewhat vague recognition of the force and beauty of its achievements as illustrated in the work of Dante, Raphael, Rembrandt and Wagner; but very few people perceive the play of this supreme architectural and structural faculty in the great works of engineering, or in the sublime guesses at truth which science sometimes makes when she comes to the end of the solid road of fact along which she has travelled. The scientist, the engineer, the constructive man in every department of work, use the imagination quite as much as the artist; for the imagination is not a decorator and embellisher, as so many appear to think; it is a creator and constructor. Wherever work is done on great lines or life is lived in fields of constant fertility the imagination is always the central and shaping power. Burke lifted statesmanship to a lofty plane by the use of it; Edison, Tesla and Roebbling in their various ways have shown its magical quality; and more than one man of fortune owes his success more to his imagination than to that practical sagacity which is commonly supposed to be the conjuror which turns all baser metals into gold.

That splendour of the spirit which shines in the great art of the world shines also in all lesser work that is genuine and sincere; for the higher genius of man, which is the heritage of all who make themselves ready to receive it, is present in all places where honest men work, and moulds all materials which honest men handle. Indeed the most convincing evidence of the activity of this supreme

faculty is to be found, not in the works of men of exceptional gift, but in the work of the obscure and undistinguished. It is impossible to energise the imagination among the workers without energising it among the artists; and artists never appear in great numbers unless there is in the common work of common men a touch of vitality and freshness. A real movement of the imagination is never confined to a class; it is always shared by the community. It does not come in like a group of unrelated rivulets fed by separate fountains; it comes like a tide, slowly or swiftly rising until it enfolds a wide reach of territory. The presence of a true art-spirit shows itself not so conclusively in a few noble works as in the touch of originality and beauty on common articles in common use; on furniture, and domestic pottery, and in the love of flowers.

The genius of a race works from below upward, as the seed sends its shoot out of the hidden place where it is buried; and when it becomes luminous in books, painting and architecture it glows also in out-of-the-way places and in things of humble use. The instinct for beauty which is more pronounced and fruitful among the Japanese than among any other modern people shows itself most convincingly in the originality, variety and charm of the shapes which household pottery takes on, and in the quiet but deep enjoyment of the blossoming apple or cherry, the blooming vine or the fragrant rose. It is the presence of beauty diffused through the life of a people in habit, taste, pleasure and daily use which makes the concentration of beauty in great and enduring works not only possible but inevitable; for if a people really care for beauty they will never lack artists to give enduring expression to that craving which, among men of lesser gift, shows itself in a constant endeavour to bring material surroundings into harmony with spiritual aspirations.

This play of the imagination over the whole landscape of life gives it perennial charm, because it perpetually re-forms and rearranges it; and the free movement of the imagination in all occupations and tasks not only makes work a delight, but gives it a significance and adequacy which make it the fit expression, not of a

mere skill, but of an immortal spirit. The work from which this quality is absent may be honest and sincere, but it cannot be liberalising, joyful and contagious; it cannot give the nature free play; it cannot express the man. Patience, persistence, fidelity are fundamental but not creative qualities; the true worker must possess and practice them; but he must go far beyond them if he is to put himself into his work and bring his work into harmony with those spiritual conditions and aims which are the invisible but final standards and patterns of all works and tasks.

One may always get out of hard work the satisfaction which comes from the consciousness of an honest endeavour to do an honest piece of work; but the work which inspires rather than exhausts, and the doing of which gives the hand more freedom and power for the next task,

must be penetrated, suffused and shaped by the imagination. The great lawyer, physician, electrician, teacher, builder must give his work largeness, completeness, and nobility of structure by the use of the imagination in as real and true a sense as the great poet or painter. Without it all work is hard, detached, mechanical; with it all work is vital, co-ordinated, original. It must shape, illumine and adorn; it must build the house, light the lamp within its walls and impart to it that touch of beauty which invests wood and stone with the lightness, the grace and the loveliness of spirit itself. We begin with the imagination; it holds its light over the play of childhood; it is the master of the revels, the enchantments and the dreams of youth; it must be also the inspiration of all toil and the shaping genius of all work.

Hamilton W. Mabie.

A PLEA

Treat me nice, Miss Mandy Jane,

Treat me nice.

Dough my love *has* tu'ned my brain,

Treat me nice.

I ain't done a t'ing to shame,

Lovahs all ac's jes' de same:

Don't you know we ain't to blame?

Treat me nice!

Cose I know I's talkin' wild;

Treat me nice;

I cain't talk no bettah, child,

Treat me nice;

Whut a pusson gwine to do,

W'en he come a-cou'tin' you

All a-tremblin' thoo and thoo?

Please be nice.

Reckon I mus' go de paf

Othahs do:

Lovahs lingah, ladies laugh;

Mebbe you

Do' mean all the things you say,

An' po'haps some latah day

W'en I baig you ha'd, you may

Treat me nice!

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

JOHN SPLENDID

*The Tale of a Poor Gentleman, and the Little Wars of Lorn.**

BY NEIL MUNRO,

The Author of "The Lost Pibroch."

CHAPTER XXI.

At last there was but one horseman in chase of the six men who were fleeing without a look behind them—a frenzied black-avised trooper on a short-legged garron he rode most clumsily, with arms that swung like wings from the shoulder, his boots keeping time to the canter with grotesque knockings against the gaunt and sweating flanks of his starved animal. He rode with a shout, and he rode with a fool's want of calculation, for he had left all support behind him, and might readily enough have been cut off by any judicious enemy in the rear. Before we could hurry down to join the fugitives they observed for themselves that the pursuit had declined to this solitary person, so up they drew (all but one of them), with dirks or spears drawn to give him his welcome. And yet the dragoon put no check on his horse. The beast, in a terror at the din of the battle, was indifferent to the check of its master, whom it bore with thudding hoofs to a front that must certainly have appalled him. He was a person of some pluck, or perhaps the drunkenness of terror lent him the illusion of valour; at least when he found a bloody end inevitable he made the best of the occasion. Into the heaving sides of the brute he drove desperate spurs, anew he shouted a scurrilous name at Clan Campbell, then fired his pistol as he fell upon the enemy.

The *dag* failed of its purpose, but the breast of the horse struck an elderly man on the brow and threw him on his back, so that one of the hind hoofs of the animal crushed in his skull like a hazelnut.

Who of that fierce company brought the trooper to his end we never knew; but when M'Iver and I got down to the level he was dead as knives could make

him, and his horse, more mad than ever, was disappearing over a mossy moor with a sky-blue lochan in the midst of it.

Of the five Campbells three were gentlemen—Forbes the baron-bailie of Ardkinglas, Neil Campbell in Sonachan, Lochowside, and the third no other than Master Gordon the minister, who was the most woebegone and crestfallen of them all. The other two were small tacksmen from the neighbourhood of Inneraora—one Callum MacIain vic Ruarie vic Allan (who had a little want, as we say of a character, or natural, and was ever moist with tears), and a Rob Campbell in Auchnatra, whose real name was Stewart, but who had been in some trouble at one time in a matter of a neighbour's sheep on the braes of Appin, had discreetly fled that country, and brought up a family under a borrowed name in a country that kept him in order.

We were, without doubt, in a most desperate extremity. If we had escaped the immediate peril of the pursuing troopers of MacDonald, we had a longer, wearier hazard before us. Any one who knows the countryside I am writing of, or takes a glance at my relative Gordon of Straloch's diagram or map of the same, will see that we were now in the very heart of a territory hotching (as the rough phrase goes) with clans inimical to the house of Argile. Between us and the comparative safety of Bredalbane lay Stewarts, MacDonalds, Macgregors, and other families less known in history, who hated the name of MacCailein more than they feared the wrath of God. The sight of our tartan in any one of their glens would rouse hell in every heart about us.

Also our numbers and the vexed state of the times were against us. We could hardly pass for peaceable drovers at such a season of the year; we were going the

wrong air for another thing, and the fact that not we alone, but many more of Argile's forces in retreat were fleeing home would be widely advertised around the valleys in a very few hours after the battle had been fought. For the news of war—good or ill—passes among the glens with a magic speed. It runs faster than the fiery cross itself—so fast and inexplicable on any natural law, that more than once I have been ready to believe it a witches' premonition more than a message carried on young men's feet.

"But all that," said Sonachan, a pawky, sturdy little gentleman with a round, ruddy face and a great store of genealogy that he must be ever displaying—"but all that makes it more incumbent on us to hang together. It may easily be a week before we get into Glenurchy; we must travel by night and hide by day, and besides the heartening influence of company there are sentinels to consider and the provision of our food."

Ardkinglas, on the other hand, was a fashionless, stupid kind of man; he was for an immediate dispersion of us all, holding that only in individuals or in pairs was it possible for us to penetrate in safety to real Argile.

"I'm altogether with Sonachan," said M'Iver; "and I could mention half a hundred soldierly reasons for the policy; but it's enough for me that here are seven of us, no more and no less, and with seven there should be all the luck that's going."

He caught the minister's eyes on him at this, and met them with a look of annoyance.

"O yes, I know, Master Gordon, you gentlemen of the lawn bands have no friendliness to our old Highland notions. Seven or six, it's all the same to you, I suppose, except in a question of merks to the stipend."

"You're a clever man enough M'Iver—"

"Barbreck," corrected my friend punctiliously.

"Barbreck let it be then. But you are generally so sensitive to other folks' thoughts of you that your skin tingles to an insult no one dreamt of paying. I make no doubt a great many of your Gaelic beliefs are sheer paganism or Po-

pery or relics of the same, but the charm of seven has a scriptural warrant that as minister of the Gospel I have some respect for, even when twisted into a portent for a band of broken men in the extremity of danger."

We had to leave the dead body of our friend, killed by the horse, on the hillside. He was a Knapdale man, a poor creature, who was as well done, perhaps, with a world that had no great happiness left for him, for his home had been put to the torch and his wife outraged and murdered. At as much speed as we could command, we threaded to the south, not along the valleys, but in the braes, suffering anew the rigour of the frost and the snow. By midday we reached the shore of Loch Leven, and it seemed as if now our flight was hopelessly barred, for the ferry that could be compelled to take an army of MacCaillein over the brackish water at Ballachulish was scarce likely to undertake the conveying back of seven fugitives of the clan that had come so high-handedly through their neighbourhood four days ago. On this side there was not a boat in sight, indeed there was not a vestige on any side of human tenancy. Glencoe had taken with him every man who could carry a pike, not to our disadvantage perhaps, for it left the less danger of any strong attack.

On the side of the loch, when we emerged from the hills, there was a cluster of whin-bushes spread out upon a machar of land that in a less rigorous season of the year, by the feel of the shoe-sole, must be velvet-piled with salty grass. It lay in the clear, gray forenoon like a garden of fairydom to the view, the whin-bushes at a distant glance, floating on billows of snow, touched at their lee by a cheering green, hung to the windward with the silver of the snow, and some of them even prinked off with the gold flower that gives rise to the proverb about kissing being out of fashion when the whin wants bloom. To come on this silent, peaceful, magic territory, fresh out of the turmoil of a battle, was to be in a region haunted, in the borderland of morning dreams, where care is a vague and far-off memory, and the elements study our desires. The lake spread out before us without a ripple, its selvedge at the shore repeating the pic-

ture on the brae. I looked on it with a mind peculiarly calm, rejoicing in its aspect. O! love and the coming years, thinks I, let them be here or somewhere like it, not among the savage of the hills, fighting, plotting, contriving; not among snow-swept mounts and crying and wailing brooks, but by the sedate and tranquil sea in calm weather. As we walked, my friends with furtive looks to this side and yon, down to the shore, I kept my face to the hills of real Argile, and my heart was full of love. I got that glimpse that comes to most of us (had we the wit to comprehend it) of the future of my life.

I beheld in a wave of the emotion the picture of my coming years, going down from day to day very unadventurous and calm, spent in some peaceful valley by a lake, sitting at no rich-laden board, but at bien and happy viands with some neighbour heart. A little bird of hope fluttered within me, so that I knew that if every clan in that countryside was arraigned against me, I had the breast-plate of fate on my breast. "I shall not die in this unfriendly country," I promised myself; "there may be terror, and there may be gloom, but I shall watch my children's children play upon the braes of Shira Glen."

"You are very joco," said John to me as I broke into a little laugh of content with myself.

"It's the first time you ever charged me with jocosity, John," I said; "I'm just kind of happy thinking."

"Yon spectacle behind us is not humorous to my notion," said he, "whatever it may be to yours. And perhaps the laugh may be on the other side of your face before the night comes. We are here in a spider's web."

"I cry pardon for my lightness, John," I answered; "I'll have time enough to sorrow over the clan of Argile; but if you had the Sight of your future, and it lay in other and happier scenes than these, would you not feel something of a gaiety?"

He looked at me with an envy in every feature, from me to his companions, from them to the country round about us, and then to himself as to a stranger whose career was revealed in every rag of his clothing.

"So," said he; "you are the lucky man

to be of the breed of the elect of heaven, to get what you want for the mere desire of it, and perhaps without deserve. Here am I at my prime and over it, and no glisk of the future before me. I must be ever stumbling on, a carouser of life in a mirk and sodden lane."

"You cannot know my meaning," I cried.

"I know it fine," said he. "You get what you want because you are the bairn of content. And I'm but the child of hurry (it's the true word), and I must be seeking and I must be trying to the bitter end."

He kicked, as he walked, at the knolls of snow in his way, and lashed at the bushes with a hazel wand he had lifted from a tree.

"Not all I want, perhaps," said I; "for do you know that fleeing thus from disgrace of my countrymen, I could surrender every sorrow and every desire to one notion about—about—about—"

"A girl of the middle height," said he, "and her name is—"

"Do not give it an utterance," I cried. "I would be sorry to breathe her name in such a degradation. Degradation indeed, and yet if I had the certainty that I was a not altogether hopeless suitor yonder, I would feel a conqueror greater than Hector or Gilian-of-the-Axe."

"Ay, ay," said John. "I would not wonder. And I'll swear that a man of your fate may have her if he wants her. I'll give ye my notion of wooing; it's that with the woman free and the man with some style and boldness, he may have whoever he will."

"I would be sorry to think 'it," said I; "for that might apply to suitors at home in Inneraora as well as me."

M'Iver laughed at the sally, and "Well, well," said he, "we are not going to be debating the chance of love on Levenside, with days and nights of slinking in the heather and the fern between us and our home."

Though this conversation of ours may seem singularly calm and out of all harmony with our circumstances, it is so only on paper; for, in fact, it took but a minute or two of our time as we walked down among those whins that inspired me with the peaceful premonition of the coming years. We were walking, the

seven of us, not in a compact group, but scattered, and at the whins when we rested we sat in ones and twos behind the bushes, with eyes cast anxiously along the shore for sign of any craft that might take us over.

What might seem odd to any one who does not know the shrinking mood of men broken with a touch of disgrace in their breaking, was that for long we studiously said nothing of the horrors we had left behind us. Five men fleeing from a disastrous field and two new out of the clutches of a conquering foe, we were dumb or discoursed of affairs very far removed from the reflection that we were a clan at extremities.

But we could keep up this silence of shame no longer than our running; when we sat among the whins on Levenside, and took a breath and scrutinised along the coast, for sign of food or ferry, we must be talking of what we had left behind.

Gordon told the story with a pained, constrained, and halting utterance; of the surprise of Auchinbreck when he heard the point of war from Nevis Glen, and could not believe that Montrose was so near at hand; of the wavering Lowland wings, the slaughter of the Campbell gentlemen.

"We were in a trap," said he, drawing with a stick on the smooth snow a diagram of the situation. "We were between brae and water. I am no man of war, and my heart swelled at the spectacle of the barons cut down like nettles. And by the most foolish of tactics, surely a good many of our forces were on the other side of the loch."

"That was not Auchinbreck's doing, I'll warrant," said M'Iver; "he would never have counselled a division so fatal."

"Perhaps not," said the cleric drily; "but what if a general has only a sort of savage army at his call? The gentry of your clan—"

"What about MacCailein?" I asked, wondering that there was no word of the chief.

"Go on with your story," said M'Iver, sharply, to the cleric.

"The gentry of your clan," said Gordon, paying no heed to my query, "were easy enough to guide; but yon undis-

ciplined kerns from the hills had no more regard for martial law than for the holy Commandments. God help them! They went their own gait, away from the main body, plundering and robbing."

"I would not just altogether call it plundering, nor yet robbing," said John, a show of annoyance on his face.

"And I don't think myself," said Sonachan, removing himself as he spoke, from our side, and going to join the three others, who sat apart from us a few yards; "that it's a gentleman's way of speaking of the doings of other gentlemen of the same name and tartan as ourselves."

"Ay, ay," said the minister, looking from one to the other of us, his shaven jowl with lines of a most annoying pity on it—"ay, ay," said he, "it would be pleasing you better, no doubt, to hint at no vice or folly in your army; that's the Highlands for you! I'm no Highlander, thank God, or at least with the savage look out of me; for I'm of an honest and orderly Lowland stock, and my trade's the Gospel of the truth, and the truth you'll get from Alexander Gordon, Master of the Arts, if you had your black joctilegs at his neck for it."

He rose up, pursing his face, panting at the nostril, very crouse and defiant in every way.

"Oh, you may just sit you down," said M'Iver, sharply, to him. "You can surely give us truth without stamping it down our throats with your boots, that are not, I've noticed, of the smallest size."

"I know you, sir, from boot to bonnet," said Gordon.

"You're well off in your acquaintance," said M'Iver jocularly; "I wish I kent so good a man."

"From boot to bonnet," said Gordon, in no whit abashed by the irony. "Man, do you know," he went on, "there's a time come to me now when, by the grace of God, I can see to one's innermost as through a lozen. I shudder, sometimes, at the gift. For there's the fair face, and there's the smug and smiling lip, and there's the flattery at the tongue, and below that masked front is Beelzebub himself, meaning well sometimes—perhaps always—but by his fall a traitor first and last."

"God!" cried M'Iver, with a very ugly face, "that sounds awkwardly like a roundabout way of giving me a bad character."

"I said, sir," answered Gordon, "that poor Beelzebub does not sometimes ken his own trade. I have no doubt that in your heart you are touched to the finest by love of your fellows."

"And that's the truth—when they are not clerics," cried John.

"Touched to the finest, and set in a glow, too, by a manly and unselfish act, and eager to go through this world on pleasant footings with yourself and all else."

"Come, come," I cried; "I know my friend well, Master Gordon. We are not all that we might be; but I'm grateful for the luck that brought me so good a friend as John M'Iver."

"I never cried down his credit," said the minister simply.

"Your age gives you full liberty," said John. "I would never lift a hand."

"The lifting of your hand," said the cleric with a flashing eye, "is the last issue I would take thought of. I can hold my own. You are a fair and shining vessel (of a kind), but Beelzebub's at your heart. They tell me that people like you; this gentleman of Elrigmore claims you for his comrade. Well, well, so let it be! It but shows anew the charm of the glittering exterior: they like you for your weakness and not for your strength. Do you know anything of what they call duty?"

"I have starved to the bone in Laaland without complaint, stood six weeks on watch in Stralsung's Franken gate, eating my meals at my post, and John M'Iver never turned skirts on an enemy."

"Very good, sir, very good," said the minister; "but duty is most ill to do when it is to be done in love and not in hate."

"Damn all schooling!" cried John. "You're off in the depths of it again, and I cannot be after you. Duty is duty in love or hate, is it not?"

"It would take two or three sessions of St. Andrews to show you that it makes a great differ whether it is done in love or hate. You do your duty by your enemy well enough, no doubt—a barbarian of the blackest will do no less—

but it takes the better man to do his duty sternly by those he loves and by himself above all. Argile——"

"Yes," cried I, "what about Argile?"

The minister paid no heed to my question.

"Argile," said he, "has been far too long flattered by you and your like, M'Iver."

"Barbreck," put in my comrade.

"Barbreck be it then. A man in his position thus never learns the truth. He sees around him but plausible faces and the truth at a cowardly compromise. That's the sorrow of your Highlands; it will be the black curse of your chiefs in the day to come. As for me, I'm for duty first and last—even if it demands me to put a rope at my brother's neck or my hand in the fire."

"Maybe you are, maybe you are," said John, "and it's very fine of you; and I'm not denying but I can fancy some admirable quality in the character. But if I'm no great hand at the duty, I can swear to the love."

"It's a word I hate to hear men using," said I.

The minister relaxed to a smile at John's amiability, and John smiled on me.

"It's a woman's word, I daresay, Colin," said he; "but there's no man, I'll swear, turning it over more often in his mind than yourself."

Where we lay, the Pap of Glencoe—Sgor-na-ciche, as they call it in the Gaelic—loomed across Loch Leven in wisps of wind-blown gray. Long-beaked birds came to the sand and piped a sharp and anxious note, or chattered like children. The sea-banks floated on the water, rising and dipping to every wave; it might well be a dream we were in on the borderland of sleep at morning.

"What about Argile?" I asked again.

The minister said never a word. John Splendid rose to his feet, shook the last of his annoyance from him, and cast an ardent glance to those remote hills of Lorn.

"God's grandeur," said he, turning to the Gaelic it was proper to use but sparingly before a Saxon. "Behold the unfriendliness of those terrible mountains and ravines! I am Gaelic to the core;

but give me in this mood of mine the flat south soil and the ultimate dip of the sky round a bannock of country. Oh, I wish I was where Aora runs! I wish I saw the highway of Loch Finne that leads down the slope of the sea where the towns pack close together and fires are warm!" He went on and sang a song of the low country, its multitude of cattle, its friendly hearths, its frequented walks of lovers in the dusk and in the spring.

Sonachan and Ardkinglas and the tacksmen came over to listen, and the man with the want began to weep with a child's surrender.

"And what about Argile?" said I when the humming ceased.

"You are very keen on that bit, lad," said the baron-bailie, smiling spitefully with thin hard lips that revealed his teeth gleaming white and square against the dusk of his face. "You are very keen on that bit; you might be waiting for the rest of the minister's story."

"Oh," I said, "I did not think there was any more of the minister's tale to come. I crave his pardon."

"I think, too, I have not much more of a story to tell," said the minister.

"And I think," said M'Iver, in a sudden hurry to be off, "that we might be moving from here. The head of the loch is the only way for us if we are to be off this unwholesome countryside by the mouth of the night."

It is likely we would have taken him at his word, and have risen and gone on his way to the east, where the narrowing of the loch showed that it was close on its conclusion; but the Stewart took from his *dorlach* or knapsack some viands that gave a frantic edge to our appetite and compelled us to stay and eat.

The day was drawing to its close, the sun, falling behind us, was pillowed on clouds of a rich crimson. For the first time, we noticed the signs of the relaxation of the austere season in the return of bird and beast to their familiar haunts. As the sun dipped, the birds came out to the brae side to catch his last ray as they ever love to do. Whaups rose off the sand, and following the gleam upon the braes, ascended from slope to slope, and the plover followed, too, dipping his feet in the golden tide receding. On

little fir-patches mounted numerous *coilleach dhuibh*—blackcock of sheeny feather, and the owls began to hoot in the wood beyond.

CHAPTER XXII.

We had eaten to the last crumb, and were ready to be going when again I asked Gordon what had come over Argile.

"I'll tell you that," said he bitterly; but as he began, some wildfowl rose in a startled flight to our right and whirred across the sky.

"There's some one coming," said M'Iver, "let us keep close together."

From where the wildfowl rose, the Dame Dubh, as we called the old woman of Carnus, came in our direction, half-running, half-walking through the snow. She spied us while she was yet a great way off, stopped a second as one struck with an arrow, then continued her progress more eagerly than ever, with high-piped cries and taunts at us.

"O cowards!" she cried; "do not face Argile, or the glens you belong to. Cowards, cowards, Lowland women, Glencoe's full of laughter at your disgrace!"

"Royal's my race, I'll not be laughed at," cried Stewart.

"They cannot know of it already in Glencoe," said M'Iver, appalled.

"Know it," said the crone, drawing nearer and with still more frenzy, "Glencoe has songs on it already. The stench from Inverlochry's in the air; it's a mock in Benderloch and Ardgour, it's a nightmare in Glenurchy, and the women are keening the slopes of Cladish. Cowards, cowards, little men, cowards! all the curses of Conan on you and the black rocks; die from home, and Hell itself reject you."

We stood in front of her in a group, slack at the arms and shoulders, bent a little at the head, affronted for the first time with the full shame of our disaster. All my bright portents of the future seemed, as they flashed again before me, muddy in hue, an unfaithful man's remembrance of his sins when they come before him at the bedside of his wife; the evasions of my friends revealed themselves what they were indeed, the shutting of the eyes against shame.

The woman's meaning Master Gordon could only guess at, and he faced her composedly.

"You are far off your road," he said to her mildly, but she paid him no heed.

"You have a bad tongue, mother," said M'Iver.

She turned and spat on his vest, and on him anew she poured her condemnation.

"You, indeed, the gentleman with an account to pay, the hero, the avenger! I wish my teeth had found your neck at the head of Aora Glen." She stood in the half night, foaming over with hate and evil words, her taunts stinging like asps.

"Take off the tartan, ladies!" she screamed; "off with men's apparel and on with the short gown."

Her cries rang so over the land that she was a danger bruiting our presence to the whole neighbourhood, and it was in a common panic we ran with one accord from her in the direction of the loch-head. The man with the want took up the rear, whimpering as he ran, feeling again, it might be, a child fleeing from maternal chastisement; the rest of us went silently, all but Stewart, who was a cocky little man with a large bonnet pulled down on the back of his head like a morion, to hide the absence of ears that had been cut off by the law for some of his Appin adventures. He was a person who never saw in most of a day's transactions aught but the humour of them, and as we ran from this shrieking beldame of Carnus, he was choking with laughter at the ploy.

"Royal's my race," said he at the first ease to our running—"royal's my race, and I never thought to run twice in one day from an enemy. Stop your greeting, Callum, and not be vexing our friends the gentlemen."

"What a fury!" said Master Gordon. "And that's the lady of omens! What about her blessings now?"

"Aye, and what about her prophecies?" asked M'Iver, sharply. "She was not so far wrong, I'm thinking, about the risks of Inverloch; the heather's above the gall, indeed."

"But at any rate," said I, "Mac-Caillein's head is not on a pike."

"You must be always on the old key,"

cried M'Iver, angrily. "Oh man, man, but you're sore in want of tact." His face was throbbing and hove. "Here's half a dozen men," said he, "with plenty to occupy their wits with what's to be done and what's to happen them before they win home, and all your talk is on a most vexatious trifle. Have you found me, a cousin of the Marquis, anxious to query our friends here about the ins and outs of the engagement? It's enough for me that the heather's above the gall. I saw this dreary morning the sorrow of my life, and I'm in no hurry to add to it by the value of a single tear."

Sonachan was quite as bitter. "I don't think," said he, "that it matters very much to you, sir, what Argile may have done or may not have done; you should be glad of your luck (if luck it was and no design), that kept you clear of the trouble altogether." And again he plunged ahead of us with Ardkinglas, to avoid my retort to an impertinence that, coming from a younger man, would have more seriously angered me.

The minister by now had recovered his wind, and was in another of his sermon moods, with this ruffling at M'Caillein's name as his text.

"I think I can comprehend," said he, "all this unwillingness to talk about my lord of Argile's part in the disaster of to-day; no Gael though I am, I'm loath myself to talk about a bad black business, but that's because I love my master—for master he is in scholarship, in gifts, in every attribute and intention of the Christian soldier. It is for a different reason, I'm afraid, that our friend Barbreck shuffles."

"Barbreck never shuffles," said John stiffly. "If he did in this matter it would be for as true an affection for his chief as any lalland cleric ever felt for his patron."

"And yet, sir, you shuffle for another reason, too. You do not want to give your ridiculous Highland pride the shock of hearing that your chief left in a galley before the battle he lost had well begun."

A curious cry came from M'Iver's lips. He lifted his face, lined with sudden shadows, to the stars that now were lighting to the east, and I heard his teeth grind.

"So that's the bitter end of it!" said

I to myself, stunned by this pitiful conclusion. My mind groped back on the events of the whole waeiful winter. I saw Argile again at peace among his own people; I heard anew his clerkly but wavering sentiment on the trade of the sword; I sat by him in the mouth of Glen Noe, and the song and the guess went round the fire. But the picture that came to me first and stayed with me last was Argile standing in his chamber in the castle of Inverara, the pallor of the study on his face, and his little Archie with his gold hair and the nightgown running out and clasping him about the knees.

We struggled through the night, weary men, hungry men. Loch Leven-head may be bonny by day, but at night it is far from friendly to the unaccustomed wanderer. Swampy meadows frozen to the hard bone, and uncountable burns, and weary ascents, and alarming dips lie there at the foot of the great forest of Mamore. And to us, poor fugitives, even these were less cruel than the thickets at the very head where the river brawled into the loch with a sullen surrender of its mountain independence.

About seven or eight o'clock we got safely over a ford and into the hilly country that lies tumbled to the north of Glencoe. Before us lay the choice of two routes, either of them leading in the direction of Glenurchy; but both of them hemmed in by the most inevitable risks, especially as but one of all our party was familiar (and that one but middling well) with the countryside. "The choice of a cross-road at night in a foreign land is tall John's pick of the farmer's daughters," as our homely proverb has it; you never know what you have till the morn's morning. And our picking was bad indeed, for instead of taking what we learned again was a drove-road through to Tynree, we stood more to the right and plunged into what, after all, turned out to be nothing better than a corrie among the hills. It brought us up a most steep hillside, and landed us two hours' walk later far too much in the heart and midst of Glencoe to be for our comfort. From the hillside we emerged upon, the valley lay revealed, a great hack among the mountains.

(To be continued.)

THE THOUGHT OF HER

My love for thee doth take me unaware
 When most with lesser things my brain is wrought,
 As in some nimble interchange of thought
 The silence enters and the talkers stare,
 Suddenly I am still and thou art there,
 A viewless visitant and unbesought,
 And all my thinking trembles into naught
 And all my being opens like a prayer.
 Thou art the lifted chalice in my soul
 And I a dim church at the thought of thee;
 Brief though the moment be, the mass is said,
 The benediction like an aureole
 Is on my spirit, and shuddering through me
 A rapture like the rapture of the dead.

Richard Hovey.

MR. GEORGE MOORE'S NEW NOVEL.*

In reviewing mentally the list of novels already written by Mr. George Moore and in grouping them according to the methods employed in their construction, one classifies them broadly under two general heads. In the first place, there is the novel whose elements are comparatively simple and elemental, but whose development has been carried out with a wealth of incident and detail and on a large canvas, as it were, so that the picture given is more than a picture of individual character, but sets before our eyes a whole section of our modern world. In the second place, there is the novel of purely psychological analysis in which Mr. Moore has placed before himself the task of realising some intensely complex character, and in doing so has kept severely to the work in hand and has not allowed his attention nor the attention of his readers to be diverted from his central study. In other words, when he has dealt with simple themes he has allowed himself to set them in a complicated environment; and when he has selected a complex theme he has given it a setting of entire simplicity. These respective methods are illustrated on the one hand in *A Mummer's Wife*, and on the other hand, in *Mildred Lawson*,—two works which must, we think, be regarded as his masterpieces.

In *A Mummer's Wife*, while the variety of character is great and while the psychology of it all is perfect, the sphere of life depicted is one that is comparatively primitive, in that motive and action are closely related, convention plays but a slight part, and the passions, the emotions, and the ambitions of the persons whom he draws are entirely obvious and simple. In consequence, while describing the tawdry, lawless, Bohemian life which is there delineated, Mr. Moore has given himself a free hand and has filled his pages with a multiplicity of incident that is extraordinarily vivid and that in no way distracts the attention from the central tragedy of the fall and degradation of the unfortunate Kate Lennox. In *Mil-*

dred Lawson, on the other hand, where Mr. Moore has had to deal with an extremely complex type of character,—a type so complex, so contradictory, and so rare as to lead many persons to deny its actuality—he very wisely refrains from introducing anything that can for a moment withdraw the reader's notice from the character of Mildred. He merely sketches in a background against which her figure stands out in clear relief, and there is introduced nothing whatsoever that can lessen the powerful effect which she makes upon us as she stands exposed in all the terrible severity of Mr. Moore's unsparing revelation.

In *Evelyn Innes*, however, Mr. Moore has most unfortunately blended his two methods. He has given us a character in some respects as difficult to realise as that of Mildred Lawson; he has tried to draw it for us in its relation to an environment that is highly complex and artificial; and to his mind, the analysis of this environment is almost as strong a motive as is his analysis of Evelyn Innes herself. The attempt is very daring. It has all the splendid audacity that marks the gigantic scheme which Balzac set before himself in the *Comédie Humaine*; it has been carried out with much of the insight, the subtlety, and the genius of the great French realist; and it has just missed success as Balzac himself not seldom missed it, and for the reason that the task is in its entirety too great to be perfectly realised even by talent of the highest order.

Evelyn Innes is one variety of a type already drawn for us by Mr. Moore in *Mildred Lawson*. Three years ago we ventured the prediction that this type would very soon attract the serious attention of our novelists of character, since it is becoming more and more common in contemporary life, and is, indeed, one of the most significant results of our present sociological development. Already our prediction has been justified, not only by Mr. Moore's creations but by the studies given us in Mr. Gissing's *Whirlpool*, in Mr. Frederic's *Damnation of Theron Ware*, and somewhat super-

*Evelyn Innes. By George Moore. New York: D. Appleton & Co., \$1.50.

ficially though very effectively, by Mr. Le Gallienne in *The Romance of Zion Chapel*.

Evelyn Innes is the daughter of an obscure London organist who, in the intervals of his regular duties, cherishes an ambition to revive in Church music the liturgic chants of the earlier centuries, the free melody of Gregorian plain-song, the masses of Di Lasso, the motets of Ockeghem, and the uncorrupted music of Palestrina, and thus to restore to the service of the Church the naïvely natural in place of the vulgarly artificial. Evelyn herself has a beautiful voice which her father has cultivated, and he hopes to be able ultimately to send her to Paris to be trained as a professional singer under some great teacher of vocal music. Meanwhile, however, his narrow means will not allow this, and Evelyn lives with him in his musty little home at Dulwich, stirred by undefined ambition and chafing more and more each year under the monotony of her life and the uncertainty of her future. Presently, her father makes the acquaintance of Sir Owen Asher, a wealthy amateur who is interested in Mr. Innes's musical theories and who is very soon still more attracted by the undeveloped voice and the undeveloped beauty of Evelyn herself. Sir Owen has for some time been engaged in an affair with a married woman which has turned out rather unfortunately for him; and by way of diversion he makes love to Evelyn, appealing to her not only on the side of her emotions but on the side also of her musical ambition. He does not love her. He thinks that he might have loved her had he never met the other woman. Still, he feels that if he should take her away, it would be better than to have her go away with a manager who would rob and beat her. Yet, he reflects, if he were to take her away he would be tied to her; it would be like marrying her. The thought alarms him in a way, and yet she attracts him and piques his curiosity so that he cannot put her out of his thoughts. He wonders if she has really a great voice. To discover a new prima donna would gratify his vanity. He is also curious to find out whether she is in reality the innocent girl that she appears to be. In spite of himself and because of her quick responsiveness, he allows himself to sound her thought, to lay his mind against hers; and he is

alarmed at the quickness with which they stray to the very verge of things. Almost at once they fall into intimacies of conversation, and Evelyn questions him tentatively about his love for the other woman which she has already divined. He tells her that the other woman has thrown him over. The paragraph in which Mr. Moore comments on this is extremely characteristic and has one or two very subtle touches:

He judged it necessary to dissemble, and he advanced the theory which he always made use of on these occasions—that women were more capricious than men, that so far as his experience counted for anything, he had invariably been thrown over. The object of this theory was two-fold. It impressed his listener with an idea of his fidelity, which was essential if she were a woman. It also suggested that he had inspired a large number of caprices, whereby he gratified his vanity and inspired hope in the lady that as a lover he would prove equal to her desire. It also helped to establish the moral atmosphere in which an intrigue might develop.

Events move rapidly, and it is not long before Sir Owen himself in his own despite begins to be stirred by a real desire for her, and to be thrilled by her romantic eyes, her shimmering hair, and her undulating walk. Their conversation becomes franker with every meeting. At last they discuss from every point of view his offer that she go to Paris with him and accept his protection with the musical training that he will secure for her under the most famous teacher of the day. She loves him and she is intensely ambitious for musical fame. The temptation is irresistible, yet she is a devout Catholic. The terrors of eternal fire are ever present to her mind and she shrinks from taking the fatal step even while she thinks to herself with a thrill of pleasure how much more exciting it would be to run away with him than to be married to him by the priest. In reading this, one sees immediately what the end will be. Against the fear of the confessional are set the joy of art, the delirium of success, the yearnings of emulation and, last of all, the ache of her own passionate body. She decides to leave her home, but with a curious honesty and because her father has always been to her as much a comrade as a father, she goes to him and tells him of her purpose. The chapter is a strange one, for her father like herself is overmastered by musical

ambition; and though he says the conventional things to her, in his heart he understands and almost sympathises. Before he has had time, however, to think of it more carefully she leaves him and crosses the Channel in company with Sir Owen to begin a new career in Paris.

Arriving there, she enters upon an enchanted world in which everything that can appeal to her love of luxury and beauty is laid at her feet. Sir Owen secures for her an English lady of title as a chaperone; the conventions are externally observed; she places herself under the instruction of Madame Savelli who pronounces her voice a marvel; and from that moment her life is one in which everything unites to satisfy her very last desire,—pleasure, admiration, love, and above all a brilliant musical success.

Mr. Moore leaves undescribed and unreported the following six years during which she has become the first of living singers, and in which Sir Owen has come to love her as he never loved anyone before, while her own affection for him has gradually waned. She has been faithful to him, yet with that craving for new emotions which is always present in the artistic woman. She has experimented in love, going even to its very verge, making romantic appointments to meet her admirers in secluded parks, and trying to revive with other men something of the thrilling excitement that she felt in the early days of her acquaintance with Sir Owen. Yet somehow or other, no one quite appeals to her sufficiently, until at the end of the six years she meets one Ulick Dean in whose delineation some London critics have chosen to see a reflection of the personality of Mr. Moore himself. With this in mind, it is interesting to read the description of his appearance as he is set before us in the book.

He had one of those long, Irish faces, all in a straight line, with flat, slightly hollow cheeks, and a long chin. It was clean shaven, and a heavy lock of black hair was always falling over his eyes. It was his eyes that gave its sombre, ecstatic character to his face. They were large, dark, deeply set, singularly shaped, and they seemed to smoulder like fires in caves, leaping and sinking out of the darkness. He was a tall, thin young man, and he wore a black jacket and a large, blue necktie, tied with the ends hanging loose over his coat.

Ulick Dean is very much of a mystic and he lives largely in the world of imag-

ination. He believes in the supernatural, he sees visions and dreams dreams, he has a strange, comprehensive, world-religion. He is the very antithesis of Sir Owen who represents in many ways the conventional type of fashionable man as Evelyn thinks of him.

Until she had met Ulick, she had not seen a man for years whose thoughts ranged above the gross pleasure of the moment, the pleasure of eating, of drinking, of love-making . . . and she was growing like those people. The other night at dinner, at the Savoy she had looked round the table at the men's faces, some seven or eight, varying in age from twenty-four to forty-eight, and she had said to herself, "Not one of these men has done anything worth doing, not one has even tried." Looking at the man of twenty-four, she had said to herself, "He will do all that the man of forty-eight has done—the same dinners, the same women, the same race-courses, the same shooting, the same tireless search after amusement, the same life unlit by any denial." She was no better, Owen was no better. There was no hope for either of them.

Sir Owen becomes more and more distasteful to her, yet she is bound to him by a thousand associations. She feels that she ought to break with him or else that she ought to marry him. This last she even promises to do, but unfortunately for himself he asks her to postpone it for a year; since when she once becomes his wife she must leave the stage, and he wishes her before doing so to create two more rôles. She falls into an agony of conflicting motives; she finally takes Ulick as her lover, and tells Sir Owen of it, and he condones even this lest he should lose her. In the end she comes almost to hate them both; her conscience or what stands to her as conscience awakens in her. Her old religious faith revives. A priest to whom she goes appeals most powerfully to the spiritual side of her nature. She tosses about for night after night in sleepless agitation. In her despair she thinks of leaving the world altogether and entering a convent, yet the motives of the flesh work mightily within her.

She lay quite still, face to face with an seeing as it were into the eyes of the Irreparable. Never again would a man hold her in his arms, saying "Darling, I am very fond of you!" Take love out of her life, and what barrenness, what weariness! After all, she was only seven-and-twenty, and the thought came upon her that she might have waited until she was a little older. The word "never"

rang in her ears, and she realised as she had not done before all that a lover meant to her—romance, adventure, the brilliancy and sparkle of life. What was life without the delightful excitement of the chase, the delicious doubts regarding the hidden significance of every look and word, and then the rapture of the final abandonment? She tried to think that the life she proposed to relinquish had not brought her happiness, but she could not put back the memory of the enchanting days she had spent with her lovers. Oh, the intense hours of anticipation! and the wonderful recollections! rich and red as the heart of a flower! Such rapture seemed to her to be worth the remorse that came after, and the peace of mind that a chaste life would secure, a poor recompense for dreary days and months. She realised the length and the colour of the time—grey week after grey week, blank month after blank month, void year after void year! And she always getting a little older, getting older in a drab, lifeless time, in a lifeless life, a weary life filled with intolerable craving! She had endured it once, a feeling as if she wanted to go mad.

Yet the religious motive for the moment at least prevails. She dismisses both Sir Owen and Ulick Dean, and she visits a convent where for the time her soul is soothed and chastened by the simplicity and beauty of the life she sees there and by the influence and example of the sweet-faced nuns. Yet at the close of the book, which ends abruptly, we find her driving back to London, uncertain still as to what her future course shall be.

We have outlined here as briefly as we could the essential incidents of a story which on the whole will detract nothing from the general belief in Mr. Moore's exceptional ability as a writer. The book is, indeed, most conscientiously constructed. There is no hasty work to be detected in it. It is the fruit of three long years of unremitting work. There are passages in it of remarkable power, and its author's touch is everywhere both firm and sure. Unlike his other books, also, it shows no traces of a grossness of phrase and a brutality of thought that have so often jarred upon us in his earlier novels. Moreover, he has here displayed an ability to delineate a different and a larger world than that which has been the scene of his other stories. He has left behind him the slums and the stews, the music hall, the midnight restaurant, and the whole atmosphere of Leicester Square and the Boulevard Montmartre. If there is less sharpness of outline in

some of his character drawing, if the picture is in places just a little blurred and indistinct, and if there is left upon the reader's mind a half-unconscious perception of a lack of unity and balance, this is not due to any falling off in the genius of the writer, but rather as we think to certain errors of literary judgment which a careful consideration of the volume as a whole will render obvious.

The first of these has been already indicated. If Mr. Moore desired to make his book a searching and thoroughly profound analysis of a character so difficult to draw as that of Evelyn, he should have given it the very simplest setting and should not have complicated it with the further attempt to place before us a picture of the artificial world in which this character undergoes its evolution. He should have drawn Evelyn as he drew Mildred Lawson, unsparingly and pitilessly, and upon her he should have turned all the clear white light of his artistic powers and all his minute understanding of character and motive. He should not, for a moment, have led away our thoughts to other and irrelevant studies which, though admirable in themselves, have in this book served only to mar the unity of his central purpose.

The other defect is one that in a way springs primarily, we think, from the growing influence that has been exercised upon the work of Mr. Moore by his admiration for the work of Huysmans. Some years ago, in writing his *Confessions of a Young Man*, Mr. Moore set forth his passionate admiration for the Flemish mystic; but until now we have never been able to discover in his novels any definite traces of the influence of Huysmans. In *Evelyn Innes*, however, there stands out in almost every chapter a direct suggestion of the literary technique which reached the limits of the possible in *En Route*, and which was pushed to the *reductio ad absurdum* in *La Cathédrale*. As Huysmans has loaded down his pages with long discursive lucubrations on mediæval art and architecture and the theory of mysticism, so has Mr. Moore loaded down his pages with equally irrelevant and much too technical dissertations on early music, the art of Wagner, and the minutest details of conventual life. Mr. Moore has done this far more cleverly and artistically than has

Huysmans. One does not feel that he has been cramming up the subject merely to unload his erudition on the patient reader; yet none the less these things do seriously interrupt the symmetrical development of his story and distract the mind from an appreciation of the sort of work in which among English writers of to-day he stands supreme. It is, indeed, becoming rather general, this fondness for injecting what is in reality extraneous matter into the pages of a novel, and it is a most unfortunate and deplorable mistake. Simplicity of workmanship, so far from being alien to the highest art is indeed the very essence of it, and in the art of fiction this is absolutely true. The work that will endure the longest is the work which deals with what is most truly elemental, which moves on swiftly and surely and unencumbered to its end, which makes the most distinct and definite and profound impression on the mind, and which takes a lesson from the Greeks, those consummate masters of every form of art, in

observing and studying at every point the psychological power of unbroken unity.

There are many themes suggested by this book that we should like to touch upon, yet whose discussion we must of necessity forego. Among the most important of them are the problem which is raised by its perusal, the old problem as to the possibility of happiness in one who puts aside all recognition of the moral law, and that other very fascinating question which forces itself upon the mind in almost every chapter, as to the essential immorality of music,—a question whose discussion is as old as Plato and whose importance is enhanced each day as modern music becomes more and more voluptuous, and as the whole genius of contemporary musical art devotes itself with passionate persistence and with every device that modern ingenuity can master, to make of music a terrible, overwhelming, and almost infernal appeal to the subtlest and most enervating joys of sense.

Harry Thurston Peck.

PARIS LETTER

A new volume of verse by Victor Hugo! This is the great literary novelty of the month. Its title: *Les Années Funestes* (1852-1870). It contains many a beautiful piece, and is a genuine surprise, for it seemed that in *Les Châtiments* and in sundry other pieces published during the same period Hugo had given us all the poetical utterances born of his fiery political passions during the reign of Napoleon III. This is the thirteenth volume of Victor Hugo's posthumous and the sixty-first of his complete works, and the end is not yet. Paul Meurice, the one survivor of Hugo's literary executors, is authority for the statement that at least four more volumes will be published, viz.: The second volume of *Choses Vues*, *Terre et Ciel*, a volume of verse, *Océan*, prose and verse mixed, and a volume of miscellanies. All the above will be issued before the year 1902, in which it is intended to have a great centennial celebration of the poet's birth.

A fact has just become public in re-

gard to the preparation for this celebration which is worth mentioning. In appointing in his will Paul Meurice and Auguste Vacquerie his literary executors, Hugo had given them as compensation for their labours one-half of the proceeds of the copyright on his posthumous works. Both of the executors have given up these proceeds to the "Comité Victor Hugo," which intends to erect a great monument to the poet in 1902. The sculptor Barras has already been at work on the monument for quite a while, and it is expected that it will be fully worthy of the glory of the "Master."

Hugo's name has just come before the public in another, and decidedly less glorious, way, through a lawsuit brought by Georges Hugo, the poet's grandson, against Jean Charcot, who married Hugo's granddaughter after her divorce from Léon Daudet. Georges Hugo since then seems to have missed no opportunity of showing that he entirely sided against his sister, and a few weeks ago,

when the Odéon theatre placed upon the stage one of Hugo's posthumous plays, *La Grand'mère*, he went so far as to have Léon Daudet as his guest in his box. This led to an altercation with Jean Charcot, who administered to his brother-in-law what was described by one of the witnesses as *un gifle magistrale* (a masterly slap). Young Hugo, of course, after that insisted on fighting a duel, but his opponent declined to fight, and so was called by him before the courts. The trial came off yesterday, but the decision will not be rendered until a week later. It is expected that a light penalty will be inflicted upon the defendant, and that the "Loi Bérenger" will be applied to him, making the penalty purely nominal.

I mentioned the coming centennial of Hugo's birth. France is just now celebrating the centennial of another of her great writers, Michelet, the historian, who was born in 1798. Selections and estimates of his works are appearing everywhere, the most careful of the latter having been published in the last issue of the *Revue Politique et Parlementaire*, by Mr. Ferdinand Dreyfus, a former member of the Chamber of Deputies. Another feature of the celebration is one which would hardly have been thought of for any other historian. The Odéon Theatre gave last night a unique performance. First a lecture on Michelet was delivered by Professor Lintilhac, then passages from Michelet's works were recited by a number of actors and elocutionists. Michelet's strongly lyrical style made their task a comparatively easy one, and showed, better perhaps than anything else, that although a prose writer, a historian, Michelet was essentially a poet. He is considered here above all the poet of Joan of Arc and of the French revolution.

I am not yet through with the dead. We have had this month a new volume, a very interesting one, by Alexandre Dumas fils. It is the eighth volume of his *Théâtre Complet*, and consists of very curious notes written by him as directions for the actors who had to personate his characters. These notes are not printed here for the first time, but they are for the first time made accessible to the general public. They are to be found in an earlier edition of Dumas's plays, of

which only a limited number of copies was published, and which is known as *L'Edition des Comédiens*. There the notes are not grouped together, as in the volume just issued, but they accompany each play, and form a kind of running commentary.

Curiously enough, at the same time as the concluding volume of Dumas's dramatic writings we have the first volume of collected plays published by the one of the younger dramatists who seems to have most successfully followed in his footsteps, in so far as Dumas's works may be considered a study of the "Ewig Weibliches," viz.: George de Porto-Riche. Porto-Riche said, a few years ago, that his ambition was to make for himself a name in the history of the heart, and the present volume, *Théâtre d'Amour*, is to tell whether thus far he has come anywhere near the realisation of his ambition. It contains four plays, "La Chance de Françoise," "L'Infidèle," "Amoureuse," and "Le Passé," one of which, "Amoureuse," has been one of the greatest dramatic successes of the more recent years. I ought to say that few of the dramatic productions of our day possess as much literary merit as Porto-Riche's plays. They read admirably.

Richepin's new play, at the Français, *La Martyre*, has also been published. The qualities of Richepin's verse are so well known that I need say nothing to those who are curious of mastery in versification and splendour of style. To others the book will not appeal.

The interest of the French in the drama is shown by this large number of dramatic publications, to which I have to add one more, and not the least interesting, to be sure; I mean the tenth series of Jules Lemaitre's *Impressions de Théâtre*. As long as Sarcey refuses to republish his *Feuilletons* in book form Jules Lemaitre's *Impressions* will remain the best of the handy records of the doings of the French stage.

I shall not leave the stage without mentioning the death of a writer who had his moment of celebrity, and who, even since he faded away from public view, continued doing a good deal for dramatic art, Edouard Cadol. A play of his, in the seventies' drew crowds to the then newly established Théâtre de Cluny, *Les Inutiles*. But he never again had any

really great success on the stage. So after a while he ceased writing plays. For a great many years before his death he occupied a very important position at the Théâtre Français. He read the manuscripts of ambitious authors, and upon his report the "Comité de Lecture" decided whether the authors would be allowed to come before the committee and read their plays themselves, the necessary preliminary to their being accepted. His recommendations were disregarded but seldom.

A few books of real interest have been published this month, in addition to what I have already mentioned. Perhaps the most curious is Mr. Munier-Jolain's *Procès de Femmes*. It relates entirely to the eighteenth century and is one of the most interesting contributions to the history of the period.

We have a new book on the United States, hardly a month passes without one; this time it is a new comer, Mr. F. E. Johanet, who tells us many interesting things, some of them true, in *Autour du Monde Millionnaire Américain*.

Two new volumes have been published in Hachette's collection of monographs on great French writers, both by special-

ists who were admirably qualified to speak upon the authors assigned to them: *Cornuille*, by Gustave Lanson, the author of the well-known *Histoire de la Littérature Française*, and *Mérimée*, by Augustin Filon.

Another contribution to the study of French literature is Emile Faguet's new volume of essays, which forms the second series of his *Politiques et Moralistes du XIXe Siècle*.

We have also a crop of bright things called up by the Dreyfus or Zola affair, the most notable being *Avant le Procès*, by M. Duclaun, the celebrated scientist, and *M. Brunctière et l'Individualisme*, by a professor of philosophy, M. Darlu..

Both of these are part of a new collection of tracts issued by Armand Colin, under the general title of *Questions du Temps Présent*. In the same collection I wish to mention an able contribution by a German lady, the author of a German life of Voltaire, who writes French remarkably well, Miss Käthe Schirmacher. Its title is *Le Féminisme aux Etats-Unis, en France, dans la Grande Bretagne, en Suède et en Russie*. Pretty comprehensive!

Alfred Manière.

THE REBUKE

Fie on you, Roses, that you make
 So brave and bright a show,
 Here in mine eyes, who leave did take
 Of Heaven an hour ago.

For shame I say—'tis not well done
 On me to wreak your pride,
 Whose grief so newly is begun,
 Whose hope so lately died.

Give place—for Sorrow, like a queen,
 Keeps state, and will not bear
 That Joy should press with wanton mien
 Too near her lonely chair.

Henry Johnstone.

NEW BOOKS

THE ROYAL NAVY.*

The two volumes of this work which have been issued, are fine examples of a careful and painstaking analysis of a branch of history which, more than any other, has been approached either in the spirit of the romancer or novelist or else from a point of view so purely national that it was invariably tainted with national prejudice. No complete history, that could lay claim to being considered authoritative, has yet been written on this subject. The most important one was commenced by Sir Harris Nicholas; it was gigantic in its conception but no one could have lived long enough to write it on the original plan and he died on the completion of the second volume. Other naval historians have generally devoted themselves to a particular period, or to a particular subject. The plan of this work is more ambitious and if the first two volumes are a fair example of the three to follow we may congratulate the author and ourselves on his success.

In the general preface Mr. Clowes takes the reader into his confidence and explains the scope and plan of the work; and, in recounting the failure of other historians to satisfy or to complete, he shows the methods by which he desires to accomplish both purposes; in order to satisfy all requirements, he proposes to give "a sufficiently comprehensive account of the military history of the Royal Navy from the earliest times to the present without necessitating any undue neglect of the civil history, of the development of the material and personnel, or of the story of the more peaceful yet still active triumphs of the service."

To complete the work Mr. Clowes has had recourse to the co-operative plan which was followed by Mr. Winsor in his *History of America*, and has obtained the assistance of Sir Clements Markham, Captain Mahan, Mr. H. W. Wilson, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt and Mr. L. Carr Loughton, who has been substituted for

Mr. Edward Fraser. Mr. Clowes has reserved for himself the largest proportion of the work which would seem an impossible undertaking even with his special knowledge and advantages if we had not the direct evidence of his skill at condensation which is apparent in these two volumes before us.

Sir Clements Markham, K. C. B., who is President of the Royal Geographical Society, takes charge of the general subject of Voyages and Discoveries from 1485 to the present day and his name is a guarantee of the excellence and thoroughness to be expected in the handling of this branch of the History. Mr. Wilson takes the subject of Voyages and Discoveries up to 1485 and Minor Naval Operations from 1763 to 1875. Mr. Loughton takes the Military History from 1603 to 1660; Captain Mahan has the Major Naval Operations from 1763 to 1793 and Mr. Roosevelt has the War of 1812.

The invitation on the part of Mr. Clowes to two American historians to write portions of the *History of the Royal Navy* has called forth some criticism which is so baseless that it seems difficult to understand why he should have felt obliged to answer it at length in his preface. For however much Americans may be disposed to criticise Captain Mahan in certain directions, we do not really care how many letters of the alphabet he writes after his name, so long as he gives us so delightful a work as his *Life of Nelson*. He is a man of great intellectual power and brilliancy; with a vivid imagination, sound philosophy and profound reasoning, he combines accuracy of historical judgment and great beauty of expression, while as for Mr. Roosevelt, however erratic he may be as an administrator, he has shown in his *History of the War of 1812*, remarkable ability for keen and authoritative analysis. If nothing at all had been said about it, the invitation would have been considered a graceful compliment indicating a well-merited appreciation of ability which will always command respect in the world of

*The Royal Navy, A History. By Wm. Laird Clowes. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

letters. Educated men the world over are ready to honour merit; it is only the narrow minded who will see an unworthy reason in recognising the good qualities of those who belong to another nation.

In reading the two volumes which are very largely the work of Mr. Clowes himself, the reader will find a pleasant surprise. The volumes are almost as large as the subject and from previous experience with naval histories, we might expect to find them cumbered with detail, but the author seems to have struck a happy mean which augurs well for the rest of the book. There appears to be a proper sense of historical proportion and a just appreciation of the importance of details. The treatment of the subject is broad, and the civil and military histories go hand in hand. This method of treatment enables the author to show and the reader to understand how the men who have dominated different epochs of the naval history of Great Britain have impressed their individuality on the service, and how the Royal Navy has, in each epoch, been the most important element in the building up, the extension and preservation of the British Empire.

It is refreshing to find a history which immediately convinces one that the author has not drawn upon his imagination for facts. There must always be a temptation in a work of this nature to supply deficiencies by additions of one's own, especially when treating of a period in which all the facts seem to be fiction. But a close inspection not only enables us to recognise the accuracy which commands respect for its intrinsic value, but also shows ex-conclusively that, while the facts are grouped with scientific method, enough of the picturesque has been retained to keep the reader's attention fixed and to make it both interesting and attractive.

In this work Mr. Clowes appears in the triple character of author, editor and compiler, but call him what we may we must acknowledge that his work is well done. This was to have been expected, for his literary experience has fitted him peculiarly for a work of this nature. For many years he was the naval critic of the *London Times* and in this capacity it was his duty to write the accounts of the naval manœuvres. An excellent French

scholar, he has made himself thoroughly acquainted with the French navy also, and his annual *Pocket Book of the Navies of the World* has long been considered a standard work. The cosmopolitan character of his work has necessarily increased his general knowledge while his habits of educated criticism have given him a broad vision which prevents his work in this case from becoming too insular. He was one of the first of English writers to recognize the good qualities of the seamen of the American navy as he saw them at the Kiel Celebration, while his criticism of the Italian seamen at the same time was so frank and unsparing that the captain of the Italian flagship declined to receive him on board of his ship.

These qualities of authorship, combined with the scope of his general knowledge and the evident harmony of his combinations so far, lead us to believe that the work in its entirety will be eminently satisfactory. He has not attempted to appropriate any of the material which belongs to the novelist, he has borrowed no romantic colouring from ballad or chronicle, but by judicious grouping of characters and events, by a careful arrangement of important details and by his mastery of the art of diminution, he has imparted a special interest to what at first sight, might be considered a group of heavy tomes fit only for the shelves of a reference library. There is an evident dexterity of arrangement and with it pleasant art of narration which makes the work at once a pure demonstration of progress, an interesting account of events, and an accurate statement of facts.

The first volume covers the period from the earliest history of the Britons to the Tudor Age and, though it is probably the least interesting from the reader's point of view, it covers the period of greatest development and is impressed with the personal influence of those whose names deserve to be most closely associated with the rise and progress of the British navy. Up to the latter part of the ninth century but little had been done in the disorganised Saxon kingdom to obtain power on the sea. Their vessels were small, undecked, propelled by oars, the largest being rarely more

than fifty tons burden. It was Saxon Alfred who first realised the nature of the sea power in an effective manner and he created a great fleet which enabled him to treat on even terms with so powerful a monarch as Charlemagne and he, even in that early day, laid down as the guiding rules for himself and the generations to follow, two maxims which have been scrupulously followed by Great Britain almost continuously from that day to this; they are, "He who would be secure on land must be supreme at sea," and "The principle of offensive defence is the only sound one." Under his successors the navy was neglected, however, and had almost disappeared at the time of the invasion of William the Conqueror. The conquest of England by the Normans, however, strengthened the connection between England and the Continent, but its naval progress was slow until the middle of the twelfth century. Under the Angevin kings the navy attained at times a splendour and prestige which it had never before approached, and the reign of Richard I. saw the opening of a new period in English naval history. For the first time the fleet undertook a distant expedition of conquest; for the first time a regular code of naval law was established; and for the first time, England headed a great naval combination of the Powers and publicly took her place in the front rank of the maritime States. It was during this period also that great strides were made in the civil administration of the navy: some of the most important steps were the creation of the system of prize money; the enlistment of the seamen; the impressment of ships and men; the establishment of lighthouses; the adoption of the naval ensign; the utilisation of the directive powers of the magnetised needle; the charter of the Cinque Ports; the fixing of the scale of pay; the creation of the rank of Admiral; and the use of ordinance. These were all distinct steps in the march of improvement although at the end of the period the navy had begun to retrograde rapidly. Its history however closes with the account of the victory over the French off the South Foreland, and this story shows that the naval spirit was not dead. It concludes with this commentary which is especially interesting in the light of re-

cent events, and which embodies a vital principle of naval strategy:

Here was another example of French ignorance or neglect of the laws of the influence of the sea power. It is true that the potential fleet on this occasion was a small one, of less than half the numerical strength of that which Eustace commanded; but even an inferior fleet must be regarded as a potential one until it has been either beaten or safely sealed up in port, and no Admiral is justified, no matter how great his strength, in deliberately endeavouring to carry out some ulterior operation, such as the landing of troops, or the throwing ashore of supplies, while any hostile fleet no matter how apparently feeble, exists free and unbeaten in his neighbourhood.

At the assembling of Parliament in 1346, a question came up which in its discussion and settlement elucidated a vital principle which is also peculiarly instructive and which is stated by the author with great clearness:

Parliament requested that the sea might be defended at the king's expense only, and that the people might be released from the burden. The reply on behalf of the sovereign was to the effect that the ancient practice must be continued; and that there was no better way of defending the sea than by fighting abroad. Parliament then, as on many other occasions, seems to have believed that the safety of the Narrow Seas and of the coasts could be insured by the retention of the fleets in home waters and that there and not on enemy's confines was the proper place for the navy; while professional opinion took the sounder view and advocated an offensive defense as the sole effective one. This conflict between popular and technical opinion re-rose continually in after ages; and, although the naval view often won the day, it can scarcely be doubted that the ignorant opposition to it frequently, and sometimes very dangerously, hampered the thorough effectiveness of the fleet.

Another very important event narrated in the civil history of the period between 1424 and 1440, and which has never been brought out prominently, is that during this period the fleet practically ceased to exist. Under Henry VI. one of the first orders in council had directed the sale of most of it apparently to pay the late king's debts. How little of national feeling there was in the land and how entirely the navy was regarded as the personal possession of the sovereign will appear from the fact that the council parted from the fleet without a qualm and that the people quietly suffered the iniquity. For the two years ending August 31, 1439, the whole outlay in the Royal Navy was only £8 gs. 7d. After the sale of the

navy, the police of the Narrow Seas, so far as it was carried out at all, was carried out by contractors. The contract system was identified with the Lancastrian dynasty, but as soon as the Yorkists gained sufficient power, they vigorously set about ending it and so early as 1454, measures with this object were adopted. The long war, or rather, series of wars which began in 1588 is treated very carefully with full consideration of cause and effect, while the story of the defeat of the Spanish Armada is given so graphically and thoroughly that it is by far the most interesting chapter in the book. In this account there occurs a paragraph which once more strikingly shows the dominating principle which has always been followed in the management of the Royal Navy and which reads almost like the history of to-day, or if not that, it will at least suggest possibilities to all who study the methods under which the present war is being conducted.

The objects of the Armada were effectually frustrated; but, when the immediate danger was overpast, thinking minds began to ask themselves whether, after all, the general policy of national defence would not be furthered rather by attacking the enemy in his own waters than by merely checking his attacks on England; the victory over Armada had been won in English waters, and within sight of the English shores. Should the struggle have been fought out there? Ought it not have been fought out in Spanish waters, seeing that Queen Elizabeth claimed to be sovereign of the Narrow Seas, and that, granting her claim, her realm had been actually invaded, and that the invasion had been repelled after it had insulted her territory? These and similar considerations led to the adoption of an active policy. The moral value attaching to a vigorously offensive defence obtained recognition, and it was determined vigorously to attack Spain at home ere she should have time to organise a new offensive expedition.

The terse and incisive language in which this principle of offensive defence is frequently laid down shows how absolutely it has been adopted by Englishmen of all times as a definite rule of action for their navy, and the events of the present war show how successfully it worked under Dewey in his attack at Manila, and how its neglect resulted in neutralising the Flying Squadron under Schley. History is of no value except for the lessons it teaches us and the instruction derived from history written as this is, is practical to a degree. Probably, at no

time, could this work be more appreciated than it is now. Readers are educated and appreciative, and interest in the narrative is intensified by the thrilling events that are occurring from day to day. The world to-day is more than ever dependent on the sea power of the nations and the story of the development of the sea power of the greatest maritime nation in the world is of more than ordinary interest to the people of the Great Republic of the West who have always found in their navy the great bulwark of national defence.

John C. Soley.

RUPERT OF HENTZAU AND ANTHONY HOPE.*

While one cannot well complain that the Virginians were the grandsons of Henry Esmond and Lady Castlewood, it is pleasant to find a writer like Mr. Hope composing a sequel which contains some of the same characters as its running-mate, and remembering so accurately the incidents of his own narrative. Perhaps "running-mate" is an infelicitous term, for it seems to imply that almost any popular novel is likely, for commercial reasons, to have its sequel. A cynical suggestion, surely, and one no doubt quite intolerable to a genuine Anthony Hope enthusiasm. Perish, then, on the threshold, beneath slaps of uncounted fans, he who would protest that *The Prisoner of Zenda* needeth no sequel, and that there is not a widespread eagerness to get Fritz von Tarlenheim's version of what happened after the events recorded by Rudolf the Great. Let us believe, rather, that the original *Zenda* tale was a mere preliminary to *Rupert of Hentzau*, for surely nothing could have been more incomplete and unsatisfactory than the ending of the former. True love has rarely encountered a greater number of pasteboard obstacles or a situation more urgently requiring a second volume for its amelioration.

**Rupert of Hentzau*. (Sequel to *The Prisoner of Zenda*.) By Anthony Hope. With eight full-page illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.
The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. With a picture and plan of the Castle of Zenda, and five full-page illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.

Supported by the sobs of Fritz, Rudolph Rassendyll had confessed that he was not the King. "You are as good a gentleman as the King," the Princess Flavia replied, utterly overlooking the wrong he had done her and protesting that she loved even his "madness," which is certainly ideal. That he loved her, too, there is scarcely room for doubt. Had he not given her a ring to wear forever, and permitted himself to call her sweetheart, and sent to her a message of three words each year for three years? Oh, the horridness of that chapter-heading, "If Love Were All"! Could Mr. Hope even for a moment have questioned whether love without marriage were not a thousand times worse than, say, marriage without love! What, then, were they to do after Mr. Rassendyll had so piously restored the kingdom? Might he not run away with her? Ah, but he knew that it was quite out of the question for the Princess, on the eve of her marriage to the real King, to leave her high estate and consort with a plain Londoner like Mr. Rassendyll. Not that she wouldn't have wished to elope with him, for princesses have been known to wed gipsies and even coachmen; but Rudolf wouldn't have let her; he was so noble. Well, then the King must be removed, and some sufficient motive be adduced for Rudolf's again usurping the throne. Rumour had it that the Princess was now extremely cold towards the King. Heaven knows that, first and last, Mr. Hope had abundant opportunities for disposing of him. There was a long pipe leading from castle to moat, especially devised for receiving his body. One recalls with unwilling joy his several escapes from suppression. Once, in Black Michael's room, his voice was "faint and hollow," and he felt himself "dying by inches." Again, he lay in a "huddled mass," his assailant sworded through the neck. Surely it would be a simpler matter to have done with him for good and all, though much depends, it must be admitted, on whether Mr. Hope has already become inured to the pleasant custom of removing obstacles between lovers. There were Lord Wheatley and that bewildering beauty, Lady Euphrosyne. Was not the young English woman to whom he was engaged eliminated, as by cancellation, when their

happiness was at stake? And in the same story did not the villain Constantine's murdered wife "die of a fever"? Surely Mr. Hope is equipped with the modern conveniences for making crooked ways straight. The Princess Osra, whose hair, by the way, like Flavia's was "ruddy," is even more reassuring. Mr. Hope intended that she should marry, although she herself "did not desire a husband, and there was an end of it." Further, he insisted that she should marry the right person, even if she had to experiment all along the line. Now which of these twain conquered? Mr. Hope, of course. We all know how the Princess Osra would have refused Stephen the smith thrice, had he not died when she kissed him; how the Marquis de Méro-sailles was kissed three times, once in pity, once in forgiveness, and the third time for a reason which she could not divine; and how the miller of Hofbau, too, would have been kissed but for the flour on his cheek. But, alas! she could love no one of these. When she was bewailing the terrible effects of her beauty and thought seriously of taking the veil that she might trouble honest men no more, she met a swain who read of Helen of Troy and sighed daily by the riverside because that lady was dead; and he it was, the Grand Duke who had so prettily fooled her, whom she came after so many rounds of flirtation to regard as "the sweetest gentleman alive." Certainly such a persevering author, and one who sets so great store by the ultimate triumph of love, will little brook the interference of a king, or a dozen kings.

The question of ways and means is not so difficult. Let us suppose that the transmission of one of the Queen's annual three-word missives to Rudolf were confided to Fritz von Tarlenheim, and that this letter were abstracted from his travelling-bag by one of the King's minions; and that Rudolf, on learning of the event from his trusted friend, repaired immediately to Ruritania determined at all hazards to intercept the letter which was now in the hands of Rupert of Hentzau; and that Rupert, who had unwittingly dealt Black Michael his death, were to become so embroiled in a quarrel with the King that his guilt must lie in preferring the King's death to his own; and that the lodge where this quar-

rel occurred were burned to a cinder and the King's body rendered unrecognisable, so that it might easily be mistaken for that of Mr. Rassendyll: if Rudolf killed Rupert and destroyed the letter, would there be any evidence either of the King's murder or of the Queen's secret love, or would there be any reason why Rudolf, who had been greeted as the real King and Flavia's husband by all Strelsau, should not continue happily on the throne till the end of his days? Of course, this is the merest speculation. There are other influences than what a contemporary has called "the concatenation of the plot," that of the moon and dreams, for instance, which must be taken into account in the development of a story. No kind reviewer can wish in any degree to forestall the delight which readers will assuredly take in hearing from Fritz's own lips what adventures and renunciations fell to the lot of Rudolf and his adorable Flavia. Suffice it that Mr. Hope has given us generously of his best inventions. Neither sentimentally nor morally has he economised, for no one knows better than he that "economy is going without something you do want in case you should, some day, want something which you probably won't want."

This unstinted distribution of his solid English character among the personages he assembles is one of the reasons, I suspect, why Anthony Hope is such agreeable summer reading. You can depend on it that with all his urbanity and wit he will never be tempted to drive coach and six through your inherited notions of good behaviour,—witness even the hero of *Simon Dale*, who was no prig, we somehow feel, for being proof against the wiles and poutings of Nell Gwynn. As has been said by a very knowing person, Mr. Hope can be read "without interference with the digestive organs." He does not excite opposition, and keeps us amused and awake. When the humidity is rising, those open-faced pages of his invite if any can. Like the elder Dumas, who "requires," says Mr. Lang, "no more than a room in an inn, where people meet in riding cloaks, to move the soul with the last degree of terror and of pity," Mr. Hope aims, above all, at simplicity. Give him a castle with moat, drawbridge and dungeon, and only a few of the "cast-off

clothes of history," and forthwith he can construct a most amusing, if not a soul-stirring, tale. He stakes out the way with sign-posts that a child may understand. There is little of description, or indeed, of characterisation. Phroso had "the most wonderful eyes in all the world," that is about all. The Duchess, who was so indiscreet, was just a nice little woman without a single rememberable trait, except that she was made the vehicle for some of Mr. Hope's neatest epigrams. *A Man of Mark*, Mr. Hope's first published story, sketches very cleverly the politics of an imaginary South American republic named Aureatland. *A Change of Air* relates the sudden rise of a minor poet, for whose manuscripts publishers scrambled, the love interest and its melodramatic climax causing one to forget the improbabilities of the tale and to fancy it realistic. They are all very slight and will not bear rereading; but where is there an equal conversational charm? Just the thing, these, to read after dinner. If Mr. Hope ever entertained a more serious intention than that of amusing his fellow-beings, it appears perhaps in an early story named *Father Stafford*, where he depicts an Anglican priest's struggle between love and celibacy. This, and we should add, *Half a Hero* are, apparently the only stories tinged with a "purpose," and it is not pronounced.

In a recent address Mr. Hope said that romance dealt not with things or incidents, but with people. No doubt we like his own romances because they picture idealised loves and idealised fights. In the summer time one wishes his loves kept idyllic and his bloodshed conducted with a vivid cleanliness. When the Princess Flavia "courtesied low, and put her hand under mine and raised my hand and kissed it," or when "her quick breathing met my stammering sentences," there was a charm in the occasion far exceeding that of the love scenes obtruded on one's vision of a summer evening in Central Park. Rupert's words "I can't kill where I've kissed" have the true ring. And he "rode merrily away" with a gash in his cheek. When Rudolf, not to be outdone by this debonair knave, felt a great thud upon his head, he "felt nothing more." His battered head ached consumedly, and as long as there is no mention of spattering brains, one has a

nice refined sympathy for him. And when he swam the moat a second time, he carried a bundle of dry clothes on his head, that he might impersonate the King in a suit of crushed, but not wet, tweeds. On page 127 of the sequel, again, we read that "Simon shot an apprehensive glance at Colonel Sapt." This is a kind of war news which one can read without undue perturbation. So long as in the reading it has a glamour of reality, it is high art. Assuredly Mr. Hope does not, as an advertiser wrote, adopt "the old device of giving his hero some bad qualities to make him human." No, he invests him with all the virtues. Dumas's heroes sometimes swaggered and bragged. Mr. Hope's are absolutely beyond criticism. His men are gentlemen, his women are ladies. Their language and manners are invariably polite. "Slept well?" someone asked. "Not a wink," answered Rudolf "cheerfully."

Another quality which contributes to the summery attractiveness of Mr. Hope's books (apart from the buckram covers of many of them) is their atmosphere of coquetry. Of course, Phroso and the Princess Osra are profound flirts, but they flirt not only with their surroundings but with the reader; and so, by word, look or deed, does nearly every other of Mr. Hope's creations. Scarcely had her lover greeted Flavia with a becoming exuberance of affection when dear old Sapt remarked mechanically, "Now to business!" whereat Rudolf, we are informed, "laughed a little." We know that laugh, and join in it. It means that the author loves the descent from the sublime to the ridiculous, and when his characters become tense or over-sentimental, he takes pains to suggest in the kindest and least satirical way that these moods, too, have a funny aspect. There is nothing highstrung about Anthony Hope—no glittering eye or skinny hand to hold the wedding-guest. He does not command one to listen, but in a chatty, clubable way, seems to draw up his chair and, between meditative whiffs from his pipe, to spin a yarn which he enjoys as blandly as do his auditors. If he tried to be impressive, or wore the cloak of intense earnestness, or lacked that touch of demure self-consciousness which gives a personal content to his most refined conversational amenities, he

would not be Anthony Hope; nor would his stories have the winsomeness, and more than the abidingness, of summer friends. In the matter of coquetry, perhaps *The Dolly Dialogues* are best. Certainly they are the most elliptical, containing silences which are nearly as eloquent as the curve of Dolly's wrist; even Lady Mickleham looked pensively into the bottom of her teacup.

All things considered, however, one likes Mr. Hope better in Strelsau than in London, even the London of Charles II. That is why we ought to think it a little unfair for the present volumes to be illustrated by Mr. Gibson. The latter's summer girls with the wavy hair and smart shirtwaists, and that tall, smooth-faced young man who is supposed to resemble Richard Harding Davis, accord illsofely with the quaint mediæval architecture of Ruritania. Without drawing a line that can be called untrue, Mr. Gibson has curiously transformed the situations and characters of the text. I cannot but feel that Mr. H. B. Wechsler or Mr. H. C. Edwards, despite the fact that the latter made nearly all of the Princess Osra's lovers look like Sir Andrew Aguecheek, were much better suited to their tasks. Albeit I hesitate long and abjectly to express such an opinion when I think of the host of American girls who want themselves, and Mr. Davis, and Mr. Hope, and London and New York and Strelsau, all crowded into a single volume.

George Merriam Hyde.

A LOVE STORY BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.*

A story by the author of *Robert Elsmere* which is first and foremost a love-story; a novel in which through two fascinating volumes, the interest centres about the two familiar figures, the man and the woman, and the one problem to be solved is the age-long question, "Will they two overcome the obstacles which separate them, marry and be happy forever after?"—this is something before which the reverent critic must simply bare his head and be grateful. That the separating obstacles should be of a psychologic and theologic character, is simply to repeat

*Helbeck of Bannisdale. New York: The Macmillan Co. 2 vols., cloth, \$2.00.

that Mrs. Ward is the author; we can but paint as we see, and to her human nature is primarily religious; as she herself says, in the story under consideration, "So long as pain and death remain, humanity will always be at heart a mystic."

The chapter in which these words occur, while full of interest to the student, is the only one in the book in which the story as such makes no progress; the only one which will probably be voted by the general reader a trifle slow; it consists chiefly of a monologue by Dr. Friedland, a personage who has so little to do with the rest of the story, that we are entitled to assume that his "value" is that of the setter-forth of the moral of the tale, and of Mrs. Ward's own personal feeling and opinions. It may perhaps be judicious to consider these first; especially as it gives us at once an insight into all that the book has of plot.

"Fountain," an agnostic and the heroine's father, "took Laura out of her generation and gave her nothing in return. Did he read with her, share his mind with her? Never! He was indolent, she was wilful; so the thing slid. But all the time he made a partisan of her; he expected her to echo his hates and prejudices—he stamped himself and his cause deep into her affections—and then . . . she must needs fall in love with this man, this Catholic. Catholicism at its best—worse luck! . . . What happens? Why of course the girl's imagination goes over! Her father in her, her temperament, stand in the way of anything more. But where is she to look for self-respect, for peace of mind? She feels herself an infidel, a moral outcast. She trembles before the claims of this great visible system. Her reason refuses them—but why? She cannot tell. For Heaven's sake, why do we leave our children's minds empty like this? If you believe, my good friend, Educate! And if you doubt, still more, Educate, Educate."

Beyond what is here sketched the story has nothing that can be called a plot; its circumstances are wholly and entirely the result of the working out of character. In which place it is in point to notice the remarkable advance in characterisation made by the author since the publication of her last novel. Laura is not only drawn with all that firmness of touch and keen insight which made Letty Tressady a joy to the critical mind, but she is distinctly alive, which Letty was not, if we except the single moment, when, with the dawning mother-consciousness in her own heart, she tried on Worth's latest creation to please the

dying mother-in-law, whom until then she had so severely detested. Laura, from first to last, stands out before us with the vividness wherewith her own golden hair smote upon the eyes of Helbeck of Bannisdale. And Alan Helbeck himself seizes at once upon the heart as well as the imagination, with such force that we are prepared to join issue with his creator as to whether his eyes were blue or grey. On page 88 she calls them "pale blue;" elsewhere they are dark grey. Blue they were, as a matter of course; not pale, however, but light blue, with a ring, darker in colour, around the edge of the iris. Eyes of this description, when set, as were Helbeck's, in a dark-skinned face, under black brows and lashes, and accompanied with grizzled hair, and thin, high features, have a singularly intensity; unquestionably the alteration in colour is the fault—shall we say, of the compositor?

In the setting of the Westmoreland hill-country, and in the seclusion of Bannisdale Park, the story tells itself with a simplicity, spontaneity and directness which almost obscure the depth of its psychological insight, its sympathetic impartiality, and its marvellous technical accuracy of detail. Compared for example with the luridness of Mr. Hall Caine's *The Christian* (there are only two occasions in the life of a reviewer when he should use the adjective lurid; one is in describing the work of Hall Caine, and the other, that of Marie Corelli), how restful to the jaded journalistic mind to perceive that as to Catholic tradition and custom, as to books of devotion, and the "Rule" observed by the tertiaries of St. Francis, Mrs. Ward really knows what she is talking about. Even the feast day, otherwise unnamed, occurring within the Lenten fast, when Helbeck actually ate flesh and drank wine, was we are able to say, probably the Feast of the Annunciation; yet these things might be "gotten up" by any careful writer. Mrs. Ward's transcendent merit is that she gives us Helbeck's feeling for his religion, and that of Laura for her inherited agnosticism, without a single word which a partisan of either side could justly resent as unfair or even overstrained. We say "justly resent," having in view the *odium theologicum* of each—alas! the last weakness of noble minds.

The book is more than a novel; it might very properly be called "A Study in Subjectivity;" it is a sermon on the necessity of cultivating the objective faculties, the reason, judgment, etc., as a check and guide to the affections and the imagination. It is hardly too much to say, that with the single exception of the accident in the steel works (told with a vivid swiftness which leaves the reader absolutely breathless), there is not a single sorrow or difficulty distressing any of the characters, that would not have been prevented or removed by training. But this,—“Training,—Obedience,” are said to constitute the secret of the Jesuit. Undoubtedly; for what they mean is the moulding of the subjective self according to a fixed pattern, while modern thought—Protestantism, or what you will—recognises the right of the individual to develop according to a separate and individual pattern. Generations who have lived and died for this right, leave it to their children, not as a right, but as a necessity. This was the fundamental issue between Helbeck and Laura; the one, trained, obedient, and saintly after the Jesuit model; the other a mere wild pagan; it is the revelation by her lover of his deepest self that breaks the tie between them; when Love proves stronger than this inherited Necessity, the true self finds refuge in self-destruction. The catastrophe is not arbitrary or sensational; but from the earliest pages of the tale is inevitable.

But what of the mere “thrill” of the story; the quality which alone attracts the general reader?

The ancient house of Bannisdale Park, whose antique furniture had been sold for the benefit of Catholic orphanages; the Westmoreland scenery, painted with a lavishness of colour, an irrepressible affectionateness which the author rarely permits herself; the peasantry, the rural gaieties, the variety and the fidelity of the characterisation,—these make it a book for which to be grateful. And perhaps femininity may be allowed to be grateful on another account, not only to Mrs. Ward, but to modern thought. Yet how many women readers will understand why the passage quoted from the life of St. Charles Borromeo should so have offended Laura? Why her cheeks

burned, and she flung down the volume of Alban Butler? Why she was “that evening, more difficult and exacting than ever with the man who loved her, and could yet feed his mind on the virtues of” that particular saint?

Helbeck of Bannisdale is Mrs. Ward's *Meisterwerke*; a book to silence cavillers, and to admit the author into the highest rank of novelists; it is a book to be read at least twice, once for its “thrill” and then for what we have called it, “A Study in Subjectivity;” but its final and crowning merit is that the ordinary reader will certainly pronounce that so far as he can discover there is no such thing as subjectivity in it, but that all the people only act “just so.”

Katharine Pearson Woods.

LOVE IN THE GHETTO.*

In the crowded panorama of the Ghetto, one figure stands out in picturesque relief. It is a sleek, prosperous old man, shambling in gait, oily in speech and calmly complacent in demeanour. The proverbial shrug is his and the patronising manner too. And yet he wields a more powerful influence over the destinies of his orthodox brethren than all the rabbis of the church. He carries in his long tailed coat the key to marital happiness; he hawks human hearts with religious grace and with the sanction of the Most High. This ungainly old man over whose temples the black curls of deep piety hang in thick profusion is the *Shadchan*, the professional match-maker of the Ghetto. His domain is the sisterhood of Israel and his mission, the congenial union of his fellow creatures. Mr. Cahan deeply appreciates the virtues of the *Shadchan* and combines with his understanding a sympathetic notion of the quaint humour of this son of the Ghetto.

When the apparent disintegration of Jewish life was at hand in the twelfth century, when the altar of Hebraic sacredness, the home, was trembling, the *Shadchan* came to the rescue of his unhappy people and with a remarkable disregard for time and distance, age and beauty, united the wandering and the

*The Imported Bridegroom and Other Stories. By Abraham Cahan. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.

oppressed. When the emergency demanded he married the brides by proxy. He was then a racial necessity. Circumstances have removed the conditions that led to his existence, but the *Shadchan*, having once tasted of the sweets of his patrimony, has never let go. Through all the centuries that have passed, he has waddled through the Ghettoes, waxing fat and dispensing the joys of matrimony with no niggardly hand, provided of course, that there was sufficient inducement in the other palm, to warrant the proceeding.

The *Shadchan* is ignored in the opening story which gives the book its title. Here the maker of matches meets his mortal enemy, the American dollar. Then he is put to rout and only then. Ordinarily the *Shadchan* withstands humiliations and social discomforts with amazing kindness. The man who imports the bridegroom for his daughter has not been an East Side landlord in vain. So he rattles his gold, takes down the highest priced man available, and then invokes the aid not of the *Shadchan* but of the Scriptures. For it is written "that one should be ready to sell his all in order to marry his daughter to a scholar." The savant has always appreciated this and regarded it as a special dispensation. He has thrived accordingly. Mr. Cahan develops admirably the interesting complications arising. There is the unflinching concession that the American Jewess, Ghetto-born, makes to surroundings and life. Tradition is one thing and the all-absorbing and fascinating glitter of a new world is another. One by one the Ghetto ceremonies crumble away as cherished illusions. Instead of the obedient child of the Continental Ghetto, the father is face to face with an American girl, a self-willed, democratic offspring of unrestrained environment. The Talmud-steeped foreigner is spurned. But the importation comes around. He succumbs with ready adaptability to his surroundings and becomes a Philistine. Then the dream of love is realised at the cost of time-honoured hopes. And the father who has mapped out his safe berth in the hereafter sees it fade away. Like the pious Jew that he was, he wrapped his praying cloth more firmly about his shoulders, turned his face longingly to-

ward the Holy Land and sighed for the grateful shades of the cedars of Lebanon.

"The Imported Bridegroom" marks the unmistakable distinction between the American and the foreign Ghettoes; with one it is the absolute freedom of thought and action; the other sees still the observance of ancient formalities, the infinitely slow breaking away from old creeds. Between the two retreats of the Hebrew is the one link, the great bond of love born out of suffering and the memory of kindred oppression. Mr. Cahan has admirably demonstrated the conditions that warrant the radical departure from the old régime of the Jewish quarter.

More characteristic is "A Providential Match," suggestive of courtship by proxy and through the all powerful efforts of the *Shadchan*. He negotiates by mail and possibly by telegraph. He fails to consider that while one may make love quite successfully over a long distance telephone, the man at the other end has the better chance. So he reckons without the actuality of the thing and the hopeful groom waits at Castle Garden for his dream lady to find that the man who had gone along with her has captured the prize. This was not the *Shadchan's* fault. Except in specific cases and fees, he does not guarantee the constancy of long distance love making.

But the truest note of all is in "A Ghetto Wedding"—a tender pastel of the dark streets. There is no *Shadchan* here to force the fires of love. The flame is fanned by sympathetic heart throbs. Nothing is more expressive of the absolute triumph of the Jewish love than this young couple with their eyes turned longingly toward that wedding canopy that seems never to be the reality; then the pathetic farce of it all, and the return to whitewashed walls where love triumphs and where is ever the sancity of Israel's affection. Over the stories is the faint glamour of the Ghetto, that place sacred for ages to the faith of the Hebrew; by the Gentile untrodden, where candles gleamed on spotless cloths; where dark-eyed dreamers and sages evolved the mysteries of life; where were enacted the old tragedies of earthly suffering and with it all, the sweet breath of peace—for Israel's mission is peace.

J. F. Marcossan.

"THE STORY OF A PLAY."*

The Spirit of Romance dragged herself wearily out of her lair. If you could have seen her in the dim light before she emerged you would have supposed her to be a young and pretty girl; but one glimpse of her in the sunshine would have shown you that, though she still kept her *petite* and graceful figure, the marks of age had been finely stamped upon her face and shone spitefully through the false brilliancy of her complexion and her lips, through the tinsel of her hair, through the hard glitter of her eyes. This morning her hair was touseled and she looked sadly bedraggled. As she lay in the sun a dapper youth, in clothes of the latest fashion, and with a frank smiling face, approached and greeted her amiably.

"I expected to find you here," he said. "Did you?"

Her question sounded like a grunt.

"Yes. I knew that new book of Howells's would bring you out. Now that's what *did* bring you out, wasn't it?"

"I guess that's what brought *you* out fast enough," she replied sneeringly.

He laughed at her evasion.

"You always look particularly chipper," she went on, "whenever Howells comes out with anything new."

"Well, you see," he remarked ingenuously, "I've just finished it, and it has freshened me up immensely. Now you must acknowledge, it is an immensely fresh book, isn't it?"

"Bah!"

She turned away, unconscious of betraying by this exclamation one of the surest signs of old age.

"Oh, come now. Be fair. Tell me what you thought of it? You've read it, haven't you?"

"I read it when it was running in *Scribner's*. I have to take Howells in small doses."

"I've noticed that peculiarity about you people who don't like Howells. You're so impatient to read him that you rush for every magazine he appears in. You don't seem to be able to let him alone."

She applied to this remark the con-

tempt of silence, and to humour her he allowed the silence to continue for a dramatic interval. Then he remarked:

"Now I keep from reading a novel of Howells's till it appears in book form. Then I can appreciate it as a perfectly rounded work of art. Of course, you'll acknowledge that in the matter of technique we haven't any one to compare with him."

This statement seemed for a moment to thrill her with youthful energy. She literally *flared* up.

"Technique! Anyone would think from the way you talk there was nothing in novel-writing *but* technique. And what else is there, I'd like to know in *The Story of a Play*? There's no story, in the first place, and no excitement, nothing to move your blood or to stimulate you or——"

"Or to give you grand thoughts and aspirations and help you to lead a nobler, higher life"—he continued, mockingly.

By this time the fire in her had burned down. "Talk to me about Howells," she said contemptuously.

She seemed so feeble that her adversary was driven to momentary magnanimity.

"I admit that there is very little story in the book, but such a story as there is Howells makes intensely interesting. And that's just where his work is so wonderful. In this last novel, he makes you feel as he does in all his stories—that plot is the last thing he has thought of."

"Aha! You acknowledge that, do you? Well, I'd like to know what worse charge you could bring against a story-teller? How can anyone *be* a story-teller if he hasn't any story to tell?"

He let her enjoy her point; he even smiled with her. "I've heard that so often before," he said, plaintively. "And do you know," he added with lofty generosity, "I quite agree with you."

She looked at him suspiciously, knowing his trick of pretending to make a point against himself and then suddenly turning it against her.

"But then," he went on, "realists don't try to be story-tellers."

"Maupassant!" she snapped with a wry face.

"He wasn't a story-teller. He succeeded in making people think so by the

* *The Story of a Play*. By Wm. Dean Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.

brilliancy of his art. He fascinated his readers and convinced them that his episodes were stories. But they were mere episodes just the same. Of plot there is almost none."

"How about his master—that monster, Flaubert?"

"Oh, you're thinking of *Madame Bovary*, I see. But there's very little plot there. It's merely the record of a life."

"Such a life!" she exclaimed with disgust.

"Not so very extraordinary after all. If it were extraordinary the book wouldn't be half so valuable as a human document. And that's just what the realists are after—that's what Howells is after—humanity, the reproduction of character."

"But that isn't fiction, that isn't romance, that isn't what amuses readers. You know as well as I do that that's what fiction is for—to amuse."

In spite of the disparity of their ages, he could not help assuming the paternal tone that one so easily adopts in the presence of defeat and disappointment.

"My dear child, I admit all you say—with a reservation. Romance, the old fiction, used to amuse everyone and it still amuses a great many. But some of us," he went on, as if he were representing a constituency, "are amused by it no longer. In the language of the day, we're onto it. But we had to have something to supply its place; so we substituted realism, which is, after all, nothing more or less than romance made rational." He hesitated, apparently feeling that his speech had become a trifle pedantic. Then he coughed and went on: "Now that is just what the enemies of realism can't understand. They think that fiction, to be enjoyable, should be irrational, that is, exaggerated, or as they say, more interesting than everyday life is—as if there could be anything more interesting than everyday life."

At this the little spirit yawned. "Oh, you make me tired," she said.

He burst into his vexatious laugh. "I'm ashamed of you—using such vulgar, common language."

"Association with you is certainly corrupting me."

"I admit that you have lately grown *less far-fetched* and more logical," he

replied kindly. "But, as I was going to remark, the trouble with you and your followers is that you don't understand the kind of pleasure lovers of realism get out of such a book as *The Story of a Play*."

"No, I don't," she said sharply, as if certain that the matter was out of the range of explanation.

"It's simply the pleasure of verification."

"What in the world is that?"

"It's the quality," he replied with impressive deliberateness, "that lifts realism above mere story-telling and makes it a source of pleasure that is genuinely intellectual."

"Whew!" she said.

For the first time he showed a little impatience. "I see you don't understand what I mean. It seems impossible to explain to—to—"

"To anyone but a realist."

"To anyone who likes the old-fashion—well, the plot business. But perhaps I can illustrate my point by *The Story of a Play*. That is interesting because, even if you don't know the semi-literary, semi-theatrical life it describes, you recognize it as true and as delightful because it's true, because it has been so accurately observed and reproduced. There you have it!"

"Is that all?" she replied, blinking at him sleepily.

"That would be a great deal even if it were all; but there's much more. There's Mr. Howells's exquisite English for example, so simple, so apt, so —"

"Technique again!" she sniffed.

"Excuse me, that is only one element of technique. There are others. The perfect balance of the work is another element. And then how skilfully the movement is maintained, how evenly!"

"Yes, an even slowness, a harmonious monotony. It reminded me of the tortoise in the race with the hare."

"Successful, if I am not mistaken," he remarked softly.

"Yes, but I haven't heard that any record was broken."

He went on as if he hadn't been listening. "Last of all, and perhaps chief of all—at any rate, that's what gives me most pleasure—the insight into character."

"Into women's character?" she almost shrieked.

"Yes, he is the most subtle in describing women. Oh, I admit that all his women are not pleasant and that there is a resemblance between most of them. But in *The Story of a Play* how natural and how clever that young Boston woman is—the wife of the young dramatist hero, I mean! What a shrewd bit of observation Mr. Howells gives when her relentlessly Bostonese father and mother come to see her in her little apartment and look out in horror on the elevated railroad under her window. There's not another American novelist who could give so characteristic a touch as that. And then that other woman, the actress, Mrs. Harley, the woman with the smouldering eyes, how vividly she is portrayed with just a few strokes, with just a phrase, in fact. And the wife's jealousy of her even before she has met her, could anything be more shrewdly and insidiously done? Of course, even you will agree that the actor Godolpin, with the mellow, hollow laugh, a work of art in itself, you'll agree that he is one of his most amusing studies? In fact it's about the only character that gives Mr. Howells's humour a chance. In that respect, I confess that I was a little disappointed in it—in some of his books the humour is so frequent—it comes in flashes you know—it always helps to develop character."

By this time the little spirit had laid her head on the ground in an attitude of despair.

When he looked into her face he saw that she was fast asleep.

John D. Barry.

MR. WYNDHAM ON SHAKESPEARE'S POEMS.*

Since we first foregathered with Mr. George Wyndham in his quality of critic as the editor of North's *Plutarch* in Mr. Henley's sumptuous Tudor Translations, we have more than once turned a wistful eye upon the book-lists desiring "another of the same," as the Scotch psalms in metre have it, another occasion for Mr. Wyndham's lucid and delicate gift and method. That has come to him in his edition of Shakespeare's poems, which, after a few false starts, is at

* The Poems of Shakespeare. Edited by George Wyndham. Boston: T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$2.00

length before us. To the making of these editions there is no end. There was scarcely an excuse for adding to their number, save by beating his rivals, yet this, we think, Mr. Wyndham has done. It is scarcely conceivable that we shall ever have the "Sonnets," and "Venus and Adonis," and "Lucrece" in a volume at once lighter to hold and more beautiful to look upon, and Mr. Wyndham's preface and notes appear to us to approximate to perfection. The only people who have a case against Mr. Wyndham are—paradoxically—his reviewers. They are given "no show." There is nothing in his part of the book to gird at beyond a bare suspicion of "strain," an occasional reminiscence as of another and a well-known and characteristic hand in collaboration. "In truth 'twas a dare-devil age of large morals and high spirits." It gives one pause when Mr. Wyndham thus dismisses the seduction of Mary Fitton by Herbert, "who utterly renounceth all marriage." It was unnecessary to improve the occasion by moralising; but neither the hardness nor the ring of the phrase is Mr. Wyndham's, who, by no means, requires to pick up the scraps which fall from other men's tables. Indeed, an almost uncanny felicity of phrase is his great good fortune. He has an easy grace of manner for everyday use, a stately note when the occasion needs it, and probably he writes best, unconsciously, when he does not try to write too well. The picture would have been better if the painter had taken less pains. But Mr. Wyndham's matter stumps the *advocatus diaboli*. This critic is neither to be arraigned for ignoring the personal aspect of the "Sonnets," nor for over-rating that tiresome and uncomfortable equation, which, for our own part, we would thankfully relegate to some literary page (if there is one) in the "society" papers. We had sooner that "W. H." had been Southampton than Pembroke. We think it a shade likelier that he was in fact Pembroke, but we do not care. Mr. Wyndham arranges the materials from which any man, who cares, may choose his W. H. We are mugwumps in the matter, and refrain from voting. It concerns us more closely that Mr. Wyndham has spun out of the stuff of his authorities a piece of exquisitely coloured tapestry. It shakes its

folds, and the fire-light falls in their turn upon one and another gay and sinister figure of the forgotten or the dimly remembered. Now it is Mary Fitton, the dark lady, of tragic fortune.

There is a memorable mask of eight ladies; they have a strange daunce newly invented; their attire is this: each hath a skirt of cloth of silver, a mantell of Carnacion Tafete cast under the Arme, and their Haire loose about their shoulders, curiously knotted and interlaced. These are the maskers—my Lady Doritye, Mrs. Fitton, Mrs. Carey, Mrs. Onslow, Mrs. Southwell, Mrs. Bes Russell, Mrs. Darcy, and my Lady Blanche Somersett. These 8 daunce to the music Apollo bringes, and there is a fine speech that makes mention of the 9th much to her Honor and Praise. Delicate it was to see 8 ladies soe pretily and richly attired. Mrs. Fitton leade, and after they had dune all their own ceremonies, these 8 lady maskers shoose 8 ladies more to daunce the measures. Mrs. Fitton went to the Queen and wooed her to daunce; her Majesty asked what she was; *Affection*, she said. *Affection* is false. Yet her Majestic rose and daunced.

And Mary, you read, "would put off her head-tire and tucke upp her clothes, and take a large white cloak and march, as though she had been a man, to meet her lover, William Herbert." Or it is, "My Lord Herbert is practicing at Greenwich, I sent him word of this; he leapes, he daunces, he singes, he gives counterbusses, he makes his horse muve with more speede; he thanckes me, and meanes to be exceeding merry with you this winter in Baynard's Castel, when you must take physicke." Mr. Wyndham is not less but more successful in the conjunction of clearness and charm with which he presents that most famed campaign the Poetomachia, and that share in its skirmishing which conjecture may assign to Shakespeare. He is almost as much at home in the period as a contemporary critic might be with the epoch of Sir Henry Irving; not only Marlowe and Massinger, Ford, and Chapman and Ben Jonson are familiar to him, but Greene and Tom Nash, as who should say Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and Mr. Pinero.

But Mr. Wyndham, if he gives his readers their fill of information, knows very well that scholarship is by no means a name to conjure with in this matter. It seems an end which any editor might have achieved, and yet nothing so distinguishes Mr. Wyndham among editors as his insistence on the value of the Sonnets as poetry, and poetry only. We

have talked ourselves or been talked into a way of regarding these fountains of unexampled beauty as metrical contributions to the *Chronique scandaleuse*.

"And who," says Mr. Wyndham, intent on the exquisite response of Shakespeare's art to the inspiration of beauty, "need care whether his 'Sonnets' were addressed to William Herbert or to another? A riddle will always arrest and tease the attention; but on that very account we cannot pursue the sport of running down the answer, unless we make a sacrifice of all other solace. Had the Sphinx's enigma been less transparent, it must have wrecked the play of Sophocles, for the minds of the audience would have strayed at the outset; much in the manner of trippers to Hampton Court, who spend their whole time in the Maze. Above all, must the mind be disencumbered, clean, plastic, when, like a sensitive plant, it is set to receive the impression of a work of art."

Of this kind of writing, we may say that it comes not save by knowledge and great pains, and Mr. Wyndham's are rewarded.

C. W. Boyd.

RECOLLECTIONS.*

These books of recollections have been written in fulfillment of obligations. The writers owe to us less favoured persons some record of their unusual opportunities. They have "known everybody," as the saying is—at least all the recognised, dignified celebrities of the last forty or fifty years. Dr. Max Müller has trusted to his memory; yet where his jottings are about anything of interest, they are not vague in essentials, though a little over-smoothed by his general determination to say only good-natured things. His stories, new and old, are good. Only the reflective and argumentative passages, and all such as are not narrative, betray how hastily and lightly the book has been written. Bulwer Lytton's *Coming Race* is not so unknown that *vril* need be

*Auld Lang Syne. By the Right Hon. Professor F. Max Müller. With a portrait. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.

Notes from a Diary—1873-1881. By the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Collections and Recollections. By One who has kept a Diary. New York: Harper & Bros. \$2.50.

elaborately explained. And though the learned professor writes English with astonishing fluency and correctness, perhaps one or two of the things that puzzle us in so simple a book may be put down to the inevitable limitations of an alien born—his habit, for instance, of seriously combating a paradox or an obvious exaggeration uttered in jest. For that he is not wanting in humour is abundantly proved.

Of the musicians, the men of letters, the royal personages, and the beggars, who provide the matter, the second are the most fruitful in good stories—though the godson of Weber, who had likewise the honour of being counselled by Mendelssohn to give up music save as a recreation, has much of interest to say concerning the musical world of nearly half a century ago. But some of the best things in the literary chapters are quite non-literary in origin—that, for instance, of his tobacconist neighbour in Paris during the February revolution, an *aristo*, who satisfied the revolutionists and his own sense of humour by writing beneath his sign, *Aux trois blagues*, the fashionable words, *Liberté, égalité, fraternité*. Professor Max Müller has gone through life ever with an eye for the fun of the situation, even when it had a doleful side. After he had devoted a whole lecture to disposing of the idea that Hebrew was the source of every tongue, an imposing old lady thanked him for his beautiful address. "How delightful it is to know," she said, "that Adam and Eve spoke Hebrew in Paradise, and that all the other languages of the world, English not excepted, have come out of Hebrew and out of Paradise!" But Macaulay as an audience was not much more satisfactory. The historian had asked the Oriental scholar to call on him and discuss the new regulations for the Indian Civil Service. Müller went primed with facts in support of the necessity of Eastern studies, but he never had a chance of putting in a word during the hour that Macaulay disserted breathlessly on the perfect adequacy of English for all Government purposes in India. When the historian had talked himself out, he courteously thanked his suppressed visitor for the useful information he had given him!

The second book, a continuation of the

record of which the first part was given to us a year or so ago, is a more systematic affair. The diary form is adhered to, and one is hardly conscious that the book contains only extracts. It is a reflection of a many-sided career, of a nature to which nothing human—provided that it be likewise dignified and cultivated—is alien, and thence spring its charm and its weakness. The journal was used for jotting down bits of stray information, the names of travelling companions, visitors, fellow guests at social functions, subjects of conversations, brief descriptions of scenery, scraps of botany, notes of political events, stories, jokes, quotations that had impressed the writer, and even riddles that stuck in his memory. There is a great deal of serious trifling; there are many trivial and many dull entries. But taken as a whole it makes an interesting, readable, and unusually panoramic book. It is also, we have found, eminently unquotable. But Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff is an excellent *raconteur*, when he has found the right material. He never spoils a good story. Here are one or two bright things from his collection. Some one said to D'Orsay of his wife, "Elle a de l'esprit." "Elle a nos phrases" was his answer. He tells one of the best of all the diplomatic stories. The Danish Prime Minister said to the French envoy, who was asking that the little kingdom should support France in the war with Prussia, "If France is by any chance defeated, she has a great deal to fall back upon, but we risk our all." "C'est vrai," said the other, "mais après tout, c'est si peu de chose." Here is a *mot* of Guizot's. Some one remarked in his presence that the *Times* could not be bought. "Oh! le *Times* est impayable," was his answer. Now for the turn of English wit. It was maintained at Lewes's one evening that everybody had written a tragedy. "Yes," said Lewes, "every one, even Herbert Spencer." "Ah!" interposed Huxley, "I know what the catastrophe would be—an induction killed by a fact."

The title of *Collections and Recollections* suggests the variation of the third book from the others. Mr. Russell has also known and conversed with many interesting people; but he does not trust to his own experiences alone. Family traditions, other people's memories, news-

papers and books, have helped him to his pictures and stories of statesmen, men of letters, and obscurer persons no less fruitful in anecdote. Lest we should mislead, let us assure possible readers that his book contains consecutive accounts of men and things which are important contributions to the history of the century. But we do it no wrong in regarding it mainly as a collection of excellent stories. In that respect the other two cannot compete with it. A chuckle must run through the wide circle of its readers when they learn that the Duke of Wellington once refused to accept the dedication of a song by Mrs. Norton "because, in his situation as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, he had been *much exposed to authors*." Will a shudder run through a smaller circle at this? "To a company of enthusiastic Wordsworthians who were deploring their master's confession that he got drunk at Cambridge, Mr. Shorthouse, the accomplished author of *John Inglesant*, soothingly remarked that, 'in all probability, Wordsworth's standard of intoxication was miserably low.'" The stories of the famous late Master of Trinity—of whom it was said, "He casteth forth his ice like morsels. Who is able to abide his frost?"—are not all new; but they are all good. Indeed, Mr. Russell's academic collection is excellent. Amongst them may be numbered Sherbrooke's reply to the advocate of modern studies who said, "I have the greatest contempt for Aristotle." "But not that contempt which familiarity breeds, I should imagine," said Sherbrooke. When our collector culls from open sources, he culls fastidiously and with success. But why did he add a comment to this?—"The great-niece of a Lord Chamberlain to King George III. requires a situation as a Companion to a lady, or Cicerone to young ladies. Her mind is highly cultivated. *English habits and Parisian accent*. Apply, etc."

WEALTH DISTRIBUTION.*

As compared with the clockwork creatures of Bellamy's *Looking Backward*, the men and women on whom Mr. Dawbarn

* The Principles of Wealth Distribution, by C. Y. C. Dawbarn, M.A. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., Limited. 1896.

builds his theories seem almost to have the breath of life in them. They are at least partly human and not wholly allegorical. And yet there is the same perfect faith in the efficiency of a system, and somehow as the beauty of his devices grows on him in the telling, the actual world slips away, and the reader finds himself treading the old familiar Utopian soil again. This is not because these devices are impracticable, for his suggestions are often shrewd and sensible, but because he looks for too stupendous results from their adoption.

The main point in his argument is that with the increased productiveness of labour under modern conditions, there is enough for everybody and to spare. The trouble is not with the production but with the distribution of wealth. Our first aim then should be not to produce more but to divide more fairly. This, he thinks, can be done without infringing on property rights. He would have trades unions buy off the competition of outsiders, by subsidising them and finding other work for them to do. If four hundred men can now do the work which it would have taken a thousand to do at the beginning of the century, the superfluous six hundred must not be inhumanly shut out from employment altogether. The successful and necessary four hundred should provide for them. It is a pity that any class should suffer from the bounteousness of nature and the increased ingenuity of man. He looks to trades unions as the most hopeful means of curtailing competition and at the same time providing for the would-be competitors.

There is nothing revolutionary in this proposal. Trades unions already subsidise to some extent their unemployed. But are there no counterbalancing disadvantages in his plan? Restricting the number of workers means the curtailment of production. The curtailment of production means the increase of prices, and it is generally thought that the labourer benefits in common with others from the cheapness of necessities. The limitation of production does not seem a good way to add to the wealth of the working classes, for what is the source of their income, if not product? Yet Mr. Dawbarn seems to think that wages have

no relation to the results of labour. He says, "What governs wages is the number wanting work, not the intrinsic value of the work." The plan may be a good one but it involves losses as well as gains. He dwells only on the gains.

It is impossible without writing an economic treatise to discuss all his other suggestions in regard to the problems of unemployed and underpaid labour. One more illustration will perhaps suffice. He would have the state spend the money now wasted on poor relief, in founding a home colony of those in receipt of such relief. Estimating their number at five hundred thousand in Great Britain he shows how a beautiful city might be founded and become self-supporting with no greater outlay than is required by the present system of charities. This is an extension of the principle of the labour colony. In outline his plan appears feasible enough but its details seem rather fantastical. With the enormous sums spent by the state in relieving the poor, it would seem as if under proper direction the poor might become self-supporting. There is surely an economic waste in the present system. Under it organisation is defective and labour power little utilised. According to Mr. Dawbarn's scheme the inhabitants of this city of "New Hope" are to be divided into groups, each group living in a common hall and taking their meals together. There is a system of graded messes. At one table food of excellent quality and beer are served; at another, food of the same quality but no beer; and at a third, poor and scanty food, possibly only bread and water. Any member of the community whose industry shows signs of flagging is degraded from the first to the second table, and, if he is incorrigible, to the third. The main incentive to industrial activity is therefore food, and a still higher stimulus to ambition is beer, though of course the pressure of public opinion is expected to make things unpleasant for the persistently idle. He pictures everything as working admirably as a result of these and other simple expedients. But without raising specific objections, it may be urged in a general way that a city made up of five hundred thousand persons all chosen on account of industrial failure or social unfitness

would probably not be the Elysian community which he describes. There is a mountain of scepticism to be removed before we can be persuaded that an artificial system can be invented for making all men industrious and well-to-do. Mr. Dawbarn probably attaches too much importance to the hope of beer and the fear of bread and water, and too little to the rest of the human nature that is in man. For things to run as smoothly as he predicts, the population of the City of New Hope should be angels and not paupers.

Frank Moore Colby.

MR. DAVIS NODS.

Richard Harding Davis not long ago confessed to having become so bored by the priggish young society woman whom he had chosen for the heroine of *Soldiers of Fortune* that when three-fourths done with the story he unceremoniously dropped her and finished with her younger sister. Hope saved the day for Mr. Davis, at the expense of literary construction and a very nice girl who had never wilfully injured anybody until Mr. Davis made her say those discouraging things to Clay on the pier head. Personally we think Clay treated her rather shabbily, but the author was evidently too eager to be done with them all to take this into consideration.

But there is no Hope in *The King's Jackal*, unless it be Anthony Hope whose preserves Mr. Davis is certainly trespassing upon most unwarrantably, for Prince Kalonay is not a patch upon young Rischenheim, his double in *Rupert of Hentzau*, and the plot by which the bankrupt King of Messina and his sorry band of theatrical puppets mean to retrieve their fortunes would, in the hands of Mr. Hope, hold the reader's interest and create some illusion and romantic vraisemblance. But if Alice Langham bored Mr. Davis it is impossible to understand how he put up with Miss Carson and her mother and the wicked Countess Zara and all the other unutterably dull people whom he has managed to get together between the covers of a single book.

*The King's Jackal. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

Archie Gordon, the young American newspaper correspondent, is the most alive of the figures who, as Gordon himself naively admits, have made him feel like Alice in Wonderland when he says: "After all, they are only a pack of cards." He is Republican enough to make an ordinary American eagle put his head under his wing in mute embarrassment, and has cheek enough, in the words of Kipling, "to build a redoubt with." It is Gordon who says: "Let me have a chat with Louis of Messina. He's kept me waiting some twenty minutes as it is, and that's a little longer than I can give him." And yet it is this same impudence which gives the one original situation to the book. The duplicity of the king has been exposed by the Countess Zara, the sincerity of the King's Jackal proved, and the expedition—to recover which was originally a ruse planned by the king as a means of blackmailing the President of Messina—is to be continued and put through in earnest for the people of Messina and the little Crown Prince. Gordon, who forced himself upon the party when it threatened the welfare of Miss Carson, the beautiful and fabulously wealthy "angel" of the enterprise, is to remain with it until it succeeds, and is at once knighted and made colonel by the Prince Regent Kalonay! He is also made custodian of the crown, which lies on a table beside the dishonoured king, and is requested to convey it safely aboard the yacht, and his perplexity as to how he shall hold it recalls the perplexities of Van Bibber when he confronted his burglar. In fact it is the first moment in which Mr. Davis drops his play-acting and is content to be himself. There is, perhaps, a little too much of himself in the swagger of Gordon's soliloquy,—for the two heavy villains, the king and Bar-rat, with whom he is left alone, are much too angry to reply. "There are very few of these left in the world, now, your Majesty," he says cheerfully, "and the number is getting smaller every year. We have none at all in my country, and I should think that those who have them would better take care of them, and try to keep them untarnished, and brushed up, and clean. . . . There ought to be a sofa cushion to go with this, or something to carry it on," he continues. "You see I am new at this sort of thing. Perhaps

your Majesty would kindly give me some expert information. How do you generally carry it?"

And there is something quite kingly in the gesture with which the fallen monarch answers him grimly, "On my head." But Gordon keeps the farce up a little longer, then nods and with a preparatory, "Well, I must be going," moves toward the door. "Don't be discouraged," he adds pleasantly, "'It's always morning somewhere,' and in my country there's just as good men out of office as there are in it. Good-night."

The withdrawal of Gordon is the signal for the fall of the curtain while the two conspirators sit silently confronting their ruin in the falling darkness. It does not interest us to be told here by Mr. Davis that "how long a time they might still have sat in bitter contemplation *can only be guessed*." But we do feel that he should be told with what carelessness he let his idling pen—not once at its happiest in this story—pass on for several paragraphs beyond the place where the conspirators are interrupted by the throwing wide of the two great doors leading into the brilliantly lighted dining-room, while Niccolas, the king's majordomo—the obsequious embodiment of all that he has forfeited, stands a black silhouette against the glare of many candles, and says,—“His Majesty is served!”

We are convinced that this is the true ending of this Alice in Wonderland romance, but Mr. Davis dozed over it and passed it by. He must have been sleeping soundly indeed to have forgotten the many, many boarding-school girls who think he is just lovely, and who will lift their pretty eyebrows at his introducing them to a hero than whom, "there was no one so low and despicable that he could not call him comrade, to whom he had not given himself without reserve," as Gordon describes him to Miss Carson, "a fallen angel called Kalonay, a fellow of the very best blood in Europe and the very worst morals." It is to this very doubtful young hero that Miss Carson turns "with such confidence and love in her eyes that he read his answer." The tenses here are a little mixed, but like her answer, perfectly clear. It is cordially hoped for Mr. Davis's own good that his duties as war correspondent will wake

him up. The reputation is not made that could bear the strain of two *King's Jackals*.

And why did such a very American

newspaper correspondent as Archie Gordon permit himself to be knighted? Was he on the *Journal*?

Marguerite Tracy.

NOVEL NOTES

THE DUENNA OF A GENIUS. By M. B. Francis. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

The "genius" which—like Captain Kidd's treasure—is supposed to be great, but which is never discovered, has played many parts in fiction as in real life. Most novelists touch it sooner or later in the course of their work, and most of us meet it at some time or another in our struggle through existence. Scarcely any other one thing does more to make living hard than the demands and the exactions of those who have, or think they have, some special endowment which sets them apart from and above their fellows. It does not as a rule matter in the least what this special endowment may be, whether some great intellectual or artistic gift, or merely an uncommonly handsome nose. Its possessor, or fancied possessor, claims the same immunity from the duties and responsibilities that dull folks and homely folks are supposed to owe and are expected to meet. Have not all of us seen the pretty daughter excused from washing the dishes, just as the rest of another family starves in order that the gifted one may study art? It is right, perhaps, that it should be so. It may be but the survival of the fittest. The problem would seem easier of solution if there were any way to know the real from the spurious, but this point is unfortunately the most misty of any, particularly to the "gifted" themselves, who are often innocent impostors.

Such is the genius of this readable story, and the belief that she possesses the divine gift of music is more firmly rooted if possible, in the mind of her sister, the duenna, than in her own. The sister is also young and attractive, but neither she nor any one else takes any account of any attractions and accomplishments possessed by herself, in view of the grand career of the genius. Everything must be sacrificed before that altar. It is a situation written about and witnessed only too often. The familiar story is better told than usual, and the two sisters, two Hungarian girls, are realised with uncommon distinctness. They come to London, the genius in search of fame, the normal sister to find any work, however humble and hard, that will earn bread and butter for the genius and a crust for herself. The great gift is supposed in this instance to bend in the direction of the violin, and at one of the fashionable houses where the genius undertakes to play and breaks down, the girls meet a young man and the love story begins. It is the intention of the young man at first merely to aid the efforts of the normal sister in advancing the career of the ge-

nius, and the way and means which he resorts to furnish a curious revelation of certain social conditions in London. Of course, he fails. It is not permitted in England, or perhaps in any sophisticated country, for a young man to advance a young woman's career. By heroic endeavour he drags a few of the smart set to the public recital which he has arranged and the completeness of the genius's collapse convinces all concerned—even the genius herself—that there has been some mistake about the gift. The promptness with which both sisters visit their anger and disappointment on the mistaken young man furnishes one of the most perfectly natural situations of the book.

IN KINGS' HOUSES. By Julia C. R. Dorr. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50.

It is interesting to find Mrs. Dorr writing fiction and it is pleasant to find her doing it so well. This new novel has the graceful style of *The Flower of England's Face* and *A Cathedral Pilgrimage*, and the story itself has charm. The work is historical, having as its background those stormy times in England following Queen Mary's death. It begins while the sanctimonious William reigns in the place of the reprobate Charles, and while Anne is a princess trembling at her own shadow, too weak to be true to her own father and too soft-hearted to be wholly false to any one. The first sight of her is in the cottage of Dame Dorothy, who has nursed the Lady Anne Stuart when a child. Anne has a child of her own now, Gloster, the little son, whose early death leaves her desolate, and there is a beautiful boy in the cottage who passes for Dame Dorothy's grandson. Between the two little lads a friendship springs up at sight and lasts to the end of the young Duke's life. Afterward, when Anne becomes Queen of England, she does not forget her son's friend, and does what she can in her timid, half-hearted way, even against the influence of the Duchess of Marlborough, who has part in the story, as she had in everything concerning Queen Anne. The reader wishes there might have been more about her, since she is a far more interesting and picturesque personality than Anne herself. But the fiery Sarah hardly accords with the gentle spirit of the story, and the author has doubtless shown a wise knowledge of her own limitations in giving few glimpses of Sarah, and those at long range. The story is quite full and complete, as it is, dealing mainly with the career of Robin, the little Duke's child friend, who is discovered when the proper time comes, to be the son of a nobleman exiled for devotion to the ill-

fated House of Stuart. For, though Robin is a very Apollo, a veritable Sir Galahad, the eternal fitness of things in novels and out of them forbids his marriage with a beauty of the court until his birth is known to match with hers. And so all is well, and the book is closed with the wish that the author may write more romances of the history of England, which she knows so well.

PIERCE AMERSON'S WILL. By Richard Malcolm Johnston. Chicago: Way & Williams. \$1.25.

Colonel Johnston's work has so long held an enviable place apart, that it seems almost an impertinence to make anything like critical mention of a new book by him. It may, however, be permitted a loyal admirer of his large achievements to express regret for the absence of most, if not all, of the old charm. The homely faithfulness to the region which the author has given a place within the literary horizon is as marked as ever. The appeal to the highest and truest in lowly life, made by everything that the author has written, has not weakened in the least. The types of the tale are as distinctively products of the soil as most of the author's creations are. But this is merely the body of his, or anyone else's work. That subtler part which can alone give life to the best cannot be found in this new book. The feeling of the poet that transfigured the *Dukesborough Tales* does not illuminate this homespun story. The exquisite humour that made delightful the commonplaces of the *Widow Guthrie* has disappeared. Truly only the bare bones of the author's humble model are left. Pierce Amerson and his sons and his daughters-in-law are ordinary people, jogging along the lines of the proverbial Georgians. The struggle over the father's money may reveal human weakness wider than the State of Georgia, but the revelation brings no new conviction. The press drags through the hackneyed theme. The bad son's influence over the failing father, the good son's dull helplessness, the final forgery of the will, the trial, the exposure, the general righting of wrongs at the end, are all set forth in the orthodox way. It is only to be complained that that indefinable quality so conspicuous in the author's earlier work should not have remained to lift this familiar tale above the level as it has lifted so many.

TALES OF THE CITY ROOM. By Elizabeth C. Jordan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.

This city room is the point of view from which a woman reporter sees the world. It is of course mostly a gloomy vista, disclosing scenes of suffering, of sin and of crime, for more's the pity, these are the phases of life with which great dailies have most to do. But the disclosures are made with such delicacy and tenderness that they carry sympathy as well as conviction. The beautiful spirit of the work will perhaps be a revelation to many. The popular idea of the reporter is not of him—especially not of her—as a ministering angel. Quite the contrary. But those who really know need not be told that the men and the women who, through their profession of newsgathering, come closest to the city's

seamy side, are often able to be more helpful than professional philanthropists, for the reason that they touch what the others cannot reach. The ten tales of the City room show this without argument, and gain effect from an impression of reality. Indeed, in two or three instances, notably in "The Passing of Hope Abbott" the newspaper reader of reasonably good memory will require no assurance that the stories are actually founded on fact. A single paragraph brings the silent tragedy back. "A woman had starved to death in a lonely little cottage. She had been an educated woman—a teacher. She had lived alone and apparently friendless. . . . She went out only to offer poetry to the newspapers and when the end came she was awaiting it with a grim pride which not even death could conquer." Yet it was only one of the many ineffably piteous happenings that fill reportorial observation and the only unusual feature of the case is the author's acute perception of its pathos and romance. For it would seem that the most sympathetic must become more or less inured to what is encountered at every turn no matter how piercingly piteous. Yet sympathy, deep, true, sweet and unflinching, marks the whole work so distinctively that the effect is larger than the work itself, and its appeal is unusually far-reaching.

FOUR FOR A FORTUNE. By Albert Lee. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.25.

This is a long tale of adventure of the familiar kind which has held a large and unwearied audience ever since the search for buried treasure began, away back among the earliest unwritten and written history of romance. The story starts off, too, with the circumstantial air that convinces, and travels with the confidence that carries one along. The starting-point is the accidental meeting in a New York restaurant of two Americans and a French sailor. The Frenchman has in his pocket a half-burned chart which seems to lead to hidden riches on a small island off the coast of Newfoundland. With this as a basis of action an exploring expedition is organized, the proprietor of the restaurant making the fourth member of the party. Then follows, of course, the hunt for the treasure, which leads the adventurers first to Halifax and thence to Sydney and St. Pierre. There is always a degree of fascination in a well-told treasure hunt, and this one is never allowed to lag. There is also satisfaction in the fact that the fabulous riches are actually found, even though they must be accepted first in the form of gold brick. Having secured the treasure the adventurers go on to lose it, as tradition demands. The usual meeting takes place on the ship during the voyage back to New York, but the climax departs somewhat from the main travelled road of the hidden treasure romance. There is the inevitable shipwreck, of course, but the manner of its occurrence brings the tale quite up to date, through the medium of an ocean liner. "A great dark object rose out of the sea abeam and climbed high into the fog, like some huge ocean monster rearing itself to fall upon its prey. Terrified we fell back, and with a bellowing roar

of the whistle and a hissing of the parting water the great iron steamship crashed into the Merry Madge, cutting her clean in two between the masts, and with a groaning and scraping of timbers, charged onward through the wreck and dove again into the thickness of the mist." It seems rather remarkable, even in a romance which completely ignores the probabilities, to hear of a little schooner being cut in two by a giant steamship, and the halves left afloat with scarce a quiver. But there was jar enough to send the treasure to the bottom of the sea and so the story is brought to a satisfactory end. On the whole it bears favourable comparison with the countless books of its kind.

ACROSS THE SALT SEAS. By John Bloundelle. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.

In that it deals with Spain and naval warfare there is a certain timeliness to this story, but other merit than that timeliness it is hard to detect. The tale consists of an historical pattern lavishly embroidered with fiction, such as so many authors are fond of nowadays. There are buccaneers and treasure-trove, and mortal combats and hairbreadth escapes, and all the rest of the stock in trade which goes to make up the story of the "top-boat school." The "salt seas" have really very little more to do with it than the terra firma; but the reader likely to find pleasure in the book is not likely to cavil at that. From time immemorial romance has ever loved a heroine in doublet and hose, and this romance is no exception. The hero is of the conventional type, deaf, dumb and blind to things apparent to the most ordinary of readers and he never recognises the heroine as the heroine until about the penultimate chapter. The heroine's father and his Sidney Carton style of sacrifice is sure to appeal to the emotional many. The narrative, all told in the first person, abounds in duels, concerning which, however deadly they may appear to be, the reader can get up no very real alarm, as he knows that "I" is sure to come out all right in the end or the volume could never have been written. The style of the book is rather agreeable than otherwise. It essays to treat of stir, life and action and its words have contrived to catch and to keep some of the spirit of these things. But taken as a whole—motive, plot and performance—the book has the fault of so much latter-day work—it stands upon a dead level of mediocrity. There are no mountain peaks of passing, much less of surpassing excellence to command attention.

THE BROOM OF THE WAR GOD. By Henry Noel Brainsford. New York: D. Appleton & Company. \$1.25.

The Broom of the War God is inspired by the same theme as were Pain's fireworks at Manhattan Beach last season—the Græco-Turkish war. The effects attained by each are not dissimilar. He who saw the fireworks and he who reads the books gets the same general impression of much smoke and some little flame with considerable uproar and immense excitement, not to speak of dust, débris and devastation. There is also the suspicion that

neither representation is so very far out of the way. Where such an unequal conflict as the Græco-Turkish war is concerned, more or less artistic verity might have assumed too much. There is little plot to *The Broom of the War God*. Its purpose, as set forth on the title-page, is as follows: "All the flotsam and jetsam of humanity, the ragged edges of society swept up by the broom of the War-God." This adequately describes the author's manipulation of his materials and his characters. There isn't even anything so definite as a hero, the Crown Prince being the central if not the most creditable figure of the scene. A hint of love story justifies the singing of "Annie Laurie," the playing of "The Girl I Left Behind Me" and the following reply of the flotsam and jetsam when asked to give an account of themselves—"Cherchez la femme." *The Broom of the War God* may be accurate description, but as a tale it lacks the persuasive flavour of general interest to make it appealing.

THE MILLIONAIRES. By Frank Frankfort Moore. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.00.

There were a good many millionaires lounging about the English resort of the Riviera where the scenes of the story are laid. Mr. Moore has no doubt obligingly written his novel to show that there is nothing to be afraid of in the strange creatures, who much resemble the rest of the world, save in their good luck. It is a much more aimless story than we are accustomed to from this lively writer, a good deal less cynical, perhaps a little more conventional, but just as energetically witty as ever. *The Jessamy Bride* is a thing apart in Mr. Moore's record. There he may not have been working in his own vein; but he had a very fair success in working a better one borrowed for the time being from some one else. In *The Millionaires*, though the material is indifferent, he is his own unrestrained, vivacious self, with a sneer ready for all opinions that are not those of his set, and abundant sentimental sympathy for the troubles, especially the heart troubles, of those comfortable people with no opinions at all.

COMEDIES AND ERRORS. By Henry Harland. New York: John Lane. \$1.50.

Mr. Harland is always amusing, and the more so that it seems to cost him so little trouble. There is no straining after incident, or after subtle characterisation. Within his own world—a very special world, of course—it is the common rather than the abnormal things and people he strives to reflect, provided always the common human things and persons have graceful ways and clothes and habits of speech. Good-nature, grace and youth are the favoured qualities in the very pleasant expurgated edition of the *Vie de Bohème* which Mr. Harland is editing in, let us hope, a very large number of volumes. His observations extend outside artists' quarters, extend, in fact, to wherever the *bourgeois* does not enforce his stiff manners. So here, in *Comedies and Errors*, we have scenes in petty courts as well as in studios, and royal per-

sonages are made to appear quite as human and quite as entertaining as those of lower degree. "The Queen's Pleasure," "The Invisible Prince," and "Merely Players," all of them dealing with the possible humours and consolations of court existence, are, we think, the best of the collection. There are gay stories and sad stories, and one rather heavy tale, "The Friend of Man," the subject of which Mr. Harland should have left to the serious moods of his master. But sad or gay, the tales are all good-humoured and well-bred, and, with the one exception we have named, certain to amuse.

THE GOLFCIDE, and other Tales of the Fair Green. By W. G. Van T. Sutphen. With illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.00.

Many will have read these stories in *Harper's Weekly*, where they originally appeared, and will remember (if they be golfers), the humorous and pleasant way in which they carried one away to the driving ground and the putting green. The cover of the book is, in itself, very alluring, with green sides, the colour of the softest and most yielding clover, red back (only a fair approximation of hunting pink), and a creamy white title, the veritable white of a Silvertown gutty—in short a golfer's cover.

The stories are frankly impossible romances of the links. Some of them are very amusing, but in others the illusion fades, and the semblance of probability is rather thin. It is a book solely for golfers, and to those not sharing the enthusiasms of golf the book will be but "a fountain sealed." For those in the guild, however, it should pass a pleasant hour, for does it not tell of a man who could drive three hundred, four hundred, five hundred, in fact any number of yards, with unerring accuracy, and with only a wooden putter, too? Does it not relate the experiences, thrilling, pathetic, humorous and tragic, that a neophyte must perforce undergo in his career? Does it not make golfing by moonlight possible? Who does not want a cure for golfomania? One is suggested here. Who would not welcome phosphorescent balls or magic mashies? What shall be done to a ball that is putted fairly and squarely into a hole, and then dis-

appears? Answers to these queries may be purchased for one dollar.

KRONSTADT. By Max Pemberton. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

The Messrs. Appleton have just published a new novel by Max Pemberton, entitled *Kronstadt*, which is an abbreviation of *A Woman of Kronstadt*, under which title it has been running for some months in *Munsey's*. We think there can be no doubt that *Kronstadt* is, in every way, the most finished and most successful novel Mr. Pemberton has written. The plot is original, daring, dramatic, and most skillfully worked out. The climax is particularly striking, for though quite unexpected and startling, it is convincing, and at the same time satisfactory. But *Kronstadt* is something more than a breathlessly exciting story of adventure. Mr. Pemberton's style is gaining in distinction and polish, and the care which he has lavished on even insignificant characters is more than repaid. Each figure in the story is firmly realised and clearly portrayed in a few strong lines. As a picture of Russian military life and manners *Kronstadt* is admirable, and we feel that we should recognise General Stefanovitch, and Bonzo, and Prince Talma, and Paul Zassulic among a thousand. Mr. Pemberton is to be congratulated on the production of a really fine novel, and on its possible dramatisation.

THE LONDONERS. By Robert Hichens. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co. \$1.50.

Mr. Hichens happily succeeds in disarming criticism by labelling his novel "an absurdity," for a real absurdity is just absurd, and *voilà tout*. We suppose *The Londoners* was written as a kind of literary recreation, but if Mr. Hichens will listen to good advice he will drop such an unhealthy, exhausting form of exercise without delay. There are one or two very smart sayings in the book and more than a few genuine laughs, and some day he will be exasperated to find that he has buried away such useful "copy" in a rather vulgar harlequinade. *The Londoners* is clearly an indiscretion. A man like the author of *Flames* who suffers at times from a superfluity of imagination should play golf.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

FRENCH LITERATURE OF TO-DAY. By Yetta Blaze de Buoy. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

A GROUP OF FRENCH CRITICS. By Mary Fisher. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.25.

These two books have been written with an admirable purpose in view, and will go far to enlighten and inform the student of French literature and criticism. More and more we are feeling the influence of French thought on our life and letters, but we are woefully ignorant of the sources of that influence. It is gratifying also to note that we are gradually ridding ourselves of the antiquated prejudices and ignorant superstitions regarding the na-

ture and characteristics of French literature. We no longer subscribe to the once prevalent impression that French life is wholly frivolous and pleasure-loving, and that French literature is of the sewers and gutters. Such books as Mr. George Saintsbury's *Short History of French Literature* are only too common and are responsible to a great extent for the vicious and superficial generalisations which we gather into our minds of the literary workers and their product in France. In a caustic article which Edmond Scherer has written on this very book the evil we speak of is fastened on and deservedly held up to scorn. "Mr.

Saintsbury," writes Scherer, "shares a caprice common to many of his fellow-citizens, but which is unpardonable in him. He knows all our blustering writers—those who acquire notoriety by affectations, by coteries, sometimes by scandal. He is familiar with the opinions of second-rate journals and adopts them with confidence. But, on the contrary, wherever there is any originality, any native manner of writing that is pleasing to cultivated minds, it escapes him." The trouble is that, like Mr. Saintsbury, most of us know French literature through the "blusterers."

Both authors of the books under review are sensitively alive to these facts, and have set themselves to furnish us at first hand with certain knowledge of the makers of French literature that shall enable us to see them in a true light and to study them in a just perspective. Mlle. de Bury has pictured a series of literary portraits of the representative modern French romancers and essayists, and writing from Paris, the pigments which she has used for her colouring in these sketches preserve for us the native tone and characteristics of her subjects. No other recent book that we know fills so admirably the vacant niche on our shelves which it aims at supplying. The same might be said for *A Group of French Critics*, when we bear in mind especially the quality and spirit of the work. The author of this book has written it from a desire to do justice to that side of French character and French literature which we have commented upon as having been so generally ignored by the Anglo-Saxons. To this end she has introduced us to a group of French critics, whose work aims at "that scrupulous, free research which restores a character worthy of memory, or points out the nobleness of works of genius and the unalterable value of devotion to knowledge," to quote Villemain. She has essayed, and with commendable success, to sketch, in rapid yet firm outlines, the personality of the critic and to make us feel acquainted with the man behind his work. Translated extracts from their works embodied in her biographical studies further enhance the value of her presentment of her subjects and give us at least a hint of the quality of their contributions to literary criticism. The result of these books should be seen in a quickened interest in the work of the authors treated and in a more intelligent understanding of the unique place which they occupy in the world of letters.

OUTLINES OF THE EARTH'S HISTORY. A popular study in Physiography. By Nathaniel Southgate Shaler. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Professor Shaler's bald title does not do him justice. It is too modest and gives only the barest idea of the richness of the contents which lie between the covers of his book. From its first page onward it reads like a romance and holds the attention with engrossing interest. On the one hand he has avoided the mere technical treatment of his subject which would have reduced it to the limits of a text-book, and on the other hand he has preserved scientific accuracy and the results of careful research in his field without sacrificing these to

the rhetorical clap-trap which so frequently characterises what are called popular studies. The story of the earth is of interest to the student of nature primarily and chiefly as it touches and influences the life of man. This essential human interest is what gives Professor Shaler's work its peculiar value and attraction. "The object of this book," to quote his introductory sentences, "is to give the student who is about to enter on the study of natural science some general idea as to the conditions of the natural realm. As this field of inquiry is vast, it will be possible only to give the merest outline of its subject-matter, noting those features alone which are of surpassing interest, which are demanded for a large understanding of man's place in this world, or which pertain to his duties in life." This study embraces a treatment of "Ways and Means of Studying Nature," "The Stellar Realm," "The Earth," "The Atmosphere," "Glaciers," "The Work of Underground Water," "The Soil," and "The Rocks and Their Order." Professor Shaler's book is to be commended for the able and interesting manner in which he has handled these themes and has shown us how this earth has been the well appointed nursery of mankind. There are several full-page illustrations, and a good index.

THE CENTURY ATLAS OF THE WORLD. Prepared under the superintendence of Benjamin E. Smith, A.M. With 117 double-page maps in colour, 138 inset maps, 40 historical and astronomical maps, and indexes of places, rivers, mountains, etc. Published by subscription. New York: The Century Company. \$12.50.

The Century Atlas of the World is an entirely new work, designed to exhibit the latest geographical knowledge of all parts of the earth's surface. A careful examination of all its parts shows that it is the first really comprehensive, up-to-date atlas of the *whole* world. European atlases have strangely neglected the United States, and American works have as a rule been generally unsatisfactory in their treatment of Europe and the far East. No other work of a similar character contains the results of the latest explorations in the Arctic regions, in Central Africa, and in other remote parts of the globe. *The Century Atlas* gives these as well as the most recent political changes, such as the new boundary of Greece resulting from the late war, and the limits of the new Greater New York. The different political divisions and the mountains, rivers, lakes, seas, cities, towns, and villages are not only given, but numerous charts display in a most interesting manner the world's past history, from the Chaldean period, nearly six thousand years ago, to the present day. The geographical and historical information contained in the volume is as comprehensive, as up-to-date, and as authoritative, and the execution of the maps is as beautiful, as could be made by a liberal expenditure of time and money. The work has been prepared with the same care and thoroughness, and under the same editorial management as *The Century Dictionary* and *The Century Cyclopædia of Names*.

It is worth while noticing, too, that on the practical side *The Century Atlas* has made a

notable advance. The railroad lines, for example, instead of being printed, as is usual, in black, with the resulting confusion, where their courses lie close together, with rivers, boundaries, or other black lines on the map, are printed in red, thus increasing not only the legibility, but the beauty of the whole; the maps of the United States and Mexico are marked with contour-lines (lines of equal elevation above the sea), by means of which the heights of mountains and the average elevation of the more level regions can be seen at a glance; the spelling of foreign names is accurate, consistent and simple; and the same regard to practical utility is shown in every other part of the work. This is most conspicuous in the form of the book itself; for so far as we are aware—and only lately we had occasion to search for this very desideratum—it is the first great atlas yet published which can be placed as conveniently on one's table or in one's bookcase, and can be as easily handled as a volume of an encyclopædia. This important result has been secured by the judicious arrangements of material, and by the novel method of binding.

BIRD STUDIES. An Account of the Land Birds of Eastern North America. By William E. D. Scott. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$5.00 net.

This is one of the most beautiful bird-books that have been published this season, or any season. Its numerous full-page illustrations from photographs taken from life have a practical value as bird studies that is too frequently lacking in such pictorial representations. The treatment of the subjects in these illustrations is most artistic, and the workmanship calls for the highest praise. We give pre-eminence to this feature of the book in our notice because in a work of this kind where the great expenditure lavished on the illustrations makes the price higher, its value in this particular must be tested and approved if it is to be heartily recommended. In *Bird Studies* the lover of outdoor recreation and the student of natural science will be fully recompensed by their purchase. The book is an invitation, as the author puts it, to a more intimate acquaintance with the land birds of Eastern North America. By word and picture the birds are portrayed with great care and accuracy and with a simple graphic power. The text is the result of original notes based on field work accomplished during the past thirty years. The author, recognising that the two intangible factors in identifying birds, are song and colour, has, while giving to these an adequate attention, concentrated more observation and description on the obvious and certain means of identification through form, extending this to the nests, their structure and contents. The work makes a most handsome quarto volume of 363 pages, binding and printing being both of an excellent quality.

THE SPANIARD IN HISTORY. By James C. Fernald. New York: The Funk & Wagnalls Company.

This book has little intrinsic merit beyond that of timeliness. Gibbon, Prescott, Irving, Rule and Motley have written exhaustively on the character and achievements of the Spaniards, early and late; but we neglect them

strangely for the latest journalist who comes along with a popularised, up-to-date dilution of Spanish history. Current events have brought the Spanish people into such marked prominence that there is likely to be no end to the literary hash served up to whet the appetite of a voracious public. Large masses of people who have never even heard of the authorities named above are ready to take at second hand whatever comes along. Mindful of this fact, Mr. Fernald's enterprise and perspicacity are admirable. He has brought his editorial gifts of assimilation and condensation to bear upon the extensive repositories of the past, and now offers us a comprehensive and succinct narrative of the confluent forces which have begotten the salient features of Spanish character and an account of the results arising from Spanish dominion over acquired territory. Two outstanding features are thus discovered as influencing and directing the whole course of their history, namely, personal valour to an heroic degree and a wanton misapprehension of the purposes and possibilities of the territorial fruits of conquest. By their sublime bravery the Spanish flag has been carried to almost every corner of the earth. But lacking the virile fibre and solid sense of the wise Romans of old and the wise Britons of to-day they have totally missed the rational methods of inducing permanent productiveness and lasting intra-colonial adhesion. *The Spaniard in History* supplies briefly a summary of the birth and growth of these characteristics during the formulative periods of Roman, Barbarian and Saracen invasion and their destructive effect upon the Spanish reign in the Peninsula Kingdom, in Mexico, Peru, the Philippines and in the West Indies. The book recommends itself as a valuable temporary foot-note to the greater histories of history-ridden Spain.

IDLE HOURS IN A LIBRARY. By William Henry Hudson. San Francisco: William Doxey. \$1.25.

Such unpedantic and aimless browsing among books as the title of Professor Hudson's rambling studies recalls induces in the reader the very mood which fits a perusal of its delightful pages. "Among my books" is always a subject of perennial charm to the lucky mortal possessed of the gift of reading, a subject upon which he will bear all manner of garrulous and egotistic talk. There is an un-academic flavour about the old-fashioned themes treated in this volume which is suggestive of the delight of wandering through a neglected garden whose beauty and fragrance are none the less an unailing source of pleasurable sensations. "London Life in Shakespeare's Time" forms the subject of the first paper; "Pepys and His Diary" follows; "Two Novelists of the English Restoration" are unearthed next, and "A Glimpse of Bohemia" helps to complete the delight experienced in the renewal of old associations. The author's enjoyment of his task is evident throughout, and the reader who likes nothing better than a holiday with a fellow book lover will find a contagious enthusiasm for the old things in literature in the company of the author of *Idle Hours in a Library*.

THE BOOK HUNTER

Perhaps the most popular book of the last few years of the fifteenth century and the early years of the sixteenth was *The Ship of Fools*, of Sebastian Brandt. It was first printed at Basle, in German, in 1494, and was shortly afterwards translated more or less literally into the principal languages of Europe, going through many editions. The work was a satire on the times in the form of a description of a ship laden with fools of all classes. Max Müller calls it "the first printed book that treated of contemporaneous events and living persons, instead of old German battles and French knights." Its popular character is probably the explanation of its wide circulation.

The first translation into English was made

superflue." It was written in the language of the common people, or in his own words:

"My speche is rude my termes comon and
rural
And I for rude people moche more con-
uenient
Than for estates, lerned men, or eloquent."

And it was written about the common people and gives probably a clearer picture of English civilisation and English country life in the days of Henry VII. than can be found in any other work.

The book is considered one of the best specimens from Pynson's press, yet Barclay apologises quaintly for the typographical er-

**For nowe of late hath large londe and grounde
Ben founde by maryners and crafty gouernours
The whiche londes were neuer knowne noꝝ founde
Byfoze our tyme by our predeceffours
And here after shall by our succellours
Parchaunce mo be founde wherin men dwell
Of whome we neuer befoze this same harde tell**

**Ferdynandus that late was kynge of spayne
Of londe and people hath founde plenty and stoꝝ
Of whome the bydyng to vs was vncertayne
No chrysten man of them harde tell befoze
Thus is it folp to tende vnto the loze
And vnſure ſcience of bayne geometry
Syns none can knowe all the woꝝlde perſytpely**

by Alexander Barclay, in 1508, and printed by Richard Pynson, in 1509. Barclay states that his version was a translation "from Laten, Frenche and Doche." It is, however, much more than a translation, deserving almost to be called an independent work, the idea only being taken from Brandt's work. Barclay in his "Argument" says: "But concernynge the translacion of this boke; I exhort ye reders to take no displeour for yt, it is not translated word by worde accordinge to ye verses of my actour. For I haue but only drawn into our moder tunge, in rude langage the sentences of the verses as nere as the percyte of my wyt wyl suffer me, some tyme addynge, some tyme detractinge and takinge away suche thinges as seemeth me necessary and

rors and, like authors in all ages, tries to throw the blame upon the printer:

"Though that some wordes be in my boke
amys
For though that I my selfe dyd it correct
Yet with some faultis I knowe it is infect
Part by my owne ouersyght and neglygence
And part by the prynters not perlyte in sci-
ence
And other some escaped ar and past
For that the Prynters in their besynes
Do all theyr workes hedelynge, and in
haste."

The volume contains 118 woodcuts, which must have made the book very attractive to the readers of those days, as they do to the

collector now. These woodcuts are coarse and rude imitations of those used in the original edition.

An abridged prose translation was made from the French by Henry Watson and printed by Wynken de Worde, the same year, 1509, and a second edition was brought out by the same printer in 1517.

Barclay's translation was not reprinted until 1570.

This is a meagre reference, sixteen years after Columbus' return and twelve years after Cabot's voyage, but it is the earliest in English.

The reference in Watson's prose translation is even less definite. It is as follows, we copy from Mr. Harris:—

"The thurde the whiche is unknowen Of pryste that neur had ben manyfeste, was the not founde with the eye, and not with the herte. There was one that knewe that in ye ysles Spayne was enhabytantes. Wherefore he asked men of kynge Ferdynandus, & wente & founde them, the whiche lyued as beestes."

Of Wynken de Worde's edition of 1509 only a single copy seems to be known, that being in the Paris National Library, and on vellum. Perfect copies of Pynson's edition are rare and

prices have advanced from £2 4s in Dr. Farmer's sale in 1798 to £130 in the Perkins sale in 1873 and \$750.00 in the Ives sale in 1891. This latter, a fine, large copy is now in the collection of Mr. Marshall C. Lefferts in New York city.

This first English edition is of unusual interest for another reason. It is almost without doubt the earliest book, certainly the earliest dated book, in the English language, containing any mention of the discovery of the New World. From the continental presses had appeared many books telling, at greater or less length, of the western discoveries; Brandt's original edition of 1494 had contained a stanza in which these discoveries were mentioned. Barclay in his translation enlarged somewhat upon it, but evidently he had no very definite information about the new lands nor did he have a very high opinion of their importance or of the study of geography. We reproduce on the previous page, in exact fac-simile, the two stanzas by Barclay which refer to America. They occur in his chapter on "The Follys she Description and Inquisition of dyuers countrees and regyons."

L. S. Livingston.

THE BOOK MART

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

THE DIBDIN CLUB.

The Dibdin Club, of New York, has just issued its second publication. This is by Mr. A. Growoll, of *The Publisher's Weekly*, and has the title *Book Trade Bibliography in the United States in the XIXth Century*.

Mr. Growoll first gave an interesting account of various booksellers' associations from 1801, when The American Company of Booksellers was organised, to the present day. This first booksellers' organisation was composed principally of booksellers doing business in New York, Philadelphia and Boston, and its purpose was to regulate sales of books by fairs, similar to the book fairs in Leipzig. A fair was held in New York City, in 1802, which seems to have been so successful that others were held at Philadelphia in 1803, at New York in 1804, and at Newark in 1805, after which the association seems to have gone to pieces.

In 1802 was organised the first combination of school-book publishers in New York and Philadelphia, under the name of The New York Association of Booksellers. The object of the organisation was to supply correct American editions of elementary works in general use in schools and colleges and thus do away with the necessity of importing these books.

The Association published a volume of Cicero's orations in 1802, and may have been interested in the "Classic Press Series," published by Messrs. Poyntell and Company.

The first American book trade catalogue was published in Boston, in 1804, with the title *Catalogue of all the Books printed in the United States, with the Prices and Places where Published annexed*. "Published by the Booksellers in Boston. Printed at Boston for the Booksellers, Jan. 1804. Price 10 Cents." This catalogue is here for the first time reprinted, from one of the three known copies, and forms Part II. of the volume. The original catalogue is a pamphlet of 79 pages and the total number of books recorded is 1338. These are divided into divisions: Law, 34 titles; physics, 63 titles; divinity, 259 titles; bibles, 32 entries; school books, 110 titles; singing books, 25 titles; and 796 titles grouped under the head of Miscellanies, besides 19 "omissions." Of the 259 titles in "divinity," the largest class, 64 were printed in Boston, 52 in Philadelphia, 34 in New York, 18 in Worcester, Mass., 17 in Exeter, N. H., and the balance in small numbers in such towns as Elizabethtown, N. J., Hartford, Conn., Walpole, N. H., Schenectady, N. Y., etc.

There is a chapter on book trade helps, 1801 to 1897, a chronological list of catalogues, book trade and literary journals, and a series of interesting sketches of some American bookseller bibliographers, including Orville A. Roobach, Charles B. Norton, Charles Rudolph Rode, Obadiah Rich, Henry Stevens, Nicholas Trübner, James Kelly, Joseph Sabin, and Frederick Leyboldt. A portrait of the latter is a frontispiece to the volume.

The first edition of the book is issued in a limited edition of fifty copies, "printed as manuscript" for the club. Fifty additional copies will be printed for sale. L. S. L.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, July 1, 1898.

The list of publications for the month past was comparatively light. It contained, however, a considerable number of titles by well-known authors, notably *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, by Mrs. Humphry Ward; *The King's Jackal*, by Richard Harding Davis; *Evelyn Innes*, by George Moore, and *Ghosts I Have Met*, by John Kendrick Bangs. In addition, numerous orders were received for Anthony Hope's *Rupert of Hentzau*, announced for publication July 1. This is a sequel to *The Prisoner of Zenda*, and the publishers predict for the book a very large sale, printing a first edition of thirty thousand copies, many of which have already been distributed to the trade in order that the work might be on sale all over the country on the day of publication. Other books included in the publications of the month by familiar authors are *Kronstadt*, by Max Pemberton; *Silence, and Other Stories*, by Mary E. Wilkins; *The Story of a Play*, by W. D. Howells, and *The Terror*, by Félix Gräs. A number of paper-bound books were also issued, but this class of literature is not so popular as formerly, and but few titles reach any considerable sale.

The demand for war literature continues to a marked extent although the first rush for maps and illustrations of the boats of the navy has practically ceased. *The Spaniard in History*, by James E. Fernald; *Cuba in War Time*, by Richard Harding Davis; and *Spain in the Nineteenth Century*, by Miss E. W. Latimer, have been most sought after.

Several series of short stories suitable for summer reading are meeting with a fair success, the new volumes from *Scribner's* and *McClure's Magazine* being the most called for.

Out-door literature is selling to some extent; the new publications and sales, however, are confined mostly to subjects in connection with birds and flowers.

The revival in works relating to Gladstone continues. *W. E. Gladstone*, by James Bryce, is selling the most, and *Talks with Mr. Gladstone*, by L. A. Tollemache, being a recent publication in this connection. The increasing sales of *The Pride of Jennico*, by Agnes and Egerton Castle, and *The Forest Lovers*, by Maurice Hewlett, are but illustrations of the popularity which is sometimes accorded to comparatively unknown authors in a very short time. At the same time, while the public is ready to accept new writers, it remains faithful to those of established ability, as at present shown by the remarkably good sales of *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, by Mrs. Ward; *Penelope's Progress*, by Mrs. Wiggins, and *Caleb West*, by Hopkinson Smith.

In miscellaneous subjects generally, including travel, biography and religious books, there is very little activity. Peary's book is evidently too expensive for this time of the

year, but it will no doubt sell largely later on.

Business during June showed a slight falling off, and complaints were heard of dull times. The outlook for the summer months indicates an exceptionally quiet season. Should trade conditions generally improve an early and vigorous autumn trade would probably result from the depleted condition of stocks and the attractive lists of publishers, many of whom have already announced and are showing their new lines.

The most popular books of the month were as follows:

The Pride of Jennico. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. \$1.50.

Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 2 vols. \$2.00.

Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. \$1.25.

The Forest Lovers. By Maurice Hewlett. \$1.50.

Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. \$1.50.

The Girl at Cobhurst. By Frank R. Stockton. \$1.50.

The Gadfly. By E. L. Voynich. \$1.25.

Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell. 2 vols. \$2.00.

In His Steps. By Charles M. Sheldon. Paper, 25 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

American Wives and English Husbands. By Gertrude Atherton. \$1.50.

Evelyn Innes. By George Moore. \$1.50.

The Terror. By Félix Gräs. \$1.50.

The King's Jackal. By Richard Harding Davis. \$1.25.

The Story of an Untold Love. By P. L. Ford. \$1.25.

Quo Vadis. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Paper, 25 cts.; cloth, \$1.00.

Ghosts I Have Met. By John Kendrick Bangs. \$1.25.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, July 1, 1898.

June is a month in which very little activity in business is expected, and as a rule trade is very quiet and sluggish. While, however, last month's record was not as good as it might have been in more tranquil times, it was decidedly better than at the beginning, and all things considered a fair amount of business was done. More new books were published than is usual at this time of the year, and a good proportion of them met with a fair measure of success.

Helbeck of Bannisdale, by Mrs. Humphry Ward, and *The King's Jackal*, by R. H. Davis, were the most successful of last month's publications. Both these books are likely to sell largely during the remainder of the year.

Many advance orders for Anthony Hope's *Rupert of Hentzau* were received last month, and this book, which has just been issued, will probably equal, if not surpass, in interest anything else heretofore published this year.

The Forest Lovers, by Maurice Hewlett, is the latest example of an instantaneous success being won by a hitherto unknown author. The past year has been notable for several instances similar to this, of which *The Gadfly*

and *The Pride of Jennico* may be cited as the best known.

The various books which come under the head of war literature still enjoy the most pronounced call, the demand, especially for works on Cuba and Spain, being very lively. Of these *Marching with Gomez*, by Grover Flint, is in good request, while Mrs. Latimer's *Spain in the Nineteenth Century* is selling better every day. With customary promptness, several book-selling firms, notably The Baker and Taylor Company of New York, and Messrs. A. C. McClurg and Company of this city, have prepared, and are widely distributing, lists enumerating all the books which in any way touch upon the subject.

Publishers' agents are now arriving here for the annual July display of samples of books scheduled for publication during the coming season. Notwithstanding the war, publishers appear to be making extensive preparations, and their representatives are confidently expecting that advance orders will be at least up to the average of the last three or four years.

Caleb West, by Hopkinson Smith, is meeting with remarkable success, the sale of the book last month being astonishingly large. *Penelope's Progress*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin, was also very popular. Curtin's translation of *Quo Vadis* is still having a good call, although the unauthorised translations recently published have had, as usual, a depressing effect upon the general demand.

The Terror, by Félix Gräs; *Kronstadt*, by Max Pemberton; *Gladstone*, by James Bryce; *Ghosts I Have Met*, by J. K. Bangs; *Silence, and Other Stories*, by Miss Wilkins, and *The Story of a Play*, by W. D. Howells, were in addition to the books already mentioned among the notable successes in last month's record of new publications.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company's Ajax Series of books were received last month, and already promise to be one of the most successful of the new 12mo lines.

New books of recent publication are meeting with a fair demand, fiction and light literature especially going comparatively well. Mechanical and technical books are somewhat lighter in their sales than usual, and generally speaking this is also true of books belonging to the "heavy literature" class.

Although the book trade is to a large extent in an unsettled condition, there are many good indications upon which to base a belief that autumn trade will not fall below the average, and it is possible that it may be above it.

The following books met with the largest sales in the West last month:

Spain in the Nineteenth Century. By Mrs. E. W. Latimer. \$2.50.

Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. \$2.00.

Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz. \$1.00 and \$2.00.

Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. \$1.50.
Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. \$1.25.

The King's Jackal. By Richard Harding Davis. \$1.25.

The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen. \$1.50.

The Gadfly. By E. Voynich. \$1.25.

Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell. 2 vols. \$2.00.

The Girl at Cobhurst. By F. R. Stockton. \$1.50.

Shrewsbury. By Stanley J. Weyman. \$1.50.

The Story of an Untold Love. By P. L. Ford. \$1.25.

The Hon. Peter Stirling. By P. L. Ford. \$1.50.

The Pride of Jennico. By Agnes and Eger-ton Castle. \$1.50.

The Forest Lovers. By Maurice Hewlett. \$1.50.

The Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Thomson J. Hudson. \$1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, May 23 to June 18, 1898.

The amount of business transacted during the period in question has been about equivalent to that of previous years at this time; in other words, it has been a moderate one. It would probably have been even less favourable but for the unseasonable weather. The country trade is loud in its complaints, and not without reason, considering the manner in which its calling is subjected to attacks on all sides, many tradesmen selling books relating to their businesses, such as the photographic material dealers, seedsmen, opticians and scientific instrument makers. And the aggravating feature of the case is that they obtain the full published price in most instances. There is a fair amount of export business doing and the South African market is developing, as might have been expected, into a very important one.

A noticeable feature of the trade just now is the issue of so many biographies of Mr. Gladstone. There has been such a large number of them that they have competed with each other, but *Gladstone, the Man*, by D. Williamson, has been the most popular. Mr. Gladstone's own writings have been more freely inquired for, especially his *Impregnable Rock of Scripture*.

There have been several issues of standard copyright novels in a sixpenny form. The practice appears to be to print a large edition (one instance of 100,000 can be quoted) and not to reprint in this form. *Robbery Under Arms*, by Rolf Boldrewood may be cited as a case in point, and the publishers state that there has been a distinct impetus given to the sales of the better edition.

Now is the London Guide season, and a large number of new ones have appeared this year. The total sales have been very satisfactory. Little's *London Pleasure Guide* appears to supply a want.

The six-shilling novel is not seen at its best this season of the year, but the appearance of Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Helbeck of Bannisdale* has been very opportune. It is the favourite of the moment, followed by *Concerning Isabel Carnaby*, by E. T. Fowler, and *The Millionaires*, by F. F. Moore. There has been more in-

quiry for Miss Braddon's latest novel, *Rough Justice*.

The Wagner celebrations have caused a considerable inquiry for works dealing with this musician's compositions. The one most sought after is *The Epic of Sounds*, by Freda Winworth.

The appended list gives the books most in demand at the time of going to press, and, save in the case of the first three titles, the order has no meaning.

Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder.)

The Millionaires. By F. F. Moore. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Indiscretions of Lady Asenath. By B. Thompson. 6s. (Innes.)

The Admiral. By Douglas Sladen. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Simon Dale. By Anthony Hope. 6s. (Methuen.)

The Lake of Wine. By B. Capes. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The Londoners. By R. Hichens. 6s. (Heinemann.)

American Wives, etc. By G. Atherton. 6s. (Service.)

Evelyn Innes. By G. Moore. 6s. (Unwin.)

Adventures of John Johns. By F. Carrel. 6s. (Bliss.)

Penelope's Experiences in Scotland. By K. D. Wiggin. 6s. (Gay.)

Kronstadt. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Cassell.)

The Hon. Peter Stirling. By P. L. Ford. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The King With Two Faces. By M. E. Coleridge. 6s. (Arnold.)

The Impregnable Rock of Scripture. By W. E. Gladstone. 3s. 6d. (Cassell.)

Gladstone, the Man. By D. Williamson. 1s. (Bowden.)

The Epic of Sounds. By Freda Winworth. 3s. 6d. (Simpkin.)

Private Life of Queen Victoria. 2s. 6d. (Pearson.)

The Prisoner of Zenda. By A. Hope. 3s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)

Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz. 2s. (Dent.)

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between June 1, 1898, and July 1, 1898.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK UPTOWN.

1. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)

2. Love of an Obsolete Woman. By Herself. \$1.00. (Fenno.)

3. The Red Lily. By Anatole France. \$1.25. (Brentano.)

4. The Terror. By Félix Gràs. \$1.50. (D. Appleton & Co.)

5. Marching With Gomez. Grover Flint. \$1.50. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)

6. The Forest Lovers. By Maurice Hewlett. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

2. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)

3. Standard Bearer. By Crockett. \$1.50. (Appleton.)

4. Caleb West. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

5. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Ward. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)

6. Celebrity. By Churchill. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. King's Jackal. By Davis. \$1.25. (Scribner's.)

2. The Terror. By Félix Gràs. \$1.50. (Appleton.)

3. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Ward. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)

4. Materfamilias. By Cambridge. 50 cts. (Appleton.)

5. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

6. Gadfly. By Voynich. \$1.25. (Holt.)

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)

2. Mlle. de Berney. By Mackie. \$1.50. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)

3. Honourable Peter Stirling. By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt.)

4. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)

5. Social Highwayman. By Train. 75 cts. (Lippincott.)

6. In His Steps. By Sheldon. 25 cts. (Advance Publishing Co.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. \$1.50. (Macmillan & Co.)

2. Madam of the Ives. By Train. \$1.25. (Lippincott & Co.)

3. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. \$2.00. (Century Co.)

4. Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

5. Miss Balmain's Past. By Croker. 50 cts. (Lippincott & Co.)

6. Sunset. By Whitby. 50 cts. (Appleton & Co.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. \$1.25. (Houghton.)

2. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Ward. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)

3. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)

4. Bird Neighbours. By Blanchan. \$2.00. (Doubleday.)

5. Emerson and other Essays. By John Chapman. \$1.25. (Scribner.)

6. Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 2 vols. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
2. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Pride of Jennico. By A. and E. Castle. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Forest Lovers. By Maurice Hewlett. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Gray House of Quarries. By Mary Harriot Norris. \$1.50. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
6. Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Caleb West. By F. H. Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Ward. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
5. Marching With Gomez. By Grover Flint. \$1.50. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
6. A Boy I Knew. By Laurence Hutton. \$1.25. (Harper.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Spain in the Nineteenth Century. By Mrs. E. W. Latimer. \$2.50. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)
2. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
3. The King's Jackal. By R. H. Davis. \$1.25. (Scribner's.)
4. Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz. \$1.00 and \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. The Regret of Spring. By Pitts Harrison Burt. \$1.50. (Dillingham.)
2. Dull Miss Archinard. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. \$1.25. (Scribner's.)
3. Pride of Jennico. By A. and E. Castle. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 2 vols. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
5. The Jessamy Bride. By F. Frankfort Moore. \$1.50. (Stone.)
6. Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

CLEVELAND, O.

1. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Pride of Jennico. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Bird Neighbours. By Blanchan. \$2.00. (Doubleday & McClure.)
4. Northward. By Peary. \$6.50. (Stokes.)
5. Reality. By Geo. A. Sanders. \$2.00. (Burrows.)
6. The Eugene Field I Knew. By Francis Wilson. \$1.25. (Scribner's.)

DETROIT, MICH.

1. Hassan: a Fellow. By Henry Gillman. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. The Girl at Cobhurst. By Frank R. Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner's.)
3. The Pride of Jennico. By Castle. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. The Development of the Child. By Oppenheim. \$1.25. (Macmillan.)
6. The Gadfly. By Voynich. \$1.25. (Henry Holt.)

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
2. Seven Months a Prisoner. By J. V. Hadley. 75 cts. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)
3. Romance of Zion's Chapel. By Le Gallienne. \$1.50. (John Lane.)
4. Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)
5. Penelope's Progress. By K. D. Wiggin. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. Standard Bearer. By Crockett. \$1.50. (Appleton.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Penelope's Progress. By K. D. Wiggin. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Caleb West. By Hopkinson Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)
4. Kronstadt. By Pemberton. \$1.50. (Appleton & Co.)
5. The King's Jackal. By R. H. Davis. \$1.25. (Scribner's Sons.)
6. The Story of an Untold Love. By P. L. Ford. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

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3. The Gadfly. By Voynich. \$1.25. (Holt.)
4. Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner's.)
5. Standard Bearer. By Crockett. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. \$1.25. (Macmillan.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Caleb West. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
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3. Celebrity. By Churchill. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Simon Dale. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
5. Kentuckians. By Fox. \$1.25. (Harper.)
6. Folks from Dixie. By Dunbar. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

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2. Stephen Phillips' Poems. \$1.50. (J. Lane.)
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4. Ghosts I Have Met. By J. K. Bangs. \$1.25. (Harper & Bros.)
5. Penelope's Progress. By Kate D. Wiggin. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. The Terror. By Félix Grás. \$1.50. (D. Appleton & Co.)

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2. Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)
3. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Simon Dale. By Hope. \$1.50. (F. Stokes.)
5. Head of Family. By Daudet. \$1.50. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
6. The Standard Bearer. By Crockett. \$1.50. (D. Appleton & Co.)

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6. A Desert Drama. By A. Conan Doyle. \$1.50. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

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1. The Rubáiyât of Omar Kháyyâm. Translated by Fitzgerald. No. 1 Lark Classics. Cloth, 50 cts.; leather, 75 cts. (Doxey.)
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3. Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Folks from Dixie. By Dunbar. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
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1. Caleb West. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
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TORONTO, CANADA.

1. The Girl at Cobhurst. By Frank Stockton. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, \$1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)

2. *The King's Jackal*. By Richard Harding Davis. Paper 75 cts; cloth \$1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)
3. *The Pride of Jennico*. By Agnes and Eger-ton Castle. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, \$1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)
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1. **Kronstadt*. By Pemberton. 75 cts. and \$1.25. (Cassell.)
2. †*John of Strathbourne*. By Chetwode. 50 cts. (G. N. Morang.)
3. **Corleone*. By Crawford. 75 cts. and \$1.25. (Macmillan.)
4. †*The Celebrity*. By Churchill. 50 cts. and \$1.00. (G. N. Morang.)
5. **Hon. Peter Stirling*. By Ford. 75 cts. and \$1.25. (Hutchinson & Co.)
6. †*Standard Bearer*. By Crockett. 75 cts. and \$1.25. (Wm. Briggs.)

WACO, TEX.

1. *Dreamers of the Ghetto*. By Zangwill. \$1.50. (Harpers.)
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† Canadian edition.

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1. *Helbeck of Bannisdale*. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
2. *The King's Jackal*. By R. H. Davis. \$1.25. (Scribner's.)
3. *The Celebrity*. By Winston Churchill. \$1.50. (Macmillan & Co.)
4. *Girl at Cobhurst*. By F. R. Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner's.)
5. *The Londoners*. By Robt. Hichens. \$1.50. (Stone & Co.)
6. *Silence, and Other Stories*. By M. E. Wil-kins. \$1.25. (Harper and Bros.)

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in order of de-mand during the month are—

1. *Caleb West*. By Hopkinson Smith.
2. *Penelope's Progress*. By Mrs. Wiggin.
3. *Helbeck of Bannisdale*. By Mrs. Ward.
4. *The Girl at Cobhurst*. By Stockton.
5. *The Pride of Jennico*. By Castle.
6. *The King's Jackal*. By Davis.



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CONTENTS FOR AUGUST

I. CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

PAGE

American, English, Miscellaneous. With new portraits of Henry Harland; Mrs. Humphry Ward; Maurice Hewlett; George Moore; Hermann Sudermann; facsimile of Ground Plan of the Castle of Zenda and a reproduction of the Castle of Zenda by Howard Ince; facsimile of Poster for the August *Scribner's*; Stocks, Mrs. Ward's residence and Aldbury Village; facsimiles of three illustrations by George Cruikshank from an English edition of *The Biglow Papers*, and a Map which is a Literary Map of America designed by Paul Wiltach 449-469

II. POETRY

At the Equinox	By BENJAMIN F. LEGGETT	480
A Plea	By PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR	489
The Thought of Her	By RICHARD HOVEY	497
The Rebuke	By HENRY JOHNSTONE	504

III. THE READER

Leopardi's Home. With reproduction of impression taken from the death mask of the poet	By SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS	470
The "Cigarette" and "Arethusa" of Stevenson's <i>An Inland Voyage</i>. With a new portrait of Stevenson and Sir Walter G. Simpson, Bart.		472
Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch as a Parodist		477
English Novelists as Dramatists	By EDWARD MORTON	481
Contemporary German Literature, II. Heinrich Seldel	By KUNO FRANCKE	485
The Imagination in Work	By HAMILTON W. MABIE	487
Mr. George Moore's New Novel	By HARRY THURSTON PECK	498

IV. JOHN SPLENDID. The tale of a Poor Gentleman and the Little Wars of Lorn. A Novel. Chapters XXI. and XXIII. *To be continued*

By NEIL MUNRO 490

V. PARIS LETTER

By ALFRED MANIÈRE 502

VI. REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

The Royal Navy—Rupert of Hentzau and Anthony Hope—A Love Story by Mrs. Humphry Ward (*Helbeck of Bannisdale*)—Love in the Ghetto (*The Imported Bridegroom and Other Stories*)—The Story of a Play—Mr. Wyndham on Shakespeare's Poems—Recollections (*Auld Lang Syne; Notes from a Diary 1873-1881; Collections and Recollections*)—Wealth Distribution—Mr. Davis Nods (*The King's Jackal*) 505-523

VII. NOVEL NOTES

The Duenna of a Genius—In Kings' Houses—Pierce Amerson's Will—Tales of the City Room—Four for a Fortune—Across the Salt Seas—The Broom of the War God—The Millionaires—Comedies and Errors—The Golficde and Other Tales of the Fair Green—Kronstadt—The Londoners 523-526

VIII. THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

French Literature of To-day—A Group of French Critics—Outlines of the Earth's History—The Century Atlas of the World—Bird Studies—The Spaniard in History—Idle Hours in a Library 526-528

IX. THE BOOK HUNTER By L. S. LIVINGSTON 529

X. THE BOOK MART. For Bookreaders, Bookbuyers, and Booksellers:

The Dibdin Club—Eastern Letter—Western Letter—English Letter—Sales of Books during the Month—The Best Selling Books 530-536

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